



THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY.

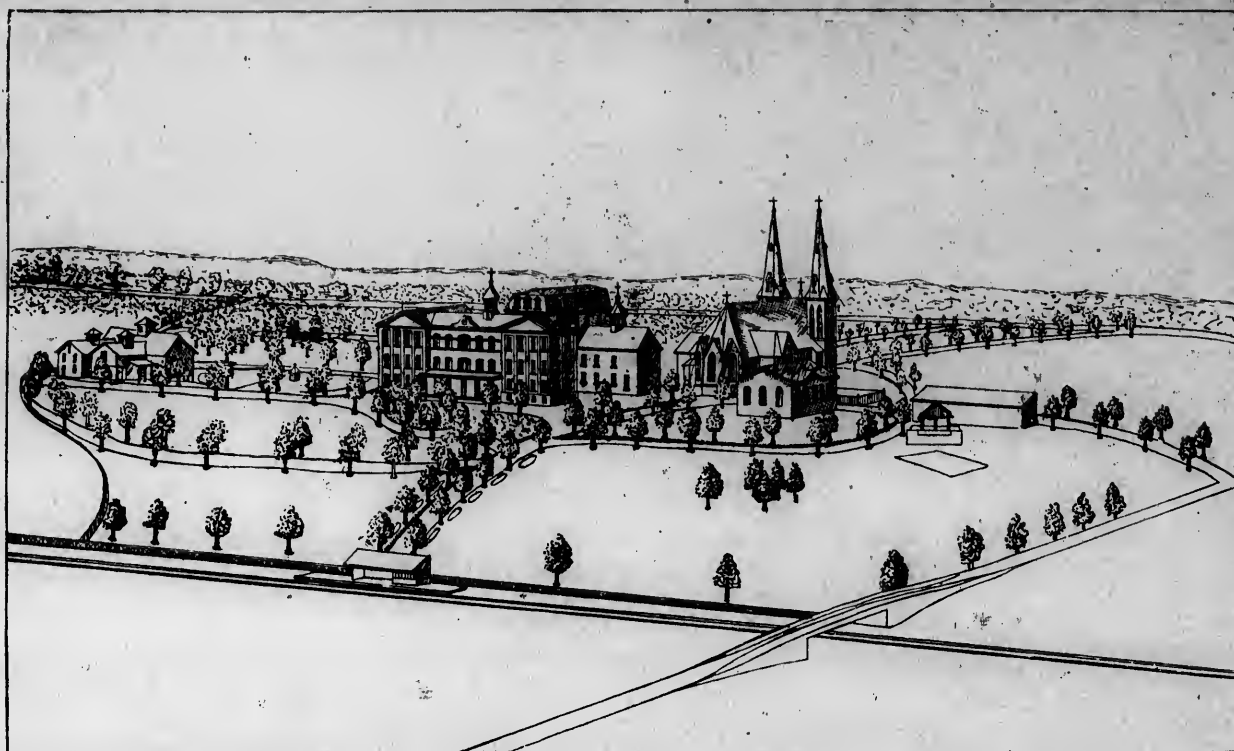
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VOL. I. No. 1.

JANUARY, 1893.

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AUGUSTINIAN COLLEGE OF VILLANOVA



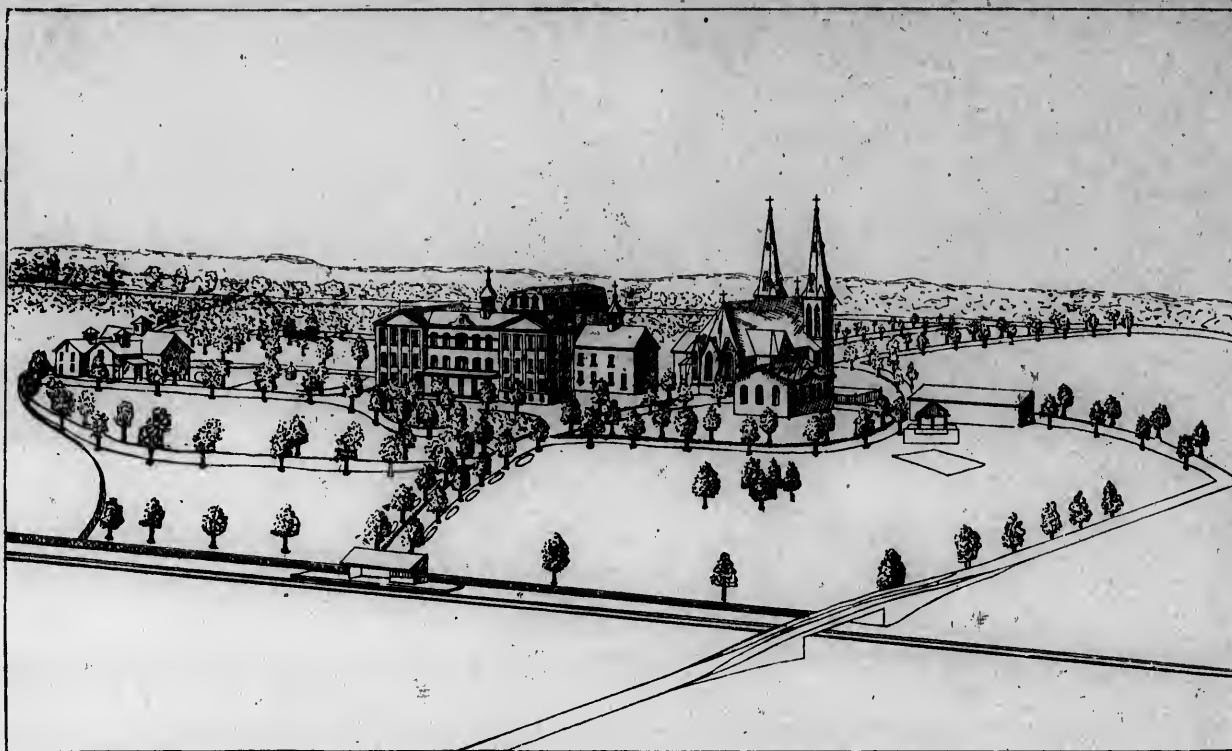
Although comprehensive and fairly true, the above picture conveys but a very imperfect idea of the symmetry and completeness of the Villanova College buildings. Founded in 1843, and chartered in 1848, this College enjoys all the privileges of a university. As its name implies, it is conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Augustine. It is situated twelve miles from Philadelphia, in one of the most beautiful parts of Delaware County, between the Lancaster turnpike and the Pennsylvania Railroad, both of which run through its extensive grounds. Trains from Broad Street Station are most convenient for parties wishing to visit the Institution. The buildings are supplied with all modern improvements, and a complete gymnasium affords ample facilities for physical exercise. Its library is well supplied with standard works of reference, histories, travels, charts, and numerous periodicals.



For further particulars, apply for Catalogue to

V. REV. C. A. MCEVOY, O.S.A.,

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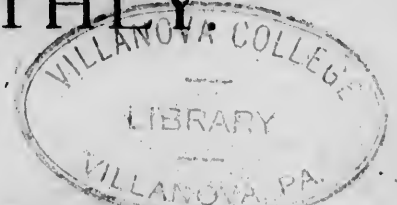
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Villanova Monthly



Vol. I.

Villanova College, January, 1893.

No. 1.

SALUTATORY.

We are pleased to announce to the many patrons, friends and former students of our institution the appearance of a college journal. Faculty and students had often considered this project, but did not see a clear way to its accomplishment. The present scholastic year, however, with its increased attendance, together with all the good spirits, energy and vim which augmented numbers will bring to any educational institution, has made the publication of a college journal a necessity. The circumstances require it, the prospects insure success. The different papers and magazines of the day are, every one in its own way, fulfilling their mission. And just as the political sheet reflects the views of him whose interest is in politics, or the partisan one the sentiments of him whose sympathies are warped by prejudice; just as the independent paper appeals to the man to whom experience has taught the two sides of life, or the religious one to him whose soul hungers after things religious, so too does the college journal appeal to a particular class. It appeals to those of literary taste, to those interested in training the young, to seekers after knowledge; in fine, to all who look upon education as the means to a great end, namely, the improvement of a people, physical, moral and mental. We make no boast as to what we will accomplish by our journal. We are satisfied to be judged by our work. Nothing unfair will enter its columns. No political party will gain or lose by our misrepresentations of its merits or demerits. No public question will suffer from our unjustly aggressive treatment. But, on the other hand, we promise our readers a due regard for the fitness of things. We purpose, first, to keep them informed of all items of interest connected with our college; secondly, to place before them literature which will interest, please and instruct them; thirdly, to discuss all questions fairly, intelligently and from a Christian standpoint; lastly, we will spare no effort to make our journal in every way worthy of a Catholic college. Such is

our purpose, its accomplishment depending much on our friends. Recognizing the great influence of college bred men in moulding the thought of a people, it seems hardly necessary to apologize for the statement, that the contributors to our columns will be mainly those whose knowledge of the world is only theoretical. 'Tis the knowledge of theory which makes the practice easy.

We are encouraged, therefore, to look to our friends for support in this undertaking. With their help success is assured. The scope of the work contemplated will be easily understood from the preceding lines. The spirit of the undertaking is embodied in the words of Addison:—

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

A New Year's Thought.

Mournfully we say good-bye to the Old Year. In its passing away we feel that we have lost a friend, the companion of our joys and sorrows for a period, short indeed, considered as a part of the ages of the earth's existence, but long, very long in the life of individual man. But Time is the master of the world and his inexorable decree has gone forth, bringing death to the Old Year, and life to the New. Then good-bye, Old Year! speak kindly of us when thou wilt be called back from Oblivion's depths, as a witness of the good and evil we have done in thy presence.

For the New Year we have words of welcome, and fondly hope that it will prove as true a friend as the one that we have lost. May it inspire our minds and hearts with renewed energy, that we may strive more ardently than ever in the pursuit of what is true and beautiful and good. May it bring unto us peace and happiness, and preserve us from the dangers that lie in our pathway as we journey onward to Eternity! Hopefully and earnestly then, New Year, we bid thee welcome.

J. Richard A. Gleason, R. A. G.
osa.

Fra Moses and the Flowers.

Written expressly for the Villanova Monthly, by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Thro' the convent garden,
Paced the gray-hair'd Friar,
Brow and eye a-sparkle
With divinest fire ;

Right and left the flowers
Raised their charming faces,
Drench'd with dewy showers,
Rich with fragrant graces.

Right and left, Fra Moses
Waved his staff and muttered
(Just as tho' the roses
Sweet reproaches uttered) :

" Cease your soft complainings,
True and tender teachers.
Hush your meek upbraidings
Pure and pious preachers !

" Yes, I know ye tell me
Men are all ungrateful ;
Great (since ye compel me)
Are our sins, and hateful !

" Well I know God made you
Out of pure affection
For our souls—arrayed you
Thus, for our delection !

" Cease your soft complainings,
True and tender teachers !
Hush your meek upbraidings ;
Pure and pious preachers !

" Ravish'd by the beauty,
Godlike, in you glowing,—
We shall do our duty
With a zeal o'erflowing !

" We shall let the glory
Of your shining faces
Wreath our homely story
With sublimest graces !

" Crown this life of ours
With Love's brave endeavor ;
Yea, like yours, sweet flowers
Make it God's forever !"

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health, repining and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed.

ADDISON.

Renounce not the purpose of embarking in active life ; make haste to employ with alacrity the years that are granted to you.

GOETHE.

My notions about life are much the same as they are about traveling ; there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but, after all, one wants to be at rest.

SOUTHEY.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or other sprrows.

A. DE MUSSET.

Immigration.

A subject which at present claims, in a great measure, the attention of our people, and one upon which the legislators of our country will soon take definite action, is immigration.

The causes which urge the American citizen to a consideration of this matter are every day becoming more apparent, and it is evident that some action should and must be taken to shield our country from the great mass of paupers and criminals who are yearly brought to our shores, bearing with them the germs of vice and disease and lowering by competition the wages of the American workman.

As to the measures which Congress should adopt for the restriction of immigration, various opinions have been advanced, and all our public men seem to recognize the fact that the time has come when immigration should be intelligently and effectively restricted.

It is true that there are several great States of the West anxious to have their lands occupied and their population increased, but there is something of far more importance to us than the occupation of land or increase of population, and that is the upholding of the standard of American citizenship. If we permit immigration to remain unrestricted and make no distinction in regard to the various classes of people who, at the present time, are admitted to share in the freedom and prosperity of our country, the time will inevitably come when our government will be obliged to adopt measures not in conformity with the philanthropic spirit of its constitution. There is no doubt but that it is of great pecuniary interest to the many steamship companies whether or not immigration shall be restricted, but the safety and welfare of the entire people should not be placed in peril for the advantage of a few ; and, furthermore, these companies could increase the passage rates in proportion to the decrease in traffic and thereby their profits would not be materially affected.

An educational test which is strongly recommended, although in a measure worthy, is not desirable, for it is a well-known fact that some of the most dangerous people who come to this country are fairly, and in many instances, highly educated. This has been amply proven in the cases of the anarchists and socialists, while among the illiterate may be found those whose morals and character are above reproach, who labor for the welfare and advancement of the country, and who, in fine, make good and respectable citizens.

It is true that a property test has often met with approval, but under no consideration should this means be resorted to, for by it the rich of every

class and character would be received with open arms; the foreign criminal would seek here a new field in which to practice his wicked arts; while by the same law the poor and honest would be turned away.

While we have the power to prohibit all immigration, or to limit the number of persons to be admitted to the country annually; and while many of our leading citizens have declared that no other measure will check the forward march of this threatening evil, yet it does not seem that such radical and exacting measures are either necessary or desirable. All must admit that the unparalleled progress which this country has made during the last half century is due, in a great measure, to immigration, and during this period the immigrant has not, as is generally believed, lowered the standard of American citizenship; but, on the contrary, has elevated it. By his invaluable assistance our citizens have been enabled to devote more time to the different professions and to give closer study and attention to the arts and sciences. In legislating for the restriction or prohibition of immigration, it should be borne in mind that the people of the United States have taken great pride in declaring that this country is open to the poor and oppressed of all nations. How utterly will they forfeit their claim to any such distinction if they adopt the policy of prohibiting all immigration.

The measure which seems most suitable, and which would unquestionably meet the demands of the people, is a character test, which should require that immigrants shall be subject to consular inspection in their own country and that they shall furnish from the American Consul a certificate that they are not obnoxious to the laws of the United States. It should also be required that immigrants shall furnish a certificate from a reputable physician to the effect that they are suffering from no chronic or contagious disease. They should be subject moreover, to rigid sanitary inspection, both at the port of embarkation and the port of entry. A test of this kind would protect us from all those who, as outcasts from their native lands, would be most unwelcome here; it would protect us from the horde of paupers who are yearly sent here by the numerous aid societies of foreign nations; it would protect us from that dread disease, cholera, which still lurks in those districts that suffered so much from its ravages during the past summer. This protection is especially necessary during the present year, for if this pestilence should obtain a foothold in the country, financial disaster to the World's Fair would inevitably follow. But this consideration is only secondary when we realize the great

loss of life that will follow the advent of cholera, if it reaches us in an unfavorable season and extends its ravages to the great metropolis of the West.

Immigration properly regulated and restricted would, by no means, be dangerous or undesirable, for our country has broad fields and ample means of employment for all those who, with honest heart and willing hands, seek her shores. But she has no room for criminals, nor for that class of people who bring here their contemptible secret organizations, which breed race antagonism, and lead to a defiance of law, and even to murder. The members of these organizations, unwilling to obey fair and beneficial laws, seek the disruption of whatever country is unfortunate enough to receive them within its borders.

M. A. TIERNEY, '93.

The Genoese Ivory Crucifix.

The Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, in Philadelphia, is held deservedly to be rich in treasures of many kinds, both ecclesiastical and material.

No visitor to the Cathedral can well help but admire the many works of art that fill the sacred building—the plain yet elegant altar tables, the rich and almost glowing tints in the altar pieces, and the intricate yet tasteful chiseling of the many brasses, lamps, candelabra and the memorial tablets—all of which serve admirably to adorn the temple and add to the magnificence of religious ceremonial. Truly are these monuments beautiful and well worthy of the mother church of Philadelphia. Yet no one who closely studies these many and varied monuments of Christian genius, which he will encounter during his saunterings in the holy place, but will feel himself drawn unconsciously, even imperceptibly and, as it were, irresistibly, to consider one in especial of these masterpieces of art. This is a large and exquisitely carved crucifix in ivory, that hangs in one of the side chapels in the north aisle of the Cathedral.

If nothing else about this crucifix were to draw his attention, it would at least be its somewhat unusual size, some fourteen inches in length, and the admirable proportions of the figure in chief.

Yet these are perfections of art that one may not unnaturally expect to find in a work that has been given so prominent a place in the chief church of the diocese.

But very easily will the artistic and devout soul be drawn beyond the consideration of these merely material excellences of the figure, to note some other points in the carving that, perhaps, are not quite so readily apparent, and are noticeable in all their perfection only after some study and reflection.

In the figure of the Crucified One, every muscle, every nerve even, seems to tell of the distinctive part it had to play in the great drama of the world's redemption.

"The delicate veins [these are the words of Mr. Colton in the *American Review*] are seen coursing under the skin as in the living model, while every muscle is sloped to its termination with an exactness to nature that seems almost miraculous. Not the slightest particular effect, moreover, that would result in a body hanging in so unnatural a position, as the great protrusion of the chest, the unusual distension of the cords of the arms, even to the gathering of the flesh above the nails in the hands and feet by the weight resting upon them, fails to appear in distinct execution."

But the triumph of the work, if any one part may be said to excel another, is the divine countenance. Herein has the artist, with the same careful and life-like reproduction, sought to portray the many and infinitely varied emotions that characterized the dying Redeemer.

In pretty much every feature of the agonized face of the Redeemer of the world, he has lined and developed the deep traces of mingled sorrow and love that filled His divine heart during the three long hours that He hung on the fatal wood on Calvary's heights. These evidences of the artist's skill clearly witness that he was led by no common perception of this, the great mystery of religion.

Verily is this crucifix a masterpiece of religion as well as of art, and the more one sees of its many perfections and ponders over them, the more is he led to marvel at the inspiration in the carver that gave them being. And if in his desire to learn more about this wonder of art, he should seek to know whose was the skillful and pious hand that has so deftly and feelingly represented one of the chief mysteries of our faith, the very one, it is acknowledged, that has always been held to be the severest test of the Christian artist, he will very probably be referred to a description of the crucifix and its carver, as it is given in a small pamphlet that was published in Philadelphia in 1860, on occasion of the last rites of religion over the recently deceased John Nepomucen Neumann, C.S.S.R., fourth Bishop of Philadelphia.

This venerable prelate had died on the 5th of January, 1860. This was a Thursday. On the following Friday, Saturday and Sunday his remains lay in state in the chapel, now known as the Cathedral Chapel, on Logan Square, and on Monday, the 9th inst., the solemn exequies over his body were held at St. John's Church, the pro-Cathedral, on Thirteenth street.

During the public exposition of his venerable remains in the chapel, the large ivory crucifix that is mentioned in this sketch was placed at the head of the catafalque. The deceased Bishop had always admired it, had treasured it greatly, and had proposed to put it in a place of honor in his Cathedral when completed. In the pamphlet referred to above, the publishers, Messrs. Downing and Daly, have given a brief sketch of this ivory crucifix. The pamphlet states that it was carved by a certain Fra Carlo, a lay brother in the convent of St. Nicholas of Tolentine, near Genoa, in Italy. This was a monastery of the Barefooted Hermits of St. Augustine, that had been founded in 1596.

After telling a good deal about Fra Carlo's early life and boyhood, the pamphlet goes on to describe how, after many drawbacks of various kinds, the good and pious youth was led to enter the religious state, and how, after many trials in religion, he once upon a time came across, in an old lumber room in the monastery, a hugh piece of ivory that for many a day had been lying there, abandoned and hidden away from the community.

This ivory—a tusk, the pamphlet says, of some extinct species of mammal, had ages before been brought to Genoa by merchants from some eastern land, and had found a resting place in the monastery of St. Nicholas. It was from this piece of ivory that Fra Carlo carved the crucifix that was so much valued by the late venerable Bishop of Philadelphia. The description given in the pamphlet of Fra Carlo's task in carving it, of the vigils and prayers and ecstasies of the pious artist, reads almost like a fairy tale or mediæval legend.

Asspace in the VILLANOVA MONTHLY is precious, its readers who may wish to learn more about the genesis of this ivory crucifix and how and when it came into the possession of the Bishop are referred to the pamphlet in question.

Yet the writer of this paper may be allowed to say that some years ago, precisely seven, a kind of inborn curiosity, harmless enough in its way, prompted him to search for further information relating to Fra Carlo, the friar—artist of his Order, and accordingly he applied for it to the headquarters of the Order in Rome.

Shortly after he was favored with a letter from the father superior of the Barefooted Augustinians at Genoa. In his letter which is dated "Genoa, Convent of the Madonnetta, June 8, 1885," the prior states that he knew Fra Carlo well, and—he then proceeds to impart the much desired information. This, summarized, is given here partly because it is interesting and partly because it corrects some errors of fact that have crept into the pamphlet of 1860. The prior says that Antonio Pazenti,

the name of Fra Carlo in the world, not *Pesenti*, as his American biographers have spelled it, first saw the light of day on February 22, 1802, in Zogno, a petty town, or hamlet in the diocese of Bergamo in Lombardy. In 1825, he was admitted as lay brother to the habit of the Barefooted Augustinians at Genoa, of the convent of St. Nicholas of Tolentine. This convent had been founded in 1596, and here Antonio received the name in religion of Carlo Antonio da Santa Maria of Bergamo. This is the Fra Carlo of our sketch. The Barefooted Augustinians had always the custom, which they still keep, of discarding their secular name on their entrance into religion, and of taking a new name by which they are thereafter known.

In 1827, on the 4th of February, Fra Carlo, by dispensation of the Supreme Pontiff, of six months of his novitiate term, was admitted to the profession of the three religious vows, namely, of poverty, chastity and obedience. For several years he was employed in the various house duties of the monastery befitting his station as lay, or serving brother, and in time, because of his simple, innocent and trusty character, he was appointed alms-quester of the community. This new office led him as a matter of course, frequently to visit the near by city of Genoa in quest of aid for the brethren. The convent of St. Nicholas stood on one of the many hills that surround Genoa, in a charming site from which one could have full view of the snow-clad Alps and the populous city and the broad expanse of the tideless Mediterranean Sea.

Fra Carlo, who early in life had displayed a taste or rather an inborn and marvelous passion for carving and sculpture, frequently now on his visits to the city for alms, would drop in to see his artist friends and benefactors at work in their studios. Then when at home he would spend his leisure time in carving, chiefly in wood, little statues of the Blessed Virgin, and of the saints. This was his pastime and the school of his genius. Fra Carlo, the prior writes, was a good copyist, in fact a very good one, though he knew but little of the technicalities of his art. He had never, it may be said, received any lessons in carving other than the chance instructions he had picked up in his visits to his artist friends. After a few years of practice in carving with, perhaps, a hint now and then from connoisseurs, he developed such skill in the mechanical details of his art that his Superior allowed him from this time on to spend all his time at his favorite pursuit, the more readily since the proceeds of his labors were devoted to the support of the community.

As regards the ivory crucifix now in the Cathe-

dral, the prior states that in the convent there chanced to be a bronze crucifix of considerable merit, a *replica*, it was said, of one by La Croix, a French carver of repute. Fra Carlo was set to work—this was some time in the early '40's—to make a copy of La Croix's crucifix in ivory, and so well did he succeed in his task that the crucifix was put on exhibition in the Academy of Fine Arts at Genoa, and, finally, was purchased and brought to the United States by Mr. Charles Edwards Lester, Consul at the time at Genoa.

This crucifix, the pamphlet of 1860 says, is the ivory crucifix now in the Cathedral.

To conclude with Fra Carlo, the prior relates that during the political troubles in Italy, in 1866, the Convent of St. Nicholas of Tolentine, in common with so many religious corporations in that kingdom, met with the general fate and was suppressed along with other houses of the Order. Thereupon Fra Carlo retired to the general hospice of his Order in Genoa, the house known as the Madonnetta, or Little Madonna, which had in some way or other escaped the general fate, and here he continued in his art labors until his death on December 20th, 1874.

Such is the prior's story of Fra Carlo and the Genoese Ivory Crucifix.

A manuscript in the possession of the writer states that Fra Carlo was induced by Mr. Lester to sit for his portrait, and that a very excellent one of him in oil was made by Professor Cerro, of Milan, and brought by Mr. Lester to New York city.

J. Thos. C. Middlebury, B.A. T. C. M.

*[Republished with additions in Reiff's
Researches, 1905, pp. 21 sq.
IDEALS.]*

The human soul, spiritual and immortal, cannot be satisfied with those things which are only material and sensible. For, however it considers them, it finds some flaw, some imperfection, whether apparent or hidden, which is repugnant to its nature. It must soar above the material and sensible world in order to find objects upon which it may rest with complacency. But whither? Grand and majestic as are its faculties, it cannot comprehend the infinite, eternal God; neither can it burst the bonds that unite it to earth, for as long as it is the active, vivifying principle of a human being, it must receive its impressions through the senses. One thing only remains, to idealize these material and sensible impressions by the power of the imagination, that is, to abstract them from the world of reality, strip them of their imperfections, and clothe them with a perfection that is a part of the Divinity itself.

All men, even those who are mentally dull and apathetic, are more or less conscious of being endowed by their Creator with an imaginative faculty, which enables them to summon ideal images in such a vivid manner as to behold them in all the distinctness of objective reality. If they use this power for the purpose intended by the Creator, they will be rewarded by more elevated sentiments, nobler impulses and higher aspirations, if not, the spiritual and immortal part of them will be lost sight of in the pursuit of sensible and material things.

Now, all men being more or less conscious of the existence of this power, and yet at the same time possessed of different dispositions or temperaments there must be a great variety in the results obtained by using it; and consequently there must be a great variety of ideals. The philosopher, the poet, the musician, the painter, the sculptor, each has his own ideal of truth, goodness, harmony, beauty or proportion. The philosopher, seeing so much around him that is false and artificial, soars higher and higher into the realms of abstract truth; the poet, with mind and heart enkindled by the inspirations of genius, dissatisfied with the imperfections of his surroundings, conjures in his imagination ideal scenes fairer than human eye has ever beheld, and ideal life, sweeter and truer than human heart has ever throbbed to; the musician weary of the discord of life, rises into a world of ideal harmony and thence pours forth his thoughts, desires and feelings in music that startles and subdues mankind; the best works of painter or sculptor are those founded, not upon real models only, but rather idealized models of beauty and justness of proportion. The imagination of the artist is in full play and presents to his mind's eye a succession of forms, each of which, consciously or unconsciously, he tries by the aesthetic faculty of his mind and at length selects, as an ideal, the one most in conformity with his designs.

But we all have ideals—ideals which are the sources of our best impulses and highest aspirations, and these impulses will be better, these aspirations higher, according as they are set toward lofty ideals. There are ideals of heroism and self-sacrifice; of happiness, love, friendship; of beauty, strength, sublimity; of intellectual and moral excellence. It is not without reason that a great writer has said: "Ideals are the world's masters," for their influence is life-long, and they determine the thoughts, desires and actions of all men.

But do men ever attain their ideals? The answer must be in the negative. In reference to this Carlyle says: "Alas, we know that ideals can never be embodied in practice. Ideals must ever

lie a great way off, and we will thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto. . . . And yet, on the other hand, it is never to be forgotten that ideals do exist; that if they be not approximated to at all, the whole matter goes to wreck." Thus, although we may never realize our ideals; though we may never accomplish the things which we attempt and earnestly desire to accomplish; though our ideals, for that reason, often seem like dreams and air-castles, yet the constant remembrance of them discloses to us our failings and urges us on to higher and better things. Just as

"Nature in her productions slow aspires

By just degrees to reach perfection's height,"

so should we aim at perfection in all things, and the nearer we approach this ideal, the better will we be able to solve the problem of human life and human happiness.

Christianity offers to us the best and holiest ideal that the world could ever follow in the person of Jesus Christ the Redeemer. By His coming He has elevated the standard of humanity, and has created a standard of perfection which was hitherto altogether unknown to mankind. He has proven by His example that it is not an impossibility for us to lead lives of holiness; that it is not an impossibility for the virtues which He so pre-eminently practiced to be realized in ourselves. The gods of the ancients, it is true, were idealized human beings, but they were only ideals, without any foundation in objective reality. But our Ideal was once a reality, living, and speaking, and acting like ourselves. Although that Ideal, like the horizon, recedes further and further away as we journey towards it, yet there is a satisfaction in knowing that we are always actually tending toward it. If this Ideal be not ever in sight of Christians, they are unworthy of the name, for Christianity is nothing else than a following of Christ, both in precept and example.

Ideals then, actually exist for all classes of men, and they must be followed, else life itself is a failure. But for man as a rational being, the performance of duty, the resistance to temptations, the doing of good to others, the preparation of the soul for the vision of the Infinite should be the ever present and ever ruling ideals of life.

T. P. CALLAHAN, '94.

We have but faith: we cannot know;

For knowledge is of things we see;

And yet we trust it comes from thee,

A beam in darkness: let it grow.

—TENNYSON.

An Event at Villa Nova.

OPENING OF A MAGNIFICENT NEW ORGAN IN ST. THOMAS' CHURCH.

At St. Thomas' Church, Villa Nova, on Sunday last, a magnificent new organ was opened in the presence of a large gathering of the members of the congregation. The worth of this acquisition to the already beautiful church was conclusively proven by Professor Harry Gordon Thunder, under whose direction the affair took place.

The programme for the occasion was as follows :

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

- 1 ORGAN SOLO—March "Aida" Verdi
Mr. Thunder.
- 2 TENOR SOLO—"Salve Regina" Dana
Mr. Kirschner,
- 3 DUET—Soprano and Alto, "Quis est Homo" . . . Rossini
Mrs. Nassau and Miss Plantholz.
- 4 BASS SOLO—"O Salutaris" Rev. H. Ganss
Mr. Crossin.
- 5 ORGAN SOLO—Intermezzo Mascagni
Mr. Thunder.
- 6 TRIO—Alto, Tenor and Bass, "Gratias Agimus" . . . Rossini
Miss Plantholz, Messrs. Kirschner and Crossin.

PROGRAMME.—PART II.

- 1 ORGAN SOLO—Pilgrims' Chorus, "Tannhäuser" Wagner
Mr. Thunder.
- 2 SOPRANO SOLO—"Gratias" Guglielmo
Mrs. Nassau.
- 3 ALTO SOLO—"O Rest in the Lord" . . . Mendelssohn
Miss Plantholz.
- 4 ORGAN SOLO— {a Improvisation Thunder
 {b Allegretto Tours
 Mr. Thunder.
- 5 QUARTETTE—"Sancta Mater" Rossini
Mrs. Nassau, Miss Plantholz, Messrs. Kirschner and Crossin.
- 6 ORGAN SOLO—Overture, "Wm. Tell" Rossini
Mr. Thunder.

At the conclusion of the first part, Rev. R. A. Gleeson, O.S.A., delivered a learned and eloquent discourse on "Music in its Relation to Divine Worship." In the course of his remarks the reverend speaker dwelt upon the fact that many works of the most illustrious composers are of a devotional character. He spoke also of the peculiar appropriateness to the divine worship of the organ above all other musical instruments.

The organ cost \$3,750. It contains 3 manuals, 38 stops and 1743 pipes. It is 28 feet wide and 12 feet deep.

The Rising and Setting Sun.

"Alme sol curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
Nascereis."

HOR.

When the morning sunbeams dart on high,
And the twilight is lost in day;
When the bright sun smiles in the eastern sky;
And the damp and the dews are away.

O! then do we hail the return of the light,
And the lark's sweet early voice;
When the heaven is blue, and the earth looks bright,
And all nature exclaims, Rejoice!

But when hours are flown, and the breath of eve
Comes soft in the gentle breeze,
And the sun, as loth the rich sky to leave,
Sinks in glory by slow degrees.

When the red and gold, with a deepening glow,
Light the earth with refulgent blaze,
And changing to crimson and purple, slow
Fade, at length, with the sun's last rays,

Oh! how sweet to stray in that evening hour,
And to gaze on the gorgeous scene,
When the placid mind hath not envied power,
Pain and pleasure to sport between!

And tell me now which thou lovest best,
And which most does thy heart rejoice;
Dost thou love the sun when he gilds the west?
Is the setting sun thy choice?

Or dost thou love better his morning ray,
His first smile on hill and stream;
Dost thy breast expand at returning day?
Dost thou hail his rising beam?

If thy heart is youthful, thou well may'st choose
The young orb ere his course be run;
But for me be his sober and mellowed hues,
O for me a setting sun!

For the sunset pictures the splendid close,
When the just man's life is done,
When rich in virtue he sinks to repose,
Like the glorious setting sun.

F. C. H.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil.—LOWELL.

THE mind should be allowed to dwell only on thoughts that are happy, satisfying, or perfect. Happy thoughts! we have them when we expect them, and are in a state to receive them.—JOUBERT.

GOOD thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed, and much sought after. Like rose-leaves they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.—SPURGEON.

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VILLANOVA, PA.

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EDITORIALS.

INFLUENCED by the thoughts which usually force themselves upon us at the beginning of a new year, we have especially considered this the most auspicious time to introduce our college journal.

The present year has more than a passing significance to the alumni, students and the many friends interested in Alma Mater. Reminded of our semi-centennial celebration by the earnest zeal of the faculty toward making the event what it should be, we, the students, have volunteered our aid, and, with the Very Rev. President's kind permission, have decided, though not without due deliberation, to publish a college journal.

We enter the field of journalism wanting in experience, but influenced by worthy motives and encouraged by the promised aid of each and every student. We will spare no effort until the VILLANOVA MONTHLY holds the place destined for it in the college world—a place of honor and merit.

Let not our patrons be deceived in the belief that our publication will be short-lived and intended only for display on this, our fiftieth anni-

versary. We are in earnest, and heartily trust that when another fifty years, freighted with pleasures and cares, has decked Alma Mater's brow with the centennial crown of glory, won in the holy cause of Christian education, they will find our college journal still existing—not in its present embryotic state, but steadily advancing, with an established and well-merited reputation.

To the reverend faculty, professors and all those who have enabled our undertaking to rise from a possibility to a reality, we tender our sincere and heartfelt thanks.

IT IS a matter of regret that the excellent material for a football eleven did not manifest itself earlier in the season. Judging from the practice games, remarkable prowess was exhibited, and had proper enthusiasm been displayed sooner, some interesting games would have been the result. Apart from this, Villanova's reputation in the baseball field is to be maintained. The gymnasium, at present closed for extensive repairs, will be opened after the Christmas holidays. A commodious baseball cage will grace the interior, and already negotiations are pending for a first-class trainer, so that the season of '93 bids fair to be a red-letter one in the sporting annals of our college.

AN explanatory word is necessary regarding the chronicling of events pertaining to the college and its environs. Each number of our journal will contain those of the month immediately preceding. Hence in this, our first issue, subscribers will find a summary of the events of December only. Information concerning all other matters previous to that time will be cheerfully furnished on application to the editor.

TO ENJOY the good-will of the faculty, let those of you who are at present enjoying all the comforts of home and kindred, return on the date specified in the catalogue, otherwise something outside the daily curriculum will await your tardy arrival.

THOSE devotees of Thespis who now reside in our midst have not been idle, and at the present are preparing an entertainment for their many friends and patrons in the college and its vicinity. The date of this presentation has not been settled, but there is no reason to doubt that an excellent programme will be arranged, and we assure our friends that the exercises will be of such a character as to please even the most fastidious taste.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to
D. O'SULLIVAN, Villanova College.

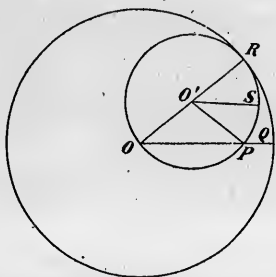
Proposed by M. T., Villanova College.

2.—A circle rolls inside another of double its diameter; find the locus of a fixed point in its circumference.

Solution by O'S.

Let a circle whose centre is O' , roll inside another circle whose centre is O , and whose diameter is twice that of O' . Take a fixed point P in the circumference of O' . It is required to find its locus.

Let R be the point of contact. Join OP , OR , $O'P$, and produce OP to meet the circumference in Q and bisect the angle $RO'P$ by $O'S$.



Now, the angle $RO'P = 2 \angle ROP$ (the angle at the centre is double the angle at the circumference). \therefore the angle $RO'S = \angle ROQ$, and the arc $RS : RQ :: O'R : OR$, but $OR = 2 O'R$, $\therefore RQ = 2 RS$, $\therefore RP = RQ$. Now, since the arc $RP = RQ$, the point P must have coincided with Q . Hence the line OQ is the locus of P .

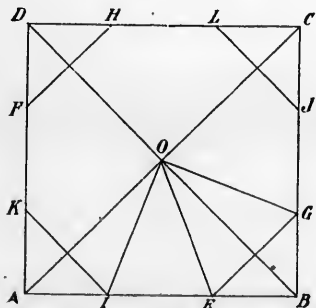
Proposed by X. Y., Villanova College.

3.—To inscribe a regular octagon in a given square.

Solution by O'S.

Let $ABCD$ be a given square. It is required to describe a regular octagon in it.

Draw the diagonals AC , BD , intersecting in O . Cut off AE , $AF = AO$; BI , $BJ = BO$; CG , $CH = CO$; DL , $DK = DO$. Join EG , JL , HF , KI .



To prove $EGJLHFKI$ is the octagon required.

Join OE , OG , OI . Now, because $AE = AO$, and the angle EAO is $\frac{1}{2}$ a right angle, \therefore each of the angles AEO , AOE is $\frac{3}{4}$ of a right angle, and the angle AOB is right; $\therefore EOB$ is $\frac{1}{4}$ of a right angle. Similarly, each of the angles GOB , AOI is $\frac{1}{4}$ of a right angle, hence EOI is $\frac{1}{2}$ of a right angle, and we have seen that AEO is $\frac{3}{4}$ of a right angle; $\therefore EIO$ is $\frac{3}{4}$ of a right angle, $\therefore OI = OE$. And because the angle $EBO = GOB$ and angle $EBO = GBO$, and the side BO common $OG = OE = OI$. Now, $OG = OI$ and OE common, and the angle $GOE = IOE$; \therefore the bases IE , EG are equal. In like manner all the sides are equal. Again, because $BE = BG$, the angle $BEG = BGE$; \therefore each is $\frac{1}{2}$ of a right angle; each of the angles GEI , EGJ is $\frac{3}{4}$ of a right angle. Similarly all the angles are equal. Hence the octagon is regular.

Proposed by Alpha, Villanova College.

4.—A Dutch wind-mill in the shape of a frustum of right cone, is 12 meters high. The outer diameters at the bottom and at the top are 16 meters and 12 meters, the inner diameters are 12 and 10 meters each. How many cubic meters of stone were required to build it?

Let V = volume of wind-mill, and V' = volume of inner frustum. Both frustums are similar. And let r and r' be the radii of the outer and inner circles of the bottom and top. Then $V = \frac{1}{3} h (r^2 + r'^2 + rr')$ $= \frac{1}{3} 12 (64 + 36 + 48) = 4 \times 148 = 592$ and

$V' = \frac{1}{3} h' (36 + 25 + 30) = 4 \times 91 = 364$. $\therefore 592 - 364 = 228$.

$3.1416 \times 228 = 716.2848$ cubic meters.

Proposed by J. L., Villanova College.

5.—A debt of \$8000 at 6% compound interest is discharged by eight equal annual payments, required the annual payment.

Solution by O'S.

The amount of \$ a at compound interest for n years, r being the rate per cent. is $a(1+r)^n$. The amount of annuity of \$ b for the same period at the same rate is

$$b(1+r)^n - 1 = a(1+r)^n$$

$$\therefore b(1+r)^n - ra(1+r)^n = b$$

$$b(1+r)^n - b = ra(1+r)^n$$

$$b = ra(1+r)^n = 8000 \times .06 (1.06)^8$$

$$(1+r)^n - 1 = \frac{(1.06)^8 - 1}{.06}$$

$$= \frac{480 \times (1.06)^8}{(1.06)^8 - 1}$$

which by simple arithmetic, or logarithmic computation, the result may be found to be \$1288.286.

New Problems.

6.—Construct a triangle given the three medians.
 7.—Find the path of a billiard ball started from a given point, which after being reflected from the four sides of the table, will pass through another given point.

8.—From a ship sailing down the English Channel the Eddystone Lighthouse was observed to bear N. $33^{\circ} 45'$ W., and after the ship had sailed 18 miles S. $67^{\circ} 30'$ W. it bore N. $11^{\circ} 15'$ E. Find its distance from each position of the ship.

9.—The middle points of the sides of a triangle are concyclic with the feet of the perpendiculars from the opposite vertices, and the middle points of the lines joining the orthocentre with the vertices. (nine-points circle.)

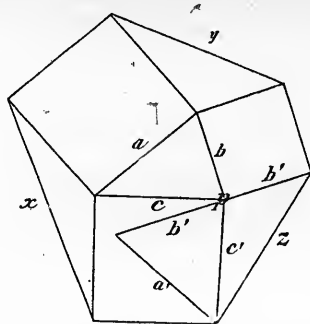
10.—The radius of sphere is 7 feet, what is the volume of a wedge whose angle is 36° .

11.—Find the value of x . $x - 4x + 4 + 4x = -7$.

1.—If squares be described on the sides of any triangle, the sum of the squares on the lines joining the adjacent corners is equal to three times the sum of the squares on the sides of the triangle.

Let a, b, c , be the sides of the triangle. On a, b, c , describe squares. Join the adjacent corners, and let the joining lines be denoted by x, y, z , it is required to prove that $x^2 + y^2 + z^2 = 3(a^2 + b^2 + c^2)$.

Produce the side b' and make the produced part $= b'$, and draw the line a' . The angle $b'pb = c'pc$, each being a right angle. From these equals take the angle $cpb' \therefore$ angle $cpb =$ angle $c'pb'$. Then we have the two \triangle s abc and $a'b'c'$, having the sides b and c , and the contained angle cpb respec-



tively $=$ to the sides b' and c' and the contained angle $b'pc' \therefore a' = a, b = b', c'$ is the median, $\therefore a'^2 + z^2 = 2(c'^2 + b'^2)$. (The sum of the squares of two sides of a \triangle is $=$ to twice the square of half the third side increased by twice the square of the median upon that side.) $\therefore z^2 + a^2 = 2(c^2 + b^2)$; similarly $x^2 + b^2 = 2(a^2 + c^2)$ $y^2 + c^2 = 2(a^2 + b^2)$. Add these equals together, and we get $x^2 + y^2 + z^2 + (a^2 + b^2 + c^2) = 4(a^2 + b^2 + c^2)$ and $\therefore x^2 + y^2 + z^2 = 3(a^2 + b^2 + c^2)$.

Q. E. D.

SPLINTERS.

Jug?

Prunes.

Tackle low!

How many lines?

Who pulled Fitz's mustache?

Combination for the side-pocket.

"Hittim wid a bu-uk Martin."

He's out! three men on a line!

Allow me to—who chewed the chalk?

Who are the big four of the corner table?

How is biz? What are you doing?

Never take the pillow from the "Dore."

Hurry Kelly, catch me; I'm unconscious.—Ford.

His story runneth thus: "When I was at St. Michael's, etc."

How sweet the strains of the "Smoking-room Quartette!"

If you really wish to be "in the fry,"

Buy a button and join the V. L. I.

Wait a minute till I dash you off a Corr-net part.

I wonder who is the nocturnal visitor to Philosopher's Hall.

Ask the Hartford violinist for the definitions of drain and gutter.

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime;

And departing leave behind us

Foot-prints meas'ring one plus nine.—T—y.

Question for geography class—Where is Kidney Creek?

Oh, rapture! Such lovely lavender side-boards!

Such "downy" pillows? *Et hic tamen vivit!*

Did not the Duke of Clarence cut a nice figure (behind the door) in his foot-ball suit?

Have you ever heard the story

Of Crowley and the bat?

There's another we could tell you

Of Jerry and his cat.

You can't whistle and chew meal, neither can you hustle buns and sell papers.—Mud.

Exact science teaches that a stitch in time is worth two in the bush.

How strange! Every Friday afternoon

"He" thrusts his fists against the posts

And still insists he sees the ghosts."

We didn't know that the place was haunted.

The old proverb "Say nothing but saw wood" is contradicted every day by "Dear Felix" (as the girls call him), who says more when sawing wood than at any other time.

We sincerely hope that a certain one of our promising Brooklyn youths will cast off knickerbockers during the holidays.

Our fresco artist (Billy) is engaged in white-washing the Senior Dept. a delicate green tint.

Those poor, deluded Yankees are followers of the "*Nil admirari*" theory whenever Philadelphia is concerned.

Our worthy friend from Chicago, having returned from his first visit to Philadelphia, and being asked his opinion of the city, exclaimed, "Great Scott! We walked three a-breast on the principal business street."

From the time consumed in the meetings of the V. L. I., one would imagine that its members were discussing the "Blair Educational Bill," or were engaged in an International Monetary Conference, or were appointed as a "Committee of the Whole" to sit on the "State of the Nation."

As regards the elements of intensity, the soliloquies of Macbeth, Hamlet and Lear are "not in it" compared with those of Felix.

O, what's that wail of plaintive woe
Which greets us unawares,
As room-ward we make haste to go
Up, up the old back-stairs?

As half-way up we plod along,
The meaning is quite "pat;"
'Tis only Jerry's ceaseless song—
"My cat! Where is it at?"

The residents of "Philosopher's Flat" are treated every night to a delightful musicale. Frank and Joe are adepts in their respective means of torture. They can duet.

Lost! Somewhere between the refectory and kitchen, one waiter known as "Mud." When last seen he was adorned with silk handkerchiefs, and had one hand in his pocket. No reward is offered for his return as he was useless.

Ye Gods! Our gold-rimmed, 6-foot 3-inch Hercules before whose mighty "rushes" the canvassed eleven like saplings bent; whose thundering tones scared the "Crows," even as Dorescared the rabbit, is now sub-Bun-bearer of this Villa!! "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatne s."

E. Ellery Anderson,
Pious and meek,
Neglected inviting
The Speaker to speak.

Then Crisp began seeking
His coat and his hat,
Remarking inquiringly:
"Where am I at?"

—New York Tribune.

PERSONAL.

The Very Rev. Provincial, J. D. Waldron, O.S.A., paid us a visit last Sunday.

Our Rev. Vice-President L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., spent Xmas at the home of his parents in Schaghticoke, N. Y.

Rev. M. J. Locke, S.T.L., O.S.A., Professor of Dogmatic Theology and Philosophy, is the guest of Fr. Ryan, Andover, Mass.

Rev. J. B. Leonard, O.S.A., until recently stationed at Schaghticoke, N. Y., but now a Professor at the College, is spending the Xmas holidays at home in Lawrence, Mass.

D. P. O'Sullivan, Professor of Higher Mathematics, put in a smiling appearance in the classroom after a week's illness.

Rev. T. F. Herlihy, O.S.A., for many years Professor of Latin and Rhetoric at the College, has been appointed to St. Nicholas' Church, Atlantic City, N. J. We regret his departure, but, at the same time, wish him success in his new field of labor.

Messrs. Ryle and Callahan moved into their new quarters on the 17th ult. In the evening their friends from "Philosopher's Flat" stepped in to congratulate them.

D. J. Dore was called home Friday, December 16th, on account of his mother's illness.

Rev. J. Ryan, O.S.A., of Andover, Mass., favored us with a visit on the 15th inst.

Mr. P. S. Flood, a student of St. Charles' College, Baltimore, Md., visited his brother, James B., on the 18th ult.

We gladly seize this our first opportunity to thank most heartily Rev. J. J. Brennan of Ivy Mills for recent substantial favors to the Literary Institute, Athletic Association and Glee Club.

Messrs. Callahan, Flood, Kerr and Ryle visited former classmates at Overbrook Seminary last week, where they were kindly received.

Buckley, for many weeks confined to the infirmary, is now filling his old familiar place in the study-hall.

We congratulate Mr. John T. Shea (residence '88 and '89) upon his re-election to the Council Chamber of Cambridge, Mass.

Work on Fr. O'Brien's new parochial residence at Bryn Mawr is progressing rapidly. We expect it to be finished by March 1.

Messrs. John and James O'Donnell left for their home on December 18. Urgent business necessitated their early departure.

ATHLETICS.

V.A.A.—Our annual fall day sports took place, as usual, on the college campus, in the presence of a large assemblage. All the different events of the day's programme were well contested, and many were exceedingly interesting, showing wonderful improvement among the majority of the contestants. The features of the day were O'Donnell's throwing the heavy hammer, and Dugan's standing high jump.

It was a source of great regret for the managers of the field sports that they were compelled to omit the junior entries, as this year they were expecting some extraordinary work from them.

THE SOCIETIES.

V.D.S.—The first December meeting of the Villanova Debating Society was held in its hall on the third of that month.

The subject chosen for discussion—Resolved, "That the Southern States were justified in seceding from the Union"—afforded ample room for argument *pro* and *con*. Messrs. Buckley and O'Leary for the affirmative, and Messrs. Crowley and Corr for the negative, conducted the debate in a most creditable manner.

When it was thrown open to the house many members took advantage of the opportunity to express their respective views. After a few hours the matter assumed such proportions that an all-night session seemed inevitable. Knowing, however, that this could not well be, the chairman was asked to give his decision, but, owing to the lateness of the hour and the time required for a recapitulation of the arguments, he was obliged to postpone it until some future meeting.

The members assembled on the 14th for the second December meeting, to debate upon the subject: Resolved, "That the battle of Waterloo had more influence on the history of the world than the battle of Gettysburg." Messrs. Harkins and M. J. Murphy were colleagues on the affirmative side, and Messrs. Ryle and McDonnell on the negative. For some time proofs and refutations were in order, and then, the chairman having made a logical and impartial summary, decided in favor of the affirmative. The society, having transacted some miscellaneous business, adjourned till after the holidays.

V.L.I.—In taking a retrospect of the various societies, we would fain make mention of one in which every member who can justly lay claim to that name, has taken an active part—that is, the Literary Institute. Great praise is due to the reverend faculty for the many wise improvements

that have been recently made about the library, but we must likewise offer our congratulations to the members for keeping up the good work that the society has ever had in view. The room has undergone an entire renovation, and now presents a very attractive appearance. The leading papers and magazines may be found therein, as well as the leading college periodicals. Every facility for quickening perceptions, cultivating tastes and forming close and accurate habits is afforded the student, that he may thoroughly equip himself for his future career. At a special meeting held Thursday, December 1, the members, always willing to evince their gratitude to those who extend a generous hand to them, unanimously elected Rev. J. J. Brennan an honorary member of the society. Although the society has made great progress since last year, it still seems unable to secure the names of several students which should be found on the roll of membership.

The Rosary Sodality, so long established and of such great benefit to our students, has this year been reorganized with increased membership. Mr. J. F. Kennedy, O.S.A., its president, is indeed worthy of praise for the great interest he manifests in its welfare. The sodality meets every Sunday morning at 8.45 for the recitation of the rosary. In addition to this it is pleasing to see so many of our young men assemble in the Church every evening to recite this beautiful prayer; and we hope that their example may incite others to assist in this devotion.

The Students' Retreat.

THE students' annual retreat commenced on the evening of December 4, and ended on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of B. V. M.

The exercises were conducted by Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. The students this year manifested more than their usual fervor on such occasions. The Reverend Director used to the very best advantage the power and influence which he possesses over the human heart. He commanded their attention from the beginning and held it to the end. His conferences were extremely practical, confining his remarks to such faults as the young in college are most liable to commit. At the close of the exercises the Reverend Director gave a short and very concise history of the miraculous picture of Our Mother of Good Counsel, after which he enrolled all the new students as members of the "Pious Union."

He expressed himself in a very satisfactory manner on the good results of his labor, and left for his home bearing with him the heart-felt wishes of all the students.

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Vol. I.

Villanova College, February, 1893.

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Mater Boni Consilii.

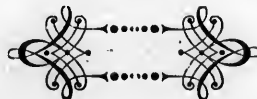
I have seen pictoric treasures that are priz'd the world over,
Buonarotti's Sistine frescoes and the Urbinate's cartoons ;
I have seen the gorgeous paintings in the palaces that hover,
Near the Arno's placid waters and Venezia's lagoons.
Priceless gems on cloth and plaster, limned by master-hands
artistic,
Deck the walls of Roman churches, of each sanctu'ry and
hall ;
They are dazzling types of beauty, they've a semblance real-
istic ;
But our Lady of Good Counsel is most beautiful of all.

Yet, it is not that the picture is so masterfully painted ;
There are others far more brilliant, as to color, tint and
shade :
But there's none so love-inspiring, so madonna-like and
sainted,
As our Lady of Good Counsel, virgin, mother, wife and
maid.
Low above an altar pendent, 'mid a chapel's gilt recesses,
I have seen this peerless image with its more than human
grace,
And the blue eyes softly beaming, while her hand the child
caresses,
Show a mother's love out-gleaming from the heaven of her
face.

I have knelt before that altar when the votive Mass was ended,
Ere the fragrance of the incense had departed from the
shrine,
When the early morning sun-beams with the lamplight softly
blended,
Gave the place a look celestial, made the sanctu'ry divine.
And my soul became expanded in its scope of understanding,
I no longer felt the doubtings that oppressed me heretofore ;
And my heart became enkindled with a love so all-demanding,
That I vow'd my life an off'ring to my God forevermore.

— M. J. L.

Jr. Michael J. Locke, D.D.





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That I vow'd my life an offering to my God for evermore.

M. J. J.



Self.

There is one fact which even the indifferent student of any language cannot fail to note, namely, that some words express so very little, others so very much. Excepting the word God in the sense of Creator, bearing as such a most intimate relation to all persons and to all things, there is none more comprehensive, none more expressive than the one we have chosen for the subject of our essay—the word self. How much of joy and sorrow, of right and wrong, of success and failure is implied in it! Whether we wander through the whole category of life's phases to show how extensive is our subject, or confine ourselves to something more particular, this all important truth ever confronts us, that our success or failure depends, in a great measure, on ourselves. So universal as to time and place has been the knowledge of this important truth, that it may be stated with the certainty of experience, that we succeed or fail, just as we are true or false in the relations and duties of self to self and of self to others.

Nosce te ipsum, was the rule of the ancients, the observance of which gave so many holy men to earth, so many saints to God. Yes, know thyself ere it be too late, ere thou becomest a burden too heavy for thine own strength and an object of pity to thy fellow-man. Know thyself ere that which was good in thy nature has changed to bad, ere life's opportunities be spent, life's energies wasted. Yet 'tis a difficult task. The good and the bad in our nature are in perpetual conflict. Virtue often succumbs to vice, and passion as often sways reason. Appearances mislead us. External things engross our attention and give us no time to think of ourselves. This must result in a culpable ignorance of our own capabilities. Thus it happens many a bright intellect, many a lovely heart fails to know its own worth. The priceless gifts with which its Creator enriched it are abused, nay, cast away, instead of being cherished and preserved for the needful day when to possess them would be a joy and a comfort.

Nosce te ipsum, but how difficult! All of us have our own peculiar traits and inclinations which can be understood and mastered only by constant and thorough study. To understand the character of others is a minor consideration; to know our own is the all important one. This is the principle of our actions whether good or bad for "the mould which forms our character is our own conception of ourselves." Ignorance of self but too often causes the one false step resulting in a life regret else they might now be happy, who are

eking out a miserable existence, the well meaning, but mistaken victims of a false calling. As the Almighty in His own wise ways has distributed His gifts to some men greater, to others less, it is necessary for all to learn the extent of divine favor in their behalf, to utilize the talents given them, and to be ever mindful of the fact that they must one day render a strict account of all the gifts with which their Creator enriched them.

Self-knowledge acquired, self-government should follow. Fortunate is that man who has an accurate knowledge of self, but immeasurably more so is he who, conscious of his own strength or weakness, is capable of self-government,—

"Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself, in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquish'd will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears—being himself alone."

Reason here is master, passion the slave, and justly so. Reverse this order, man will fall below the dignity of man, anarchy and disorder will prevail. It is men in whom reason is master that rule the world. Their influence for good or evil is most powerful, just as their reason is based on the solid foundations of religion or on the weak sophistries of worldlings. As long as religion holds sway, as long as men are not blinded to the Gospel's truths and worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, so long will they go on in the even tenor of their way fulfilling their true mission in working out their salvation.

Self in its duties and relations to others bears a different aspect. Herein is implied charity or selfishness, zeal for the public welfare or indifference to it. "The proper study of mankind is man," said Pope, which words suggest to us many a stern truth, to some pleasing, to others the reverse. We may safely assume that in most cases we may judge men by their deeds. From this assumption we are forced to realize the unpleasant truth, that there are many murderers of peace and happiness in this great world of ours. They are the men whose greed of wealth, of power, of reputation is but too often satisfied at the expense of their fellow-man. They safely defy the human law and continue in their iniquity with the vain hope that they may escape the divine. The natural gifts with which their Creator endowed them are perverted in their use, and instead of becoming a means of salvation, become a means of destruction. The usurer, the heartless landlord, the greedy monopolist forgets his obligations to God in his dealings with his fellow-man. Self is his predominant thought, God and man are minor considerations.

If a time should come when reverses will embitter the lives of these; when misfortunes, many and great, will come to them they will suffer the same, nay, greater torments, than those inflicted on their victims,—

"The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang."

Mankind would be better if the opulent would, in a greater degree, help the deserving poor; if avarice did not prompt so many in their dealings with their fellow-man; if wealth were not such a pronounced mark of respectability and power. This betterment of men's condition might not only be hoped for, but would be realized, if all were brought to understand the diversity of motives and variety of situations in the life of each other. They would then surround themselves with their neighbor's circumstances, understand better his condition, and their hearts would go out to him in all the sincerity of christian love.

These few principles having been carefully considered, we believe that man will best fulfill his mission by thoroughly understanding his capabilities; by placing the restraint of reason on his passions; and by generating and fostering a love of God and man. These are matters requiring the serious attention of each and every one. They are obligations incumbent upon all, for the Almighty has not enriched us with His choicest gifts that they should be abused; He has not given commands that they should be disobeyed. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul, and thy neighbor as thyself for the love of God." Herein is the whole duty of man to his Maker, to his fellow-men and to himself. 'Tis the one duty whose fulfillment makes life worth living, softens the asperities of our nature, and renders peaceful, happy and holy the relations of men to each other and to God.

Arthur Chas. J. McFadden, C. J. McF.
O.S.A.

St. Agnes.

"Cujus pulchritudinem sol et luna mirantur, ipsi soli servo fidem."

Shall, then, that soul another lover seek,

Whose Lover's beauty can the sun's outshine,

Whom angels serve, and near Whose throne divine

The heav'nly voices loudest praises speak?

Blest Agnes, thou hast chosen well thy lot!

And when the tortures wrench thy youthful frame

And thou dost oft invoke thy Lover's name.

His sweet voice whispers, "Lov'd one, fear thou not!"

JAN. 21, 1893.

C.

Our Lady Among Augustinians.

Evidences or marks of the special honor that Augustinians pay to the Blessed Virgin can be traced through the annals of their Order as far back as the early part of the XIII century.

Here are a few—the chief—of many instances, related by their chroniclers and historians, in which may be perceived the spirit of devotion that their Order has ever borne towards the Mother of God.

First.—The oldest form of profession used among Augustinians, of which there is any authentic record, is given by Pope Innocent IV, in his bull—*Admonet Nos cura*, which was issued from Perugia on the XVII kalends of May, in the X year of his pontificate, that is, in 1253. The bull is addressed to all the priors and brethren of the Order of Hermits; thus runs the title.

Up to this date, it should be premised, Augustinians, in making their act of profession, pledged their obedience to their chief house prior only, and not, as at present, to the prior general of the Order. All their head communities, besides being independent of one another, were ruled by local superiors-in-chief. Thus in Lombardy, there was one head house, or community; in Tuscany another, and in the Marches of Ancona a third. There was not yet in the Order the practice of choosing general superiors.

From the papal bull, that has just been named, we learn that the following was the form of profession used by Augustinians in Lombardy and Emilia up to 1253, to wit: "I [*name*] make my profession and promise obedience to God, the Blessed Mary and to thee, the prior of the Hermit Brethren of St. Mary's of Cesena, and to thy successors until death, according to the rule of Blessed Augustine and the Constitutions of the Brethren of that place."

The Hermitage of St. Mary's was the chief community of Augustinians in that part of Italy.

For reasons given in the bull, not necessary to be stated here, the Pontiff now changes the constitutions of the Order, and requires that all their houses, which had hitherto been grouped into independent communities are now to be under one superior-in-chief. The Order displays a monarchical tendency. It was to have a superior general. Hence, besides requiring the Hermits to elect a general, the Pontiff orders that the old form of profession given above be discontinued and that for the future the brethren drop their profession of obedience to the prior of Cesena alone and instead of his title insert the terms "Prior General of the Order," a fashion that since that date has remained

unchanged. This ancient religious usage has been adduced in order to show that Augustinians, as early at least as 1253, were wont at the solemn consecration of their lives to God, at the close of their novitiate term, to dedicate themselves in special manner to the Blessed Virgin also.*

Secondly, come the feast days in the Augustinian Order, which are celebrated in honor of God's Mother. These are as follows, namely,

- the Espousals (Jan. 23);
- the Purification (Feb. 2);
- Our Lady of Purity (Mar. 11);
- the Seven Dolors (Mar. 24);
- the Annunciation (Mar. 25);
- Our Lady of Good Counsel (Apr. 26);
- of Succor (May 13);
- the Help of Christians (May 24);
- the Most Pure Heart of Mary (June 11);
- Our Lady of Grace (June 15);
- the Visitation (July 2);
- Our Lady of Prodigies (July 9);
- of Mt. Carmel (July 16);
- of Snow (Aug. 5);
- of the Assumption (Aug. 15);
- of Consolation (Sept. 3);
- Our Lady's Nativity (Sept. 8);
- the Holy Name of Mary (Sept. 13);
- Our Lady of Mercy (Sept. 24);
- of the Rosary (Oct. 1);
- Our Lady's Maternity (Oct. 8);
- the Seven Dolors (Oct. 15);
- the Presentation (Nov. 21);
- Our Lady's Patronage (Dec. 5);
- her Immaculate Conception (Dec. 8);
- the Transfer of the Holy House (Dec. 12);
- and the Feast of her Expectation (Dec. 18);

On these twenty-seven different feast days through the year, do Augustinians pay special honor to the Mother of God, both in their Mass and their Office.

Regularly, too, every year do these feasts occur. But not unfrequently, though at irregular intervals during certain years, Augustinians keep other days holy in honor of the Mother of God.

The Constitutions of their Order prescribe that whenever the Little Office, as it is styled, of the Blessed Virgin is said in choir, the religious must read after Compline of the same, a second Office known technically as the Office of Our Lady of Grace. This is a pretty devotion, consisting merely of an Antiphon, three Psalms, three Lectures, or Lessons and of two Responsories.

This same Office of Grace must be said also

whenever the usual Friday's Office is of semi-double rite.

Thirdly.—In the early part of the XIII century, (their records on this point go back no further,) Augustinians wore for their ordinary dress a black as well as a white habit, black because it was the color, so it is held, that the holy Augustine, their founder, wore, and white in honor of the Holy Virgin.

Pope Gregory IX in his bull—*Dudum apparuit*, dated from the Lateran Palace on the IX kalends of April in the XIV year of his pontificate, that is, in 1241, expressly mentions the white habit of the Augustinians, and in 1255, Pope Alexander IV, in his bull—*Pia desideria*, addressed to the Prior General and all the Priors and Hermits of the Order, requires the brethren to wear, if professed clerics, a black tunic and a white scapular and if novices, all white, both tunic and scapular, while lay brothers are to wear a black tunic, scapular and capuche.

The white color for the dress of the cleric members only of the Order was symbolical of the singular innocence and purity of life that should accompany those who had entered or were to enter the sacred priesthood.

Fourthly.—Some time in the XIV century, (it was about the year 1324,) a papal decree was on the point of issuing forbidding Augustinians to go in white. There had been for many years a dispute between them and the Dominicans, both Orders claiming exclusive right to dress in white habits, as had been the custom of their fore-fathers.

The chief Fathers of the Augustinian Order, being assembled in chapter at Perugia, made a vow to the Blessed Virgin that if they were allowed to continue the wearing of their beloved white habit, the whole Order would henceforth read every week in her honor an Office in thanksgiving. The papal inhibition never appeared. Such was the origin of the Office *de Gratia*, as it is called, that has been alluded to above.

Three centuries after, the dispute was re-opened between the two rival Orders, the Dominicans this time insisting that the Augustinians, if allowed to wear white, should be required also to wear on their breast a star, or some similar emblem, by which they could be recognized by the people and not confounded with the former. But on October 2, 1603, Pope Clement VIII, put a definite end to the controversy by deciding that the Augustinians might continue to dress as had always been their fashion.

Fifthly.—Among the most ancient hermitages in the Augustinian Order, chroniclers name several

*The bull of P. Innocent IV, may be found in the *Bullarium Magnum*, under date April 25, 1253.

that were dedicated to the Mother of God. Such was the community known as Our Lady of the Hermitage near Budrioli, in Emilia; Blessed John Bonus dwelt here, it is said, in the year 1204; then comes Our Lady of Cesena, also in Emilia, about the year 1241, and then Our Lady of Monte Ganfri, in Piceno, in the Marches of Ancona, at a place named in their annals Colta Montissani. This third hermitage dates back as early as 1251.

Sixthly.—The wearing of a cincture or girdle is another sign of the loving attachment that Augustinians have fostered zealously toward the Holy Virgin. On his entrance into religion, each candidate for the Order is handed a leathern girdle to wear; it is part of his regular habit and he is not considered fully dressed should he be without it. At death this girdle is buried with him.

The origin of the girdle is as follows: according to an ancient tradition in the Augustinian Order, once upon a time when St. Monica, Augustine's saintly mother was bowed down with grief at her son's waywardness, (he was yet a stranger to the Faith,) the Mother of God appeared to her in a vision and offering her a girdle, such as Augustinians have ever worn, bid her put it on and wear it in confidence, that Heaven's aid would always be ready to console her. It was in pursuance of this tradition—an ancient and steady belief among Augustinians—that they instituted the feast of Our Lady of Consolation, their especial and chief patroness. It is always celebrated on the Sunday within the Octave of St. Augustine, their Founder.

Seventhly.—At Bologna in Emilia, in 1439, with the sanction of Pope Eugene IV, was established in the Augustinian church of St. James Apostle, the confraternity of Our Lady of the Girdle, and at Rome, some sixty years after, in 1495, another confraternity of similar import, under the title of Our Lady of Consolation. These two societies were united on June 15, 1575, by Pope Gregory XIII, under the title of the Cinctured order of Saints Augustine and Monica.

Eighthly.—The large number of shrines or sanctuaries of Our Lady, that have been in the keeping of Augustinians, besides attesting the piety of the faithful towards the Mother of God, go far to show the spirit of zeal among Augustinians in nourishing her honor. In 1707, F. John Bonus Haydt, a Bavarian Augustinian, published at Munich a description of sixty celebrated shrines or sanctuaries of Our Lady, which were attended by members of his Order. They are to be found in nearly all the different European states, besides several that were in Asia and in South America. With the exception of a few in Italy, chief of

which is Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano, the others seem to have perished or to have been abandoned.

Dr. Thos. C. Middleton, O.S.A., (T. C. M.)

Gens Hiberna.

In St. Peter's Church at Rome, there are, on two confessionals, inscriptions which cannot be read without emotion:—*Gens Hiberna. Gens Polona.* (Irish Nation. Polish Nation.) What does that mean if not that in the eyes of faith, in the eyes of the Church, these two sister martyr nations still live.—

IRISH FAITH IN AMERICA.

The golden hour of setting sun had come to holy Rome,
When I, a homeless exile, first beheld St. Peter's dome;
That dome majestic, towering o'er the famous hilltops seven,
That dome that forces eye and heart to soar to highest heaven.

Ad limina Apostolorum, I passed with reverent tread,
And knelt within that temple of the living and the dead;
Its 'musical immensities,' I sought not to define,
I only felt that here, indeed, is God's most worthy shrine;
That here, indeed, His majesty is nobly manifest,
And here His grandest prophecy He has fulfilled and blest;
The *Tues Petrus* which within the dome is writ in gold,
The *edificabo ecclesiam* which Christ himself foretold.

Meanwhile, sunshine and evening shades had met in mellow
gloom

On lofty shafts and arches grand, above the Apostles' tomb;
Soon the mystic dim, with vesper hymn, and sacred psalm was
filled,

With rhythmic music, cadence sweet, my throbbing heart was
stilled.

But midst the soothing hush, ere long, I caught an undertone,
The murmured prayer of hundreds, where I thought myself
alone;—

I nearer pressed, for still it seemed the faintest breath of
sound,

A strange discordant harmony from every clime and ground;
For there were prince and peasant, there were every rank and
race,

Hoar crime beside young innocence was kneeling in that
place.

Ah! there was God's own mercy seat, where sin's strong
chains are riven,

Where Penance weeping hears the words, "Go, thou, in
peace, forgiven."

Confessionals for people who are there from every land,
All pilgrims led to one blest shrine by Faith's unswerving hand.
From Arctic snows, from vine clad bowers, from sun-kissed
east and west,

They solace seek and nourishment from Rome, their mothe
blest.

Descendants of the old-time Frank meet those of eastern
lands,

Germania's faithful few unite with Spain's unfailing bands;
Columbia's children stalwart grown, from breathing freedom's
air,

Look pitying on while Poland and poor Erin join in prayer.
In prayer for justice,—Saviour blest! they clasp Thy sacred feet,
Let fall on them thy loving eyes with benediction sweet.

'Mid all their woe and anguish, they have to Thee faithful
stood,

With freedom bless them, and restore their long lost nation-
hood.

They lie before Thee prostrate now, poor Poland's heart-strings torn

By Tartan hate, the while her sons in hopeless exile mourn;
Too worn and feeble e'en to say, "Thy will be done, O God!"
With lips all tremulous with woe, she tries to kiss Thy rod.

Beside her, sainted Ireland bends, her brow with thorns encrowned,

Her mangled, bleeding feet and hands with gyves and fetters bound;

Her snowy vesture blood-stained from the spear-wound in her side;—

Most blessed in her semblance to the sacred Crucified.

O Erin, more than martyr! Thou alone art worthy found
To bear the likeness of our Saviour's every woe and wound;
Thou hast thine Olive Garden, thine own dear Gethsemane,
Beyond which, heedless of thy grief, lie many a sleeping three.
Ah! many a Judas-kiss has stained thy pallid virgin cheek,
And many a base denial hast thou heard poor weak ones speak;

Thou, many a time, hast suffered from the scourge, the thorn,
the sneer,

And often have thy loved ones fled from thee in grief and fear.
How oft have English Pilates known thee free from sin and wrong,

Yet given thee, in thine innocence, o'er to the heartless throng!

How many a heavy cross has been thy bleeding shoulders on!
How many a mother hast thou seen gaze sorrowing on her son!
How often hast thou fallen under loads of pain and woe,
Yet risen patient 'neath the goad that made thee onward go!
Yea, many a cross-crowned Calvary have thy poor feet had to tread;

Death's throes have all been thine, but ne'er the quiet of the dead.

Ay, truly, more than martyr! Of thy very soul bereft,
They've torn from thee thy nationhood, then thou hast nothing left;

That nationhood God gave thee with His life-bestowing breath,
O hapless Erin! what canst thou pray for but endless death?

Then Erin, like an injured queen, rose with majestic grace,
Prophetic fire upon her lips, its halo round her face;
In tones of holy triumph spoke, distinct, yet sweet and low,
"O hopeless child of hopeful sires, why mock me in my woe?
'Tis true, I've borne a heavy cross, and worn a thorny crown,
That 'neath my burden and my woe, I've oft been stricken down;

But erst, as now, I've sought relief at Jesus' sacred feet,
And ever strength and solace found at this blessed mercy-seat.
My children have been scattered north, and south, and east,
and west,

But love for Faith and Motherland burns ever in their breast;
And wander whereso'er they may, they ever find a home
In that great Church whose centre blest is here in holy Rome.

"Yes, Poland brave, and Ireland wronged, 'tis true are yet in chains,

But in the heart of Mother Church our nationhood remains;
Within this grand basilica, we're yet a nation styled,
Before a tribunal sacred where was Justice ne'er defiled."

And then, with swelling bosom, *Gens Hiberna* there she showed;—

To *Gens Polona*, Poland pointed while her bright eye glowed.

Again spake Ireland, "True, I have my lone Gethsemane,
But, 'mid its gloom, the heavenly gleam of angel's wings I see.
Go, tell my faithful sons that here, in highest Heaven's sight,
I claim the boon of nationhood, my heritage and right.

I here keep vigil for the dawn—oh! bid them leave me never,
My dreary night gives way to light—then hope and work forever."

* * * * *

While evening shades enwrapped me round, I prayed for morning's gleaming,

And asked of God that when it comes, it shall not find us dreaming,

But up and ready for the day foretold in song and story,
Which shall reward our country's faith with nationhood's bright glory.

KATHARINE A. O'KEEFE.

now (1915) Mr. Daniel J. O'Mahony

Napoleon at St. Helena.

How sad a picture of misfortune the words "Napoleon at St. Helena" present to our imagination! There on that lonely island, on an isolated and barren rock, removed hundreds of miles from any civilized habitation, surrounded by the vast waters of the Atlantic—Napoleon, the marshal-hero of modern times, is doomed to spend his last days on earth; a dark picture indeed, contrasted with Napoleon clad in the ermine and purple garb of an Emperor, surrounded with pomp and glory—nay, even with all Europe as a foot-stool!

The story of the rising and setting of Napoleon's star of destiny is only too well known; eagerly do we watch its rising until it reaches that zenith of glory and grandeur whence are generated those rays which light up the whole world with letters of fire, forming that one magic name—Napoleon; and sorrowfully do we follow it, declining in magnitude, growing fainter and fainter, until at length it sinks from our vision into the boundless abyss of space, never to rise again, but never to be forgotten—nay, on the contrary to live in the memory of the world till time shall be no more.

The story of his life, prior to that portion of it spent in exile, is like that of all great men; he was one, indeed, upon whom Fortune seems to have lavished all her gifts and smiles. Born in the island of Corsica, in 1769, he, at a very early age, evinced strong inclinations for a military life, and accordingly was sent to a military school. He had just completed his education when the French Revolution broke out, and he immediately proceeded to make practical that which he had received as theoretical. Rapidly but steadily he rose in the ranks. The soldiers of France were not slow in recognizing his wonderful powers as a leader, and looked up to him as to a man of destiny sent by Providence to bring order out of the chaos which Anarchy had established in their beloved country. So popular did he become that the French authorities determined to appoint him to a distant command, thus ridding themselves of one who might

endanger their own personal interests. But all in vain; his undertakings were in every case crowned with success; and he was recalled with enthusiasm to become a Director, then First Consul, and finally Emperor of France.

Never before had France attained such a height of military glory; nay, even Charlemagne, with all his grandeur and greatness, had never laid such an empire at his country's feet. But it was an empire of short duration; hardly had eleven years passed over it when weighed down by its own immensity, it tottered and fell. With the downfall of his empire all his plans and hopes of the future were destroyed; nay, even it seems that his own life was crushed, his hitherto undaunted spirit forever broken. Surely it was not the Napoleon of former days that surrendered himself to the English without making one effort to drive back the vast armies of United Europe which compelled him to leave his beloved France!

Napoleon an exile at St. Helena! The astonished world could scarcely believe it, could not realize it at all. Who would have thought that the genial English nation would treat Napoleon so treacherously and shamefully; that it would treat an Emperor, even though he were deposed, more like a felon than a royal prisoner? But they to whom he had entrusted his life betrayed their trust and to St. Helena's distant shores he was doomed to go.

Now indeed is it that his real sorrows begin. There on those lonely reefs, like Prometheus of old, Napoleon, sad and weary, thousands of miles from his friends, surrounded by enemies, an exile and prisoner—stands, with folded arms, watching the huge billows of the Atlantic as they dash against the unshaken rocks. Suddenly a tableau of his former glory arises before him, and once more in spirit he is crossing the Alps—he views the battles as if from Tabor's Holy Mount; now he is the proud victor of Austerlitz—he sees all Austria at his feet; now he is driving the Germans headlong from their possessions; he passes under the triumphal arch at Paris greeted with the shouts of *Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!* Now he is marshalling his forces for a final charge on Waterloo's disastrous field; he sees the perfidy of one of his generals, his men defeated, diminished, weary and scattered, flying in all directions, then the fearful storm that had burst upon himself—a storm of rage and hate that had left him stranded high and dry in the midst of the broad Atlantic. Can we wonder that, as he gazes at these pictures of his former valor and pride, his brow becomes darkened, his eyes flash forth revenge and hatred; that bitter, black despair consumes his mighty soul

that knows too well how ineffectual are its struggles against the cruel, iron hand of Fate?

Six long and dreary years Napoleon lived at St. Helena, and there in 1821, in the fifty-third year of his age, he died. A strange coincidence indeed, that he who had taken his beginning, as it were, from the depths of the sea, and had gone forth to astonish the whole world by his exploits of glory and renown, seems to have been called back from this vast amphitheatre to seek a last resting place in its dark and deep blue waters.

J. F. KELEHER, '93.

Milton.

With reverend steps, knowing my need of worth,
I come to one of England's graves where rests
Majestic Song's most noble bard who sang
"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."
Milton! before whose shrine I humbly stand,
At thought of thee resound in memory's cells
The sweet, sad echoes of the misty past,
When love and pity filled my youthful heart
With grief and indignation for the wrongs
Which thou, grown old in years and service long
Wast made to suffer from ungrateful man.

Ah! little recked they in their madd'ning rage
The worth of him upon whose noble brow,
Where wisdom sat enthroned, they poured
The vials of their wanton wrath in vain;
Yes, all in vain; for persecution's weight
Could never break that strong and constant heart
That ever pulsed with love of liberty.

Imprisoned in a lonely dungeon cell
His body captive, but his spirit free
To roam where'er it willed on earthly shores
Or down in hell's abysmal awful depths
Or e'en 'mid scenes celestial where He dwells,
The Uncreated One who made all things.
That soul was far too great for power of man
To humble; grandly might he from on high
Look down upon his little foes and smile.

But yet he deeply felt—as who could not—
Their base ingratitude. Within his soul
There burned for them a love unquenchable.
How yearningly he wished that they might see
Their own sad errors and be free indeed
From vice, corruption, base, unmanly strife
And tyrant kings—of evils worst of all.
But 'twas not so to be, at least not then;
Long afterwards they learned that he was right,
That he was always man's most faithful friend.

But all too late for him—nor peace of heart
Nor consolation to his mind it brought
For he had passed away. Yet England's love
That cherishes the best and noblest of her sons
In memory undying, soon atoned
To an indignant world this fearful wrong
And Milton sleeps within an honored tomb. (R. A. G.)

Richard A. Gleason, '92.

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EDITORIALS.

ENCOURAGED by the many commendatory letters which we have received and by the cordial reception extended to our College Journal, we despatch the second number of our monthly with renewed and increased energy, and devoid of the fear and doubt necessarily accompanying our maiden effort.

We are well aware that it is far from the purpose in editing a paper to sing one's own praises. It is sufficient to say that in the many letters received from our friends and patrons, a bright future has been predicted for us. These tokens of esteem, especially from graduates and former students of our college, have proven no inconsiderable factor in urging us to further efforts. Yet, we expect that each student will contribute his aid toward realizing our fond hopes of making every successive copy of the Monthly surpass its predecessor in literary merit. Of course we are well aware that the sought-for prominence in college journalism cannot be attained on our first or even our twenty-first appearance; but remembering that *labor omnia vincit*, and that a diligent application to the task

before us will insure success, the approval of our efforts may be considered as well deserved.

LET all our under-graduates who cherish a particular attachment for the study of our mother tongue, bear in mind that a golden opportunity is offered them in the way of a well stocked library, which contains all that is necessary for acquiring correctness and fluency of expression. Classical, mathematical or scientific studies may possess manifold advantages; but far surpassing these, and first in order, is a proper and perfect acquaintance with one's vernacular. Liberally, then, patronize the library so kindly placed at your disposal, and by the earnest perusal of the standard authors, become familiar with all that is beautiful and good in our language. In years to come, when your connection with Alma Mater will have been severed, you will esteem this as one of the most precious mental ornaments moulded in her workshop of learning.

ERE this, our second number, will be presented to the public another half year of college life will have passed away. It will exist only in memory, bringing to some pleasure at the thought of a well spent term, to others regret for time unappreciated and mis-spent. Those who have made use of the opportunities afforded for intellectual training have not gone unrewarded, as the results of the recent examinations will attest. On the other hand, those who have been negligent in their application to study will be forced to accept the inevitable. However, this consolation remains for them, that it is in their power to make good, in some measure, the time that they have lost, by a more assiduous attention to the books which they were wont to use with considerable reluctance.

JUST as it is customary at the beginning of a new year to make some good resolutions and earnestly strive to meet their obligations, so at the opening of a school term it is eminently proper to determine a course of action for one's own advancement in the pursuit of knowledge, so that when our college career is ended, a retrospective view will be a source rather of pleasure than regret.

OWING to the extensive preparations under way for celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of our college, the concert of Feb. 14th will be the only entertainment given at the college this year. We earnestly exhort the students to use their best endeavors to please our patrons and thereby make the event a grand success.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions, or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, Villanova College.

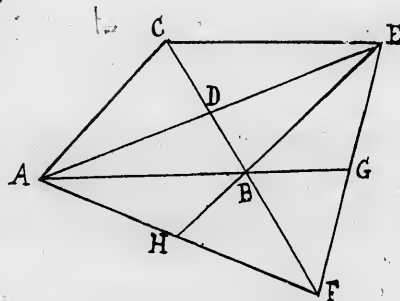
6.—Construct a triangle, being given the three medians.

Solution by O'S.

Let a, b, c be the medians of a \triangle . It is required to construct it.

Construct a $\triangle ABC$, having $AB = \frac{2}{3}a$, $BC = \frac{2}{3}b$, and $CA = \frac{2}{3}c$. Bisect BC into D . Join AD and produce it to E , so that $DE = AD$. Produce CB to F , and make $BF = BC$. Join AF, EF . AFE is the \triangle required.

a _____
 b _____
 c _____

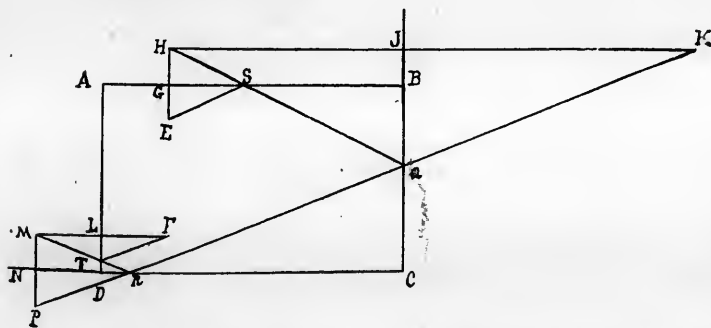


Join EB , and produce it to meet AF in H . Produce AB to meet EF in G . Join CE . Now, since $AD = DE$, and $BD = CD$, $ABEC$ is a parallelogram; $\therefore BH \parallel AC$. Hence AF is bisected in H . Similarly, FE is bisected in G , and AE is bisected in D . $\therefore AG, DF, EH$ are medians. $\therefore AB = 2BG$; but $AB = \frac{2}{3}a$; $\therefore AG = a$. Similarly it may be shown that $FD = b$, and $EH = c$.

7.—Find the path of a billiard ball started from a given point, which, after being reflected from the four sides of the table, will pass through another given point.

Solution by M. A. Tierney. Class '93.

Let $ABCD$ be the billiard table. E the point from which the ball starts, and F the point through which it will pass.



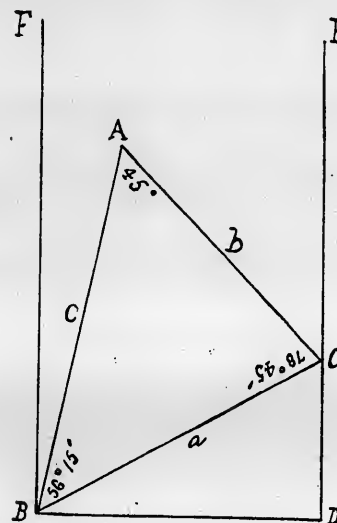
From E let fall a perpendicular EG on AB ; produce EG to H , making $GH = EG$. From H let fall a perpendicular HJ on CB produced, and produce HJ to K , making $JK = HJ$. From F let fall a perpendicular FL on AD , and produce to M ,

so that $LM = LF$; and from M let fall a perpendicular MN on CB produced, and produce to P , making $NP = MN$. Join KP , intersecting BC in Q and CN in R . Join HQ, MR, ES, FT . To prove that $ESQRTF$ will be the path of the ball:

Proof.—Because $EG = HS$, $GS = GS$, and the angle EGS ; HGS \therefore the angle $ESG = HSG$; but $HSG = BSQ$; $\therefore ESG = BSQ$; hence the ball will be reflected in the direction SQ . Similarly it can be shown that the angle $HQJ = RQC$, and, therefore, the ball will be reflected from Q in the direction QR . In like manner it will be reflected from R to RT , and from T to TF . Q. E. D.

8.—From a ship sailing down the English Channel the Eddystone Lighthouse was observed to bear N. $33^\circ 45'$ W., and after the ship had sailed 18 miles S. $67^\circ 30'$ W. it bore N. $11^\circ 15'$ E. Find its distance from each position of the ship.

Solution by John Francis Kelleher. Class '93.



$a = 18$ miles

$ACE = 33^\circ 45'$

$DCB = 67^\circ 30'$

$ABF = 11^\circ 15'$

$ACB = 180^\circ - (ACE + DCB) = 78^\circ 45'$

$CBD = 90^\circ - DCB = 22^\circ 30'$

$ABC = 90^\circ - (CBD + ABF) = 56^\circ 15'$

$\therefore BAC = 45^\circ$

$\frac{b}{a} = \frac{\sin B}{\sin A} \therefore b = \frac{a \sin B}{\sin A}$

$\log b = \log a + \log \sin B + \text{colog} \sin A$

$\log a = 1.25527$

$\log \sin B = 9.91985$

$\text{colog} \sin A = 0.15051$

$\log b = 1.32563$

$b = 21.166$

$\frac{c}{a} = \frac{\sin C}{\sin A} \therefore c = \frac{a \sin C}{\sin A}$

$\log c = \log a + \log \sin C + \text{colog} \sin A$

$\log a = 1.25527$

$\log \sin C = 9.99157$

$\text{colog} \sin A = 0.15051$

$\log c = 1.39735$

$c = 24.966$

Distance $b = AC = 21.166$ miles, and $c = BA = 24.966$ miles.

10.—The radius of a sphere is 7 feet; what is the volume of a wedge whose angle is 36° ?

Solution by Jer. J. Crowley. Class '94.

Let L = area of line

S = surface of sphere

$$\text{Then } \frac{L}{S} = \frac{36^\circ}{360^\circ} = \frac{1}{10}.$$

$$S = 4\pi R^2 = 4 \times \frac{22}{7} \times 49 = 616 \text{ square feet.}$$

$$\frac{L}{616} = \frac{1}{10} \therefore L = 61\frac{3}{5} \text{ square feet} = \frac{308}{5} \text{ square feet.}$$

$$V = \frac{1}{3} RL = \frac{1}{3} \times 7 \times \frac{308}{5} = \frac{2166}{15} = 143\frac{11}{15} \text{ cubic feet.}$$

=solidity of wedge.

Note.—We put $\frac{22}{7}$ = one of the values of π .

11.—Find the value of x in the equation

$$x^4 - 4x^3 + x^2 + 4x - 3 = -1.$$

Solution by J. F. O'Leary. Class '94.

$$(x^3 + \frac{1}{x}) - (4x^2 - \frac{4}{x}) = -1.$$

since $x^3 - 2 + \frac{1}{x^3} = (x^3 - \frac{1}{x^3})^2$. By adding -2 to both sides we get

$$(x^3 - \frac{1}{x^3})^2 - 4(x^3 - \frac{1}{x^3}) = -1\frac{1}{4}. \text{ Complete the square}$$

$$(x^3 - \frac{1}{x^3})^2 - () + 4 = \frac{1}{4}.$$

$$(x^3 - \frac{1}{x^3}) - 2 \times \frac{1}{2}$$

$$(x^3 - \frac{1}{x^3}) = 1\frac{1}{2} \text{ or } 2\frac{1}{2}. \text{ Clear of fractions.}$$

$$2x^3 - 2 = 3x^3 \text{ or } 5x^3$$

$$2x^3 - 3x^3 = 2. \text{ Complete the square}$$

$$16x^3 - () + 9 = 25$$

$$4x^3 - 3 = \pm 5.$$

$$4x^3 = 8 \text{ or } -2.$$

$$x^3 = 2 \text{ or } -\frac{1}{2}.$$

$$x = 8 \text{ or } -\frac{1}{8}.$$

$$x = +2\frac{1}{2} \text{ or } \pm \frac{1}{4} \sqrt{-2}.$$

$$\text{Also } 2x^3 - 2 = 5x^3$$

$$2x^3 - 5x^3 = 2. \text{ Complete the square}$$

$$16x^3 - () + 25 = 41.$$

$$4x^3 - 5 = \pm 1 \sqrt{41}$$

$$x^3 = \frac{1}{4}(5 \pm \sqrt{41})$$

$$x = [\frac{1}{4}(5 \pm \sqrt{41})]^{1/3}.$$

New Problems.

12.—The sum of three numbers in geometrical progression is 39, and the sum of their squares 819; find the numbers.

13.—Prove the expression of the area of a plain triangle.

$$\text{Area} = \frac{1}{4} (a + b + c)^2 \tan \frac{1}{2} A \tan \frac{1}{2} B \tan \frac{1}{2} C,$$

and write the corresponding formula in logarithms.

14.—To draw a direct and transverse common tangent to two circles.

SPLINTERS.

Exams.

Roxey.

Chawlie.

By Gum.

"Pink Teas."

Change please, Eddie.

John got a hair cut.

Under the elm tree.

Last but not least—W. M.

Is he warm, Skinner? IS HE WARM?

I should think it would be *this* way. P—

What makes me think anything? id.

What about that illustrated lecture?

John, fire those little (?) shoes away. M. T.

Just like Philosophy and Theology.

"Can you do it?" Tom's apt reply—"Why, of course."

Buckley is quite an authority on *Ancient History*.

Get out of my way—I want the Crows.

Skates found on the Library walls will be *confiscated*.

Did you notice the cage for the ball-tossers in the gym?

• The editor sat in his sanctum

Smoking a cigarette,

Thinking of all the trouble

He had given OUR (?)

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order."

"You had better observe it."

Oh! excuse me—I beg your pardon—I was not conscious that you were here.—B.

What progress are the more sensible and somewhat interested making?

Students will please report any inattention on the part of the waiters.

Cheese made its re-appearance on January 20th. Probably recalled by the new administration.

Oh! to see him swing those keys

One would think he's at his ease;

But for home and friends—ah me!

Pines our little Jimmie V.

Question for class in synonyms:—What is the difference between "like" and "love?"—Crowley can furnish example.

It was not the Johnstown flood that scared Felix—it was Flood from Philadelphia.

The latest bulletin from the infirmary—Wade is convalescing.

Quite an attachment exists between Stanley and his glasses.

In stentorian tones with fire in his eye he emphatically remarks—"I never said it."

Jerry's "Tabby" has become the proud and happy parent of two bright and interesting kittens. All are doing well.

The big six were addressed rather sternly by one high in authority.

George, did you get up with the rest? Yes, but I was not rested.

When coming to our sanctum
"Points" and news providing,
Drop a Nick-el in the slot
And see some fancy gliding.

Was it not an optical illusion when he saw Oliver Optics house on the left?

On entering the smoker, advance cautiously and give the countersign—There's a Pickett on guard.

"Don't leave your seats until recreation begins, and recreation does not begin until you are in the corridor."

The strain of his story is changed. Now 'tis
"When I was home Christmas," with "When I was at Toronto" served as a side dish.

A reason I ne'er could discover
Why sorrow *unbidden* should stay;
Nor (though I thought over and over)
Why Barney *unbidden* should play.

Exercise your lung powers Trix. You'll be an auctioneer some day, if not a vender of hot-tomollies.

The Columbian class in U. S. History informed us that Philadelphia was *quietly* settled by Wm. Penn in 1682. The peaceful stillness (so say aliens) has never since been broken.

The rehearsal over he reached for his coat,
He's going to be escort—his joy you might note;
But (alas for his plans) the coat was not there,
And another took P—home while John tore his hair.

A THRENODY.

Weather cold

Ice thin;

Boy bold

Falls in.

Loud shout

Water chill

Boy out

Very ill.

Doctor called

Boy in bed

Called again

Boy fled.

PERSONALS.

After two weeks' vacation, the students invigorated in mind and body, fill once more their respective places.

Mr. Edward J. Bruen, of Philadelphia, recently spent a few very pleasant hours with his friend, T. P. Callahan.

Mr. J. Carroll, of Philadelphia, and his brother, E. M. Carroll, of Epiphany College, Baltimore, were entertained by their friends, Messrs. Kerr and Flood.

On Monday, the 23d ult., Rev. J. Curran, of Schaghticoke, N. Y., paid a short visit to the College.

Messrs. B. J. O'Donnell and J. Murphy, recently enjoyed a sleigh ride to Downingtown, the home of the latter.

Mr. McGee, of Camden, N. J., the first student of our College and one of its first graduates, paid the Faculty a visit on the 22d ult.

Mr. B. J. Corr, Sr. and the Misses K. and M. Corr, were lately the guests of B. J. Corr, Jr.

A grand hop under the auspices of the Villanova T. A. B. Society, will be given at Ardmore on February 10th.

It affords us much pleasure to see Rev. Father McFadden once more able to participate in the games of the younger students.

Mr. George Buckley, on account of failing sight, has deemed it necessary to consult an optician.

Miss Ida M. Erickson recently spent an afternoon with her brothers, Joe and Will.

We are pleased to learn of Prof. Motley's success at the Patent Office.

Mr. D. Monaghan, of Shenandoah, visited his son Richard on January 24th.

With pleasure we notice that Mr. T. J. Lee is again convalescent, after a few days spent in the infirmary.

Prof. G. J. Corrie is training several of the students for their appearance at the *musicale* on February 14th.

We are indebted to Revs. Fr. Field, of Greenwich, N. Y.; Fr. O'Reilly, of Lawrence, Mass.; Fr. Murphy, of St. Augustine's, Philadelphia, and Fr. Emmett, of Waterford, N. Y., for the interest they have taken in introducing the MONTHLY.

Mr. J. Kelly, spent Sunday, January 22, with his sons, Chas. and Jos., of the junior department.

On February 14th, a lecture by S. Edwin Megargee, Esq., of Philadelphia, and a concert by the students of our College, will be given in the College hall.

THE SOCIETIES.

V.L.I. On Thursday, January 12th, the Institute resumed business for the new year. All had returned from their short vacation and were present in full numbers. Three new members were admitted and the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: Mr. J. J. Farrell, O.S.A., President; Messrs. M. A. Tierney and T. P. Callahan, Vice-Presidents; Mr. W. J. Parker, Rec. Sec.; Mr. T. J. Fitzgerald, Fin. Sec.; Mr. J. J. Ryle, Serg't-at-Arms; Messrs. B. J. O'Donnell, M. J. Murphy, J. F. O'Leary and E. J. Murtagh, Directors.

The thanks of the Institute are due to the officers of the past term for the efficient manner in which they performed their several functions. We would exhort the new board to be as earnest as the old in the discharge of its duty, by which means the Institute will continue to hold the place of honor which has so far been its laudable and constant aim.

V.D.S.—On Wednesday evening, Jan. 25th, the society assembled in the debating hall to determine whether the Press has been a greater benefactor to mankind than Steam. Although an old question and one many a time debated it was discussed in such a way as to make it most interesting. Messrs. R. G. Kerr and J. E. O'Donnell presented some very forcible arguments in favor of the affirmative which were effectually refuted by Messrs. J. P. Flood and T. J. Lee, the champions of the negative. The debate was enjoyed by all present and especial credit is due to Messrs Flood and Lee for the masterly way in which they handled the subject. The chairman rendered his decision in favor of the negative.

The participants in the next debate will be Messrs. J. F. Kelleher and T. J. Fitzgerald for the affirmative; Messrs. W. J. Parker and M. A. Tierney for the negative. Subject—Should Canada be annexed to the United States?

At a special meeting held Jan. 27th, the semi-annual election of officers took place. The following are the new officers: Pres., Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A.; Vice-Pres., Mr. W. J. Parker; Sec., Mr. J. E. O'Donnell; Serg't. at Arms, Mr. A. J. Plunkett; Literary Committee, Messrs. M. A. Tierney, T. J. Fitzgerald and J. F. Kelleher.

Glee Club—The Glee Club is in a very prosperous condition. The treasury is adequate for all demands made on it and the members are ever ready to give their services when called upon. They will give a grand concert on the 14th inst., under the direction of Prof. G. J. Corrie.

EXCHANGES.

It is indeed a source of great pleasure to us who so recently have taken a stand in the journalistic field to welcome as an exchange the Fordham Monthly. Judging from the care with which the matter of the Monthly is arranged, and from the high merit of its literature, it is evident that the staff of ninety-three means not only to maintain, but to increase the excellent reputation which that journal has hitherto borne.

The January number of the Georgetown College Journal is a magazine of great literary merit. Its editorials are well chosen and written in an instructive and interesting manner. Its exchanges bear the mark of careful consideration and impartial criticism, and in fine, the neatness of style with which the Journal is placed before its readers cannot fail to meet with approval.

The student who loves a neat and spicy college journal cannot do better than spend a portion of his valuable time in a careful perusal of the Niagara Index for January. The article on "Silk" is especially instructive, and the poems, "The Passing of the Year," and the "Dying Year" are filled with a pathos well suited for mourning the departure of the dear old year.

The Manitoba College Journal holds no unimportant place among our exchanges, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it a tasty and well edited journal. *Semper Floreat.*

We gladly take this opportunity to acknowledge our receipt of the January number of The Athenaeum among our exchanges. In reviewing this excellent journal nothing pleased us so much as the editorial entitled Examinations, which is a well written article, and deserves the attention of all the readers of the periodical.

We give our sincere thanks to the exchange editor of the Doane Owl for his promptness in answering our invitation, and each month shall see us anxiously awaiting the appearance of the Owl in our sanctum.

To the editors of St. Mary's Sentinel, one of our earliest visitors, we extend our congratulations for the neat and careful manner in which the paper is arranged, and more especially for the praise that belongs to it on account of its exquisite literature which easily enables it to take a position in the foremost ranks of college journalism. The two articles headed respectively "Some Observations on American Morals," and "Some of the Causes of American Progress" are well worthy the attention of the reader.

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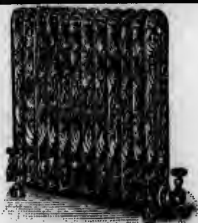
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Villanova Monthly

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No. 3.

Ode to St. Thomas Aquinas.

I.

Reflection of diviner light,
Far shining from the ages dim,
Thou beacon fixed on Error's height,
To guide the soul through breakers grim,
Thy gentle eye of truthful mien,
Beams forth like dews on meadows seen—
The offspring of a new day's birth
Light settling on the gladdened earth.

II.

Cast in ascetic mould, thy soul
Peered through Life's deep, sad river winding,
Where captive human hearts, the goal
Of Heaven had lost, and Hell was finding.
Resolved that God should have His own,
It cast off Earth's quick, fading crown,
And by meek sacrifice and prayer
Did choose and wear till Death, that golden crown
more rare.

III.

When smiling Nature gave to him,
Full honors, riches, titles fair,
Spurned he these shadowy treasures dim
That bring temptation, endless care ;
For, other wealth that never flees,
Delight of hearts sore ill at ease,
Claimed for its own, the immortal mind,
Which clearly saw the good that hid these gifts
behind.

IV.

Calm peace of hermit cell it sought,
And there the soul's own heavenly power
A mansion rich, ethereal wrought,
That proved for it the happiest dower.
Close friendship with its being held,
Pride's baser promptings were expelled,
And from the depths of Heaven, the mind
Drew forth the strength, on Earth it vainly searched to
find.

V.

Great angel of the schools, thy name
Lives on while nations have their death,
Thy heritage of good, thy fame,

Is part and parcel of our Faith.
For shuddering at thy piercing light
The hosts of Error soon take flight,
As well in this advancing age,
As when the misty night obscured fair Wisdom's page.

VI.

We hail thee from this humbler sphere,
And though in faith and holy truth,
We ne'er can gain that reason clear
That gave to thee perennial youth,
Bright when Life's evening closed again,
Inspiring as its earlier reign,
Still lead us through the cloudy day,
Shine forth thy reason now, on this our blinding
way.

VII.

LIGHT of our Church, calm love we bear
On this glad Festal of thy birth,
Thou to whom Heaven did once appear,
As meekly bowed thy head to Earth,
Defender of that sacred form,
How sweetly through the World's wild storm,
Spake with kind speech, our Blessed Lord,
As beaming on thy face He praised thy wisdom's
word.

VIII.

As long drawn years are gathered to their fold,
Like flocks home-wandering in the silent eve,
Thy widespread fame, not of a conqueror bold,
But holy as the soul can e'er conceive,
More lustrous still shall grow. And they
Who laughed to scorn the morning ray,
Shall gather with the night, to view
The brilliant light that streams o'er all the Heavens
blue.

IX.

The hastening day has come at last, and thee
Long in sweet memory we shall treasure dear,
As pointing out, like beacon lamp at sea,
With steady gleam, the threatening rocks that rear
Where Scylla waits for mariners lost by wave,
To hurl them to a sad and early grave,
And beckoning on, still farther down, where sunny
pathways rove,
Abodes of peace and joy from God's immeasurable
love.

J. H. FLANNERY.

"To Be Is Better Far Than Not To Be."

Existence! What order, what beauty and what sublimity are contained in that single word! Whether we consider the rippling brook as it courses through the fertile valley or the surging cataract as it plunges over jagged rocks; the slender flowers that grow upon the river's banks, or the gigantic forests that crown the mountain tops; the tiny ant that builds its fragile pile of dust-atoms, or the mighty lion that roams with majestic tread through the defiles of his native jungles; in all we behold the order, the beauty, the sublimity of life. But in man who occupies the highest place in the order of earthly creation, man, endowed with reason and free-will, the pride of nature and the noblest work of the Creator, are these qualities seen in the greatest perfection, and no better example can be produced to show that existence is a priceless gift and one of the greatest blessings that God could bestow.

Existence is because God is. All forces and active powers emanate from God the immutable and absolute *Ens*, and these forces and powers, extending throughout space under a million various degrees and forms, virtually declare His being. It is therefore in the unity and unchangeableness of God that man is enabled to find the link which binds him to the past.

"Not to be" is nothing and "nothing" is indefinable; nevertheless we know that one non-existence implies an eternal unconsciousness of the beauty of nature and of God; of the earth reposing amid the snows of winter or clad in the verdure of spring, smiling in the brightness of summer or laden with the fruits of autumn; of the glories of sunrise or sunset—of the immensity of the sea and of the skies filled with worlds innumerable, wafting the imagination beyond earthly things into the vast creation of God.

But for man to exist, on the contrary, is not only to see but to form a part of nature's beauty, to view with pride the dignity of his own works, the marts of commerce and the splendid halls of science and religion; the ocean studded with masts, the valleys smiling with harvests; and his own proud form as he moves about to direct and govern all. Moreover, there is the consciousness of possessing powers and faculties of soul and body which peculiarly fit him for his high station here on earth, and which also sanction his aspirations for immortality. No wonder that Shakespeare cried out as if in ecstasy, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!"

Think, oh ungrateful man, of the wondrous gift bestowed upon you by God in creating you like unto Himself, and in ordering that all other created things should be subservient to your will! Think of the great habitation He has given to you, and the gorgeous manner in which He has furnished it. And, above all, think of the inestimable blessing with which He has enriched you in placing within your reach an immortal inheritance and a share in His own eternity.

No one has ever yet seriously doubted whether it is better to have lived than not to have lived at all, until he has begun to be dissatisfied with life. But even of these, only a few, comparatively speaking, have deliberately concluded that for them, at least, it would have been better if they had not lived at all. The premises, however, of this conclusion are supplied by themselves. They have abused the gift of life; vicious habits have hardened their hearts forever against the sweet and tender emotions that should constitute its joy and happiness; reason is no longer the influencing principle of their actions, but rather madness, and health and strength have at last succumbed to hopeless disease and irremediable pain. Then they say with the evil one:

"Better end here unborn. Why is Life given
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in Peace."

For the rest, miserable though their existence may be, yet there is a something which inspires them to live on, a something which deters them from destroying that life which was given into their charge, a something which keeps them from abject despair, which is either

"the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of,"

or far better, the hope in God's infinite mercy.

If, then, there is some comfort and consolation even in the most wretched life, what joy and happiness must there not be in a just and moral life; a life that is spent in obedience to the law of God, in seeking our own good and the good of our fellow-men. Such a life is worthy of man's noblest ambition, and although he may not be able to realize it in all its perfection, nevertheless he may constantly strive toward it by treading the path of highest duty, and, having placed his confidence in "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity," hear at last from His own lips the welcome words "Well done."

We may conclude, therefore, that no matter in what condition or circumstances a man may be placed, his life is worth living, that it was better for him to have lived and suffered than not to have lived at all.

M. A. TIERNEY, '93.

Our Lady of Childbirth.*

In the Church of St. Augustine, at Rome, is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, commonly known as the Madonna di S. Agostino, or from the Divine Infant which she supports on her knee, del Parto, that is Our Lady of St. Augustine or of Childbirth.

The origin of this latter title is due to the aid which the pious suppliants of Mary derive at the time of their approaching motherhood.

Earlier titles of this statue were the Madonna del Sasso—it was the only statue of stone in the Church—and the Madonna grande, so styled on account of its size.

On one's entering the Church of St. Augustine, he sees this statue at the right hand side of the main door, a position it has held since the time of its erection, about the year 1516.

The statue is the work of Giacomo Tatti—a sculptor of repute of Florence, who was also known as Sansovino from his life-long attachment to Andrea Contucci, his beloved master in the art, who was a native of Sansovino in Tuscany, whence his appellation. It was carved and erected in the Church of St. Augustine at the expense of the Martelli family, formerly of Florence, but now residents at Rome in the Via dell' Orso in the parish limits of St. Augustine. Their special purpose in so adorning this Church was to have the Mother of God as guardian of their family tomb, which was erected in the same Church on the left hand side of the main door, just opposite the statue. The Madonna is of white Carrara marble; it represents the Divine Mother of somewhat larger size than life, and seated with a wide spreading veil reaching from her head to the ground; this falls in graceful folds over her left arm and thence to her feet which it partly conceals. The Holy Mother is represented with a dignified yet most winsome air; in every feature beams the graceful majesty of her divine motherhood, as conferred on her by her Divine Child, whom she is tenderly holding on her knee and encircling with her left

arm. The Mother seems to smile on the gazer, as if to invite him to bear honest witness to her loving solicitude for her Blessed Son and to share with her her care for His work. With His face turned towards the onlooker, the Holy Child is represented standing on His Mother's left knee; in His left hand He grasps a little bird—type, or symbol of humanity, or of the soul, which partly sheltering with His right hand, He holds in childish anxiety towards His Mother, as if in dread lest some one would snatch it from Him, and as if He were instinctively seeking His Mother's care in keeping it from harm. In her right hand the Holy Mother holds a half-closed book on her knee, with one finger marking the page, where she left off reading, when warned by her Son that danger was threatening His cherished charge.

In olden times an altar used to be in front of this statue, where Mass was said daily. Popular devotion to our Lady of Childbirth began no one can tell just when; it was long ago; so natural is it for Christians to recur to the Holy Mother in all their necessities, be these spiritual or merely of a temporal kind.

Towards the middle of the last century, while the Church of St. Augustine was closed for repairs, devotion to our Lady of Childbirth ceased in a measure and remained dormant until the year 1820. In this year the old-time spirit of devotion was re-quickened chiefly through the pious example of a good young man of the neighboring parish of St. Eustachius, a hatter by trade, named Leonardo Bracci. Again the wonders of divine grace begin to be wrought in favor of the faithful clients of His Mother, on the needy, the ailing, the cripple and the heartsore. With no exception have the high-born of the world as well as the lowly sought consolation at this shrine of Mary and—found it; and from that year onward no shrine in Christendom excepting, may be, Loretto and Genazzano, has vied with our Lady of Childbirth in the frequency wherewith God has vouchsafed to lavish His mercies on His Mother's loving favorites.

In the year 1851, on July 2, feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin to her saintly cousin Elizabeth, the statues of the Holy Mother and of her Blessed Child were crowned solemnly by the chapter of the Vatican basilica.

From early morn until the Ave Maria at night-fall, the shrine of our Lady of Childbirth is surrounded by her trusting and loving children. The faith that good souls put in the Mother of the Divine One does not go unrequited; He honors them that honor His Mother.

T. C. M.

* The main points in this sketch have been drawn from the *Cenni Storici della Madonna di S. Agostino*, by Fr. Vincent Cretoni O.S.A., Rome, 1870. This is a small book of 155 pages, in which the erudite Augustinian has described the chief art treasures of the famous Church of St. Augustine, at Rome.

The Social Virtues.

Man is by nature fitted for society. By this we mean that God has endowed him with certain faculties, desires and instincts which naturally dispose him to associate with his fellow-men, and by the development of which, he may acquire social virtues. This is essentially necessary to human happiness, for if the power of repulsion were greater among men than the power of attraction, life for them would be more intolerable than for beasts. When a correct analysis of human nature is made, there is reason to be surprised at the blindness of some philosophers who, by dark and confused notions are led to deny all motives of action but those which arise from self-love. Man, for anything that we know, might possibly have been so framed as to possess no virtues but those which have self for their object; but man thus framed would be ill-fitted for society; his constitution partly selfish, partly social, fits him much better for his present situation.

It is also somewhat excessive to declare with other writers that universal benevolence is man's duty. Here, as elsewhere, the golden mean gives the greatest satisfaction. Man has both selfish and social instincts which enable him to acquire both selfish and social virtues, and thus procure his own good and that of his fellow-creatures. It is very easy to determine with accuracy the virtues which are properly called selfish and those which are properly called social, especially if we consider the end which their practice has in view. If this end be one's own good only, they are selfish; if this end be the good of another they are social.

The principal social virtues are justice, love, friendship, sympathy and patriotism. Justice is the most important of these and it is so necessary to the others that without it they could not exist. It consists in giving to every one that which belongs to him. It is the rampart which protects the lives and property and the character of all men. As Webster says, "It is the great interest of man on earth. It is the ligament which holds civilized beings and civilized nations together, and only while it is duly honored, can there be a foundation for social security, general happiness and the improvement and progress of our race." This virtue compels men to deal with each other honestly and uprightly under all circumstances and thereby to live in peace and harmony with each other. Looking at the matter in a purely temporal light, it would seem that honesty is not always the best policy; that they who commit acts of the greatest injustice are often the most prosperous in the acquisition of this world's goods. But men who refuse to believe in justice, practically refuse to

believe in the existence of a God who is infinitely just. If such ideas were universally held, the inevitable consequences would be absolutely destructive to the peace and happiness of mankind; both God and justice would soon be forgotten; Anarchy and Despotism would rise from their gloomy abodes and hold indisputable sway over the entire world.

Love, in a strict sense, is an attachment of the mind and heart whereby one object is preferred to all others. But in a wider sense, inasmuch as it is a disposition of mind which inclines men to think favorably of their fellow-men, and a disposition of heart which prompts them to do good as far as they are able, it may embrace the whole human race. In some cases love is instinctive, as in that manifested between relatives; in other cases it is inspired by pleasing qualities, either physical or intellectual. When, however, we consider that one of God's chief commandments is to love our neighbor as ourselves, we must conclude that this sentiment is not confined to agreeable qualities of mind or body; it must also extend to the poor and unfortunate whose lives are in sore need of sunshine and comfort.

Friendship is another of the social virtues and is productive of much good to mankind. Truly may it be considered a ring of gold, uniting rich and poor, young and old. It is an attachment which we have for a person or persons proceeding from intimate acquaintance and a reciprocation of kind actions. Although less intense than love, it is harder to find. La Rochefoucauld says: "Rare as is true love, true friendship is still rarer."

Sympathy is the natural result of love and friendship. It is a disposition of the mind which enables one to feel for the sorrows of others as he would for his own. It is, as Shakespeare says: "the one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin;" and expresses itself in pitying the unfortunate, consoling the sorrowful, and helping the needy.

Patriotism is a social virtue which has one's country for its object. It is a grand and noble sentiment, which makes one's country dearer than all—than life itself. The true patriot will strive to obey the laws of his country, to protect its rights, and defend it from invasion. That this is a sentiment common to human nature in all parts of the earth, is proven from the fact that the most barbarous and uncivilized people possess it, even to a greater degree than those that are civilized. The Finn and Laplander, from the barren Northland, the Bushman from the Australian wilds, or the Bornese or Malay from burning equatorial sands, love their native land with a passion that is

almost unreasonable, and would think no death more desirable than the glorious death of the patriot.

Such, in brief, are the social virtues. We should endeavor to develop them, for therein lies the secret of promoting the happiness of others and of procuring happiness for ourselves. As Plato said, "We were not born for ourselves alone," but rather for ourselves and others. We must, therefore, always bear in mind that there are others in this world who have a claim on our love, generosity, sympathy and assistance.

D. F. HARKIN, '93.

The True Gentleman.

Every man has a place to fill in this world, and it oftentimes becomes a question of interest to the individual himself, and to his fellow-man, whether that place be worthily filled or not. While the answer to such seems easy, yet so many circumstances and conditions are involved that in reality it becomes most difficult. The requirements of polite society have ever drawn a dividing line between the refined and the vulgar; between him whose pretensions to the dignity of a gentleman seemed worthless and the one whom a happy blending of nature and art has really made one; and while we think that the exactions of refined society are productive of good, yet we believe still greater good might be accomplished, were not the lines so strictly drawn between him whom nature and fortune have made the gentleman, and him whom nature has made one, but "circumstances over which he has no control" have deprived of the recognition.

There is no title more frequently claimed than that of the gentleman. While all would gladly possess it, yet very frequently the term is misapplied; for there are many who think that they possess all gentlemanly qualifications, but who, in reality, do not. They class themselves among men who tower as high above them in everything that makes the true gentleman, as the lofty oak over the shrubbery at its base. There is prevalent among men quite an erroneous conception of the qualities that are requisite for a gentlemanly character. We often ask ourselves: Who is the true gentleman?

Is it he who wears fine clothes and upon whom nature has lavished more than her share of gifts, in a handsome face, a graceful carriage and a perfect figure? No: for these are only external. If we would have an answer to our question, we must study him whose character we would know. If his words be indicative of a corrupt mind; if in

the honey of sweet words there lies concealed a deadly venom; if his actions go to prove his vulgarity, his rudeness, and ignorance of the proprieties of life; may we pronounce such a man worthy of the title which his face, form, and carriage would seem to bestow on him?

Assuredly not. We cannot, therefore, trust to appearance in our estimate of the gentleman. There is more to be considered. A man's moral constitution and moral responsibilities, together with a proper sense of his obligations to God, his fellow-men, and to himself, and a proper fulfillment of all these duties and obligations constitute the data on which we may form our opinion of the gentleman. A man may stand as a pillar in society; he may even hold supreme authority over his fellow-men; but it does not necessarily follow that he is a perfect gentleman. True it is, that he may have many, nay most of the qualities requisite for the gentleman, as that term is generally understood, but some, indeed may be lacking, and the deficiency renders void all claim to perfection. The habits of a gentleman are formed by thorough training, by force of association, and by worthy maxims laid before the youthful mind. His first habit is that of truthfulness. He is true to himself and to his fellow-man. He never asserts what he cannot prove. He abhors falsehood and never lies to escape punishment. His purposes are ever those of honesty and truth. On these are based the perfection of his life, and he knows full well that digression therefrom must endanger his own peace of mind, and also himself in the estimation of his fellow-man. Being true, other good traits are necessarily found in his character.

He loves everything that partakes of the noble, lofty and sublime. His aspect is ever the same, pleasing, and his conversation interesting. He is always agreeable and ever ready in a kindness to a fellow-man. With him there is no question of age, race or condition. His kindly smile; his quiet cordial bow; his earnestness in addressing a friend, nay, even a stranger; his forbearance under annoyance, are charms which go to prove the nobility of his mind. Were these insufficient the following would be the supplement. The true gentleman is never envious. He is no man's rival for it brings joy to his own heart to see others as happy as himself.

Should fortune favor him with an abundance of worldly means, he makes proper use of it and generously helps the poor and friendless. Should he be favored with a discerning mind, he will find no fault with the pretensions of others because he knows not how to interpret them. His tact manifests itself on every occasion. You hear him in

the conversation of the wise, and he appears wisdom personified, you hear him on another occasion in trivial commonplace subjects, and another side of his nature presents itself. In this way he wins the good graces of his fellow-men.

He appears to them sensible, good-natured, and kind. In their doubt they consult him; and in their needs look to him for help. Thus it happens that the true gentleman leaves an impress on the community in which he lives, an impress far reaching in its effects, for it shows, and clearly, that there are some in this great world of ours who can rise above mean, sordid self-interests, and live, not alone for themselves, but also for their fellow-man—

"Though few of such may gem the earth,
Yet such rare gems there are,
Each shining in his hallowed sphere
As virtue's polar star.
They hold the rank no king can give
No station can disgrace,
Nature puts forth her Gentleman and
Monarchs must give place."

JOHN J. RYLE, '94.

March Birthdays.

Among the noted persons born in this month, seven of them are writers, three of them are painters, and one each is an explorer, astronomer, philosopher, musician, and patriot.

March 6.—Michael Angelo, born near Florence, Italy, 1475. He is famous as a painter, sculptor, architect and even poet. Every one who visits Rome goes to see his wonderful painting on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. The "Last Judgment" is one of his most famous paintings.

March 11.—Torquato Tasso, poet, 1544, Italy. He was awarded the laurel crown of Rome, but died before the ceremony. His chief work is "Jerusalem Delivered."

March 14.—Friederich Klopstock, German poet, born in 1724.

March 15.—Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States, born in 1767. He held this office for two terms. As an army officer he achieved great success.

March 16.—Caroline Herschel, 1750, famous as

an astronomer and for her devotion to her brother in his studies.

March 17.—Madame Roland, 1754. Longfellow says of her: "When the noblest woman in all France stood on the scaffold, just before the execution, she is said to have turned toward the statue of Liberty—which, strangely enough had been placed near the guillotine, as its patron saint,—with the exclamation, 'O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!'"

March 19.—David Livingstone, born in Scotland. He explored parts of Africa that had never seen a white man and wrote accounts of what he saw.

March 20.—Ovid, born 43 B. C., one of the finest of Latin poets.

March 21.—Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, born in 1274. Read about him in Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."—Jean Paul Richter, born in Bavaria, 1763. He was a teacher and writer, "difficult to understand, intricate, strange, a comet among the bright stars of German literature."

March 22.—Ross Bonheur, painter of animals, born at Bordeaux, 1822. Her most noted work is "The Horse Fair," which is reproduced in engravings and photographs here.

March 27.—Raphael, painter, born in 1413, in Urbino, Italy. Whittier says of him:

"Around the mighty master came
The marvels with his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought."

Longfellow writes of him:

"Forth from Urbino's gate there came
A youth with the Angelic name
Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of color and design."

March 31.—F. J. Haydn, musical composer, born near Vienna in 1732. His greatest work is his oratorio of "The Creation."—Wm. M. Hunt, artist, born in Vermont, 1824. He painted portraits, figures and landscapes. The last pictures that he painted are on the walls of the capitol at Albany, New York.

The Re-Opening of Our Lecture Hall.

The many friends and neighbors who have, on former occasions, patronized the entertainments given by our students, were agreeably surprised upon entering our newly furnished and decorated dramatic hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 14.

The program offered consisted of a lecture by S. Edwin Megargee, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar, assisted by our College Orchestra and Glee Club, who rendered many pleasing musical numbers. The subject of the lecture was "Leaves from the Lives of Catholic Heroes," and in it the characters were ably delineated by the eloquent orator.

The musical part of the program was pronounced a success. The attendance was excellent, and all seemed to go away satisfied. We hope to again welcome our friends during the Easter recess, when we shall have the honor of presenting a drama, "The Rose of Wicklow," from the pen of John Fitzgerald Murphy. Following is the

PROGRAM.

PART I.

1. Overture—"Poet and Peasant," *Von Suppe*
College Orchestra.
 2. Violin Duo—"Sonatine en Sol," *W. F. Taylor*
Messrs. J. Stanley Smith and Wm. J. Mahon.
 3. Chorus—"Merry Heart," *L. Denza*
College Glee Club.
 4. Waltzes—"Sobre las Olas," *Rosas*
College Orchestra.
 5. Violin Solo—"Last Rose of Summer," *arr. by Farmer*
Mr. M. H. McDonnell.
 6. Bass Solo—"Song of the Armourer," from "Robin Hood,"
De Koven
Mr. A. J. Plunkett.
 7. Piano Duo—"Charge of the Uhlans," *Carl Bohm—op. 213*
Prof. G. J. Corrie and Mr. B. J. Corr.
- Lecture—Subject: "Leaves from the Lives of Catholic Heroes,"
S. Edwin Megargee, Esq.

PART II.

1. Overture—"An Evening Out," *De Witt*
College Orchestra.
2. Violin Duo—(a.) "Romance," *Mazas*
(b.) "Ronds alla Turca,"
Messrs. J. Stanley Smith and M. H. McDonnell.
3. Ballad—"Sweet Days Gone By," *J. S. Cox*
Messrs. M. A. Tierney, A. J. Plunkett,
Geo. Buckley, Jno. E. O'Donnell.
4. Violin Solo—"The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls,"
arr. by Farmer
Mr. Wm. J. Mahon.
5. Piano Duo—"Loin du Bal," *Ernest Gillet*
Prof. G. J. Corrie and Mr. B. J. Corr.
6. Chorus—"Forsaken," *Koschat*
College Glee Club.
7. March—"College Alumnus," *arr. by Bowman*
Prof. Geo. J. Corrie Director.

ATHLETICS.

V. A. A.—On Feb. 3d the Athletic Association held its semi-annual election of officers. The following is the result: President, Mr. C. J. McKenna, O.S.A.; Vice-President, Mr. J. E. O'Donnell; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. J. Crowley; Financial Secretary, Mr. B. J. O'Donnell; Treasurer, Mr. D. J. Harkin; Field Manager, Mr. C. J. McKenna; Assistants, Messrs. J. F. O'Leary, A. J. Plunkett, J. E. O'Donnell, M. J. Murphy and G. A. Buckley,

The Treasurer was instructed to purchase all things necessary for base-ball practice. Several batteries are getting into condition, and we expect them to give a good account of themselves when the season opens.

A committee was appointed and privileged to make arrangements for the association's annual play. The base-ball team will have new uniforms this year, and it is greatly to be hoped that they will be worn by good players.

Well Known Phrases.

The term blackguard has a very commonplace origin. In all great houses, particularly in royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependents, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, etc. Of these—for in the lowest depths there were lower still—the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coal to the kitchen, halls and other apartments. To this smutty regiment who attended the progresses and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people, in derision, gave the name of "blackguards," a term since become sufficiently familiar. "To the bitter end" is clearly an old nautical expression. A dictionary published in the first part of the eighteenth century has "bite," a turn or part of a cable; "bitts," to main pieces of timber to which a cable is fastened when a ship rides at anchor; "bitter," a turn of the cable about the timber called "bitts," that it may be veered out by little and little; and "bitter end," (of a cable) is that part which is wound about the bitts when a ship rides at anchor. The modern cant expression, "to the bitter end," may have taken its rise either from the old nautical words, or meaning the last coil of the cable, or from the last end, the very "bitter" dregs. It is a slang expression, another form of "I will fight you to the death." In it *bitter* only means pitiless, severe, like a bitter east wind or a bitter foe.

The Villanova Monthly,

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VILLANOVA COLLEGE.

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EDITORIALS.

ROME, during the past month, has been the Mecca of Catholics from every part of the world. They have assembled there, influenced by no other motive than to pay homage and respect to a man whose excellent qualities of mind and heart have endeared him to all Catholics, and have gained for him the admiration of all right thinking men. They have assembled to celebrate the golden jubilee of the episcopate of Leo XIII, the present illustrious occupant of the chair of St. Peter. To him as the faithful priest, the worthy bishop, and the matchless pontiff, we proudly point as a noble example of humility amidst earthly greatness, of patience amidst trials innumerable, and of prudence amidst the responsibilities and cares of the highest office on earth. Assuming his present important position some fifteen years ago, when the

prospects of the Church seemed aught but bright, he, the veritable *lumen de caelo*, has accomplished marvelous results, in dissipating the darkness of error and in compelling his haughty and obstinate enemies to repeat, like Henry of old, the memorable journey to Canossa.

Again when the evils of socialism threatened society, and a remedy for these was sought for by philosophers and statesmen, all nations turned to Leo as the one whose office, as well as his wisdom and experience, befitted him for dealing effectively with this difficult problem. He, therefore, issued his famous encyclical on Capital and Labor which will stand as a lasting monument of zeal, justice, love of order and hatred of wrong. But, much as we admire his genius, wisdom, and statesmanship, yet we cannot lose sight of the fact that these are only secondary, when we consider him as the instrument of the Almighty in teaching, defending, and propagating truth.

In this, the third issue of our Journal, we are loathe to assume the aggressive toward some of our exchanges that have seen fit to take us to task relative to the insertion of a mathematical column in our MONTHLY. It is needless to say we had a purpose in view when introducing this somewhat novel feature. Realizing the fact that mathematics is regarded as a study of secondary importance in many of our Catholic Colleges, we, the students of an institution that glories in its catholicity of name and teachings, thought it well to inform its many friends and patrons that the study of mathematics is not neglected here. Nor was this the only consideration, as the head of our mathematical column will attest. It was, and is our purpose to receive cheerfully any knotty problems that those interested might choose to send us, and also to develop an interest in this matter among our students themselves. We are forced to admit that the censure received concerning this seemingly dry acquisition to our MONTHLY appeared in only two of our exchanges. The others, instead of objecting to this novel feature of a college journal, encourage it. Under the circumstances, therefore, we feel justified in making the statement that the mathematical column will be continued in our Journal, and we hope that it will develop the same interest among other students, that it has developed among us. It is a matter of some regret, however, that so many typographical errors have occurred in the problems and their solutions, but we are pleased to inform all interested, that such will not frequently occur, as we have received the assurance of more careful work on the part of the publishers.

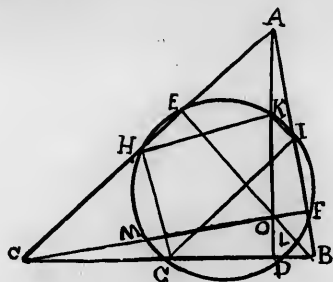
MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions, or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, Villanova College.

9.—The middle points of the sides of a triangle are concyclic with the feet of the perpendiculars from the opposite vertices, and the middle points of the lines joining the orthocenter with the vertices (nine points circle).



Solution by O'S.

If O be the point of intersection of the three perpendiculars AD, BE, CF , of a $\triangle ABC$, and if G, H, I , be the middle points of the sides of the \triangle and K, L, M , the middle points of the lines OA, OB, OC , then the nine points, $D, E, F; G, H, I; K, L, M$; are in the circumference of a circle.

Join HK, HG, IK, IG ; then, because AO is bisected in K , and AC in H , HK is \parallel to CO . In like manner HG is \parallel to AB . Hence the angle GHK is $=$ to the angle between CO and AB ; \therefore it is a right angle; consequently the circle described on GK as diameter passes through H . In like manner it passes through I ; and since the angle KDG is right, it passes through D ; \therefore the circle through the three points G, H, I , passes through the two points D, K . Similarly it may be proved that it passes through the pairs of points $E, L; F, M$. Hence it passes through the nine points.

NOTE.—The orthocenter in modern geometry is the point where the perpendiculars from the vertices meet. Points which lie on the circumference of a circle are said to be concyclic.

12.—The sum of three numbers in geometrical progression is 39, and the sum of their squares 819; find the numbers.

Solution by Thomas J. Ronayne, '95.

Let x be the first, and y the third number. Then the mean $= \sqrt{xy}$.

And by question, $x + \sqrt{xy} + y = 39$ (1)

$x^2 + xy + y^2 = 819$ (2)

Dividing (2) by (1) $x - \sqrt{xy} + y = 21$ (3)

Adding and subtracting (1), (3) $x + y = 30$ (4)

and $2\sqrt{xy} = 18$ (5)

By squaring (4) $x^2 + 2xy + y^2 = 900$

" " (5) $4xy = 324$

Subtracting $x^2 - 2xy + y^2 = 576$

$\therefore x - y = \pm 24$

$x + y = 30 \therefore x = 3$ or 27 ,

$y = 27$ or 3 , and the numbers are $3, 9, 27$.

13.—Prove the expression of the area of a plane triangle, area $= \frac{1}{4}(a + b + c)^2 \tan \frac{1}{2}A \tan \frac{1}{2}B \tan \frac{1}{2}C$, and write the corresponding formula in logs.

Solution by O'S.

The expression $\frac{1}{4}(a + b + c)^2 \tan \frac{1}{2}A \tan \frac{1}{2}B \tan \frac{1}{2}C$ is reduced to $\frac{1}{4}s(s-a)(s-b)(s-c)$ thus:

$\frac{1}{4}(a + b + c)^2 = s^2$
 $\tan \frac{1}{2}A = \frac{\sin \frac{1}{2}A}{\cos \frac{1}{2}A}; \quad \tan \frac{1}{2}B = \frac{\sin \frac{1}{2}B}{\cos \frac{1}{2}B};$

$\tan \frac{1}{2}C = \frac{\sin \frac{1}{2}C}{\cos \frac{1}{2}C} \therefore$ the given expression

$= s^2 \frac{\sin \frac{1}{2}A}{\cos \frac{1}{2}A} \times \frac{\sin \frac{1}{2}B}{\cos \frac{1}{2}B} \times \frac{\sin \frac{1}{2}C}{\cos \frac{1}{2}C}$ But

$\tan \frac{1}{2}A = \sqrt{\frac{(s-b)(s-c)}{s(s-a)}}$ (see Wentworth's Trig pages 64 and 65):

$\tan \frac{1}{2}B = \sqrt{\frac{(s-a)(s-c)}{s(s-b)}}$

$\tan \frac{1}{2}C = \sqrt{\frac{(s-a)(s-b)}{s(s-c)}}$ By substituting values

$\therefore \frac{1}{4}(a + b + c)^2 \tan \frac{1}{2}A \tan \frac{1}{2}B \tan \frac{1}{2}C$
 $= s^2 \sqrt{\frac{(s-b)(s-c)}{s(s-a)}} \times \sqrt{\frac{(s-a)(s-c)}{s(s-b)}} \times \sqrt{\frac{(s-a)(s-b)}{s(s-c)}}$

$= \sqrt{s} \sqrt{\frac{(s-b)(s-c)}{V(s-a)}} \times \sqrt{\frac{(s-a)(s-c)}{V(s-b)}} \times \sqrt{\frac{(s-a)(s-b)}{V(s-c)}}$

$= \sqrt{s(s-a)(s-b)(s-c)}$, which gives the area of a plane triangle.

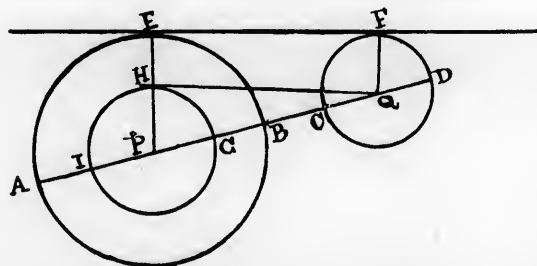
The corresponding formula is:

$\log \text{area} = 2 \log s + \log \tan \frac{1}{2}A + \log \tan \frac{1}{2}B + \log \tan \frac{1}{2}C - 2 \log 2$.

14.—To draw a direct and transverse common tangent to two circles.

Solution by Thomas J. Lee.

First. To draw a direct common tangent.

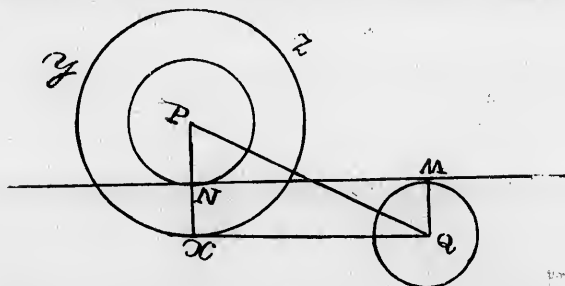


SPLINTERS.

Let P be the center of the greater circle, Q the center of the less. With P as center and a radius = to the difference of the radii of the two circles, describe the circle IGH ; from Q draw a tangent to this circle, touching it at H . Join PH , and produce it to meet the circumference of the larger circle in E . Draw $QF \parallel$ to PE . Join EF , which will be the common tangent required.

The lines HE and QF are, from the construction =, and since they are \parallel , the figure $HEFQ$ is a parallelogram, \therefore the angle $PEF = PHQ =$ right angle; $\therefore EF$ is a tangent at E ; and since angle $EFQ = EHQ =$ right angle, EF is a tangent at F . The tangent EF is called a direct common tangent.

Second. To draw a transverse common tangent.



If with P as center and a radius = to the sum of the radii of the two circles, describe the circle XYZ , and from Q draw a tangent to this circle, touching it at X . Join PX . Draw $QM \parallel$ to PX . Join NM . NM is in the transverse common tangent required. Proof same as last.

Errata.

In Problem 10, No. 2, "Let L = area of line" should read, "Let L = area of lune."

In Problem 11, several incorrect signs and exponents. The answer to problem is, $x = \left[\frac{1}{4} (5 \pm \sqrt{41}) \right]^{\frac{2}{3}}$, and $x = \pm 2\sqrt{2}$, or $\pm \frac{1}{4}\sqrt{-2}$.

New Problems.

15.—The planes of the faces of a triangular pyramid make with each other angles of 40° , 60° and 100° , and the area of the base of the pyramid is 4π square feet. Find the radius of the sphere.

16.—Being given an obtuse-angled triangle, draw from the obtuse angle to the opposite side a line whose square shall be equal to the rectangle contained by the segments into which it divides the opposite side.

17.—If A , B , C be the angles of a plane triangle, prove the relation.

$$\sin^2 A + \sin^2 B - \sin^2 C = 2 \sin A \sin B \cos C.$$

18.—What length of canvas, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard wide, is required to make a conical tent 12 feet in diameter and 8 feet high?

$$19.—\text{Solve } \sqrt{Vx} + 3 - \sqrt{Vx} - 3 = \sqrt{2Vx}.$$

Babes

Helen.

Sargie.

Sausages.

Sticky, Eddie.

Oh! 'tis false.

In

Get heads together.

Boys, keep your drag.

Who harnessed the horse?

The busts were wet.

Don't be *Too sure*.

All right for you, Chicago.

The

Where are we going to-night, Jim?

Dick still treats us to his alarming stories.

The *jug* still hangs on the *Dore*.

"I have the idea now, now let me finish my idea."

"Touch me *knot*!" And he touched it.

Wood.

We will have to change the walks Sunday afternoons.

The *jug* has no respect for persons, not even for *Ryley*.

Who is that sober chap with the shoe brush on his lip?

Who were the four with cabbage leaves in their mouths?

There was a sweeping charge in the dormitory on Monday evening.

"There will be silence in the dormitory for the rest of the week."

I beg your pardon, *I* have the floor. The chairman asked ME for information By George.

J. O. M. is rapidly decreasing in weight. Fewer prunes, John.

What kind of a time did you have Dick? "Oh! 'twas out of sight; took two loads down."

George was obliged to stand on his *uppers* to keep *up* with the pianist.

'Tis to be hoped that students will not borrow time, seeing 'tis *Lent* for forty days.

To see Du K. with no *Hèr-ron* you would think some one had tried to *Pickett* off.

If you don't get what you want, demand it.

Frank and Joe have dissolved partnership. They *duet* no more.

John was *Ryled* when he found he was the only Connecticut man that had been juggled.

Tim sits now at the table,

His eyes cast kitchenward;

Is it for toast he's waiting?

Ah, no! the thought's absurd.

To what church do *you* belong, Eddie? "The church triumphant." We did not know that we were entertaining *angels* unawares.

Any person or persons having any difficulties to settle with the "Splinter" editors may go to the — *printer's-boy-of-all-work*.

Our champion sportsman, the terror of all the owls and blackbirds in the vicinity (do you know him boys?) has gone gunning after the six chattering magpies of the First Grammar class. We hope that he will succeed in bagging them soon.

Judging from the amount of time he consumed admiring his boutonniere on Thursday evening, 'tis easy to account for his silence in the recitation room Friday.

It would be advantageous to persons having woodlands for sale to communicate with T. L., the genial representative of people starving for timber. What teeth his friends must have!

We may expect clearer tones from the smoking room quartette in the near future, as approaching Spring will recall the frogs to the neighboring ponds.

Gentle Willie D. says that since he was born on the seventeenth of February, he is five days older than Washington. 'Tis a pity he was not born a month later as we would know with certainty from what country came Ireland's patron saint.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Stormed they with shout and yell;
Loudly they roared and well;
Vainly they strove to swell
A-ward; but naught got there
Only—'tis sad to tell—
All that was left to them
George's *false*to.

TO A CIGAR.

Thou smoked out, half-inch stump,
I'm loth to part with thee;
When others rail'd, thou ne'er hast failed
To cheer and comfort me.
And when the paper's censure came,
With maledictions free,
It is enough—I got a puff
When'er I called on thee.
When often life seemed hard to bear,
And care and sorrow reigned supreme,
The smoke from thee would bid them flee,
And bring some brighter, fairer dream.
So, old cigar, to you these lines
My friendship prove indeed,
And as you're out I'll turn about
And light another weed.

—From the Detroit Free Press.

PERSONALS.

Rev. D. J. Murphy, O.S.A., is temporarily stationed at St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia.

Messrs. Jos. F. Farmer, A.M., and John J. Power, were entertained on the 23d ult., by Mr. W. A. Coar, O.S.A.

Rev. J. F. McShane, O.S.A., of Chestnut Hill, Pa., was the guest of the Rev. Faculty last week.

Francis J. Hilleary, B.S., '92, is pursuing a special course in Civil Engineering at Steven's Institute, Hoboken, N. J.

Our Rev. Vice-President, L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., will deliver a lecture on the evening of March 17, at Schaghticoke, N. Y.

Roger, brother of Bernard O'Donnell, of Drifton, Pa., commenced the study of the classics at the beginning of the second term.

Cornelius Smith, an eminent lawyer of Scranton, Pa., visited his son on Feb. 19.

Wm. Reigan, of Andover, Mass., a former student of the College, and for the last two weeks engaged in architectural work in Philadelphia, paid us a visit on the 20th ult.

Jos. J. Finnegan, John A. Murphy and Mark C. Mullen, '92, attended the concert given by the students Feb. 14.

A photographer was engaged two days last week taking groups of professors and students, also interior and exterior views of the College. These will be sent to the educational exhibits at the World's Fair.

Rev. Jas. T.O'Reilly, O.S.A., of Lawrence, Mass. while on his way to Atlantic City, N. J., on the 15th ult., stopped for a short time at the College. Before his departure he called for the students from his parish, and having kindly addressed to them some words of encouragement, he resumed his journey.

We were pleased to learn that Fr. Valiquette, of Lawrence, Mass., for the last year confined to his room by illness, has so far recovered as to make a journey to Atlantic City, N. J. During his stay there he will be the guest of Rev. Fr. Fedigan. We sincerely hope that he will soon be fully restored to health.

The older students of the College were much pleased to see Fr. Green during his visit on the 23d ult. His presence naturally recalled many happy events on account of his former connection with the College as Prefect.

THE SOCIETIES.

V. D. S.—On Friday, Feb. 10th, was held one of the most interesting debates that the society ever heard. The subject presented such a wide field for discussion, that many strong arguments were made *pro* and *con*. Mr. J. F. Kelleher of the affirmative began the debate and made many telling points in favor of annexation. He was followed by Mr. W. J. Parker, whose argument against such a course contained as many and as strong points as that of his opponent. Messrs. T. J. Fitzgerald and M. A. Tierney then argued well for the affirmative and negative respectively. An interesting feature of the debate was the careful summing up of the proofs advanced by both sides and the able criticism of the weak points, as they came under his notice, by Mr. T. J. Lee. The chairman, after one of the longest sessions the Society ever held, rendered his decision in favor of the negative.

On Friday, Feb. 14th, the following subject was debated: "Resolved that Immigration should be restricted." If we may judge from the eloquence of the debaters on this occasion, they were full of their subject. When Mr. J. Walsh coolly asserted, without at first advancing proofs, that immigration should be restricted, the society was somewhat amused at the unusual procedure. But Mr. J. — is not the one to make a statement without advancing proofs. He then argued forcibly and well for the restriction of immigration. He was followed by Mr. B. J. O'Donnell who took exceptions to many of the statements made by his opponent and scored many strong points in favor of his own side. Mr. E. J. Wade for the affirmative was a bureau of statistics which he used freely to clinch his arguments. Mr. J. E. O'Donnell, last, but not least, of the debaters, then made a strong plea for immigration. The chairman, after a careful summing up of the points made by both sides, rendered his decision in favor of the negative.

V. D. C.—The Dramatic Club assembled on Feb. 23d for the purpose of electing officers. Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., having been chosen President the following were duly elected: Vice-President, Mr. M. A. Tierney; Secretary, Mr. W. J. Mahon; Treasurer, Mr. D. F. Harkin; Business Manager, Mr. T. J. Fitzgerald; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. J. J. Crowley; Directors, Messrs. M. A. Tierney, W. J. Parker, A. J. Plunkett and J. E. O'Donnell. The club decided to give an entertainment during Easter week, the selection of the play to be made by a committee appointed for that purpose.

EXCHANGES.

"Tennyson's Lyrics" is the title of an excellent article in the February number of the *Niagara Index*. It is evident from the manner in which the writer treated his subject that he was moved by a thorough study and great love of the works of the lamented Laureate. We fail to see the force of the suggestion that we should place our mathematical column at the end of our MONTHLY, as we consider this one of its most worthy features.

Mount St. Joseph's *Collegian* is among our recent exchanges. In the January number we notice some excellent articles. Especially praiseworthy is "Great Men of the Revolution" by Mr. Wollard. The exchange editor will please note that the "nuts" presented to our readers are so nicely cracked in each succeeding issue of our MONTHLY that no picks are required to reach their kernels. We respectfully invite the editors of the *Collegian* to favor us with problems for solution and also with solutions for ours.

It is needless to say that we feel pleased and complimented in receiving as an exchange the *Ave Maria*, of Notre Dame, Indiana. This worthy magazine, which has for years been held in the highest esteem by literary people, and which is read with interest in so many Catholic homes, will always be to us a welcome visitor.

We extend a greeting to the *Carmelite Review*, published by the Carmelite Fathers, of Falls View, Ontario. This journal, like our own, is in its infancy, but it presents a pleasing appearance, and its pages contain much of interest. Recognizing the worthy object it has in view, we cannot but predict for it a bright future.

In reviewing the columns of St. John's University *Record* we were pleased to perceive that its exchange editor had made a careful study of our journal and had given the editors some advice relative to the mathematical column. To avoid repetition we refer him to the editorial on that subject wherein he will find that we consider the mathematical department one of the most worthy features of our journal.

The *Owl*, from Ottawa University, is a new visitor to our exchange sanctum. It presents a neat and artistic appearance. The current (February) number, replete with excellent literature, has among its various articles two especially worthy of notice, "The Golden Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII," and "The Poet Priest of the South."

We are much pleased to note among our exchanges *The Messenger*, of Richmond College, Richmond, Va., and the *Earlhamite*, of Richmond, Ind.

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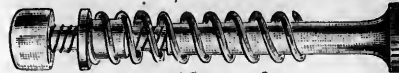
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Villanova Monthly

Vol. I.

Villanova College, April, 1893.

No. 4.

He Is Risen!

"MORS ET VITA."

Written especially for the Villanova Monthly.

Rejoice! ye people blest!
For Christ has burst the fetters of the tomb;
Has risen freed from death's domain of gloom.

No more may death molest
The majesty of God's eternal Son;
Its end has come, its reign forever undone.
Rejoice! ye people blest!

Enwrapped in folds of night,
All silently proud Israel's city lay;
No sign was there of ruin or decay.
Yet death's destructive blight,
E'en deadlier far than vapors pestilent,
Is brooding there, in wrath and hatred sent
By God's avenging might.

Above the hill-tops bleak
The Paschal moon uprising clear and cold
Discloses to the eye in tracing bold
Three crosses, that bespeak
With their outstretched arms the curse that lies
Upon that city doomed to groans and sighs,
That pardon never may seek.

It was but yesterday
That through its streets a strange procession went;
A shouting throng that sought its wrath to vent
Upon its tortured prey
In gibes and insults, cruel stripes and blows;
While ever mingle blood that darkly flows
And tears that will not stay.

At last they crucified
Their King, the Christ, who came on earth to save
Ungrateful man from sin's eternal grave.
E'en Nature testified
His God-head under human form concealed;
The gaping tombs their hidden dust revealed;
The earth was opened wide.

The sun refused his light;
And hearts were struck with terror and dismay;
And listless dumb bethought them then to pray;
For day was darkest night.
His lifeless form hung ghastly from the Cross,
While at its foot a Mother mourned her loss,
Oppressed by sorrow's weight.

The wearied faithful few
Took down that soulless form with many a tear,
And laid him in a fresh-hewn sepulchre.

Then silently withdrew
In fear and trembling for the future dim;
Yet all the while their trust was still in Him,
His godly power they knew.

While shone the Easter sun
Just rising o'er Judea's plains so fair
And vine-clad hills in golden splendor rare,
Two women all alone
With heavy hearts proceeded on their way
To see the tomb wherein their Master lay,
Guarded by seal and stone.

But stood an angel there
In robes of shining white and gold instead;
Surrexit, non est hic; the angel said.
A fragrance filled the air
As if from climes celestial, and they knew
That though the risen Christ met not their view,
Yet God indeed was near.

Just as primeval light
Burst forth from Chaos' empire vast, and lo!
Creation was (in ages long ago)
So Christ in radiance bright
Burst forth from death's dire bondage free,
And won for men their long-sought liberty
From sin's unending night.

The earth could not contain
The great Creator in that darksome grave,
Whose power vast all things their being gave.
And Pilate's guard in vain
Kept strictest watch; nor kingly seal nor stone
Availed aught, for all were stricken down,
The rocks were rent in twain.

Rejoice! ye people blest!
For Christ has burst the fetters of the tomb;
Has risen freed from death's domain of gloom.
No more may death molest
The majesty of God's eternal Son;
Its end has come, its reign is now undone.
Rejoice! ye people blest!

And Alleluias sing,
The song of triumph, endless joy and praise.
To heaven above our voices let us raise.
Where dwells our Lord and King.
Rejoicing more and more, in accents free
We cry: Oh, death! where is thy victory?
Oh, death! where is thy sting?

Oh, happy Easter day!
In April showers and sunshine thou hast come
To teach us that as Spring from Winter's gloom
Comes forth in bright array,
So we from sin's more sunless gloom should rise
With Christ our Lord in grace that sanctifies,
And heavenward wend our way.

R. A. G.

Our Lady of Good Counsel.*

It was precisely in 1467, that the Turk, who since his entrance into Constantinople, some fourteen years before, in the year 1453 of our era, had broken down the eastern portals of Christendom, and—master of Asia and Africa—was on his way to the shores of the Adriatic Sea, to begin his conquest of Europe.

Slowly, though surely, in his march westward, was he sweeping away in his path every vestige of Christianity and spreading desolation far and wide.

Wherever the Turk has thrived, civilization has slowly decayed.

As at the approach of some summer storm, one may descry from afar, from the deathly unquiet of the elements and the restlessness of the winged and four-footed denizens of the forest and field, the coming of destruction, so tales of the doom that was destined by Moslem for Christian, had flown far and wide among the peoples of Eastern Europe long before the serried ranks of the dreaded crescent-bearers appeared above the mountain crests that formed Slavonia's eastern defence.

Albania, Hungary, Slavonia, Transylvania—lay between Constantinople and Central Europe. In the XVth century, Albania was the eastern bulwark of Christendom. Could Albania fight? could the Albanians, who well-nigh unaided by their nearer and more powerful neighbors in Europe, had kept their beautiful land—the land of chivalry and song—free from the yoke of the tyrant Mahomet until the year 1478, when Scutari, their chief coast town, fell finally under the power of the Moslem, could Albanians fight, whose heroes' names had for ages been as "household words," among the hamlets and the castles of the Franks? whose king Stephen Dushan's name had been hailed as the Washington of his day, and whose latest hero, known at home as George Castriot and to the Turks as Scanderbeg, had, aided by Corvinus, more than once displayed his wonderful powers in the field against almost desperate odds? Could Scutari resist? could the Hungarian, the Servian, the Albanian, whose almost sole pursuit in life was the chase, could this mountaineering people, so keen of eye and sure of foot, distinguished alike for their rude valor, their love of liberty, the extreme simplicity of their lives, could this patriarchal people, so noted for their chastity—their national virtue—men who had whipped the Bulgarians, a more numerous and powerful people,

and for twenty-five years baffled the designs of Mahomet II—could not Scutari fight?

But little by little had the Albanian, worn out by years of struggle, ill-supported by the rich and powerful princes of Europe, slowly been yielding to the resistless legions of the victor of Constantinople. As had many a Christian people before them so now had the conquered Albanian been grimly offered the alternative, namely, their lives for their faith, or pitiless tribute, or death.

And the Turk was nearing Scutari, the peaceful, contented, happy town of Albania, that snuggled away in a nook at the foot of the coast hills that line the eastern shore of the Adriatic, lay so open by land and sea to the invader. And what would Scutari do? What could one petty hamlet do to stem the tide of Moslem hordes, the flower of Turkish chivalry, that for years, aye centuries—proud of their victories over the allied forces of Europe, in Syria, Arabia, Asia Minor, Egypt, Africa and even Spain; gloating at their near approach to the treasure-stores of central Christendom with its fabled riches and beauty; drunk with their late successes on the Bosphorus—were hurrying westward, hungry and greedy for Italia's wealth.

For fourteen years Scutari had listened to these tales of coming woe, and what tales they had heard! that had made youth quake in fear and old men pray that God would take them hence ere they, as their Eastern neighbors and kinsmen, should witness the downfall of their beloved land, and the slaughtered innocents, and their desecrated shrines, and the men and women doomed to death, to serfdom, or worse than death, to apostacy from Faith. Should they flee? Might they not stay? In their distress of soul, as in olden days, the fiery pillar of God had guided His people through the desert of Sin, as the star in the East had led the Wise Men to the cradle at Bethlehem of the newly born Sovereign of the world, so to Scutari came a sign from on high.

For many a year had the townfolk of Scutari treasured, in a little church near by—a rough structure of no particular degree of merit, a picture of Our Lady, so fair to look on, with colors so vivid and lines so perfect as to seem to have been limned by other than human hand. No one could view this picture—we have seen it often—but would say that no human artist had ever dreamed of a face so lovely as the Holy Mother's, or embrace of child so trusting, consoling and tender as her Divine Infant's, whose little arm is clasped around His Mother's neck as if to shelter Her from harm.

What this picture of Our Lady of Scutari was we know from what it is. Briefly, it is a painting

*The main facts in this sketch of our Lady of Genazzano have been drawn from the history of the shrine—*La Madre del Buon Consiglio*, Rome, 1880, by Most Rev. Peter Belgrano, O.S.A.

in oil of the Holy Mother and her Divine Son, done on fresco—as it is called—on a thin crust or delicate film of wall plaster, something like white-wash so commonly given to walls to whiten their surface, a flimsy coating at best, no thicker than a visiting card or the paper on which these lines are printed. So much for the material, so thin and fragile that a finger-nail would shatter it or a breath of air dissolve it; and on such a surface, with all its delicacy of texture and extreme tenuity of material, has the celebrated picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano been painted. In the XVth century this picture was the pride of Scutari. But let the picture that has been at Genazzano for four hundred years and upwards have come from where one will, yet is it a miracle.

The legend tells, that one day in 1467—the Turks were near to Scutari and in their desolation the townsfolk went, as usual, to pay a visit to the little church near by the sea-shore, when to their amazement and grief, found, as it were, an augury of their abandonment by God—namely, that their much prized picture of Mary had vanished, gone without a sign to tell whither She had fled—but stay, the same history tells us too, and the account has never been disputed, that two pious men of Scutari, whose real names are not known, but whom the annals of Genazzano speak of as de Sclavis and Georgio, in a vision of the Mother of God whom they always had revered with singular love, were told by Her that on the morrow She would leave the town—Her home for so many years—and bade them bear Her company in Her exile. On the morrow, just as She had said, they beheld the picture detach itself from off the wall, and, floating easily in the air as if borne by angels' hands before them, take up its way toward Italy. Fearing naught, trusting fully, the pious companions tread the waters of the Adriatic the same as solid ground and safely across the sea and the intervening stretch of land and valleys and mountains, across the entire breadth of the Papal States, they followed their heavenly guide, till She reached the resting place of Her choice—Genazzano, a petty town in the old Latin province of Latium, some thirty miles southeast of Rome, and there Mary and the Child, having fled as it were, from the Herod-like Mahomet at Scutari, found a shelter—a shrine that, for more than four hundred years, has been one of the favorite sanctuaries of Christendom.

The precise date of the appearance at Genazzano of the picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel was the vesper-hour of the 25th of April, 1467, and this is the story of Our Lady of Genazzano.

T. C. M.

Sweet Days Gone By.

How musical to the ear, how pleasant to the memory, and how stirring to the emotions of the heart is that expression "Sweet Days Gone By!" Looking down from the ladder of time, viewing by the light of experience the picture of life, how often is our gaze arrested, our thoughts softened and our eyes dimmed by the vision presented to our view. From our lofty pinnacle we see shining on the innocent and virtuous the bright light of happiness and hope, while over the others hang the dark clouds of sorrow and despair. The picture is ever changing, the clouds driven along by the winds of adversity are ever in motion. Now we see the heavy clouds displacing the lighter ones, and from the lips of the fated mortals we hear the expression "Sweet Days Gone By." The life of man is divided into different and important stages. Far away in the distance we see the springtime of our lives, and how bright and beautiful seems that epoch of our existence! How carefully do we guard the remembrance of our early years, taking the scenes, one by one, from the store-house of memory, feasting on the sacred pictures of guileless innocence and sunbright hopes, and carefully replacing them lest they should be tarnished by the ravages of time. Who would not live again, when our nature, free from all vices, made every companion a friend, every trifle a delight, and every act of ours a pleasure—while traversing the green paths of innocence—blessed by a parent's benediction

How many scenes exist in the remembrance of each one of us, soft and dim and sacred beyond the painter's art to copy, but hung up as in an ancient gallery for contemplation of our maturer minds. Mellowed they are and graced like other pictures, by the slow and tasteful hands of time.

"Who will not linger in the earth's green fields
Till the first feebleness of youth is o'er;
Clasp the fresh joy that young existence yields
In the bright present, and desire no more."

Rousing ourselves from our meditation and looking into the valley of time we see the dark clouds mingling with the bright. Why this change? Ah! 'tis the setting sun of childhood and we are entering upon the most serious epoch of our lives. We are passing from parental control to free manhood, and it remains with ourselves whether this portion of our lives will, in after years, be a pleasure or a pain. Sad to say, but true it is, many, at this time, neglecting or forgetting the admonition of their parents, are guided, not by the dictates of reason, but by their unbridled passions. Their actions close the channel

to the treasury of pleasant memories and silently over them settle the dark clouds of sorrow and despair:—

"This is truth the poet sings
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

How different are our thoughts concerning this portion of our lives, if we have obeyed the laws of righteousness and followed the advice of our parents. What pleasant reminiscences of temptations overcome, injustice denounced and rights defended.

This is, properly speaking, our entrance to the world, and what a field of labor is before us! What golden opportunities are presented to us to store up treasures for pleasurable meditations in after years! At this time of life we are hurried along by our ambitious thoughts and actions, striving to obtain the goal or position in life that God intended us to fill. Our path to fame may have been strewn with thorns, but 'twas not devoid of roses, for were we not animated by the smiles and praises of those whose recognition of our work more than repaid us for the labor? This portion of our lives abounds in pleasant memories. 'Tis then for the first time we taste the sweetness of love, and neither the pen of the writer nor the imagination of the poet can adequately describe the pleasure of the first dawn of love. As the expanding rose just bursting into beauty, permeates the air with its delicious fragrance, so is the memory of man permeated with pleasant thoughts when that innate spark of the human heart is fanned into a flame by the gentle zephyrs of love.

Our dreams of childhood become a reality at this stage of life, and in maturer years, when we fasten our thoughts on this period and recall to mind that loved image, we look longingly and lovingly at the sacred picture and gently murmur: "The Sweet Days Gone by." To the next period of our lives we now turn our attention, and look with pride on the deeds that are to live after us. 'Tis then our intellect is strongest, our judgment soundest, and our body capable of greatest exertion. True, this portion of our lives is not devoid of care, but heaven has kindly intervened and prepared a companion to smooth our troubles o'er. She maintains our love, as she gained it, by her many nameless and modest virtues, which radiate from her whole life and actions. She steals upon our affections like a summer wind breathing softly over sleeping valleys. She is ever kind and attentive in our afflictions, and as the sun, by his warmth, dispels the early mists, she, by her cheerfulness, banishes the clouds that oftentimes darken our lives.

But time rolls on incessantly, and we are now approaching the last stage of our existence.

We are now beset with infirmities, but the recollection of our joys teaches us how kind our Creator was in furnishing each age with its appropriate pleasures, and filling our days with a variety, as well as a multitude of blessings. We now find, if our moral tastes have not been entirely perverted, that the memories most joyous to us are those connected with the innocence of youth and the virtuous actions of our subsequent years. What solace is there to an aged man like the memory of his virtuous actions; and what balm is there so soothing to his lonely heart? This, then, is the period when we can fully appreciate the memories of our early lives. We are now devoid of care and free from the bustle of the world; we make preparation for our eternal sleep. Reviewing once more the actions of our lives, offering them to our Creator, we sink into the deep slumber of death.

Oh, how sweet is the story that's told
Of the bright, happy days long gone by!
'Tis a theme with the heart never old,
'Tis the story of sweet days gone by.

JNO. E. O'DONNELL, '95.

The Good and the Good for Nothing.

It is a consoling thought that every creature in some way represents his great Creator. Variety in nature gives beauty and harmony to the whole; the least as well as the most perfect truly and unmistakably points to the admirable wisdom of the Master Mind. The mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, with their rich and rare treasures, sing without ceasing the power, the mercy, the majesty of their great King. All that they possess minister to man, who, in turn, should do likewise to God, and then would appear the harmony of God's creation. We notice that nature, ever ready to respond to genuine effort, is never prodigal of her ample stores. How carefully she has hidden the precious diamonds, and cautiously covered up gold and silver and other useful metals, that men might have the trouble and pleasure of hunting for such treasures! Then see how that which ministers to man's lawful wants lies close at hand, affording comfort, health, wealth and every temporal blessing to the honest, earnest seeker. There is the soil, rich and deep, awaiting the sower to sow the seed, to yield a harvest proportionate to the labor spent upon it. "The heaven of heavens He hath reserved for Himself, but the

earth He hath given to the children of men." A big gift when we look at it properly, and one for which we are not sufficiently thankful. What we most need He has given most of, as witness the life-giving springs of never-failing waters so numerous on the face of the earth; man, beast, vegetable, seed, flower, shrub and forest tree; all depend upon them for their very life. The giant forest trees with their tops in the clouds are first satisfied; then the lower shrubbery drinks its fill; next the flowers, fruits and various roots are supplied, while there is plenty still to form streamlet and rill, river and ocean. Thus the wheel of industry goes around with the sun, and millions are busy till the day's work is done. Thus the nations exchange what each wants from the other, while square dealing in time will make man look upon man as his brother.

It must here be noted that these are living waters in motion, for "the rivers shall flow and the waters shall run," and only the still water pools are foul and unhealthy. Yes, these waters sometimes run and ruin all before them, says the Infidel and God looks innocently on. That's the exception, my Infidel friend, and the exception proves the law of nature to be founded on principles of utility, mercy, and justice to all concerned. Why not rather admit the lesson nature teaches and say—Oh, how often we offend against the law of nature and nature's God, with ten thousand times more direful consequences! We must be the healthy living waters which shall make society clean and pure and holy here, and worthy of eternal life hereafter. How really few are the shortcomings of nature compared to ours against the law that says—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve." In the animal kingdom we have the same beautiful variety of species forming one grand, harmonious whole according to the All-wise Ruler of the universe. In this department we also find among so much that is useful that which is seemingly useless and even noxious. We stamp the life out of the snake that crosses our path, we kick at the rat and cast a stone at the polecat. We watch with malice intent, the lively gyrations of the little, musical mosquito as he seeks to draw first blood with or without the consent of his victim. And when the shades of night come on, the curtains are drawn, and the lights are out, how this little pest finds out your nest and keeps you not sleeping but—slapping till morning. I'll kill them every one! you say. Yes, my dear, but they will be as numerous as ever next year. They belong to the great creation and act their part in it too. I wish I could say as much of you.

Look along the line of beautiful species ascend-

ing from these up to the big elephant, rejoicing in his strength, happy and content in his wild forest home, where all that he wants he finds in his *trunk*. Nature is beautiful and perfect of its kind, reflecting the wisdom of the great Creator; furnishing rare subjects for the thoughtful men, for the pen and pencil. Critics judge of all productions according to the standard of nature, from which the greater the deviation, the greater the sin. If the milch cow feed on the grass all day, and in the evening give not a drop of milk from her udder, what do you suppose the owner would say? If the draught horse should tire of the heavy cart and want to try a spin with his fleet-footed brother on the race course, what would he get from his driver? A crack on the back. I remember a recent occurrence in which a party of very select ladies and gentlemen, returning from an entertainment, hired the first conveyance they met to take them to their respective homes. It was a one-horse, side-seated regulation "Bus" whose driver was a genuine darkie. They entered, drew their warm robes around them and bid the darkie drive on. "Git ep!" said Jehu to the noble steed as he tickled him on the flanks with his whip; the horse did not even straighten the traces. "Git ep dar ole hoss! what fur you actin dis way in public?" Not a step in advance would the old horse take. "Git a move on yer now, didn't I done gone git yer yer dinner ob oats, an don't I 'pend on yer fur my livin? Git a move on yer dar! I has six passengers here 'pendin' on yer ter go, git ep!" Thus far it was the best of fun for the party inside, who made all sorts of comments on the contest between the rational and irrational animal, but the fun was all over when they had to get out and make their way on foot through a pelting snow-storm, for that old balky horse was proof against all reason, rhyme and genuine poetry, all of which failed to make him pull on St. Patrick's Day. I have only this to say: Are we more true to nature than he? Do we not often, with reason to guide us, surpass the animal in being thoroughly useless to our fellow-mortals? Do we not at the end of the day, and at the end of our life find that we have followed our own sweet way, and that our hands are empty going before the God of Nature who will then turn the argument against us and say: "You were quick to find fault with the short-comings of creatures below you, who followed not the law of their nature; but I must also find fault with you in the higher order of creation, for you are guilty of the same offense in refusing to serve, to love and adore me, your Maker, Redeemer and best Friend, your first beginning and your last end."

FED.

Law and Liberty.

Men are necessarily social beings, obliged by their very nature to be in constant communication. In order that such communication be held, two things are necessary, first, that they be free to carry it on, and secondly, that they be governed by laws. There are various ways in which both liberty and law may be considered. With regard to liberty there is first that of the will, a gift of God implanted in us at creation. Man has free will in the sense that he can do whatsoever is possible to him, whether right or wrong. But being at the same time a moral being with moral duties and responsibilities, he is not justified in using his liberty for the accomplishment of evil. There is something above this free will of man, and that something is the will of God to which man's will, though free, must always be subservient. To do evil, is therefore, not a use but an abuse of the divine gift of liberty.

Those of narrow mind ask: Where is man's liberty if he is controlled by law? We answer in a famous manner by asking where would be the liberty of others if he were not controlled by law? Law is necessary in so much that without it we would become dismembered members of the human family, and nothing that is would be right. To substantiate this we have but to contemplate nature herself. In the beginning order was called out of chaos and laws were given for the preservation of that order. These laws have been obeyed to the letter. Were there no laws in nature, or were the existing laws not obeyed, confusion would reign supreme throughout the universe, and life would be intolerable. And yet what is apparently more free than nature.

Can we do better than to imitate nature in this obedience to law—nature, whose every movement is in accordance with the infinite wisdom of the Author of laws? For indeed, such obedience to law is essential to us in order that we may fulfil the intentions of our Creator. Hooker beautifully says of law that "her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world. Angels and men and all creatures, though each in a different manner, yet all with a common consent, admire her as the mother of peace and joy."

Just as liberty and law go hand in hand in the moral life of man, so likewise do they go hand in hand in the moral life of a nation. A nation must be free in order that its people may be happy. It must be free from tyranny, from oppression, from intolerance of every kind. This liberty is the people's strength; if kept within the proper bounds of law, it is as the peaceful river flowing in its natural bed; if, however, it breaks these bounds,

like a mad torrent it rushes headlong, spreading ruin and desolation in its path. Just as licentiousness is the inevitable consequence of unbridled liberty in the individual, so anarchy is the inevitable consequence of unrestrained liberty in a nation.

Law is, therefore, most necessary to a nation which must needs be composed of peoples gathered from every clime, since different parts of the world influence their inhabitants as to sentiments and opinions as well as to manners and customs. In order, therefore, to avoid confusion, such varieties of character must have a rule and guide for action, as also an assurance that they will be treated as become fellow-members of the human race. The most satisfactory way of obtaining these worthy ends is the use of their liberty to the best advantage in choosing, of their own accord, men of integrity to draw up a set of laws which will insure them a continuance of their liberty.

Anarchy is the greatest curse that can befall any nation, and for those nations in which it abounds, we have feelings of the greatest pity. On the contrary we have nothing but words of highest praise for the efficient manner in which it was stamped out of our own free, but law-respecting Republic. And although in order to do this, it was necessary to deprive five or six individuals of their lives, still it was one case, at least, in which the end justified the means. We have no desire to promulgate a false doctrine, directly contrary to the law of God, but justice demands that any number of individuals should be sacrificed for the common good.

With regard to liberty of nations, Thomas Jefferson, in his inaugural address of 1801, says, "A wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

Washington, the foremost leader in the Revolution of the Colonies against England, had always the greatest reverence for the law, although, in accomplishing the independence of the Colonies, it was necessary for him to violate publicly and perseveringly the laws of his sovereign country.

Daniel O'Connell, the "Liberator," had for the sole object of his life the obtaining of liberty for his native land, and labored, till death took him to his reward, for the freedom of Ireland. He said on his death-bed that he died content if he but advanced it one step nearer the destined goal. Nevertheless, history tells us that he loved and observed the law most religiously, and hated nothing so much as a law-breaker.

Thus it is that God rules the destinies of nations as well as of men. Their liberty, as well as that of

men, is a divine gift, and bears with it great responsibilities. But, just as men by a good use of their liberty obtain rewards both temporal and spiritual, so nations by good use of their liberty are rewarded by peace and prosperity.

Law and liberty are, therefore, most intimately connected, and hand in hand they unite in accomplishing the designs of the Creator among nations and among men.

T. J. FITZGERALD, '93.

A Vision of Easter Eve.

The sick child tossed on his little bed,
For the fever was raging high ;
And attendants watched with alarming dread
That the beautiful child would die.

The lights burned dim in the mansion old
That had always known mirth and cheer,
And the great hall, studded with marble and gold,
Seemed ghastly, and cold, and drear.

For the finger of death had touched the heir,
And the pride of this royal home,
And angels were winging to earth to bear
His soul 'neath the heavenly dome.

'Twas the eve of Easter, and near his bed
Was the little altar raised,
Where for forty days his heart had bled
As his Saviour's love he praised.

The waxen tapers were burning seven
By the picture he loved so well,
The picture of Christ's ascent into heaven,
On which his eyes oft would dwell.

And from his last sleep on earth he woke
And smiled with a calm delight,
As through the parched lips he softly spoke
Of his heavenly vision bright.

Like an angel he seemed in his robes of white,
As his blue eyes, opening wide,
Followed the flicker of waxen light
Till the picture of Christ he espied.

"My dreams," said the child, "have been strange
to-night,

I have wandered through many a land ;
I dreamed that my robes were of peerless white,
And a lily was placed in my hand.

"An Easter lily, of fragrance rare,
That would 'never fade,' said he—

The angel from heaven—as sweet and fair
As the flower he gave to me.

"Then he took my hand and he led me on,
Over hill, and valley, and stream,
Till the sinking sun in the west had gone
To rest, and the last faint beam

"Was dying away when we reached the street
Of a city, grand and old,
That had known the tread of Pilgrim's feet ;
And the angelus sweetly tolled.

"We wandered through many a city and town :
Saw life in its every form ;
The love and the hate, the smile and the frown ;
Till the shades of night were drawn.

"And I said, 'Angel, dear, is this the earth
I have lived in a few short years?
Where I lived a life of love and mirth
And never knew sorrow or tears?'

"Ah, yes !' said the Angel, "Too soon, my child,
Would thy gentle heart be wrung,
Thy tender nature, so meek and mild,
With the taint of the world be stung.

"Thy Saviour has willed that, on Easter morn,
The candle of life shall burn out,
And thy bright young spirit by angels be borne
From the world of sin and doubt.'"

The dawn was breaking o'er land and sea
When he smiled at the visions grand,
Then the loved ones knew that his soul was free ;
That the Angel had taken his hand.

MARY K. LYNCH.

ATHLETICS.

The active interest in Athletics, at present noticeable in both Senior and Junior divisions, is indeed very gratifying, as the winter meetings of the Association have been dull and uninteresting. The President, Mr. C. G. McKenna, O.S.A., to whose energy the present interest is attributed, certainly is worthy of much praise on account of his promptness in organizing the base-ball team. Fourteen candidates have been chosen by him, and these may be seen practising daily. From these, the team of '93 will be selected in April. The men are: catchers, Pickett, Herron, J. E. O'Donnell; pitchers, O'Leary, McDonnell, O'Donnell; first base-men, Murphy, McDonnell; second base-men, J. V. O'Donnell, Buffington; third base-men, Dugan, A. J. Hart; short-stop, M. Murphy, B. J. O'Donnell; left field, Walsh; right field, Donlan; centre field, Gallagher, Ryle.

The cue and ivory enthusiasts are at present attracting attention in the preparation for another pool tournament, and such experts as D. J. Harkins, D. J. Gallagher, W. J. Pickett, J. E. O'Donnell, and E. T. Wade are most assiduous in their practice, and a close contest is expected.

J. J. C.

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EDITORIALS.

TO THE young man enjoying the inestimable benefits derived from college life, nothing contributes more to the successful issue of his studies or to his prosperity in after years than the systematic disposal of his time. A somewhat trite expression, "Order is heaven's first law," may be profitably applied to every individual, no matter what course in life he may pursue. In the world at large examples of success in business are manifold; all primarily due to the proper regulation of one's various duties.

True, while a young man is at college he is greatly helped by the rules and the general order that prevail therein. All these, by regulating his conduct and hours of study, serve to impress deeply upon his mind the importance of method in all his actions, and render easier the acquirement of

those habits of regularity upon which mainly depend the advantages of a college education.

When we become our own masters and find only a repulsive, selfish, mammon-worshipping world to greet us upon our entrance into the bread-winning strife, this rule of order will be one of our most formidable weapons. It remains for us to contract this habit now in our halcyon days so that our after lives may be orderly as well. Our time should be judiciously distributed in the discharge of our various duties, and this plan, having once been made, should be strictly adhered to. In this way our tasks and occupations properly arranged form a background for the picture of life, while order supplies the necessary frame, and by imparting unity and symmetry to all gives it a suitable relief.

This regular mode of living will be found most agreeable. We will be relieved from *ennui* by employing assiduously the swiftly gliding moments of time, and, although it may require sacrifice and self-control, yet the enjoyment of its rewards will amply compensate for any inconveniences that we may have suffered in obtaining them.

JUDGING from the method of transacting business at the meetings of the Literary Institute, a rigid reform is necessary. It is not for us to mention in detail the doings of those meetings as all are more or less conversant with them. Having been present on those occasions, we noticed with regret that the weight of responsibility devolves upon the shoulders of a few whose manifest interest in all things pertaining to the good of the college has made this burden all the more difficult to bear.

Some of the students, including a few non-members of the different societies, are willing to support and to earnestly further anything that will prove beneficial to the best interests of the college. There are others, however, who if they belong to any of the societies follow the business of the meetings in a listless way only, and are indifferent and neglectful even with regard to matters of the utmost importance. Such should not be, especially in a society instituted for improving literary taste.

The approaching out-door season will tend to diminish the number of reading-room habitués, but at the same time, let them remember that they have not severed their connection with the society, and that their presence at future meetings is earnestly requested in order that their views and dues may be duly recorded.

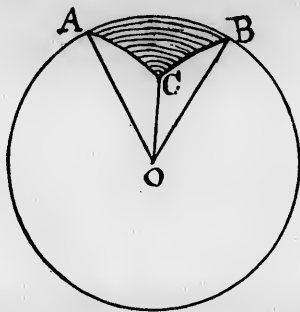
In issuing our Easter number of the MONTHLY, we wish to extend to all our patrons the compliments of the season.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions, or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to
D. O'SULLIVAN, Villanova College.

15.—The planes of the faces of a triangular spherical pyramid make with each other angles of 40° , 60° , and 100° , and the area of the base of the pyramid is 4π square feet. Find the radius of the sphere.



Solution by Frederick F. Commins, '92.

Let $O-ABC$ be the spherical pyramid, its angles, A , B and C are dihedral angles, formed by the planes of its sides, and are respectively $=$ to 40° , 60° , and 100° . To find the radius $AO = R$.

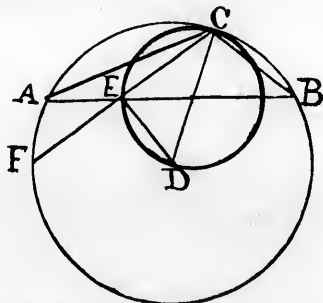
Spherical excess $= (40^\circ + 60^\circ + 100^\circ) - 180^\circ = 20^\circ$. But the area of a spherical triangle is to the area of the surface of the sphere as the number which expresses its spherical excess is to 720.

\therefore spherical \triangle : entire surface $:: 20 : 720 \therefore$
 $\frac{\triangle}{S} = \frac{20}{720} = \frac{1}{36}$ But area of spherical $\triangle = 4\pi$,

and area of surface $= 4\pi R^2 \therefore$

$$\frac{4\pi}{4\pi R^2} = \frac{1}{36} \therefore R^2 = 36 \\ R = 6 \text{ feet.}$$

16.—Being given an obtuse-angled triangle, draw from the obtuse angle to the opposite side a line whose square shall be equal to the rectangle contained by the segments into which it divides the opposite side.



Solution by Thomas J. Lee, '94.

Let ACB be an obtuse-angled triangle. It is required to draw from C a line CE , so that $CE^2 = AE \times EB$.

Describe a circle about ACB . Let D be its center. Join CD . On CD as diameter describe a circle, cutting AB in E . Join CE . CE is the required line.

Proof.—Produce CE to meet the circumference in F , and join DE . The angle CED is a right angle $\therefore FED$ is right, and hence CF is bisected in E (20 prop. Bk. I.) $\therefore FE \times EC = EC^2$; but $FE \times EC = AE \times EB$ (20 prop. Bk. III.) $\therefore AE \times EB = EC^2$.

17.—If A , B , C be the angles of a plane triangle prove the relation.

$$\sin^2 A + \sin^2 B - \sin^2 C = 2 \sin A \sin B \cos C.$$

Solution by Ostrogoth.

$$\frac{a^2 + b^2 - c^2}{2ab} = \cos C. \quad (\text{See page 52 Wentworth's}$$

Trig, on the Law of Cosines.) \therefore

$$\frac{a^2}{ab} + \frac{b^2}{ab} - \frac{c^2}{ab} = 2 \cos C.$$

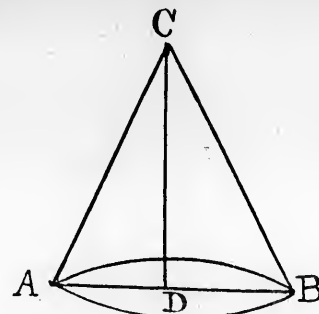
$$\frac{a}{b} + \frac{b}{a} - \frac{c^2}{ab} = 2 \cos C.$$

$$\frac{\sin A}{\sin B} + \frac{\sin B}{\sin A} - \frac{\sin^2 C}{\sin A \sin B} = 2 \cos C.$$

Clear of fractions and we get

$$\sin^2 A + \sin^2 B - \sin^2 C = 2 \cos C \sin A \sin B.$$

18.—What length of canvas $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard wide, is required to make a conical tent 12 feet in diameter and 8 feet high?



Solution by T. J. Fitzgerald, '93.

Let ACB be a conical tent.

AD = diameter of circular base = 12 feet.

CD = height = 8 feet.

$$\text{slant height } AC = \sqrt{6^2 + 8^2} \quad \sqrt{36 + 64} = \sqrt{100} = 10 \text{ feet.}$$

Lateral area = one-half circumference multiplied by slant height.

$$12^2 \times 3.1416 = 37.6992 \text{ feet} = \text{circumference.}$$

$$\frac{37.6992}{2} \times 10 = 188.496 \text{ square feet} = \text{lateral area of tent.}$$

$$188.496 \div 9 = 20.944 \text{ square yards} = \text{area of tent.}$$

$$20.944 \div \frac{3}{4} = 27.915 = \text{number of yards in length of canvas.}$$

19.—Solve $\sqrt{\sqrt{x} + 3} - \sqrt{\sqrt{x} - 3} = \sqrt{2} \sqrt{x}$.

Solution by J. F. O'Leary, '94.

Squaring both sides, and observing that $\sqrt{\sqrt{x} + 3}$ multiplied by $\sqrt{\sqrt{x} - 3}$ produces $\sqrt{x - 9}$, we have
 $\sqrt{x} + 3 - 2\sqrt{x - 9} + \sqrt{x} - 3 = 2\sqrt{x}$.

$2\sqrt{x} - 2\sqrt{x - 9} = 2\sqrt{x}$. Omitting $2\sqrt{x}$ on each side we get

$$-2\sqrt{x - 9} = 0. \quad \text{By squaring.}$$

$$4(x - 9) = 0.$$

$$4x = 36.$$

$$x = 9.$$

20.—Solve $x^2 + y = 7$ (1)

$$y^2 + x = 11$$
 (2)

Solution by Oswego.

Form (1). $x^2 = 7 - y$, $x = \sqrt{7 - y}$, substitute the value of x in (2)

$$y^2 + \sqrt{7 - y} = 11, \text{ and } \sqrt{7 - y} = 11 - y^2$$

Square both sides we get $7 - y = 121 + y^4 - 22y^2$

$y^4 - 22y^2 + y + 114 = 0$. We arrange this equation according to the descending powers of y writing only the coefficients with the proper sign thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 + 0 - 22 + 1 + 114. \quad | \quad 3 \\ 3 + 9 - 39 - 114 \\ \hline + 3 - 13 - 38 \quad 0 \quad y = 3 \end{array}$$

We find by trial, or by Sturm's Theorem, the integral part of the required root, and proceed as above $y = 3$ and $x = 2$.

NOTE.—This elegant method of Horner's can be applied to equations of any degree, and is the simplest method of approximation yet discovered; and so we thus dispose of this ancient pocket pistol of the pedagogues. *Sursum corda!*

New Problems.

21.—Given the obliquity of the ecliptic $e = 23^\circ 27'$, the latitude of a star 51° , its longitude 315° ; find its declination and its right ascension.

22.—Three persons having bought a conical sugar loaf wish to divide it into three equal parts by sections parallel to the base; it is required to find the altitude of each person's share, the altitude of the loaf being 20 inches.

23.—Prove that the perpendiculars from the centres of the escribed circles of a triangle on the corresponding sides are concurrent.

24.—Solve: $2(x^{\frac{1}{2}} - 1)^{-1} - 2(x^{\frac{1}{2}} - 4)^{-1} = 3$
 $(x^{\frac{1}{2}} - 2)^{-1}$

SPLINTERS.

Pig.

"Dadda."

Easter.

Base Ball.

Spring shades.

Birthday parties.

"She wouldn't have you."

The wearing of the green.

"Tuck in my little bed."

John got another hair cut.

"What will he be when he grows up?"

"Rub my leg—I've got a cramp."

Joe Loretto is in *dec-i-nels*.

Was it worth five hundred, Tom?

If you want a lamp for a dime, call on T. C.

"Where do you live, friend?" "In the same place."

Gentle Will D., what does rubber do?

"Which key have you the door for?"

Being teased about the old gray mare,

To another place he removed his chair;

And although we miss his statistics long.

We're content with the mem'ry of his song.

"Say, friend, here's a ticket for you."

J. S. will prompt no more—Reason, ejection.

Who is the Shakesperian dude?

"Have you a letter for Pericles O'Reardon?"

"Did that dropping of water create time?"

If you want a ton of coal for a dime call on T. C.

"She's a rock of sense—Don't fool yourself."

K—r.

"Where do they cultivate those roses?" "Why in *Rose-mont*."

Jimmie V. is jubilant; he is going home Easter.

We sat, he sat, they sat and sat,

The time was nearly over;

But when we got our *Johnny-cake*

Ah!—then we were in Clover.

Is it George teaching Barnie or Barnie teaching George?

We fear the "villain" will have a relapse—Shake "Larry," Ed.

J. W. says,—Don't you think I look like Bob Fitzsimmons?

If you want a barrel of flour for a dime, call on T. C.

What did Doulin do with the potatoes that grew in his tobacco?

Baggage delivered at reduced rates by the "news boy."

A. J. P. will give a house warming at his (?) room.

Puffed up with pride at throwing J.,
He tackled our gentle Will;
Yet strange, yes very strange to say,
He was worsted in the mill.

According to Denny's statistics trade unions are not beneficial.

They *toll*-ed John only two cents, though he did have a team.

For the past week Jim's face has been beaming with pleasure. He received a smile on Sunday.

That *knot* was a regular Gordian one, the only difference being that no Alexander was found to cut it.

The Knight of the corridor is missing from his favorite haunts. He has taken up French; probably this accounts for it.

Where are you going my pretty maid?

I'm going to rehearsal, kind sir, she said.

Will you give me a flower my pretty maid?

Naw; you have no mustache, kind sir, she said.

• We are very much pleased to see the "Conservatory" again stocked with young and tender plants.

Query.—What is the meaning of that word *crinoline*, seen so often in the papers lately? Submit answers to T. C.

'Tis with pleasure we note that J. O. M. accepted the advice of the Splinter editor and is again increasing in weight.

They tell about a dandy
Who at a corner stood;
Perhaps it was our Andy
But no—he never would.

Our waiter who went around all winter with his hands in his pockets has removed them. The base-ball season is at hand.

Noticing the effect produced by the mute on the lodgers of the flat 'tis strange B—— does not complete the good work by getting a mute for the mouth-piece.

Why this silence on the part of Dick? He entertains us no more with accounts of his trips. Probably two loads were too much for him.

A few days ago while one of the boys was exploring the clothes room he came upon a box containing some faded flowers and withered leaves. No further explanation is necessary than to say A. P. was engraved on the box. "What fools these mortals be!"

A DOG-GEREL.

With every eye upon him bent
Up through the aisle John softly went,
To catch the dog was his intent.
Now down the aisle his form all bent
The dog was his and out 'twas sent;
He took his seat, his heart content.

PERSONALS.

Professor Motley has accepted a position as organist in St. Thomas' Church, Philadelphia.

Rev. Bro. Achatius, Director of St. Michael's School, Philadelphia, visited Bro. Dominic, on Sunday, March 12.

Our Rev. Vice-President, L. A. Delurey, has returned, after delivering a course of lectures in New York State.

Rev. James A. Vaughn, O.S.A., recently visited Lawrence, Mass., and officiated in the services at St. Mary's during Holy Week.

We extend our sympathy to Bro. Jerome. An ulcerated foot has long occasioned him great trouble, and recently it developed such serious symptoms that the physicians found amputation necessary.

Dr. J. J. Morrissey, '81, of Hartford, Conn., was the guest of the Rev. Faculty, on March 6. On the evening of the above day he entertained the students by relating many of the happy events of his college career. We return him many thanks for the holiday we enjoyed on March 21.

Mr. James O'Donnell will spend the Easter holidays with friends in Hecksherville.

Mr. Gibbons Marsh, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday, March 12, with his brother William.

Mr. William Parker, our genial editor, will spend his vacation at Old Point Comfort, Va.

The daily rehearsals of the "Rose of Wicklow," which will be presented in April, promise a grand success.

Mr. D. Ford, of Media, Pa., visited his nephew, Walter, on March 12th.

Owing to the resignation of Prof. Motley, Mr. Thos. Fitzgerald is now organist of the Church of St. Thomas of Villanova. We are pleased to note the great interest the latter is taking in the choir, and hope that his efforts to have improved singing for Easter will meet with success.

The Augustinian Fathers: D. J. Sullivan, E. A. Daily, M. Geraghty, and J. E. Whelan, recently closed a very successful mission at Holy Cross Church, New York City.

We extend our sympathy to Dr. Morrissey, '81, of Hartford, Conn., in the great loss he has suffered in the death of his eldest son.

Our Very Rev. President recently attended a reading by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly of some of her own poems.

We are pleased to learn that Prof. Sullivan has recovered from an attack of "la grippe."

The Very Rev. Provincial visited the Rev. Faculty on March 21st.

THE SOCIETIES.

V. L. I.—The regular monthly meeting of the Literary Institute was held on Wednesday evening March 1st, and was carried on in a very spirited manner. Bills were presented for the decoration of the Library and after considerable discussion were approved.

The busts of Shakespeare, Byron and Scott now occupy prominent positions, and there are several new and beautiful pictures on the walls. Great praise is due to those who had the decorations in charge. A literary celebration might be held some time before commencement day. This would show the progress made by the Institute since its organization, and would be a pleasant recollection for old members.

V. D. S.—On Saturday evening, March 4th, the Debating Society assembled in goodly numbers, to listen to a debate by the junior members. Some there were, who came out of respect to the debaters, and remained through admiration of the excellent manner in which they debated. For the first time, they stood before an audience and expressed their opinions fearlessly and in a hearty manner, and their efforts were in every way commendable. The subject was:—Resolved, That Trades Unions are Beneficial to the Working Class, and Messrs. Murtaugh and Gibney determined to prove it beyond all cavil or doubt. They would have done so, had it not been for the fact that Messrs. Dugan and Gallagher were two formidable opponents. We congratulate the young debaters and speak words of encouragement for their future. The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

The next debate was held on Wednesday evening, March 22nd. Resolved: "That the World's Fair be opened on Sunday." For the affirmative, Messrs. D. Herron and W. J. Mahon argued well. They advanced many telling arguments, and withal upheld their side admirably. Messrs. A. J. Plunkett and E. P. McKeough followed for the negative, and brought out point after point in a masterly manner. The debaters were very evenly matched, in fact, so much so that the chairman was obliged to reserve his decision.

The Glee Club and Dramatic Association are hard at work preparing the Easter entertainment. At present everything points to a grand success. The play, "The Rose of Wicklow," is from the pen of John Fitzgerald Murphy, and this is sufficient evidence of its high quality.

EXCHANGES.

We are pleased to welcome as an exchange *The Wake Forest Student*. This excellent magazine presents a pleasing appearance and its editorials show careful preparation. But what interested and pleased us was the essay "The Theft of Thought." We think that Mr. R. F. B. has done well to bring this fact before the eyes of the American student, for no sharp scrutiny is required to see that such theft is being perpetrated in some of our leading colleges.

The Agnetian Monthly, a journal published by the young ladies of St. Agnes' Collegiate Institute, has made an appearance on our exchange table and we do not hesitate to say that it is a most welcome visitor. On scanning its excellent articles nothing pleased us more than the admirable essay on "Music" by Miss J., and a study in French by Miss G., entitled "Priez Pour Moi."

We failed to see the *Duane Owl* put in its regular appearance this month among our other visitors, but we are glad to note that in its stead the *Collegium Forense* was not afraid to brave the cold March winds of Iowa, and make its way intrepidly to our sanctum. We extend our hearty congratulations to the author of *Nota Bene* for the admirable way in which he defended the *true worth* of his college.

Two numbers of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* have graced our department since the last publication of our MONTHLY. We are very much pleased to acknowledge this magazine among our other exchanges, both for its high standard as a college journal, and its excellent literature. The *Scholastic*, like its sister journal, the *Ave Maria*, contains some very interesting articles, the perusal of which drives away all the turmoil and confusion arising from our mental exertions.

In looking over the columns of *The Messenger*, of Richmond College we notice that the Exchange editor has seen fit to criticise the spirit of animosity with which some of our contemporaries treat their exchanges. We heartily approve of the courtesy suggested by the *Messenger* as this would create better feelings between students, and we trust that its criticism will have the desired effect and that its suggestion will be kindly received. Let our criticisms be just, but not harsh nor uncourteous.

The March number of the *Fordham Monthly* contains an interesting account of the Alumni Banquet at the Hotel Savoy in New York City. We read with pleasure the several outbursts of oratory showing the love which the speakers felt and the pride which they justly have for their Alma Mater.

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Vol. I.

Villanova College, May, 1893.

No. 5.

Saint Monica.



HERS was the task a husband's rage
to soothe
With gentle word and mien from
day to day ;
To guide an erring child in vir-
tue's way ;
To share the griefs of others, and
to smooth

Life's path for all who came within the reach
Of helping hand. None ever asked in vain ;
Her joy was but to soften every pain,
All ills to heal, to counsel and to teach.

Of self she little thought while here below ;
Her hopes were fix'd eternally above,
Where death is life, and life is living love,
'Neath suns of ever bright and lasting glow.
The fountain of her eyes was never dry ;
For Austin's sake she wept through many years ;
But when his soul was safe, she dried her tears
And fled to her reward beyond the sky.

O Christian wife and mother ! as of old,
Lend now thine aid to all who thee implore
For light and grace to reach that blessed shore,
Where thou dost dwell in happiness untold.
Be ever near to make the chast'ning rod
Less bitter in its sting, less hard to bear :
Be ever near to use a mother's care,
In leading and enticing us to God.

M. J. L.



Courage.

Of all the virtues in the possession of which man rejoices, courage is one that we particularly admire. His other good qualities may charm us and be a source of pleasure to us; but when we see him armed with courage to battle for what he thinks right, then it is that our admiration is excited.

We may not agree with him; we may be directly opposed to him; yet, when we behold him, ready with the courage of his convictions to defend his position, we must respect and admire him.

Courage may be called the fountain by which the other virtues are refreshed. A man may seem to possess Justice, Temperance or Prudence, but if he be without courage, these virtues can exist only in name. Can any one practise justice, if he is lacking in courage to do what is right? Can any one not possessed of the courage and heroism necessary for self-abnegation exercise moderation? Although a man be ever so prudent in word and deed, nevertheless at different periods of his existence, circumstances will produce such a state of affairs, that for combating these, a proportional degree of courage will be required, and if that courage be wanting, the other good qualities depending on it will be of little avail. Instead of increasing in the admiration and esteem of men, he will lose their respect and become despicable in their sight.

Courage is the embodiment of all that is noble and honorable. A courageous nature is a noble nature. We are aware of the fact that cruelty and cowardice are almost invariably found in the same person; so too, we find courage and gentleness united in the one person. They are, as it were, the twin properties of the matter essential to the composition of man; and no person, combining courage with gentleness, can be guilty of an ignoble or dishonorable act.

There are two kinds of courage—moral and physical. Moral courage is the power of saying yes or no, as one's sense of righteousness dictates. This morality is instilled into the mind in infancy by parents and superiors; and if they are negligent in the performance of this duty, the effect will be seen in the after life of the children entrusted to their care. For how will these children, when exposed to the many trials and temptations which inevitably come to them, be able to protect themselves? As they were neglected in the matter of proper education, they will not have the courage necessary to help them through. As a result of that negligence, and of early associations, any method, even that of telling a falsehood, will be employed, provided it be an easy way to escape from difficulty.

Every one, at some time of life comes to where the two roads meet, the one leading to affluence, present enjoyment of worldly pleasures, by any kind of methods, some not to be approved of; the other leading to greater joys, 'tis true, but by self-abnegation, by honest methods, serving truth; a time of trial for the present certainly, but bringing its own great reward.

What choice will the one not taught in early life the value of courage make? Will he, coward-like, choose the easier path? Or will he be brave enough to stand up for truth and righteousness? Will he be strong enough to stand the test of a noble man? For

“Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her
wretched crust

'Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous
to be just.

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward
stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, while his Lord is crucified
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they have
denied.”

By physical courage we mean that valor necessary to sustain us in the performance of many of our deeds—that valor by which we will be able to brave danger when duty demands it, and to encounter certain dangers; we also stand in need of it in the fulfilment of some of our ordinary deeds. We can very easily call to mind the different meanings which this word courage will bring to many. We hear of some who are called brave, who have taken their own lives, not from any good motive, but through fear of enduring some great trouble in this world. Others fleeing dangers are called cowards, although we are told that “discretion is the better part of valor.”

Now the cowardice or courage displayed by persons of mature age we can easily trace to their youth. We are all familiar with the history of the Spartan people, and we know how well they instructed their children, that in after years courage might be their characteristic. Very often the cowardice may be traced to early life, when to quiet a crying child some hob-goblin tale of terror is told, enough to inspire fear into it, and this feeling, implanted in early youth, grows strong as the person advances in years; and although in manhood, reason should overcome this fault, it does not always succeed.

Frederick the Great, of Prussia, serves as an example of courage engrafted on a pusillanimous nature. At the battle of Mowlitz overcome with fright, he fled, leaving his generals to fight the battle alone; but this instance of wavering on his part was the only one: throughout the rest of his

campaigns he fought with a bravery becoming one wearing the title of "Great."

Courage, then, is a virtue greatly to be desired and sought after. We should strive to be physically courageous so that in moments of danger our bravery will sustain us. We should above all strive to be morally courageous, not allowing ourselves to be swayed by human respect in the performance of our duties, but in all things and at all times "daring to do what is right."

JAS. F. O'LEARY, '94.

St. Monica.

In the year 331* of our era, appeared in the bosom of a noble family at Tagaste, in Africa, that had long been known for its honorable name and ancient virtue, a child who at birth received the name of Monica, a name that at that time was so touching a symbol of consolation and hope for the Church. It was just twenty years since Constantine the Great had professed Christianity.

Her parents were both Christians and pious, and by them the little maiden was brought up with the utmost care.†

The child was placed in charge of an old family servant, a zealous and prudent woman, who was devoted to her young mistress and carefully guarded her every step and word. Writing of his mother,‡ St. Augustine says, that the young Monica was wont frequently to leave her playmates to their sports, so as to engage in prayer; that one time she was found kneeling in prayer under a tree; that she rose at night to say her prayers; that she loved the poor and often took them bread from the table; that she was given to austerities of various kinds, to sobriety and mortification especially, without which no one may hope to become a Christian spouse, mother or saint. At the instance of her old guardian, she never drank even water outside of meals.

Every here and there through his works does the great Augustine refer to his loving and saintly mother. He seems never to weary of telling of her goodness, of her gifts of soul and mind, of her piety and love of God, of her love for prayer and of her keen, discerning intelligence, that led her

to master the most sublime and difficult problems of philosophy. In his "Confessions" chiefly does he dwell on the supernatural gifts that adorned his mother, while in his treatise on the Blessed Life—*de Beata Vita*, composed at Milan, he speaks of her wonderful knowledge of the highest truths. At the villa of Verecundus, some few miles outside of Milan, whither Augustine, with his mother, his son and some friends, had retired for his preparation for baptism, it was their daily custom to spend part of the afternoon in disputation on ethical subjects. At one of these friendly entertainments, described by Augustine in full in his *de Beata Vita*, the question debated by the assembly was,—in what consisted true happiness, and how could one attain it? The little Adeodatus, Augustine's son, with a keenness of perception far beyond his years, observed that for one to please God, he must be pure of heart, and that thus only could he be happy,—a view of the case in which St. Monica fully concurred.

Only one fault, if such it may be styled, does Augustine note in the memoirs of his mother;* it was as follows: In accompanying the servant, whose place it was to fill the flasks with wine for the table, the little Monica, more through childish thoughtlessness than any depravity of taste, gradually got into the habit of touching her lips to the over-filled flasks, and even sipping from their contents. One day her nurse, being, perhaps, somewhat out of temper, or maybe to teach the child a lesson, reproved her by calling her a wine-bibber—*meribibula*, as Augustine writes it; at this Monica was abashed, and abandoned the habit from that day forth.

Together with her supernatural gifts, Monica united an inextinguishable thirst for learning, and a gentleness of temper that appears to have endeared her to all her acquaintances.

At the age of seventeen she was married to Patritius, a wealthy and noble pagan, a *curialis* of Tagaste, who by a prior marriage had two daughters, Basilica and Felicitas. Thus their names are given by Augustinian writers. Monica's consort was a singular contrast to his holy and gifted spouse; he was a man of disagreeable ways, choleric of temper, ever ready to fly into a passion, of little or no moral principles, and well known to be unfaithful to his marriage vows. Her mother-in-law, also pagan, was an imperious, hard-tempered and jealous woman, and used to incite the servants to bear calumnies and tales to their master against their young mistress.

Monica's married life was for her a training school of virtue. Each day revealed to her the

*The dates followed in this sketch of St. Monica are taken from the *De Rebus Gestis S. Augustini* &c., (Venice, 1756,) by Fr. John Laurence Berti, O.S.A.

†In a biographical sketch of the Saint, published by the late Rev. Dr. Lanteri, O.S.A., he states that her parents were named Aurelius and Facundia, and that her mother was descended from the Tabellici princes of Getulia. See *Revista Agustiniana*, Valladolid, 1882, vol. III, p. 629.

‡The best account of the life of St. Monica is given by her gifted son—the great St. Augustine. See especially the Ninth Book of his "Confessions."

* See "Confessions," Book IX.

abyss that separated her from Patritius. Yet she set her mind to win his soul to God, not by argument and discussion, but by prayer and a virtuous example. Little by little the sweetness of her temper and her humble and patient life won her husband's respect. Her son relates that she forgave his insults and infidelities; never spoke back to him, yet at the same time, it must be said, she was never struck by him. Patritius begins to yield; he no longer treated her harshly, and shortly before his death was baptized a Christian. According to Father Berti, Monica was in the fortieth year of her age, and Augustine, her eldest child, in his seventeenth. She had borne two other children, Navigius and Perpetua, both honored as saints.

As a widow, Monica gave new proofs of her goodness; daily she attended Mass; twice a day she went to church for prayers and to hear the sermon. Daily preaching was customary in Africa. But while winning her husband to the Faith, Monica lost her son. At home Augustine shocks his loving mother by his impiety, and his blasphemies against religion; and finally is bid by his mother either to amend his life or rid her Christian home of his presence. He leaves Africa for Rome, and thence goes to Milan, whither his mother follows him. There, aided by St. Ambrose, the prayers of St. Monica succeed in recalling her son to God. Shortly after his baptism, the saintly mother, having now obtained the most cherished desire of her heart, wishes to return to Africa. She, with Augustine and Adeodatus, leaves Milan for home; at Ostia, she is taken ill of a fever, and after a nine days' illness, the blessed Monica, model of maidens, wives and widows, yields up her soul in thankfulness to God that she had won over her husband to the Faith and had witnessed the conversion of her son. The year of her death is commonly put in 387; she died at the age of 56, and her remains were interred at Ostia. In the XV century her body was translated to Rome and placed in the church of Sant' Agostino. St. Monica is honored as the patroness of the Association of Christian Mothers.

Fr. Thomas C. Middleton, O.S.A. = T. C. M.

From the Albany Times Union.

A Noted Clergyman.

"Enquirer" is informed the clergyman who preached the panegyric at the Cathedral last Friday, the feast of St. Patrick, was the Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A., pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Lansingburg. "O.S.A." means "Order of St. Augustine." Father McGowan has been for

many years, and still is, the most eloquent, and one of the most learned of this body of distinguished men. He is recognized as such, inasmuch as, for many years he has been the leader of the Augustinian missionary band, a position of great responsibility, entrusted always to the most brilliant. The panegyric at the Cathedral has been pronounced by competent judges, one of the best and most thoughtful ever delivered by a visiting clergyman on such an occasion. He has for many years been known as "The Silver-tongued Augustinian."

To Commemorate the Anniversary of Thomas Moore.

Dedicated to Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A.

Thy birth and fame, the splendor of thy theme,
To-night we sing, in songs, that all thine own,
Come down the years, like sunshine on the stream,
And gem by gem enwreath thy deathless crown:
Not cooling shade more welcome to the wight
Who treads the desert's hot and arid sand,
Than those sweet notes, that sway our souls to-night,
And bear us back to Erin's lovely land.

No, not more welcome to the storm-tossed ship
The blessed calm which stills the angry sea:
Than thy sweet songs from tuneful heart and lip,
That breathe with love, or glow with liberty:
And, as the years recede before the sun,
And Erin's Flag unfolds its burst of light,
The deathless fame thy sparkling lyrics won,
Shall quenchless gleam athwart her starless night.

To-night, across the wide blue pathless sea,
Our yearning hearts are in that land once more,
As true to Freedom's thrill of Liberty,
As that which fired the genius of Tom Moore.
As fell the Norseman in that day of strife,
Before the valor of the fiery Gael,
As true the creed of Erin's hopeful life,
That England's star will yet as darkly pale.

With thee we tread Kinkora's princely halls,
On Ossory's plains we see the Norseman reel—
Go down to death, ere night's dark curtain falls,
While yet unsheathed Brian's vengeful steel.
With Red Branch Knight, and Banba's royal maid,
We seek the haunts of revelry and song;
While to the lute's responsive serenade,
The joyous hours their Thespian scenes prolong.

The grave and gay, the simple and the bold,
To laughter move, or unrequited wrong:
Are struck from chords that sparkle as the gold,
And gleam like sunbeams on thy tide of song:
While "Nora Creina's" tinkling, silvery bells—
Like marriage chime, pour out their merry peals
The "Minstrel Boy" the prideful bosom swells,
And thro' its depths like Love's own message steals.

"Where glory waits thee"—there, alas, are found
 The scattered remnants of the Clan-na-Gael:
 The first to answer to the bugle sound,
 The last before the deadly charge to quail.
 The fire of Freedom coursing through their veins—
 They face the foe with firm, unfaltering tread:
 While, yet, like him, who fell on Landen's plains,
 They, too, would wish their blood for Erin shed.

True, as the needle to the shining pole;
 True, as bereavement to the mother's breast;
 True, as God's pity for the erring soul;
 True, as the sun empurpling the east;
 As true the faith unconquered Erin holds,
 That, yet her shores with freedom shall be blest;
 That, like the dewdrop, which her green enfolds,
 Love, Honor, Fame, shall yet adorn her breast.

Blame thee, sweet bard? What crown or gift had we
 Or wealth to offer for thy matchless song?
 Whose night of death was like the angry sea,
 When to its breast the storm's mad furies throng?
 Hunted and homeless on the mountain's side—
 Despair and havoc, Erin, death, and strife;
 With kindred ills, and devastation wide;
 Like demons feasting on our country's life.

Proscribed her priesthood—banished, outlaw'd, banned,
 Their home and chapel,—Erin's gloomy caves,—
 No arms to shield God's servants in the land,
 Or bear the stricken to their lowly graves.
 On scenes like these thy star of genius rose—
 The darkest chapter in the Book of time.
 To scenes like these, too great for human woes,
 Went up the pleadings of thy burning rhyme.

While, yet, the pathos of thy trembling lyre
 For Emmet's fate, poured out its strains of woe;
 Thy song new-kindled Erin's smouldering fire.
 And stirred its embers to a ruddier glow.
 Blame thee? No, never, be't our shame to cast,
 One blot or blemish on thy matchless name;
 Who from the glorious Vistas of the past,
 Brought sunny wreaths to strew our path to fame.

To-night, that harp that struck the tenderest chord
 When slept the music of our sainted Isle,
 Shall flash its rays, like Freedom's leaping sword,
 And fill our bosoms with its radiant smile;
 While "Tara's Halls" shall bear us back once more
 Where shamrocks breathe their promise to the sod
 O'er heath-clad hill, and flow'r enamelled shore,
 To that sweet land whose faith is dear to God?

And yet that land, beneath whose generous sward,
 The mighty heroes of the ages lie,
 Hath not a spot for her immortal bard,
 To claim the tribute of the passer by.
 Unwept, unhonored, in an English grave
 He sleeps afar from her he loved so much;
 Whose numbers poised the lances of her brave,
 And woke her glories with the master's touch.
 Lansingburgh, N. Y. PATRICK CAREY.

The Coliseum.

It was Augustus, the first wearer of the Imperial purple, under whose reign Rome became the mistress of the world, that first conceived the idea of building an immense amphitheatre in which the various games and gladiatorial combats might be witnessed by as many Roman citizens as possible. He had already embellished the city by constructing the famous baths and palaces and temples whose remains at the present day justify his own assertion: "I found Rome of brick, I leave it of marble." But even these public monuments were not sufficient to satisfy the ambition of the Emperor; he desired to perpetuate his memory by the erection of a monument so large and so solid as to defy even the destructive hand of Time. But such extensive plans required many years for completion, and while they were still in progress Augustus died. The Emperors who succeeded him were extravagant, but selfish at the same time. All the vast revenues of Rome were expended in promoting their own private pleasures and luxuries, and it was not until A. D. 72, that Vespasian, who was raised to the purple by the armies of the East began the foundations of the immense structure planned by Augustus. It was erected near the palace of Nero. In style it was most complex, including all the principal forms of Roman, Grecian and Eastern architecture. This was in accordance with the whims of the proud and vain Vespasian, who desired in this manner to commemorate his victories in all the provinces of the Roman Empire. In form the amphitheatre was elliptical; rows of marble seats were built on the vast slopes of its inner walls; its seating capacity was eighty-seven thousand, with standing room for twenty thousand more; in the centre was a spacious pit or arena in which the various games and combats took place.

Such was the Coliseum. There for centuries the Romans thronged to feast their eyes upon the bloody, inhuman tragedies; to shout with exultation at the deft stroke of the gladiator; to laugh in derision at the weakness of his adversary; to give coolly and deliberately the signal which meant life or death to the unfortunate victims.

But the Coliseum is worthy of our veneration not so much for the remembrance it brings of gladiatorial fights and pagan games as for the mementoes and pictures of the sufferings and triumphs of the primitive Christians. When we contemplate this noble ruin of antiquity, our minds are immediately carried back to the beginning of Christian Rome; the present fades away and the past returns; we enter in spirit this vast amphitheatre and see once more the throngs of

gay, laughing Romans gazing upon scenes of slaughter in which not slaves are opposed to slaves nor captives to captives nor gladiators to gladiators nor beasts to beasts, but Christians, citizens of Rome, are opposed to one another, or are brought thither to be devoured by wild beasts. Yet by a strange vicissitude of fortune the Coliseum now owes its preservation to the Christian blood so profusely shed within its walls. After having been used for ages as an immense quarry by all those whose wealth and station enabled them to share the public plunder, it was finally secured from further destruction by the efforts of Pope Benedict XIV, who consecrated the building about the middle of the last century, and placed it under the protection of the countless numbers of martyrs who had therein borne testimony with their blood to the sincerity of their belief.

But, notwithstanding these efforts, the Coliseum is fast crumbling to dust. Decay and ruin now occupy the marble thrones where once sat the Emperors of mighty pagan Rome, and with their long, lean hands touch the noble columns one by one. They mock and deride this work of man's power, even as they have always done, and seem to exult in the desolation which they have accomplished. But, in all its desolation, it is the grandest ruin of the modern world. While a stone is left upon a stone it will always be a spot worthy of the interest of mankind, worthy too, of their veneration, as the last great vestige of the luxury and magnificence of pagan Rome. Lord Byron's thoughts on visiting the Coliseum are beautiful and touching. He says:—

I do remember me that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's walls,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.

Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwelt the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;
But the gladiators' bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.

And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere, anew the gap of centuries,
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old,—
The dead but sceptred sovereigns,—who still rule
Our spirits from their ruins !

Such is the story of the Coliseum, filled as all such stories are, with manifestations of the Providence of God, guiding and directing the affairs of men. How strange indeed that the greatest monument which paganism built, and one which witnessed its triumphs over Christianity, should now be an object of love and reverence for triumphant Christianity, while paganism itself lies buried in its own ruins, never to rise again.

J. F. KELEHER, '93.

The Drama.

On Wednesday evening, April 5, the students produced in the College Hall the drama entitled "The Rose of Wicklow." The presentation was well worthy of all the careful preparation which had been made by all concerned. W. J. Parker, the Squire, pleased the audience as much as on former occasions. E. T. Wade looked every inch a hero and his acting did certainly give evidence of much of a great deal of stage talent. E. J. Wade acted the part of the Spy in a way difficult to be surpassed by amateurs. J. T. O'Leary was a Captain in appearance and other-wise and evinced a great deal of judgment in the rendition of his part. But words are inadequate when we attempt to describe J. E. O'Donnell as the impersonator of a roving Irish lad. His simple appearance, after the first one, was sufficient to arouse the house and bring forth a volley of applause. B. J. O'Donnell, although an extremely modest youth, spoke his words with a vim that merited a great deal of praise. A. J. Plunkett acted the part of Douglass in most creditable manner, since he was called upon to take that part only a few days beforehand. J. J. Crowley and W. J. Kavanagh were excellent examples of dashing femininity. R. G. Kerr, as Eileen, made an excellent companion for her Barney and received encore after encore for his singing and dancing. Much credit is due our stage manager, T. J. Fitzgerald, for the masterly arrangement of the scenery to suit the demands of the drama. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity and the audience was so well pleased

with the entertainment that it asked for a repetition which was given on the 19th to almost as many as on the first evening. The music for the occasion was furnished by the College Orchestra which received a good share of the applause so willingly given by a very appreciative audience.

FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET.

MENU.

Blue Points.	
Crème de Chicken.	
Broiled Shad.	
Olives.	
Filet de Bœuf.	
Fresh String Beans.	Bermuda Potatoes.
Entrees.	
Sweetbreads and Green Peas.	
Lettuce and Tomatoes.	
Cheese.	
Fromage de Brie.	Neufchâtel.
Ice Cream.	
Assorted Cakes.	
Fruit.	
Coffee.	
Cigars.	

ON Wednesday, April 12th, the members of the staff of our MONTHLY, left the College in a Tally-ho for Philadelphia to enjoy their first annual banquet at the Aldine Hotel. After a very pleasant drive over the historic Lancaster pike and through the magnificent Fairmount Park, they proceeded to the DeMorat Studio where they had their photograph taken.

About 6 P. M. the members began to assemble in the reception room, and after some time spent in pleasant conversation, music and songs, they were ushered into a beautifully decorated banquet-hall. Mr. W. J. Parker, editor-in-chief, presided.

The event, although the first of its kind, was a grand success. It was in every way a most enjoyable occasion, and one that will long be remembered by all that participated in it.

The banquet lasted about two hours and a half, but by reason of the many pleasant topics introduced it seemed not half so long.

After all had feasted, the Editor responded to the toast, "Our MONTHLY." Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A. was present by special request, on account of the esteem he won from the students while conducting

their annual retreat. He responded to the toast "Our Invited Guests." After many words of thanks and encouragement, he amused those present with some of his comic effusions. There were also present Revs. R. A. Gleeson, J. J. Farrell, L. A. De Lury, and Messrs. D. F. Harkin, M. J. Murphy and A. J. Plunkett. After many good wishes for the MONTHLY's prosperity and longevity, we entered our Tally-ho and returned to the College. L.

ATHLETICS.

On April 22 we entered upon what promises to be one of the most successful base-ball seasons in the history of the College. A large crowd was present at the game in which the Gladwynnes fell easy victims to the College nine. The visitors were cheered for every good play, but they were not able to hold their own against their strong adversaries. The College nine, after the third inning, put up a very stiff game and were urged on by one college cheer after another. The features of the game, for the College nine, were McKenna's pitching, Gallagher's batting and Carey's phenomenal playing at short, and for the visitors, Hall's pitching and Humphrey's playing at first. The score:

Villanova B. B. C.						Gladwynne.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Hart, 2b	1	2	6	2	0	Dunn, 3b	2	0	1	0	2
McKenna, p. . . .	2	1	1	8	0	Feiring, c	2	1	8	1	0
Murphy, 3b	1	0	1	3	1	H. Davis, lf	1	3	1	0	0
Gallagher, lf. . . .	1	3	1	0	0	Humphreys, 1b	0	1	8	1	0
O'Donnell, rf. . . .	1	1	0	0	0	C. Davis, ss	0	0	0	4	2
Herron, cf	1	1	0	0	0	Heston, 2b	0	0	2	4	3
Carey, ss	2	1	1	6	0	Hall, p.	0	1	1	9	0
McDonnell, c	2	2	11	3	1	Balty, rf	1	1	1	0	0
O'Leary, 1b	1	1	8	0	1	Barker, cf	0	0	2	0	0
Total	12	12	27	22	3	Total	6	6	24	19	7

Earned runs—Villanova, 2; Gladwynne, 1. Three-base hits—Hart, Herron. Two-base hits—Gallagher, McDonnell. Double plays, O'Leary, Hart, Dunn, Feiring. Left on bases, Villanova 6; Gladwynne 5. Struck out by McKenna, 7; by Hall, 6. First base on called balls by McKenna, 3; by Hall, 1. Passed balls McDonnell, 2. Time—2 hours. Umpires—Wm. Mahon, Wm. Butler.

During the early part of the month the Blues and Reds organized their respective nines and after much deliberation D. J. Gallagher was chosen captain of the Blues and D. A. Herron captain of the Reds. Both men thoroughly understand their duties and have their men well under control. They are to play a series of five games to decide which club shall have possession of the Athletic Association's cup. Very exciting games are looked forward to, as both nines are stronger than was anticipated early in the season. The first of this series was played on the 13th ult., and resulted in a victory for the Blues.

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EDITORIALS.

To the close observer of affairs pertaining to college life it is plainly noticeable that many students, no matter what interest they may take in other branches, are too indifferent with regard to the study of the classics. While nearly all at the beginning of their college career take it upon themselves to acquire a thorough classical knowledge, and this too with every indication of perseverance, not a few, after repeated failures, become discouraged and finally give up as hopeless that which once seemed so easy of acquisition and was so much desired. Of those who persevere with this study some are inclined to treat it as obligatory or as a means to an end, and consequently are unable to appreciate its great and manifold benefits.

Again there are those who, although numbered among the alumni of some of the foremost universities of our land, openly declare that the study of Latin and Greek is unnecessary and ought to be dispensed with in our schools and colleges. These quasi-educators have assumed the difficult task of setting at naught the opinions of far superior minds upon this subject. Blair, the eminent rhetorician, recommends this study "to all who wish to form their taste and nourish their genius;" furthermore we have the celebrated literateur, Hazlitt's approval of this study: and in our day no less personages than Lowell and Agassiz have been most zealous in their efforts to inspire a greater love for the classics. We admit that they have little or no

attraction for him "quem tenet argenti sitis importuna famesque." A college education is not chiefly adapted to this end; for, if one wishes to succeed in business, or to apply himself to a particular branch, schools of business and technology await his pleasure. Indispensable then is this study to those who intend to pursue any of the various professions; while if their fancy leans toward literature, the study of the ancients must be considered an all important factor. Horace's injunction—"Nos exemplaria graeca nocturna versate manu, versate diurna" holds good in our day with Rome's masterpieces as a necessary accompaniment. An educated man is such only in name if he has neglected to acquaint himself with those works which, during the lapse of centuries, have always been held in the highest esteem by literary men.

Viewing these productions from a moral standpoint strenuous objections may be raised, for, as has been frequently observed, "very few poets have sailed to Delphi without touching at Cythera." A universal rule, and one deserving to be followed by those who delight to wander in the mazy garden of literature, is to cull and press in memory's folds only the beautiful flowers that grow therein, leaving unnoticed the noxious weeds around them.

We agree not then with those who, great as may be their authority in literary matters, endeavor to impugn and cry down a classical education, but rather with those who seek to preserve and encourage it. In so doing we have in view the many advantages derived from it; such as improvement in style, mental discipline, enlargement of one's vocabulary and the interest which accompanies a knowledge of the manners and customs of the ancients.

THE base-ball season having been successfully opened on the 22d ult., it remains with the students to encourage the players in every way. An element detrimental to all first-class base-ball games, and one which the nine of this year does not entirely lack is that of individual playing at the expense of team work. At the beginning of the year this may be overlooked, but its continuance will inevitably tend to lessen the number of victories. From the unbounded enthusiasm displayed by the spectators at the first game the fact that we are in need of a good college cry became apparent. However, what was wanting in form was amply made up in volume by a liberal supply of lung power. With the latter as a good basis an efficient committee should be appointed whose duty it should be to form a cry worthy of the approaching celebration and one whose excellence would warrant its permanence.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions, or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

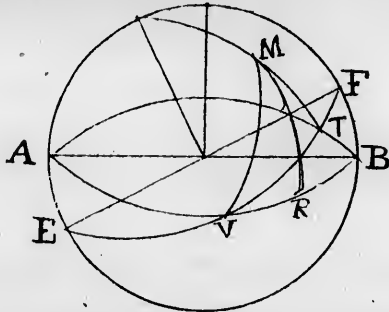
All such communications should be addressed to
D. O'SULLIVAN, Villanova College.

21.—Given the obliquity of the ecliptic $e = 23^\circ 27'$, the latitude of a star 51° , its longitude 315° : find its declination and its right ascension.

Solution by Francis J. Kelleher, '93'.

Longitude of star $VT = 315^\circ$ or -45° .

Latitude of star $TM = 51^\circ$.



The angle made by the plane of the ecliptic, EF , with that of the equinoctial AB , = angle $RVI = 23^\circ 27'$.

V is the vernal equinox, or First of Aries.

To find VR = Right Ascension, and

RM = Declination.

In right triangle VTM

$\cos VM = \cos VT \cos TM$, and

$\tan MVT = \tan MT \csc VT$.

$\log \cos 315^\circ = 9.84949$

$\log \cos 51^\circ = 9.79887$

$\log \cos VM = 9.64836$

$VM = 63^\circ 34' 36''$

$\log \tan 51^\circ = 10.09163$

$\log \csc 315^\circ = 0.15051 (n)$

$\log \tan MVT = 10.24214 (n)$

$MVT = -(60^\circ 12' 14'')$

In right triangle RVM

$RVM = RVT + TVM$

$= 23^\circ 27' - (60^\circ 12' 14'')$

$= -(36^\circ 45' 14'')$

$\sin RM = \sin VM \sin RVM$

$\log \sin VM = 9.95208$

$\log \sin RVM = 9.77698$

$\log \sin RM = 9.72906$

$RM = 32^\circ 24' 12''$

$\sin VR = \tan RM \cot RVM$

$\log \tan RM = 9.80257$

$\log \cot RVM = 0.12677 (n)$

$\log \sin VR = 9.92934 (n)$

$VR = -(58^\circ 11' 43'')$

$\therefore VR = 360^\circ - (58^\circ 11' 42'')$

$= 301^\circ 48' 17''$

22.—Three persons having bought a conical sugar loaf, wish to divide it into three equal parts, by sections parallel to the base: it is required to find the altitude of each person's share, the altitude of the loaf being 20 inches.

Solution by Fred. F. Commins, '92.

Solids are to each other as the cubes of their homologous dimensions. \therefore

$$3 : 1 :: 20^3 : x^3$$

$$x = 13.867 \text{ inches} = \text{altitude of upper part}$$

and

$$3 : 2 :: 20^3 : x^3$$

$$x = 17.471 = \text{alt from apex to 1st section.}$$

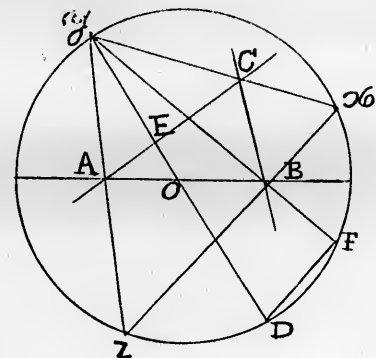
$$17.471 - 13.867 = \text{alt of middle part} = 3.604 \text{ inches, and}$$

$$20 - 17.471 = 2.529 \text{ inches} = \text{alt of lower part.}$$

23.—Prove that the perpendiculars from the centers of the escribed circles of a triangle on the corresponding sides, are concurrent.

Solution by William J. Parker, '93.

Let ABC be the \triangle , and let X, Y, Z be the centers of the escribed circles.



Describe a circle about the $\triangle XYZ$. Let O be its centre. Join YO , and produce it to meet the circumference in D , and cutting AC in E . We shall prove that YO is perpendicular to AC .

Join YB , and produce it to meet the circumference in F . Join DF .

Now the angle YFD is a right angle (the angle in a semi-circle), and XBZ is right, since YB is perpendicular to XZ . $\therefore XZ$ and FD are parallel \therefore the arc $ZD = XF$, hence the angle $ZYD = XYF$ and the angle $YAE = YXB$.

\therefore the angle $YEA = YBX$; but YBX is right, $\therefore YEA$ is right; hence YO is perpendicular to AC . Similarly if we join XO, ZO , they will be perpendicular to BC, AB . Hence the three perpendiculars are concurrent.

Want of space prevents us from inserting another beautiful proof of problem 24, by Thos. J. Lee, '94. It will appear in the June number.

24. — Solve: $2(x^{\frac{1}{2}}-1)^{-1} - 2(x^{\frac{1}{2}}-4)^{-1} = 3(x^{\frac{1}{2}}-2)^{-1}$

Solution by Frederick F. Commins, '92.

$$2(x^{\frac{1}{2}}-1)^{-1} - 2(x^{\frac{1}{2}}-4)^{-1} = 3(x^{\frac{1}{2}}-2)^{-1}$$

Which equation written with positive exponents

is $\frac{2}{x^{\frac{1}{2}}-1} - \frac{2}{x^{\frac{1}{2}}-4} = \frac{3}{x^{\frac{1}{2}}-2}$ clear of fractions.

$$2x - 12x^{\frac{1}{2}} + 16 - 2x + 6x^{\frac{1}{2}} - 4 = 3x - 15x^{\frac{1}{2}} + 12$$

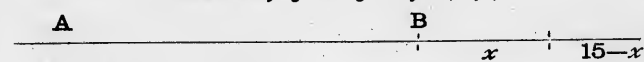
$$-3x + 9x^{\frac{1}{2}} = 0$$

$$x^{\frac{1}{2}} = -3 \text{ or } 0$$

$$x = 9 \text{ or } 0$$

25.—An army on the march is 25 miles in length. An orderly in the extreme rear is sent with a message to the commanding officer at the front, 25 miles away. He delivers his message, returns at once to his position in the rear and finds the army has advanced 15 miles. How far has he traveled?

Solution by John J. Ryle, '94.



Let $AB = 25$ miles.

x = the distance the army has moved while he is riding to x , and $15 - x$ = the distance the army has marched while he rides back.

$25 + x$ = distance up.

$25 - (15 - x) = 10 + x$ = distance down.

$\therefore 25 + x : x :: 10 + x : 15 - x$

$375 - 10x - x^2 = 10x + x^2$

$2x^2 + 20x = 375$. Complete square

$16x^2 + (\quad) + 20^2 = 3,000 + 400 = 3,400$

$4x + 20 = \pm 58.3$

$4x = 38.3$

$x = 9.57$

$\therefore 25 + x = 34.57$

$10 + x = 19.57$

54.14 miles traveled.

New Problems.

26.—Given the latitude of a place and the sun's declination: find his altitude and azimuth at 6 o'clock A. M. (neglecting refraction).

27.—If perpendiculars be drawn from the angular points of a square to any line, the sum of the squares of the perpendiculars from one pair of opposite angles exceeds twice the rectangle of the perpendiculars from the other pair of opposite angles by the area of the square.

28.—A party of 20 persons go on a pic-nic and between them they contribute \$20.00 for the entertainment. The men pay \$1, the women 50c. and the children 25c. How many men, women and children are there?

29.—Solve by Horner's method

$$x^4 - 8x^3 - 14x^2 + 4x - 8 = 0.$$

Splinters.

Brass.

Shaun.

G-lant.

Treacle.

Mikie.

Reviews.

Holy Scissors!

The ghost walks.

Where did they *Al-dine*?

Not last, but least—W. M.

Who pumped the organ?

How about the other donkey?

Billy, isn't that a nice moon?

Last night was a fine day, wasn't it?

A half dozen oranges please.

I'm right if you hear me warbling.

He gave me a *live* violet.

Order what you please, dat's de biz.

Boys, keep ahead of your work.

Billy, isn't that a *nice* moon?

Make hay while the sun shines.

Who is all over the field? The *short-stop*.

Who is the white-haired chappie?

The villain still pursues the boy with the cigarettes.

I'm living the life of a prince.

"Trust no one but yourself, Shaun."

Billy, isn't that a nice *Moon*?

T will C that we get FAIR play.

How Dick enjoys his own jokes!

How does ice water strike you Stanley?

Really, gentlemen, this is unexpected.

No wonder he looked so lonesome.

Hide yourselves, the yeoman are coming.

It takes a strong wind to blow George *South*.

Phil catches the ball well when he has a *Mit-on*.

Kavanagh looked quite *Rosey* as a female impersonator.

Hearken to the voice of the captain.

Do you say your name is Noname?—but T. convulsed with laughter Gant answer.

Bill came Nye collapsing at a visit of some of his friends.

Sullivan still frequents his familiar haunts,

And patiently endures his fellow-students' taunts.

Frank surprised us in preventing Willie from making a noise *board-ering* on tumult: Moral, don't be *Too-sure* in going to *Pickett* up.

Say, friend, if that was mine I'd open it.

Always and ever endeavor to preserve the beautiful.

The boys are all *Empressed* with those luminous dark eyes.

Wait until I get my room next year.

Look there, John, the boys have been playing marbles.

Why can't you shoot it with a blank cartridge? Gentle Will, take our advice and don't stretch any more. It's gone far enough.

It appears that roses cease to grow in *Rosemont* as there is a noticeable scarcity of the dear little flowers at present.

Judging from the manner in which they performed the love scenes, it strikes us forcibly "they've all been there before many a time."

T. F., one of the seniors, for the past month has been busily engaged collecting stamps for the African mission.—Keep up the good work, Tommy.

The teacher went around the class,

Jimmie thought by him he'd pass;

He was the last the Prof. espied,

Jimmie bravely said, I'm *satisfied*.

J. V. has finally conceded the fact that he is surpassed by Felix in the production of sounds.

J. R. knows from actual measurement the exact number of feet and inches between Villanova and Bryn Mawr. He has footed it many times.

Since the Blues *Red* of the Greens they have no fear of the Whites.

Charles thinks he will have his photograph enlarged, embodying the strides he takes after making a catch.

OUR HERO.

From the halls of the Convent "Our Hero" rushed forth,

And wild was the glare of his dark, rolling eye,
As he gazed on the building that points to the north,

And saw, as he thought, a flame leap to the sky.
Then he cried: "There's a fire! get the hose
Brother Ned."

But the Brother responded quite coolly, by Jove,
"O Father Avick! what's got into your head,
Sure 'tis only a spark from the shoemaker's stove."

Our "Splinter Ed." is ill,
The task now rests on Bill,
To grind out wit, and make a hit;
To move us with a quill.

A melancholy joke
Our chippy Ed. did choke.
With nod of head, the doctor said:
"He did the gods provoke!"

Now Billy do your best,
"A Mahon's a man"—no jest!
If you get there, you'll get the chair
When "Woody's" laid at rest.

PERSONALS.

Mr. P. F. Monaghan, of Shenandoah, Pa., a former student of our College, was the guest of his brother Edward on the 14th.

M. A. Tierney, '93, was called home during the Easter holidays to attend his mother's funeral. It is with the deepest sorrow that we announce this sad news, and beg to express our sincere condolence in the family's bereavement.

Rev. Frs. Monaghan, '78, and Dolan, of St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia, called at the College during the past month. They were entertained by Rev. R. F. Harris, O.S.A.

Mr. J. F. Hilleary, B.S., '92, who is pursuing a course of civil engineering at the Steven's Institute, Hoboken, N. J., recently made a visit to his Alma Mater.

Mr. Gerald Gallagher, formerly '92 and at present a medical student of the University of Pennsylvania, spent Easter Sunday at the College with his friend, W. J. Parker, our genial editor.

Thomas H. Fitzgerald and T. P. Callahan, members of the staff, enjoyed a ride on the locomotive, John Bull, while on its way to Chicago.

Mr. Frank Crowe, of St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, called to see his cousins, Martin and Charles, of the junior division.

Mr. P. J. O'Donnell, of Camden, N. J., spent last Sunday with his brothers, Roger and Bernard.

E. J. McKeough, who for some time has been under the care of an oculist, has so far recovered as to be able to resume his studies.

On the 27th inst., the following Augustinian scholastics—W. A. Coar, J. F. Medina and J. A. McErlain—will be ordained priests by the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan.

During the past month seven new students have been registered on the roll. The number of students this year far exceeds that of former years, a result of the interest taken in the students by those in immediate charge.

Misses Ernestina and Eloisa Duque, of the Young Ladies' Academy, of Notre Dame, Philadelphia, visited their brother Luciano.

On April 21, Professor S. F. Neff, principal of the Neff College of Oratory, was the guest of our Vice-President. During his stay he addressed the students of the elocution class. He spoke particularly on the requisites for oratory and effective public speech in general, and concluded by reciting a poem entitled "Alaska." The recitation was loudly applauded, and the class much pleased with the speaker's remarks.

THE SOCIETIES.

V. L. I. Institute Hall, Wednesday April 20th. To-day was held the regular monthly meeting of the V. L. I. A full attendance was requested, but nearly one-half of the members were absent. Those, however, who were fortunate enough to be present enjoyed a spicy meeting. For some time past the daily papers have been missing from the files and it has been impossible to locate the guilty parties. At to-day's meeting, however, the discovery was made and henceforth, the papers will in all probability be on file at the regular time and place.

When this matter was settled to the evident satisfaction of all present, the President made a few suggestions relative to what the society of '93 should leave as a memorial. The matter was laid over until the next regular meeting, when some definite action will be taken.

V. D. S. On Saturday evening April 22nd, a general debate took place on the subject—Resolved: "that Classics are of more benefit in education than Mathematics." The debate proved very interesting and nearly all took advantage of the allotted time to express their views. The house was divided between the champions of Classics and Mathematics and according as the arguments advanced by the opposing side convinced a member on either side, he changed to that side. Much amusement was caused by frequent changes of the same parties and when the debate closed, the classical side was ahead with a score of eighteen to twelve. We hope to hear another good debate of the same kind in the near future.

The debating season is fast drawing to a close and some seem to have lost the enthusiasm that fired them earlier in the year. This should not be. As much depends on the constancy with which one adheres to his work as upon the work itself. Let us continue, then, as we have begun, and let not our ardor flag even though spring fever is prevalent.

Our Glee Club will soon be called upon to take an active and important part in the Rosary Society's annual commencement. In view of this fact, the members are having frequent rehearsals. As there is some good vocal talent in the club we may expect a very pleasing entertainment from it.

EXCHANGES.

In looking over the pages of the *Georgetown College Journal* we were very much pleased with the article, "The Training Afforded by College Journalism." It is an easy matter to note the careful thought which the writer has given to his subject, and his varied and extensive knowledge, which he uses to such advantage in the excellent journal of which he has the honor to be editor-in-chief.

We regret very much the non-appearance on our table of the *Owl*, from Ottawa University. We hold this worthy magazine in high esteem, and hope that it will soon reappear among our other exchanges.

The *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian* reached us this month at a very early date. Clad in a purely white cover, on which its title was inscribed in letters of gold, it presented a most attractive appearance, and gave evidence of the enterprise of its managers.

The *Facts*, one of our most esteemed exchanges, is a paper devoted to the interests of Southern Catholics. Its columns are always well filled with current news and items of public interest, while its editorials, generally on some of the questions of the day, are so ably written that even the most critical can hardly find fault. Besides *Facts* there are many other weekly journals which we are pleased to mention as visitors to our sanctum, such as the *Scranton Index*, *Catholic Advocate*, *New York Tablet* and *Boston Pilot*.

Among the weeklies which come to us after braving all the dangers of a long journey from the West, none affords us more pleasure than the *Monitor*, from San Francisco. Its editorials are strong and interesting, and all its literary matter is well worthy of perusal.

The March and April numbers of the *Sentinel*, from St. Mary's College, Kentucky, have failed to reach us. We hope for a continued exchange of the *Sentinel*, as we miss very much from our table this excellent little journal.

We are pleased to note among our exchanges the *Highlander*, from the College of the Sacred Heart, Denver, Col. Its appearance is artistic and its matter select. An essay, which pleases us much is "The Value of Formal Logic." The writer ably treats of the perfect syllogism and of sophistry, and aptly refers to the great injury of the latter in spreading error, corrupting innocent minds, etc. Not the least injury, according to the writer, is the humiliation of the reader or the hearer when he realizes the deception practised on him, either by the malice of the logician, hidden in his sophisms, or by the untrained mind of the sophist.

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Villanova Monthly

Vol. I.

Villanova College, June, 1893.

No. 6.

Ode to St. Aloysius.

Sweet soul of piety, enshrined above,
With heavenly glory 'round thy angel form,
Now singing in the choir of love ;
Thy spirit to the great white throne doth move,
Far distant from the world's dark, threatening storm.
Long since exalted worth hath called thee blessed,
And Sin and Lethe's stream have vanquished been.
But still, in moments of the soul's unrest,
I've heard thy voice above the din
In accents soft, that breathe a calm,
And banish far all feelings of alarm,
Thy life on earth was like the flower that dwells
In modest sweetness, by the woodland dells,
Exhaling thence the troubled world around
A fragrance that, like music's sound,
Rapt the full soul and lifts it up to thee,
Thou model of true sanctity.

Oh ! blessed Saint, from thy dear home
In Heaven's far-circling dome,
Look down, and list the ascending praise awhile
That flows from mortal lips. The day's bright gleam
Obscures our sight, but when thy gentle smile
Illumines all, Pomp's gorgeous pile
Is vanished like a dream.

On thy great feast-day we recall
How in Earth's sinful pleasure-hall,
Through which in this low life men's feet must tread,
Thy way unscathed along its paths once led
Far onward in their narrow length to Heaven,
One journey thine, for this thy life was given.

In form I know that thou art fled,
And yet my vision seems to trace
A youth before a mighty army led,
A gentle prince of heaven-born grace.
Thy noble sire did gaze expectant on thy face,
To catch the first impression on the soul
Of proud array, of titles, pomp and base
Ambition ; then, the book and learned scroll
Were frowned upon ; the one and long-sought goal
Of fame and life was where the thunders of Bellona roll.

On Casal's plain, the assembled troops
Crossed and re-crossed in trappings gay ;
Their arms flashed back the light of day—

Brave men, misled, of kings the willing dupes,
For royal smiles to death would ride ;
Theirs was a base, a servile pride.

But sadly viewed the pious youth
These hireling foes of sacred Right and Truth ;
He mused on human pride and empty fame,
That give our lives to misery and shame,
That break the harmony of this fair world
And send aloft Sin's banner bright unfurled.

To fairer fields of innocent delight,
With fixed resolve, the Prince Angelic strayed,
Where sun-kissed flowers were never born to fade,
Or, trembling, feel the chilly hand of Night.
The cloister and its holy rest,
Its sweet communings with the blest,
Gave promise of enduring peace above,
When happy souls are bound for aye in golden chains of love.

What grace in saintly heart doth dwell
Is not for sinful man to tell.
The Eye of Heaven alone can mark
Of virtue's flame the glowing spark.
Oh ! meekness of a loving saint,
How hard in truthful tints to paint
Thy hallowed worth.

Ah ! now that I with reverent lips might greet
The path of penance of thy pilgrim feet,
Where, pitying, thou didst wail the sins of men,
And pray with fervent mind that back again
The erring flock might homeward wend its way,
And never more from Virtue's pathway stray !
How glad I'd kneel thy hardened couch beside,
From which so oft, in Night's dark, ebbing tide,
Thou steppedst to bless the sleeping world ; but now,
When I recall the laurels on thy brow
In early youth, and how at Life's brief span
'They turned to halos 'round thy head, I tell as best I
can ;

And oft, as rosy June brings 'round thy day,
The record of thy life will cheer our way,
And cast on weary hearts a Heaven-sent ray.

JAMES H. FLANNERY.

The Pleasures of Memory.

Memory is that power or capacity of the mind by which it reproduces what was once present to the senses. Without this faculty man would, in some respects, sink below his present dignity, and lack, moreover, the great pleasures that fond memories must ever bring to him. Just as faith, hope and charity are necessary for eternal happiness hereafter, so free will, understanding and memory are essential for the pursuit of pleasure in this world. God in His wisdom has bestowed upon us the gift of memory, that by its aid we may make our sojourn here a happy one. We, on the other hand, if we desire to find consolation in the pleasures of memory, must lead truly Christian lives, so that, when the curtain descends on the stage of our life, we can turn to our Creator with confidence, the memory of our righteousness being our assurance of His divine favor in our behalf. As we advance in life, the pleasures of memory become sweeter and dearer; but not until we have arrived at manhood's estate, do they possess that charm which "monarchs are too poor to buy." In childhood's day we see every path strewn with flowers, and in our youth our fertile imagination is intoxicated with the future of the unreal. We pass heedlessly over these days, never thinking what a conspicuous part they are to play in after years. Manhood then dawns upon us, childhood and youth have passed away. With the courage of the gladiator we enter the vast arena, to swell the multitude of struggling humanity. What a change this new condition effects in us! Are our early expectations realized? Does the world look less fair than in our youth? Does not the fleeting phantom of pleasure lure us on? This is the waking time of conscience. As we stand upon the bridge of life, we see before us distinctly "a wasted youth on one side, and the darkness of approaching age upon the other." In this perplexity, the sweet voice of memory consoles us like the soothing balm of Gilead. Now it is, and only now, that the pleasures of the past can be recalled with a surely happy effect. Now it is that the days that are gone seem the brightest, and with the poet we exclaim:

"Soul-like were those days of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more."

With what pleasure do we contemplate our happy childhood's home, our innocent sports and pastimes; the childish cares and troubles which agitated our young minds! What happy recollections hover around the old school house in which we learned those principles which were to guide the future man! Where are those smiling faces that

greeted us on the playground? Some yet remain, others "The grave has lost in its unconscious womb." Once more we stand beside a mother's knee, and hear her gentle admonitions. 'Twas here we first clasped our hands in prayer and were told of the God who loves little children. Who can forget a mother's tender care or her anxiety lest her offspring might depart from the path of rectitude and truth? With what undying love does she not observe its every action! Then, too, the memory of a father's kind and fostering care fills our hearts to overflowing. Who can revert without pleasure to the joy of his parents, and his own great peace of soul, on the occasion of his First Communion—happy day! Then it was that we possessed the unsullied lily of purity, and within our breast "there was a heart at rest." How much pleasure it affords us when we call up in long review our associates in early life! There is not a heart open to impression that can look upon these days without emotion; our rambles together in the cool shade of evening by the sparkling brook, our plans for the future, the rollicking fun, the anecdotes told to while away the dreary hours, the memories of a devoted brother, the affections of a loving sister: who can dwell upon these and say, memory hath no charms? Again, when we endure some pang of bitterness, where do we find solace?

Truly has it been written "Memory is the only friend that grief can call its own." We need no better evidence of the truth of this statement than the above. The pleasures of the past are set at naught, if our lives have not been guided by virtue's shining star. Though misfortune may have obscured our path betimes, and though we have been forced to drink our potion of the cup of bitterness and have seen our most sanguine hopes grow cold, yet in the memories of the past do we not find some heroic example of courage that will cause us to take heart again? In the history of our own land, for instance, the names of Washington, Lafayette, Webster and Lincoln cause a glow of pride in the heart of every true American, and these names will give pleasure as long as patriotism is admired and love of liberty, after the love of God, is regarded as the highest of human aspirations. And as it is with us, so it is with those of other lands. To whatever nation we belong there will be found in its history, and in its institutions, much to glory in, much to lessen the burden of care and cheer the drooping heart. When our spirit is oppressed and "words come up too thick for utterance," some bygone event, to which distance lends enchantment, will serve to unburden our troubled soul. And when the supreme moment arrives,

when the sun of our lives is setting, what a charm the memories of happier days cast around us! Then it is we reflect most, and strive with all our power to draw consolation from the past. All the joys and comforts of life pass quickly before us, kind Providence thus permitting us to revert in memory to those scenes which will afford us solace at this trying time. Herein is the crowning pleasure of our existence, when we turn to our Creator with the consciousness of a life well spent, and with the hope of soon receiving in another world that great reward which He has promised to those who faithfully serve Him in this—the never ending happiness of Heaven.

JAS. H. FLOOD, '95.

St. Augustine of Hippo—His Youth.*

Augustine one of the four great Fathers of the Latin Church and admittedly the greatest of the four, was more profound than Ambrose, his spiritual father, more original and systematic than Jerome, and intellectually far more distinguished than Gregory the Great the last of the series.

The theological position and influence of Augustine may be said to be unrivalled. No single name has ever exercised such power over the Church and no one mind ever made such an impression upon Christian thought.

The pre-eminence of St. Augustine among the scholars, saints and defenders of the Church, is abundantly attested by the titles given to him by the Supreme Pontiffs in different ages. He has been styled by them "Founder of Religious"; "Reformer of the Church"; "Light of the Church"; "Patriarch of Africa"; "Warrior of the Faith"; "Scourge of heresy"; "Buckler of religion"; "Defender of Truth"; "Chief of the Doctors".

Augustine was born at Tagaste now known as Souk-Arras, a town of Numidia in Africa, on the 13th day of November, A. D. 354.†

His father Patricius was a burgher—*curialis*—of

Tagaste, of rather slender means.* His mother Monica† was not only a Christian but a woman of the most elevated, tender and devoted piety, whose fasts and prayers for both her husband and her son was at length crowned with success in both cases; and whose affectionate and beautiful enthusiasm has been recognized as a touching type of womanly excellence for all ages. Besides Augustine Monica had two children both his juniors, a son Navigius to whom Augustine refers in his books—*On the Blessed Life*, (cap. VI.,) and *On Divine Order*, (lib. I., cap. II.,) and a daughter, whom St. Possidius, the contemporary and friend of Augustine, says, in his *Life* of this saint, was a widow and for many years superioress of a nunnery at Hippo.‡

Monica early instructed her son Augustine in the principles and practices of piety. Love for his mother was in Augustine unceasing. In his *Confessions* he never ceases to extol the praises of the one to whom under God he chiefly owed his conversion.

Falling ill—as a child he was attacked with colic—he wished to be baptized, but on recovering his father had the baptism deferred.

Inheriting from his father strong passions and deep attachments, while still a youth, in about the seventeenth year of his age, he formed at Carthage, whither he had gone to pursue his studies, a connexion—common enough at the time and recognized by the civil laws, but at variance with Christian morality. As the result of this connection he became the father of a son whom, in a fit of pious emotion, he named Adeodatus—God-given, but whom, in later years, he refers to only as "the child of my sin."

Both Monica and Augustine nourished for one another the deepest and tenderest love and solicitude; whence they have been looked upon as among the most cherished examples of motherly and filial affection.

Augustine was not given to gross vices. In his *Confessions*, (see Book II.) it is true, he names his faults, and styles them crimes. Such were his habit of idling away his time when he should have been at study; his petty thefts at home; cheating his companions at play; outbursts of anger; and untruthfulness to his schoolmaster, teachers and

* Augustine's full name was Aurelius Augustinus, as we learn from the works of Paul Orosius, Claudianus Mamertus, the Venerable Bede, and the *Carmen—De Ingratis*—of St. Prosper of Aquitaine. See the *Sancti Aurelii Augustini . . . Vita*, . . . by the celebrated Tillemont, (chap. I., no. 3.,) published among St. Augustine's *Works*—in vol. XI., p. 2, of the Antwerp edition, of 1702; and St. Prosper's *Carmen*, (cap. V.) in vol. XII, p. 8, of the same.

† The chronology here followed is taken from the Augustinian Berti's work *De Gestibus*. In his *de Beata Vita*, (cap. I., no. 6,) Augustine says that his birthday was the Ides of November. As to the year of his birth, which some have placed in A. D. 355, but others—and perhaps more accurately—in 354, (see Berti, as above, pp. 2-3,) the latter date is the one that is generally received.

* In his *Sermo* 356. no. 6, Augustine calls himself *pauperem, atque ex pauperibus natum*.

† A short sketch of this blessed Saint appeared in the last number of THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY.

‡ For this saintly sister of the blessed Augustine, whom Augustinian writers, on what authority I know not, commonly name Perpetua, see the *Vita* by Possidius, in the Antwerp edition of the *Works of St. Augustine*, (as above,) vol. X., Appendix, p. 174.

parents. Yet he was of singular self-control, and no sparer of self; he was temperate in food and drink, though he deplored a natural tendency to wine.

In the midst of all his pleasures, (he dearly loved games,) Augustine was an earnest and unwearying student, though, as he himself says, he hated the rudiments of science. His father, observing the studious and judicial temperament of his son, designed him for the bar, for which Augustine confessed a liking. The youth studied not only at his native town of Tagaste, but at the age of seventeen had already gone through the course of humanities at Madaura. Here he studied literature, oratory, music and astrology. At Carthage, whither he had been sent by the kindness and liberality of a townsman by name Romanianus, who assisted Monica in paying for her son's tuition, he passed through the several stages of rhetoric, and there, as at Madaura and Tagaste, surpassed his fellow students. He was devoted to the Latin poets, especially Virgil; his acquaintance with Greek—this was an after study; he never liked it—, was extensive enough to read the Greek Fathers Basil and Epiphanius in the original, and sufficiently profound to correct the Psalms according to the Septuagint version. He loved Plato, was himself an Academician from the age of twenty-nine, and was not unfamiliar with the Punic or Carthaginian dialect. In after years he preached, it is said, on his visits as bishop of Hippo, to the out-of-the-way villages of his diocese, in the Punic tongue. Nor was he ignorant of Hebrew; but this he acquired long after his conversion.

While at Carthage he was carried away for a time by the evil examples of the students to frequent the theatres and public shows. He often refers to the corrupt and sceptical class of young men that frequented the schools of this—the second city of the Roman Empire. No one was more emphatic than he in condemning the spirit of impiety and of unbridled lust, and a well-nigh utter disbelief in a Supreme Being, that marked the schools at Carthage. Attachment to theatrical displays was looked on as a sign of disbelief in Christianity.

Jr. Thomas *(P. Middleton, D.D., T. C. M.)*
(To be Continued.)

Work.

Every man possesses a certain amount of innate energy which is active itself, and which constantly impels him to activity. But like all the gifts which the Creator has so abundantly lavished upon man, this energy must be developed in order that it may accomplish its destined end. For its development he has powers both mental and physical, and the exercise of these powers is called work. Work is, therefore, natural to man—is, in fact, a law of his nature.

Even if this were not so, the present condition of man makes work a necessity, as it is the only means whereby he may put himself in communication with nature, and acquaint himself with the secrets which she hides within her breast. The mines of coal and salt, of gold and silver and precious stones have come to light only by the work of the industrious miner. The mighty forests have been cleared away, and ploughed, and planted with various seeds, whence are reaped harvests in abundance with which to feed the thousand millions of the human family—all by the persevering energy of work. The elements themselves—light, heat, electricity, and all the forces of nature have been brought under comparative subjection, and have been compelled to minister unto the wants and luxuries of man. Work may be compared to a mighty magician who, entering a vast and dreary desert waste, lifts his wand, and behold! that which was once a dreary waste has become a luxuriant garden, smiling with fruits and flowers, and busy with the life and bustle of the inhabitants.

Truly it was a wise disposition of God's Providence that man should be at the mercy of work. Existence without it is inconceivable. Even in the primitive state of innocence, before God pronounced the curse upon man, "Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow," work would have been absolutely necessary to man. The only difference would be that what is now oftentimes a source of pain, dissatisfaction and regret, would then have been a source of endless joy and pleasure.

Man is so constituted by nature that life itself depends upon the exercise of the various powers or energies with which he is endowed. Constant inactivity would destroy the muscles, congeal the blood, and gradually dry up the well-springs of existence. But work on the contrary strengthens the muscles, puts the blood in circulation, feeds the brain, and thus confers upon man that greatest of all natural blessings, a sound mind in a sound body.

The results of work are many. Independence and self-respect are essential to happiness; and

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these are never to be attained without earnest work. No idle man, no matter how rich he may be, can feel the genuine independence of the laborer who earns honestly and manfully his daily bread. No idle man can enjoy self-respect, neither can he enjoy or hope for the respect of his fellow-men or of God. For God did not create man to spend his life in idleness, and thus be of no service to the rest of creation. Each individual is a part of one great whole, of one great machine, which is kept in good working order only by each part performing its allotted functions. A man who neglects to do this is an anomaly in creation, and the sooner he bids adieu forever to his uncongenial surroundings, the better it will be for himself and for the world at large.

Who is the happy man? He who performs his part in life; who makes constant use of the gifts bestowed upon him by his generous Creator, and who thereby fulfils the end of his creation. He who is grateful because he has found his work; who is not discouraged by the trials and difficulties which he must endure in its performance, but who by earnestness and perseverance finds the pathway to success. Such a man is not only happy himself, but makes others happy as well; he lightens the burdens of others, alleviates their miseries, and helps them in their necessity. His very presence is a stimulant to exertion and an inspiration to nobility of soul.

Some claim that there is no dignity attached to work, but such persons do not understand what they are talking about. They certainly do not understand the nature of work, nor its absolute necessity to man's interests. They shut their eyes to all that has been accomplished by work, and refuse to see all that may yet be accomplished by the same mighty power. They disregard altogether the manifestation of the will of God in the discipline of the worker by which he is made to realize his position as a creature and his dependence upon the Creator.

Work leads man to the temple of fame by various paths. We form an estimate of a man from what he does. As the poet has said:

"How long we live not years but actions tell."

We should strive, therefore, to perform our part in life well by laboring earnestly and perseveringly for our own good and for the good of our fellow-men. For this resolution and courage are necessary.

"Resolve! Resolve! and to be men aspire,
Exert that noblest privilege,—alone
Here to mankind indulged;—control desire;
Let God-like Reason from her sovereign throne
Speak the commanding word, 'I will!'—and it is
done."

D. F. HARKIN, '93.

An Excellent Work.

From the Catholic Review.

LEONARD'S MASS IN HONOR OF ST. AUGUSTINE.—

By the Rev. J. Leonard, O.S.A., and dedicated to Very Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A., Lansingburgh, N. Y. (D. J. Gallagher & Co., Publishers, 420 Library street.)

The reverend author of this excellent work has evidently great musical talent. Furthermore he has, as is seen from his production, combined much study and excellent judgment with his natural ability. In these days of fol-de-rol music, unfortunately so common, it is a genuine pleasure to listen to such music as that which Father Leonard has given us. It is to be hoped that Father Leonard will not be satisfied to rest now upon his laurels, but will continue on and from time to time give to the world the results of his labors. We are confident that if he does, each new work of his will be hailed with delight by all judges of good music. His present production we heartily recommend to all.

ATHLETICS.

Villanova College 6, State Normal 5.

May 6.—The West Chester State Normal School team came to Villanova and was convinced that the College boys were better ball-players. Although the score was close, there was not much doubt, after the second innings, as to which club would win. O'Leary played a beautiful game at first, accepting a number of hard chances without an error. Gallagher, for the home team, led at the bat, and Lonaker, for the visitors. The latter also caught his usual good game. The score

Villanova.						West Chester.					
	R	H	O	A	E		R	H	O	A	E
Herron, 1	.0	0	0	1	0	Lukens, 3b	.0	0	2	0	0
McDonnell, c	.0	2	6	0	1	Monahan, ss	.1	1	0	3	1
McKenna, p	.0	1	1	8	0	Farrell, lf	.2	0	1	0	0
Carey, ss	.1	0	0	3	1	Longaker, c	.0	2	8	4	0
Gallagher, 2b	.2	2	5	4	1	Hartman, 1b	.1	1	10	0	1
Jennings, 3b	.1	1	0	0	0	Ford, p	.1	1	0	7	1
Murphy, cf	.1	1	0	0	0	Buckman, rf	.0	0	0	0	2
Dugan, rf	.0	0	0	0	2	Fluck, 2b	.0	1	5	0	2
O'Leary, 1b	.1	2	15	0	0	Wilson, cf	.0	1	1	0	1
Totals	6	9	27	16	5	Totals	5	7	27	14	8

Earned runs—Villanova, 3; West Chester, 1. Two base hits—Gallagher, Longaker, Jennings. Left on bases—Villanova, 5; West Chester, 4. Struck out—by McKenna, 6; Ford, 7. Base on balls—McKenna, 3; Ford, 2. Passed balls—McDonnell, 2. Time—1.45. Umpire—Wm. Mahon.

State Normal 4, Villanova College 9.

West Chester, May 18.—A large and enthusiastic crowd witnessed the Normal School of West Chester and the Villanova College teams cross bats at West Chester.

The beautiful weather lured a large contingent of young ladies of the State Normal School to see the game, and many students from Villanova, with the College colors flying, helped to make the scene at the West Chester field more than usually attractive. Doubtless, also, the fact that the Normal's opponents were the sturdy ball tossers of Delaware county had also its effect.

The Normal's friends tried to give them encouragement by their faint college cries; but were forced to yield to the volume, tone and quality of the cry of Villanova's adherents.

Gallagher's veterans won the game from the Normal's after a most interesting contest, doubly so, owing to the fact that the Normal's were certain of victory. After the fourth innings the Normals awoke to the fact that they could not play ball with Captain Gallagher's men. The score

Villanova.						West Chester.					
	R	H	O	A	E		R	H	O	A	E
Hart, 3b . . .	0	1	2	1	1	Monahan, ss . .	1	1	1	2	1
Smith, p 2b . .	1	2	4	4	0	Farrell, lf . . .	0	0	2	0	0
Herron, cf . . .	1	0	1	0	0	Ford, p	0	1	1	8	0
McKenna, p 2b .	1	1	6	1	1	Longaker, c . .	0	0	8	1	0
O'Leary, 1b . .	1	2	7	0	2	Hartman, 2b . .	0	1	3	1	2
Gallagher, lf .	2	2	1	0	0	Kane, 1b	1	2	7	0	0
Carey, ss . . .	1	0	3	3	1	Buckman, rf . .	0	1	0	0	0
Jennings, rf . .	0	1	0	0	0	Fluck, cf	2	0	3	0	1
McDonnell, c .	1	1	8	4	1	Herron, 3b . . .	0	0	2	2	4
Totals	9	10	27	18	6	Totals	4	6	27	14	8

Earned runs—Villanova, 4; Normal, 1. Two base hits—McDonnell, Jennings, Smith, Kane. Left on bases—Villanova, 6; West Chester, 7. Struck out—by McKenna, 5; Ford, 8; Smith, 3. Passed balls—McDonnell, 2. Time—2 hours. Umpires—Wm. Mahon, Wm. Philips.

Villanova, May 20. Ten to eight was the score between the Montgomery A. A. and Villanova College in favor of the former. The game was of the average kind, although Herron was obliged to pitch in place of McKenna, who was unable to do so, owing to sickness. The umpiring too, was against Villanovians, two bad decisions in the ninth inning gave runs to their opponents. The fielding of the Villanovians, and their base-running were the features. The score:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Montgomery	1	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	4	10	5	6
Villanova	2	1	2	0	0	1	2	0	0	8	7	4

Earned runs—Montgomery A. A., 3; Villanova, 4; Two base hits—Pickett, Gallagher, Hoffman. Left on bases—Villanova, 3; Montgomery A. A., 5;

Struck out—by Hoffman, 5; Herron, 9. Passed balls—McDonnell, 1; Zook, 3. Time—1.45. Umpire—Mahon.

The second game of the series between the Reds and Blues resulted in a victory for the former. The score:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R	H	E
Reds	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	1	0	1	6	7	6
Blues	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	5	4	7

Two base hits—Murphy, O'Leary, Herron. Left on bases—Reds, 7; Blues, 5. Struck out—by Herron, 14; Gallagher, 6. Base on balls—by Herron, 4; Gallagher, 3. Time—1.45. Umpire—Mahon.

Ordinations

The closing week of Mary's month was an eventful one for three Augustinian scholastics:—Revs. John F. Medina, O.S.A.; Walter A. Coar, O.S.A., and John A. McErlain, O.S.A., who were raised to the sublime dignity of the holy priesthood. The ordaining prelate was His Grace Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. On Wednesday morning, May 24th, in the Seminary Chapel at Overbrook the above-named gentlemen, together with six Vincentian scholastics from Germantown, Pa., received ecclesiastical tonsure and minor orders. On Thursday morning in the same place eight diocesan seminarians and three Vincentians, together with our own scholastics, were ordained Sub-Deacons. Friday morning witnessed the conferring of the Sacred Order of Deaconship upon four Diocesan Sub-Deacons, two Vincentians and the three Augustinians. The crowning event, however, took place in the Cathedral of Philadelphia on Saturday when in the presence of a vast congregation, with all the pomp and splendor and solemnity, with which our holy Church clothes her ceremonies, seven Levites were made "priests forever according to the order of Melchisedech." The secular clergymen who were ordained were Revs. Frs. Farley, McMahon, Dever and Sweeney. To these, as well as to those who have been so closely associated with us, our wish is—"Ad multos annos."

Religion an Element of True Education.

Education is a word frequently used, yet varying in its signification according to the purpose of the person using it. To its etymology is attached a certain definite meaning,—the bringing forth from a negative state to a positive one, from ignorance and rudeness to knowledge and culture. To a Christian, education of this character would not suffice; with it must be combined that element which acknowledges that the object of man's existence is to know, love and serve God, and to save his immortal soul from eternal perdition.

Education, therefore, comprises two principal elements: the redemption from ignorance and barbarism and the accomplishment of the end for which man was created. To an intelligent mind, education of this kind will be as sunshine dispelling the clouds of presumption and error. Many persons there are who imagine that they possess more knowledge than they really have, and who, therefore, do not recognize the want of knowledge. "There is nothing so hurtful," says an able writer, "as the spirit of pride, for this blinds the mind, makes one overweeningly confident of his powers, attached to his own opinion and loath to receive instruction."

On the contrary, a truly learned man gives proof of great humility of mind, and shows his appreciation of what he does know by comparing that with all that it is possible for him to know. He is fully aware that in the vast field of knowledge he can cultivate a part only. Men of this stamp are faithful followers of Plato who has said, "I know only this that I know nothing." Pope has very wisely said:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

Thus we have seen that to the beginner two requisites are necessary, viz.: humility of mind and a disposition to receive lessons with docility.

Being all in the same condition, we stand in need of learning and of an instructor to show us that path of truth which leads unto the goal that God has marked out for his creatures. "Whatever," says one of our modern writers, "conflicts with this end is to be rejected; whatever aids us in attaining it is to be embraced, and as all truth is in harmony with this end, it follows that education can embrace all sciences that are truly such, while it must eliminate all error." Education that would exclude that element which regulates the relation of man with God, which teaches the intellect and trains the heart, elevates man no higher than the objects which surround him. Such education

is called secular and places its reliance altogether upon reason and scientific investigation. As an example of this we need only consult pagan philosophy to discover that reason alone and unaided has been found wanting, and that the principles of such philosophy are subversive of society and morality. Religion has preserved education and has made it what it is to-day, and thereby has built up society and perfected civilization.

Religion as a guide leads education and with her torch makes bright the darkness of the understanding. She shows "How vain, how fleeting, how uncertain are all these gaudy bubbles after which we are panting and toiling in this world of fair delusion." Religion is the great gift of Him who is the great Author of good and Father of mercies. She beholds in God the original, essential beauty and sovereign good, and tells us that the possession of that Beauty and sovereign Good is within our reach.

Education without religion is like a flash of lightning that breaks through the gloom of clouds, and glitters but for a moment; with it there is kept up a kind of daylight in the mind, a daylight of perpetual serenity. Thus education and religion, like the body and the soul, may for a time be separated, but will at some future period be re-united, and will shine with greater splendor and brightness throughout the ages.

JOHN J. RYLE, '94.

Jubilee Announcement.

The closing days of the present month will be looked forward to with more than usual interest, not only by the many students now pursuing their studies at Villanova College, but also by the large numbers who in past years have completed their course at this time-honored institution. The occasion will be the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the college. Judging from the interest manifested by the faculty, we have every reason to hope that the Jubilee celebration will be carried out on a magnificent scale, and that it will be a memorable event in the history of Villanova. His Grace, Most Rev. P. G. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, will preside on the occasion, and the dignitaries of many other dioceses have promised to honor us with their presence. The event undoubtedly will be a joyous one, as it will be instrumental in bringing together many who have not met each other for years, but who will then meet, and rehearse the pleasant memories of their college days.

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EDITORIALS.

Too much cannot be said in condemnation of the prevalent and pernicious habit of those students who devote their attention to a particular study and neglect, to a great extent, the many others which are comprised in a college curriculum. During our scholastic career, which of us has not noted the way in which certain individuals pursue their favorite hobby, by giving their undivided attention to one branch of study? Although proficiency be the result in this, yet when college life is over, they will be found woefully lacking in the varied knowledge which every graduate must needs bear to the bar of public opinion.

The successful graduate, the one destined to command attention in the world, is he whose time has been judiciously divided in the pursuance of his various studies. As a consequence he will engage in the sterner duties of after life with his mind, not only informed as to one branch of learning, but expanded and strengthened by a liberal application to many.

There are some who have an inclination for mathematics, while others pay particular attention to the study of the classics, but in doing this they fail to acquire a proper knowledge of the mother tongue.

In literary inheritance our language is without a peer, and it is to this particular branch that we

would invite every student to give proper time and attention.

Albeit our familiarity with the classics of Greece and Rome or our knowledge of the sciences be extensive, one's education lacks completeness, if the study of English classics does not receive proper attention.

Ere our college days come to an end all of us ought to acquaint ourselves with the masters of English diction from Chaucer, its parent, to Tennyson his latest worthy successor. The benefits of such application require no mention, for experience has taught that, that which is beautiful in our language is readily perceived and remembered.

The close of the college year naturally brings to one's mind the consideration of plans for the future, a period of life awaited by all students with mingled hope and fear.

To some of us the future, long desired with emotions akin to joy, though now tempered with feelings of regret, will soon be a stern reality. As the eventful day approaches when each must take his part in the battle of life, it behooves us to enter the arena well armed and confident of victory; and if in the past through neglect, or abuse of time, we have allowed our armor to lose its brightness, or our sword its edge, we have still the advantage that youth and hope and perseverance will yet gain for us the desired success.

Perhaps many during their college career by their indifference to study have, to some extent, avoided the irksome and monotonous routine of student life. As this is but natural it devolves upon every graduate to pursue earnestly his chosen profession, for which his days at college were intended to prepare him. Knowing then, that industry is always praiseworthy and honorable, it remains with graduates, as well as undergraduates, to acquire this beneficial habit, if they intend to reap an abundant harvest from the seeds sown and nurtured within the walls of their Alma Mater.

We take great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers and subscribers to our comparatively numerous advertisers. We can safely say that you will find their goods second to none and their prices moderate.

Our students, in particular, should bear this in mind, and thus make some return for the generous patronage they have given us. There is no doubt but that you all will some time or other need something in their various lines of business. Hence, in all justice, you should call on them before making your purchases. You should also endeavor to procure patronage for them by introducing them to your friends. You will have many opportunities to do all this during the long vacation which is almost at hand.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

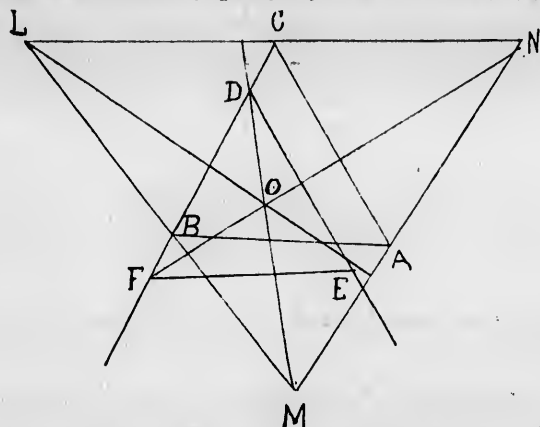
To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions, or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, Villanova College.

23. Prove that the perpendiculars from the centres of the escribed circles of a triangle on the corresponding sides are concurrent.

Second method of proof by Thos. J. Lee, '95.



Let LE , MD and NF , be perpendiculars from the centres of the escribed circles of the $\triangle ABC$, on the sides BC , BA , and AC , respectively.

To prove that these perpendiculars are concurrent:

From D draw to DE parallel to AC , then NF is perpendicular to DE .

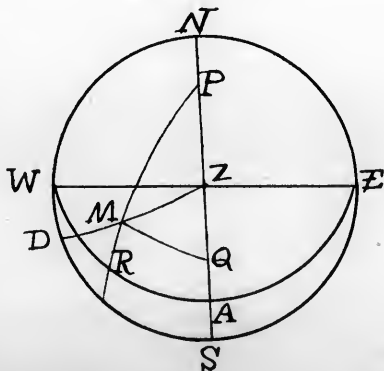
Connect E and F , EF is parallel to BA . Then MD is perpendicular to EF .

LE , MD , NF drawn from the vertices of the $\triangle FDE$ are respectively perpendicular to the sides FD , FE and ED .

And since the perpendiculars from the vertices of a \triangle to the opposite sides are concurrent, LE , MD , NF are concurrent.

26.—Given the latitude of a place and the sun's declination, find his altitude and azimuth, at 6 o'clock A. M. (neglecting refraction). Compute the results for the longest day of the year at Munich (lat. $48^\circ 9'$).

Solution by O'S.



$l = 48^\circ 9'$ the latitude of Munich.

$d = 23^\circ 27'$ the declination.

$a = PZM$, the azimuth.

$t = ZPM$, the hour angle.

$h = DM$, the altitude.

By Napier's Rules.

$$\sin h = \sin l \sin d.$$

$$\log \sin h = \sin 48^\circ 9' +$$

$$\log \sin 23^\circ 27'.$$

$$\log \sin 48^\circ 9' = 9.87209$$

$$\log \sin 23^\circ 27' = 9.59983$$

$$\log \sin h = 9.47192$$

$$\text{Altitude} = h = 17^\circ 14' 35''.$$

$$\cot a = \cos l \tan d.$$

By Napier's Rules.

$$\log \cot a, \log \cos l, +$$

$$\log \tan d.$$

$$\log \cos 48^\circ 9' = 9.82424$$

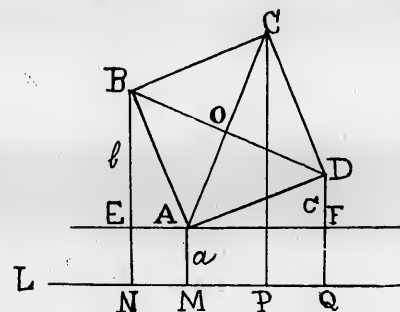
$$\log \tan 23^\circ 17' = 9.63726$$

$$\log \cot a = 9.46150$$

$$\text{Azimuth} = a = 73^\circ 51' 34''.$$

27.—If perpendiculars be drawn from the angular points of a square to any line, the sum of the squares of the perpendiculars from one pair of opposite angles, exceeds twice the rectangle of the perpendiculars from the other pair of opposite angles by the area of the square.

Solution by M. A. Tierney, '93.



Let $ABCD$ be the square, LS the line; let fall the perpendiculars BN , AM , CP , DQ , on L : through A draw EF parallel to LS . Now, since the angle BAD is right, the sum of the angles BAE , DAF = one right angle, and \therefore = to the sum of the angles BAE , ABE ; \therefore angle ABE = DAF , and angle $E = F$, and $AB = AD$; \therefore $AE = DF$.

Again, put $AM = a$, $BE = b$, $DF = c$. The four perpendiculars can be expressed in terms of a , b , c . For $BN = a + b$, $DQ = a + c$ and since O is the middle point both of AC and BD , we have $BN + DQ = AM + CP$, each being = twice the perpendicular from O . Hence $(a + b) + (a + c) = a + CP$; \therefore $CP = (a + b + c)$.

$$\text{Now, } \overline{BN}^2 + \overline{DQ}^2 - 2 AM \times CP = (a + b)^2 + (a + c)^2$$

$$- 2a(a + b + c) = b^2 + c^2 = \overline{BE}^2 + \overline{DF}^2$$

$$= \overline{BE}^2 + \overline{EA}^2 = \overline{BA}^2 = \text{area of square.}$$

28.—A party of 20 persons go on a picnic, and between themselves they contribute \$20 for the entertainment. The men pay \$2, the women 50 cents, and the children 25 cents. How many men, women and children were there?

Method by Medial Proportion, or Alligation.

Solution by Bernard J. O'Donnel, '95.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
4 { 8)	¼	¼	1	3	4	8
2)	½		2		2	4
1		⅓		4	4	8
			3	7	10	20

The average is evidently \$1. We reduce to 4ths and compare, and we have columns (3) and (4); uniting these we have column (5), the sum of which is 10. Now, 20 persons being a multiple of 10 by 2, we multiply the numbers in column (5) by 2, which gives us column (6): 8, 4, 8; therefore there are

$$\begin{array}{lcl} 8 \text{ men} & \times \$2 & = \$16. \\ 4 \text{ women} & \times \frac{1}{2} & = 2. \\ 8 \text{ children} & \times \frac{1}{4} & = 2. \\ \hline & & \$20. \end{array}$$

29.—Solve by Horner's method $x^4 - 8x^3 + 14x^2 + 4x - 8 = 0$.

Solution by Jer. J. Crowley, '94.

	+ 14	+ 4	— 8
— 8	— 15	— 5	— 5
5	— 1	— 1	*13
— 3	10	45	10.6576
5			
2	9	*44	*2.3424
5	35	9.288	1.93880241
7	*44	53.288	*.40359759
5	2.44	9.784	.39905490
*12	46.44	*63.072	*.00454269
.2	2.48	1.554747	.00400954
12.2	48.92	64.626747	*.00053315
.2	2.52	1.566321	
12.4	*51.44	*66.193068	
.2	.3849	.31608	
12.6	51.8249	66.50915	
.2	.3858	.31656	
*12.8	52.2107	*66.82571	
.03	.3867		
12.83	*52.5974		
.03	.08		
12.86	52.68		
.03	.08		
12.89	52.76		
.03			
*12.92			

$$x = 5.236068$$

Splinters.

Ted.
Cadet.
Coming.
Exams.
Jubilee.
1000 lines.
Coon Tenor.
Oh! Bitter Faith!
"So I wrote home."
Weekly Review—Soup.
"Albert's my name."
"Look at the cannon."
He took her at her word.
"Now you are talking dense."
Are those your new clothes?
'Twas no joke; 'twas a real jug.
Comical, eh? Sully.
Your "Grief's" becoming.
The Reds *Wade'd* into the umpire.
Who is the little Irishman?
I have his good eye covered.
Who brought around those hair-cuts?
Make a run, you get an orange.
Jim answered him in his own words.
My hat! my hat! Where is it at? See "Lex-"
icon.
I've been queering myself right along.
If you have any difficulty call on me.
I have cancelled all my engagements.
He's in the wash; won't be done till Tuesday.
Come "Early" and avoid the rush.
I would like to have three pairs, please.
Hey, Billy, what day are you going to the White Mountains?
I went into a room the other night and slept until ten o'clock. *Oh, gee!*
To ride a bicycle without paying toll is not a *Safety*.
Captain P. has ordered a new floor and cuspidors for the smoking-room.
John says he is the only Connecticut man without gall. We think 'tis the other way, friend.
Dick tells us of a Jewish house of worship in Baltimore called the demagogue. Isn't this "Cur"-ious.
Jerry's down-east stories strike us with a force equivalent to a north-western blizzard.
Not satisfied with dashing off "*Corr*"-net parts he is now fiddling with violin obligatos.
During the past month ague has wrought sad havoc among the boys.
Boy wanted—One who understands the care of horses. John has left, or was left.
A game of ball, however small,
Is better than no game at all.—Scorer.

Herewith we furnish an effusion of a person aspiring to the Splinter Editorship for the coming year. He may be successful since he is so h-*Andy* with the pen—

Present mood, subjunctive tense,
Hoppy the little dog over the fence.

Next came in the finger bowl
With glass of delicate shade;
S. exclaimed why "Bless my soul!
'Tis very weak lemonade."

His bicycle was on the roll,
When they asked Tommy for the toll.
He heeded not, but passed them by,
And slowly winked the other eye.

The Reds and Blues no more will meet
Although their games are not complete:
The Umpire his decision gave
Which made the Blues look very grave;
And straightway to a man they rose,
And swore they'd smite him on the nose:
Then mighty Dolan wav'd his hand,
And silence reign'd throughout the stand.

"THE CHOIR."

A feature of the Villa is its charming little choir,
Which the students and the members very much
admire.

Its time of practice is twelve hours of the day,
Except the little extras which occur in the month
of May.

The leader of the choir also plays the organ well,
Upon the results of his efforts I do not need to
dwell.

As a little observation I am very sure will show
That the attendance of the people seems continually
to grow.

The soprano is a warbler in the true sense of the
word.

Who takes the little high notes as easily as a bird.
One of the tenors who spells his name with
an "M,"

Is considered by the people a perfect little gem.

The assistant soprano with the initials J. E. O.,
Is one of our "choicest" I want you all to know.
Every note upon the key-board he sings with per-
fect ease,

Nay more, he can arrange them in all the different
keys.

The falsetto-contralto is a genius we admit,
The Star Spangled Banner is acknowledged his
greatest hit;

On the occasion of our concert it was he that saved
the day,

When he reached that minor key-note which the
organ failed to play.

The basso makes the old church rattle and shake,
As if our pretty "Villa" had a mighty big earth-
quake;

The alto needs no mention, as he is known far and
near,

The judgment passed upon him is—he stands with-
out a peer.

In conclusion, let me tell you, the choir is up to
date,

As it possesses a critic who always comes in late;
When services are over he will generally exclaim,
Why, fellows! the choir will yet make itself a
name.

J. STANLEY SMITH.

PERSONALS.

During the past month three new students have
been welcomed to our ranks.

During the past month our Very Rev. President,
C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., has been busily engaged in
inviting, in person, a number of dignitaries of the
Church and distinguished laymen to be present at
the Golden Jubilee celebration.

Mr. Bernard Kerr, of Annondale, N. J., paid his
brother Richard a visit lately.

Rev. J. A. Nugent, O.S.A., of Atlantic City,
paid a short visit to the Faculty on the 18th.

Rev. D. P. O'Connor, of West Conshohocken,
Pa., called at the College on the 12th.

Very Rev. F. Anderson, O.S.A., on his way from
Australia to Ireland, spent May 16th with the
Faculty.

Mr. Arthur Karder, of Wetherly, Pa., on the
19th was the guest of his friends, R. J. and B. J.
O'Donnell.

The students, one and all, are making very
earnest preparations for the final examinations.
Close competition is expected.

Rev. D. J. Murphy, O.S.A., of Philadelphia,
spent a few hours at the College only to witness
the defeat of his Literary Society team.

The large number of mechanics daily engaged in
the improvement of the College buildings and
grounds indicates that everything will be in first-
class order for Golden Jubilee.

Under the auspices of the Augustinians, Revs. D.
J. O'Sullivan and J. A. Whelan, a very successful
mission is being given at the Church of Our Lady
of Good Counsel, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

THE SOCIETIES.

V. L. I.—Thursday May 18th, '93. The Literary Institute assembled to-day for the regular monthly meeting. The members were present in goodly numbers, and manifested their usual interest in the affairs of the Library. A noticeable feature was the absence of any report reflecting on the conduct of the members.

A committee was appointed to make arrangements for a celebration in connection with the Jubilee. The committee is a strong one, and when their report is received at a special meeting, we will, no doubt, find a literary treat of the highest order.

The institute is about to close the most successful year of its existence. There is a total membership of 60, which is a very creditable showing. The surplus in the Treasury is large, considering the expenses, and a committee was appointed to dispose of said surplus in a way creditable to the *V. L. I.* of '93.

V. D. S.—Saturday, May 20, '93. The Debating Society, while it is always a beneficial one, is sometimes a very amusing gathering. The earnestness with which some of the members to-night entered into the spirit of orators, was indeed a rare event and very mirth-provoking. The subject, "Resolved, that the reading of poetical works is more beneficial to a student than the reading of prose," was very ably contested by both sides. The subject was one that required careful preparation, but we are pleased to state that nothing was wanting on either side, in the general make-up of the arguments.

In the end the affirmatives succeeded in effectually refuting a great many of the negative's strongest arguments, to the satisfaction of the chairman, who decided the debate in their favor.

We must congratulate the Prefect of the Rosary Sodality on the excellent programme he has arranged for the Sodality Commencement. We are very certain that it will be a grand success as all are taking an active interest in it. The music is of a high order and embraces the classical and popular. The speakers chosen are well capable for their tasks and we shall expect much from them. That ever-obliging body, the Glee Club has volunteered its services and will sing several selections. This fact in itself assures the success of the vocal parts. The orchestra is devoting a great deal of time to the instrumental selections, and will endeavor on this, its last appearance this year, to crown, in a fitting manner, the success it has attained.

EXCHANGES.

The May number of the *Owl* is indeed a most interesting one. "A Popular Fallacy" and "A Cultured Laity" by the editor pleased us very much. In the first article he has laid the axe at the very root and has presented his readers with the names of many scientists and writers to whom Catholics can refer with pride. In the last he has quoted from England's learned prelate these strong words which are the very essence of truth, "Unless a Catholic has gone through a thorough course of logic and of mental and moral Christian philosophy he is a man without weapons and armor in the intellectual conflict which rages around him."

The *University Star*, published by the students of the University of Omaha, is a new visitor to our sanctum. May the *Star* ever shine "Pro Bono Publico" is our earnest wish.

The April number of the *Agnesian Monthly* was an excellent one. The poem "entitled "Rest" was indeed beautiful and we heartily extend our compliments to I. T. M.

The *Niagara Index* is in constant demand among our editors. But it is not its literary matter which, by the way, is always interesting and of a high class, nor yet the "Index Rerum" which first claims their attention, but rather the criticisms of the exchange editor who always seems to have a chip on his shoulder, and to be looking for some one to knock it off.

The *St. John's University Record* for May reached our Sanctum at a rather late day; but this seeming tardiness, however, was immediately forgotten in the perusal of its pages, which indeed afford a treat to the lovers of good literature; the two articles entitled "Literature" and "The Father of Epic Poetry," are most excellent and scholarly essays.

The *Sunbeam*, from the Ontario Ladies' College, is our latest visitor; it presents to the eye of the reader a very pretty appearance, and prompts the reader to open it and scan its spicy pages. We are well pleased to receive it as an exchange, and hope it may long continue to visit us.

Among the many other constant visitors to our tables we are glad to mention the following excellent specimens of college journalism, namely:—The *St. Mary's Sentinel*, which, each month, seems to improve in literary merit; *The Athenaeum*, which, by the way, we notice will not be issued again before the Fall Term, and the *Queen's University Journal*, which, no doubt, we will hardly recognize next term, as it will be enlarged and improved.

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EDITORIAL STAFF.

Villanova Monthly

Vol. I.

Villanova College, July, 1893.

No. 7.

Ode for the Golden Jubilee of Villanova College.

Oh blest be the day, when the sun's golden ray,
First shone on these shades, Villanova revealing !
Like the sunrise that shone on King Memnon's famed stone,
Awaking a strain full of fervor and feeling !
Grave doctor and sage
In that long-vanished age,
Their record inscribed on our history's page,
While the sons of St. Austin, with tears and with toil,
Their altars uprear'd on this prayer-hallow'd soil !
Their altars, their school, where the Monk's kindly rule
With Virtue and Wisdom form'd loyal alliance,—
Guiding youths, (now grown gray, or at rest 'neath the clay,)
To the fountains of Faith, and the well-springs of Science !
Ah ! should we not claim
For its guardians, the fame,
That linger'd, of yore, 'round each love-lighted name ;
The perfume of sages and saints passed away,
Still hovers around Alma Mater to-day !
With immortal renown, 'tis St. Thomas we crown,
When we chant, with delight, Villanova's glad praises !
For Augustine's great son for his brethren hath won
A glory, that earth and its minions amazes !
Not the glory of Time,
(A mere vapor sublime !)
But the glory that lives when Time's death-knell shall chime !
The halo, all fadeless, that Faith loves to paint
'Round the altar that shrines Villanova's dear saint !
Fifty years have gone by, since we throned him on high,
As patron and guide of a past generation ;
And the rapture, to-day, of our JUBILEE gay,
Proclaims him *our* patron and guide to salvation !
While his sons have increas'd,
And while prelate and priest
Assemble to honor and brighten our feast,—
Let us toast with a tear, the blest shades we revere,
Our FOUNDERS and friends—the departed and dear !
All homage be paid the illustrious Dead !
May their mantle descend on our guardians and masters !
And success to the Boys, full of knowledge and noise,
Who have pass'd from these halls to Life's dreams or disasters !
Time, trembling and old,
Like a hermit hath told
On his glittering chaplet, five decades of gold,—
Villanova still lives !—Like the star of the morn,
May she live, may she shine, thro' the ages unborn !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



EDITORIAL STAFF.

Villanova Monthly

Vol. I.

Villanova College, July, 1893.

No. 7.

Ode for the Golden Jubilee of Villanova College.

O H blest be the day, when the sun's golden ray,
First shone on these shades, Villanova revealing !
Like the sunrise that shone on King Memnon's famed stone,
Awaking a strain full of fervor and feeling !
 Grave doctor and sage
 In that long-vanished age,
Their record inscribed on our history's page,
While the sons of St. Austin, with tears and with toil,
Their altars uprear'd on this prayer-hallow'd soil !

Their altars, their school, where the Monk's kindly rule
With Virtue and Wisdom form'd loyal alliance,—
Guiding youths, (now grown gray, or at rest 'neath the clay,)
To the fountains of Faith, and the well-springs of Science !
 Ah ! should we not claim
 For its guardians, the fame,
 That linger'd, of yore, 'round each love-lighted name ;
The perfume of sages and saints passed away,
Still hovers around Alma Mater to-day !

With immortal renown, 'tis St. Thomas we crown,
When we chant, with delight, Villanova's glad praises !
For Augustine's great son for his brethren hath won
A glory, that earth and its minions amazes !
 Not the glory of Time,
 (A mere vapor sublime !)
But the glory that lives when Time's death-knell shall chime !
The halo, all fadeless, that Faith loves to paint
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ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The Celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Villanova College.

June 21st dawned bright and beautiful, and the rays of the morning sun shone gloriously on Villanova and her surroundings. The wide sweeping lawns interspersed with flowers and shrubbery never looked so fresh and green, while the lofty trees of various kinds cast abundant and delightful shade. Everything wore a gala appearance. High above the campus waved the stars and stripes to the morning breeze. All the piazzas and entrances to the college were adorned profusely with the national and papal colors intermingled with those of the college, white and blue, while from the windows hung hundreds of American and Papal flags. The large tent that was erected near the main building and in which the commencement exercises were to be held was likewise decorated with the prevailing colors. All around the tent, especially near the stage, tropical plants and choicest flowers were plentifully arranged, and the stage itself looked like a bower of roses.

It was indeed a memorable day for the college, for on that day she was to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her existence. Elaborate preparations were made for the event, and invitations were extended to the surviving alumni, to the clergy of the diocese, and many outside, as well as to the relations of the pupils and the steadfast friends of the time-honored institution. The early morning trains brought large numbers, and later on the railroad company ran a special train to accommodate the visitors from Philadelphia. At 10.30 the exercises began.

His Grace, Archbishop Ryan presided, being seated on the rear centre of the stage. At his right sat Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University of America, and at his left Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, D.D., Bishop of Trenton, N. J. Rt. Rev. Lawrence McMahon, Bishop of Hartford, Conn., was detained by illness in Philadelphia, while on his way to attend the exercises. Along both sides were distinguished members of the clergy, while the great majority of the priests occupied front rows in the auditorium. There were present Very Rev. James D. Waldron, O.S.A., Provincial of the Augustinian Order, Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., President, Very Rev. T. C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A., Regent, Revs. N. J. Murphy, O.S.A. and D. J. Murphy, O.S.A., St. Augustine's, Philadelphia; Very Rev. J. A. Anderson, O.S.A., Prior of the Augustinian Convent, Limerick, Ireland; Revs. F. J. McShane, O.S.A., and M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia; J. J. Fedigan, O.S.A., T. F. Herlihy,

O.S.A., and J. A. Nugent, O.S.A., Atlantic City, N. J.; J. T. O'Reilly, O.S.A., Peter Crane, O.S.A., and John P. Fahey, O.S.A., Lawrence, Mass.; J. J. Ryan, O.S.A., Andover, Mass.; D.D. Regan, O.S.A., Mechanicsville, N. Y.; F. X. McGowan, O.S.A., Lansingburgh, N. Y.; T. J. Field, O.S.A., Greenwich, N. Y.; J. T. Emmett, O.S.A., Waterford, N. Y.; F. M. Sheeran, S.T.B., O.S.A., M. J. Locke, S.T.L., O.S.A., E. A. Dailey, O.S.A., J. J. Ryan, O.S.A., C. J. McFadden, O.S.A., R. A. Gleeson, O.S.A., L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., P. H. O'Donnell, O.S.A., J. B. Leonard, O.S.A., R. F. Harris, O.S.A., J. E. Vaughan, O.S.A., W. A. Coar, O.S.A., and J. F. Medina, O.S.A., all of Villanova; Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, D.D., S.S., Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; Rev. John Scully, S. J., St. Joseph's, Philadelphia; Very Rev. James McGill, V.C.M., and Revs. A. Krabler, S.T.D., C.M., J. W. Moore, C.M., and Edward Carey, C.M., Germantown, Philadelphia; Revs. John Kreis, C.S.S.R., and J. Jung, C.S.S.R., St. Peter's, Philadelphia; Very Rev. James A. McFaul, V.G., Trenton, N. J.; Charles F. Kelly, D.D., Towanda, Pa., one of the first students of the college; John Donahue, Salem, N. Y.; J. H. O'Neill, Middleboro, Mass.; A. J. Teeling, Lynn, Mass.; E. J. Broderick, Hartford, Conn.; J. H. Duggan, Waterbury, Conn.; George S. Bradford, Wilmington, Del.; F. J. G. Martin, D.D., Waterbury, Conn.; J. M. O'Brien, Augusta, Ga.; E. F. Prendergast, St. Malachy's, Philadelphia; P. F. Sullivan, St. Edward's; Thomas J. Barry, Visitation; P. J. Garvey, D.D., St. James'; J. A. Brehony, St. John the Baptist's, Manayunk; M. C. McEnroe, Holy Family, Manayunk; William Kieran, D.D., St. Patrick's; Henry Stommel, St. Alphonsus; Francis J. Quinn, Nativity B. V. M.; John J. Ward, Sacred Heart; A. Isoleri, St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi's; Michael J. Gleeson, St. Francis Xavier's; Francis P. Fitzmaurice, St. Joachim's, Frankford; Joseph H. O'Neill, St. Francis de Sales'; James P. Sinnott, St. Charles Borromeo's; M. J. Lawlor, St. Thomas Aquinas'; Bernard Dornhege, St. Elizabeth's; John J. Donnelly, St. Veronica's; Michael C. Donavan, St. Leo's, Tacony; James Timmius, St. Michael's, Chester; James C. McLoughlin, Ambler; Daniel P. O'Connor, West Conshohocken; Michael H. Gormley, Newtown; Matthew A. Hand, Wayne; Charles Riegel, Cheltenham; Luke V. McCabe, Thomas F. Kennedy, D.D., John J. McCort and Hugh T. Henry, St. Charles' Seminary; James F. Trainor, acting Rector of St. Philip's; John T. Crowley and John J. Hickey, assistants at the Assumption; B. F. Gallagher and M. J. Crane, St. Malachy's; P. F. McNulty, St. John

the Evangelist's; Bernard A. Conway and John J. Walsh, Our Mother of Sorrows'; O. P. McManus, St. Teresa's; David P. Egan, St. Ann's; Joseph F. Nagle and James T. Higgins, St. Charles; Francis J. McArdle, St. Anthony of Padua's; Michael G. Scully, St. Edward's; Michael M. Doyle, St. James'; Francis P. Coyle, St. Thomas Aquinas'; James J. MacAran, St. Stephen's; Francis A. Kelly, St. Francis Xavier's; James H. O'Neill, St. John the Baptist's, Manayunk; Joseph F. Timmins, St. Michael's, Chester; Hugh J. Dugan, Conshohocken; William A. Motley, St. Peter's, Reading; John C. Carey, St. Patrick's, Norristown; H. P. McPhilomy, Visitation; D. I. McGlinchey, St. Anthony of Padua's; M. Bradley, St. Philip's; A. Zeller, Sacred Heart; P. Dougherty, St. Michael's; J. A. Dalton, Immaculate Conception; Eugene Murphy, Manayunk.

Pierre M. Arnu, A.M., D. O'Sullivan, C. S. Gauntt, M.D., and G. J. Corrie, lay professors of the college, were also in attendance.

Many distinguished lay persons from various and distant parts of the country honored the occasion by their presence. Among them we noticed with great pleasure, some students who entered the college fifty years ago, during the first years of its foundation, viz: John J. Barr, John R. Downing, Col. E. H. Flood, Thomas Egan, all of Philadelphia, and J. Henry Magee, Camden, N. J. Many of the old students greeted one another for the first time after years of separation and interchanged pleasant reminiscences of college life.

Bastart's orchestra of twenty-four pieces was in attendance and the music from the "Grand March" to the "Finale" was listened to with great pleasure.

Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., Vice-President of the College introduced the speakers to the audience. W. J. Parker, '93, Quincy, Mass., stepped forward and in the salutatory welcomed all present in the name of the President and college Faculty. J. Henry Magee, A.M., one of the first students, and one of the four survivors of the original six of fifty years ago, was the next speaker. He gave very interesting reminiscences of the college and the Augustinian Fathers, who were its founders. A French essay entitled, "Le Prix du Temps," was then delivered by J. J. Crowley, Whitman, Mass. Another essay in German, entitled "Columbia Unsere Heimath," was delivered by B. J. Corr, Philadelphia, Pa. Then followed the Master's Oration by Rev. J. C. Monahan, '78, of St. Elizabeth's Church, Philadelphia. At its conclusion a chorus of collegians sang, to the air of the "Star Spangled Banner," the Jubilee Ode, written

for the occasion by Philadelphia's gifted poetess, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly.

The conferring of degrees and other awards then took place as follows:—

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Rev. James C. Monahan, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thos. L. White, McKeesport, Pa.; John J. Morrissey, Hartford, Conn.; Gerald J. O'Connor, Waterford, N.Y.; Dennis O'Sullivan, Philadelphia, Pa.; John T. Lenehan, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Rev. Charles Joseph McFadden, O.S.A., Villanova, Pa.; Rev. Richard Anthony Gleeson, O.S.A., Villanova, Pa.; Rev. Laurence Augustine Delurey, O.S.A., Villanova, Pa.; Rev. John Bernard Leonard, O.S.A., Villanova, Pa.; Rev. Walter Augustine Coar, O.S.A., Villanova, Pa.; Rev. Joseph H. Mangan, Albany, N. Y.; Rev. Francis A. Greagan, Albany, N. Y.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon John Francis Keleher, Lawrence, Mass.; William Jeremiah Parker, Quincy, Mass.; Thomas John Fitzgerald, New Haven, Conn.; Michael Ambrose Tierney, Salem, N. Y.

The degree of Bachelor of Science was awarded to Jeremiah Joseph Crowley, Whitman, Mass.; Jas. Francis O'Leary, Hartford, Conn.; John Mark Walsh, Schaghticoke, N. Y.; Timothy Patrick Callahan, North Andover, Mass.; John Joseph Kyle, Stamford, Conn.; Daniel Francis Harkin, Allentown, Pa.; Thomas Joseph Ronayne, Newport, R. I.; John Edward O'Donnell, Heckscher-ville, Pa.; Michael John Murphy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bernard Joseph O'Donnell, Drifton, Pa.; J. Stanley Smith, Scranton, Pa.

Commercial diplomas were awarded to Joseph Peter Wade, Lawrence, Mass.; Edward Jas. Wade, Lawrence, Mass.; Jos. Henry Gallagher, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wm. Lawrence Pickett, Bridgeport, Conn.

The gold medal for gentlemanly conduct was awarded to Edward J. Murtagh; presented by the President of the Faculty.

The gold medal for Christian doctrine was awarded to John E. O'Donnell; presented by Very Rev. J. D. Waldron, O.S.A., Philadelphia, Pa.

The gold medal for logic was awarded to John F. Keleher; presented by James Henry Magee, A.M., Philadelphia, Pa.

The gold medal for classics was awarded to James O'Leary; presented by the alumni.

The gold medal for English literature was awarded to William J. Parker; presented by Gerald J. O'Connor, A.M., Waterford, N. Y.

The gold medal for mathematics was awarded to Jeremiah J. Crowley; presented by Rev. J. J. Fedigan, O.S.A., Atlantic City, N. J.

The gold medal for general history was awarded

to Michael J. Murphy; presented by Rev. James J. H. O'Neil, Middleboro, Mass.

The Columbian gold medal for American history was awarded to Henry T. Nelson; presented by Rev. Hugh Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

The gold medal for elocution was awarded to

The gold medal for music was awarded to Bernard J. Corr; presented by Rev. A. A. Leonard, O.S.A., Cambridge, N. Y.

A fine *menu* having been disposed of to everybody's satisfaction, the Archbishop, as the presiding genius, announced that a "flow of soul"



EXTERIOR OF COLLEGE CHAPEL.

Michael A. Tierney; presented by Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., Chestnut Hill, Pa.

The gold medal for French was awarded to Jeremiah J. Crowley; presented by Rev. W. H. Griffin, Oswego, N. Y.

The gold medal for German was awarded to Michael J. Murphy; presented by Rev. Joseph A. Strahan, Philadelphia, Pa.

would now begin. He humorously handled the transition scene from the "feast of reason." Having briefly welcomed all present, he referred to the heads of the Catholic University and the Trenton diocese as Bishops from outside the United States, one being from the District of Columbia and the other from New Jersey, which remark was received with a burst of laughter. He

said that although he was neither a great orator nor a learned man, he was between both (one of the Bishops referred to sitting at his right and the other at his left). A letter of regret for inability to attend was announced from Bishop McNeirney, of Albany, N. Y.

His Grace called upon Bishop Keane to respond to the toast, "Education." Eloquenty did the learned and able Rector of the Catholic University picture the great strides which education has made in America during the last fifty years. "Medical Science," was the subject of the next toast, which in the unavoidable absence of Dr. Thomas L. White, of McKeesport, Pa., was ably responded to by Dr. Morrissey. The next toast, "The Bar," was referred to by the Archbishop as being rather obscure; he called upon J. T. Lenahan, Esq., to elucidate it, which he did in a happy mixture of humor and eloquence. The last toast on the programme being "A Word from the East," His Grace surmised that maybe we were about to hear from one of the wise men; and wisely and ably did the Hon. John T. Breene, of Lawrence, Mass., respond. In addition to what was on the programme, the Archbishop proposed as a supplementary toast the last verse of Miss Donnelly's Jubilee Ode, and called upon Rev. Charles F. Kelly, D.D., of Towanda, Pa., to respond to it, which he did in a happy reminiscent tone.

The stenographer engaged for the occasion having disappointed us, we regret our inability to publish in full the speeches delivered after the banquet.

Very Rev. Father McEvoy then returned thanks to all who had taken part in the exercises and had attended, and the Archbishop brought the exercises to a close by imparting his blessing.

Towards the close of the speech-making copies of a handsome illustrated volume, containing a history of the college, were distributed among the guests.

The list of premiums having been read, M. A. Tierney, '93, Salem, N. Y., delivered the valedictory. Dr. J. J. Morrissey, '81, Hartford, Conn., addressed the graduating class. Then Archbishop Ryan arose, and having expressed his congratulations on the flourishing condition of the college, he turned to the graduates, and in his masterful and eloquent manner he proved the intimate relation between religion and education. He also said words of encouragement and advice, which were appreciated highly, both by the graduating class and by all who heard them.

At the close of the exercises the invited guests were ushered into the beautifully decorated banquet hall in the college.

Letters and Telegrams of Regret.

WILMINGTON, DEL.,

JUNE 2, 1893.

To the Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, President Villanova College.

Very Rev. and Dear Father:—Be pleased to accept my thanks for the invitation with which you have honored me. And be pleased also to accept my best wishes instead of my presence in the flesh at the forth-coming solemnity. Finally be pleased, too, to pray for me and believe me

Yours faithfully in Christ,

A. A. CURTIS.
Bishop of Wilmington.

SCRANTON,

JUNE 6, 1893.

Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:—Please accept my thanks for your invitation asking me to be present at your celebration on the 21st, but I regret very much that it is not in my power to leave home. Our schools are closing; the Sisters' retreat begins and there are many other matters that require me to be at my post. You must not think I am slighting you. If it were at any other time, I would most certainly be with you.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

W. O'HARA,
Bishop, Scranton.

BISHOP'S HOUSE.

OGDENSBURG, June 7, 1893.

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:—It causes me a deep-felt regret not to be able to be present at your Jubilee exercises on June 21st. I would like to testify publicly the gratitude we owe to the good Augustinians for what they have done in the diocese of Ogdensburg, and to wish them God-speed in their great work of Christian education. Previous engagements prevent me from being with you; some other time I hope to have a better chance.

With kindest wishes I am respectfully

Yours in J. C.

† H. GABRIELS, Bishop of Ogdensburg.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,

HARRISBURG, June 15, 1893.

Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O. S. A.,

Villanova College, Villanova, Delaware Co., Pa.

MY DEAR SIR:—The Governor directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend the Fiftieth Annual Commencement and Goldee Jubilee Celebration of Villanova College, on the 21st instant, and to thank you for kind re-

membrance, which was warmly appreciated. He very much regrets that other engagements for the same date will make it impossible for him to be with you on that pleasant occasion.

Very respectfully,
H. D. TATE, Private Secretary.

1428 GIRARD AVENUE, PHILA.

Mr. William F. Harrity very much regrets that because of absence from Philadelphia he will not be able to accept the invitation of the President and Faculty to be present at the Fiftieth Annual Commencement and Golden Jubilee Celebration at Villanova College, Delaware County, Pa., on Wednesday, June 21, 1893.

JUNE 17, 1893.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 19, 1893.

Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A.,

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:—Rt. Rev. Bishop McNeirney directs me to write to you and say he regrets exceedingly that he cannot be present to participate in the Golden Jubilee Celebration of your College and join in honoring your community and showing his due respect and high appreciation of its services in his diocese. On that day, the 21st inst., there is to be a meeting of the State Board of Regents, of which the Bishop has lately been elected a member, and as it is the first meeting since his election he cannot, with all due consideration, absent himself. He wishes your College and Community every blessing and success and many happy returns of the day.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH H. MANGAN, Chan. and Sec'y.

HARRISBURG, PA., June 26, 1893.

To Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, Villanova, Pa.

The unexpected prevents me sharing in your festivities to-morrow.

THOMAS MCGOVERN, Bp. of Harrisburg.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., June 21, 1893.

To Rev. C. A. McEvoy, Villanova.

Deeply disappointed that unexpected business absolutely prevents my attendance. Heartiest congratulations from Georgetown to Villanova on this glorious occasion.

J. HAVENS RICHARDS, S.J.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE,

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1, 1893.

Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., Villanova College, Villanova, Pa.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER.—It was a great disappointment to me not to be able to attend your

glorious celebration. I fully expected up to the last moment to be able to go, but important business which arose suddenly, and could not be postponed, prevented the execution of my design. I promise myself the pleasure of calling upon you at the monastery at some future time.

Very cordially your servant in Christ,

J. HAVENS RICHARDS, S.J., President.

SALUTATORY.

W. T. PARKER, '93, QUINCY, MASS.

*Your Grace, Right Rev. Bishops, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers,
Respected Faculty, Members of the Alumni, Ladies and
Gentlemen:*

The distinguished honor conferred upon me, to voice the sentiments of the Faculty and my fellow-students in welcoming you to our fiftieth annual commencement, is highly appreciated.

This June day, coming as it does, to crown the labors of a scholastic year and to despatch into the world graduates with only the college's parting benison, bears more than a passing import upon the present occasion. To-day, Alma Mater celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of a life-work, dedicated to the cultivation of religion and of the fine arts. To-day, her sons, after years of wandering from her hallowed shades, return, and from the abundance of grateful hearts pour forth their tokens of respect and esteem. To-day, those of us who are about to part forever from her motherly care, experience a just and holy pride in being able to add one cubit to her stature in the estimation of the outside world, and to entwine but a branch in the laurel wreath which fittingly bedecks her brow.

In offering my tribute on this august occasion, my meagre ability prompts me to depart from the well-trodden path. I am not inclined to indulge in oratorical display and shall make no effort to capture the imagination by mere word painting. In almost every college in the land, on the advent of such events, ornate, elaborate and beautiful effusions have been delivered; each speaker seeming to vie with the other in the splendor of rhetoric, in the elegance of diction, and in the eloquence of oratory.

In such a competition I am handicapped at the start. My only resource is to turn to the work performed by our college. Its achievements nailed on Golgotha during the days of their infancy shine to-day on a new Tabor, and the light which radiates from them illuminates the present, and throws itself far into the future.

Opening its portals at a time when religious rancor and prejudices were rampant, it has man-

fully survived its days of travail, until this occasion finds it holding equal place with kindred institutions—a lasting credit to past and present faculties.

Struggling through hardships which at first seemed insurmountable, buffeting manifold difficulties and ever lavishing a maternal solicitude upon the priceless gem of religion entrusted to her care, to-day, Alma Mater, after the lapse of fifty years, can point to her children with feelings befitting pride and say with the mother of the Gracchi "these are my jewels."

Toward you, members of her Alumni, who have gained renown in religious and secular pursuits,

for one brief moment in her fond embrace and here amid familiar scenes to renew old friendships, to recall pleasing reminiscences, and with her to breathe a prayer in memory of the companions of youth whom the Lover of Life has claimed as His own.

And now she bids me turn and welcome to this happy gathering those of you who were attracted here through friendship, and whose sympathies are in harmony with a cause having for its end the Christian education of youth. Under this aegis she has taken her stand; few institutions surpass her in priority of years, few of equal age, while none have exceeded her in the masterly accomplishment of her work.



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL HALL.

she bears a special devotion. Rich in the manifold gifts with which she endowed you, to-day she looks for a renewal of your regard, confidence and esteem; to-day, though the bonds of affection have become loosened through the course of years, she, by your mere presence, will strengthen and make them more lasting than hoops of steel. My words of salutation to you fall short of meaning. Your Alma Mater, her brow furrowed by the vicissitudes of half a century, extending her arms across the chasm of time, sends forth a welcome, voiced only by the pulsations of a heart, full of a mother's love.

On this, her natal day, she only asks to hold you

To reiterate, in the name of Alma Mater, the Faculty and my fellow-students, I extend to each and all a most cordial welcome to our annual commencement, commemorating, as it does, the half century mark of a college whose undertaking tends toward moulding Christian men and patriotic citizens.

Early Reminiscences.

Sardou has said that "nothing can adequately explain the present but the past." In this light I stand before you to-day to represent the infancy of Villanova college. Fifty years ago—a period exceeding the average life of man—a half dozen boys,

membrance, which was warmly appreciated. He very much regrets that other engagements for the same date will make it impossible for him to be with you on that pleasant occasion.

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This June day, coming as it does, to crown the labors of a scholastic year and to despatch into the world graduates with only the college's parting benison, bears more than a passing import upon the present occasion. To-day, Alma Mater celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of a life-work, dedicated to the cultivation of religion and of the fine arts. To-day, her sons, after years of wandering from her hallowed shades, return, and from the abundance of grateful hearts pour forth their tokens of respect and esteem. To-day, those of us who are about to part forever from her motherly care, experience a just and holy pride in being able to add one cubit to her stature in the estimation of the outside world, and to entwine but a branch in the laurel wreath which fittingly bedecks her brow.

In offering my tribute on this august occasion, my meagre ability prompts me to depart from the well-trodden path. I am not inclined to indulge in oratorical display and shall make no effort to capture the imagination by mere word painting. In almost every college in the land, on the advent of such events, ornate, elaborate and beautiful effusions have been delivered; each speaker seeming to vie with the other in the splendor of rhetoric, in the elegance of diction, and in the eloquence of oratory.

In such a competition I am handicapped at the start. My only resource is to turn to the work performed by our college. Its achievements nailed on Golgotha during the days of their infancy shine to-day on a new Tabor, and the light which radiates from them illuminates the present, and throws itself far into the future.

Opening its portals at a time when religious rancor and prejudices were rampant, it has man-

membrance, which was warmly appreciated. He very much regrets that other engagements for the same date will make it impossible for him to be with you on that pleasant occasion.

Very respectfully,
H. D. TATE, Private Secretary.

1128 GIRARD AVENUE, PHILA.

Mr. William F. Harrity very much regrets that because of absence from Philadelphia he will not be able to accept the invitation of the President and Faculty to be present at the Fiftieth Annual Commencement and Golden Jubilee Celebration at Villanova College, Delaware County, Pa., on Wednesday, June 21, 1893.

JUNE 17, 1893.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 19, 1893.

Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A.,

VERY REV. DEAR FATHER:—Rt. Rev. Bishop McNeirney directs me to write to you and say he regrets exceedingly that he cannot be present to participate in the Golden Jubilee Celebration of your College and join in honoring your community and showing his due respect and high appreciation of its services in his diocese. On that day, the 21st inst., there is to be a meeting of the State Board of Regents, of which the Bishop has lately been elected a member, and as it is the first meeting since his election he cannot, with all due consideration, absent himself. He wishes your College and Community every blessing and success and many happy returns of the day.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH H. MANGAN, Chan. and Sec'y.

HARRISBURG, PA., June 26, 1893.

To Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, Villanova, Pa.

The unexpected prevents me sharing in your festivities to-morrow.

THOMAS MCGOVERN, Bp. of Harrisburg.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., June 21, 1893.

To Rev. C. A. McEvoy, Villanova.

Deeply disappointed that unexpected business absolutely prevents my attendance. Heartiest congratulations from Georgetown to Villanova on this glorious occasion.

J. HAVENS RICHARDS, S.J.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE,

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1, 1893.

Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., Villanova College, Villanova, Pa.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER.—It was a great disappointment to me not to be able to attend your

glorious celebration. I fully expected up to the last moment to be able to go, but important business which arose suddenly, and could not be postponed, prevented the execution of my design. I promise myself the pleasure of calling upon you at the monastery at some future time.

Very cordially your servant in Christ,

J. HAVENS RICHARDS, S.J., President.

SALUTATORY.

W. T. PARKER, '93, QUINCY, MASS.

Your Grace, Right Rev. Bishops, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, Respected Faculty, Members of the Alumni, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The distinguished honor conferred upon me, to voice the sentiments of the Faculty and my fellow-students in welcoming you to our fiftieth annual commencement, is highly appreciated.

This June day, coming as it does, to crown the labors of a scholastic year and to despatch into the world graduates with only the college's parting benison, bears more than a passing import upon the present occasion. To-day, Alma Mater celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of a life-work, dedicated to the cultivation of religion and of the fine arts. To-day, her sons, after years of wandering from her hallowed shades, return, and from the abundance of grateful hearts pour forth their tokens of respect and esteem. To-day, those of us who are about to part forever from her motherly care, experience a just and holy pride in being able to add one cubit to her stature in the estimation of the outside world, and to entwine but a branch in the laurel wreath which fittingly bedecks her brow.

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Opening its portals at a time when religious rancor and prejudices were rampant, it has man-

fully survived its days of travail, until this occasion finds it holding equal place with kindred institutions—a lasting credit to past and present faculties.

Struggling through hardships which at first seemed insurmountable, buffeting manifold difficulties and ever lavishing a maternal solicitude upon the priceless gem of religion entrusted to her care, to-day, Alma Mater, after the lapse of fifty years, can point to her children with feelings befitting pride and say with the mother of the Gracchi "these are my jewels."

Toward you, members of her Alumni, who have gained renown in religious and secular pursuits,

for one brief moment in her fond embrace and here amid familiar scenes to renew old friendships, to recall pleasing reminiscences, and with her to breathe a prayer in memory of the companions of youth whom the Lover of Life has claimed as His own.

And now she bids me turn and welcome to this happy gathering those of you who were attracted here through friendship, and whose sympathies are in harmony with a cause having for its end the Christian education of youth. Under this aegis she has taken her stand; few institutions surpass her in priority of years, few of equal age, while none have exceeded her in the masterly accomplishment of her work.



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL HALL.

she bears a special devotion. Rich in the manifold gifts with which she endowed you, to-day she looks for a renewal of your regard, confidence and esteem; to-day, though the bonds of affection have become loosened through the course of years, she, by your mere presence, will strengthen and make them more lasting than hoops of steel. My words of salutation to you fall short of meaning. Your Alma Mater, her brow furrowed by the vicissitudes of half a century, extending her arms across the chasm of time, sends forth a welcome, voiced only by the pulsations of a heart, full of a mother's love.

On this, her natal day, she only asks to hold you

To reiterate, in the name of Alma Mater, the Faculty and my fellow-students, I extend to each and all a most cordial welcome to our annual commencement, commemorating, as it does, the half-century mark of a college whose undertaking tends toward moulding Christian men and patriotic citizens.

Early Reminiscences.

Sardon has said that "nothing can adequately explain the present but the past." In this light I stand before you to-day to represent the infancy of Villanova college. Fifty years ago—a period exceeding the average life of man—a half dozen boys,

ranging in age from 11 to 14 years, accompanied by Rev. J. P. O'Dwyer, O.S.A., and William P. Dalton, formed the first band of pupils to enter Villanova. Of that small number, after the lapse of half a century, four are here to-day to greet their Alma Mater on this auspicious occasion of her Golden Jubilee. It would be impossible, in the short time allotted me, to describe even briefly the great difference between the conditions existing at the foundation of the college and those which now prevail. This will be readily understood when we contemplate that the great improvements in the sciences and arts, the vast discoveries in the field of electricity, the mechanical inventions and appliances that have in a sense revolutionized the world, have been the outgrowth of the fifty years we are to-day celebrating—Discoveries and inventions before which those of all former centuries have paled. During and preceding this era it had been the object of the Augustinian Fathers, at St. Augustine's Church, to aid and advance the cause of education in every possible manner. Parochial schools had been established at the church and continued under the most adverse circumstances and conditions—for the church was poor—and the people were, as they should ever be, like the church. When, therefore, the opportunity of securing these grounds offered itself, the zealous Fathers, few in numbers, but strong in faith and purpose, saw the possibility of realizing their brightest hopes, and at once bent all their energies to the work, and whilst zealously fulfilling the duties of professor at the infant college, discharged at the same time the duties of pastors and missionaries, at St. Augustine's and other churches throughout the Diocese. Their ministrations were in continual demand, and it was very seldom that Father O'Dwyer celebrated Mass on Sunday at Villanova after the first two or three months following its foundation. But his earnest and genial face was sure to welcome us to the duties of the study room on Monday morning. After a time the saintly Father Ashe assisted Father O'Dwyer, and in his absence generally celebrated Mass at the college on Sundays, assisting also in pastoral duties throughout the neighborhood and acting as a professor during the week.

In this manner under great difficulties and with double duties imposed upon the instructors the number of pupils increased to the neighborhood of forty before the close of the second year and prosperity and success seemed about to crown the efforts of the founders, but in 1844 a wave of religious intolerance and bigotry swept over the city of Philadelphia and laid St. Augustines in ruins. The Fathers in this dilemma hoped to continue the

college and rebuild the church; the task was, however, too great, and after a brief, but unavailing struggle, in the latter part of February 1845, the college was closed and the pupils disbanded. It is not my purpose to pursue these remarks beyond this period, not only on account of the limited time assigned but also because another and abler gentleman will follow in describing the incidents of later years. I desire, however, to pay in a few words a slight tribute to the memory of Father O'Dwyer, the first President of Villanova. His was, indeed, a rare character, earnest and energetic in all his undertakings, profound in his faith and convictions, and most sympathetic towards the sufferings and misfortunes of others. During the period of the riots he displayed the highest courage and immediately and resolutely set about rebuilding the burned church or, at least, a small chapel in which the congregation might worship until the church could be rebuilt. During this period I recall an incident that well displays his sympathetic and sensitive nature and which he related to me, as I accompanied him one evening in August, 1844, to act as secretary at a meeting of the congregation held in the basement of St. Joseph's Church. He said that he had that day called upon a Catholic family of note and wealth, to whose house he had always previously been welcomed as an honored guest, but on this occasion when the mistress of the house opened the door and recognized him, with pallid face and upraised hands she said "Father O'Dwyer, do not come in; for God's sake go away or we will be mobbed."

Dazed and hurt beyond the power of expression, he left the steps and stood upon the sidewalk, scarcely knowing where he was. While in this condition a Protestant, who had known him for some time, approached and inquired if he was ill. After some little delay and in explanation of his appearance, he told the cause of his disturbed manner and wounded feeling to his Protestant friend, who endeavored to dispel the effects of the insult by assuring him that such cowardice was but too common amongst people of weak and vain natures. Insisting upon Father O'Dwyer accompanying him to his home on one of the fashionable thoroughfares, he invited him to dinner, and before dismissing him insisted upon putting his name down for fifty dollars toward the rebuilding of the church, and at the same time assuring him of his intention to influence his personal friends in the good work. So deeply was Father O'Dwyer affected during the recital of this incident that his voice trembled with his efforts to restrain his feelings. As he finished

the recital he raised his eyes filled with tears to Heaven, and said : "The dearest wish of my heart and its most earnest prayer is that Almighty God will permit me to lay my bones in Philadelphia." His prayer was granted, for, although appointed to the Bishopric of Savannah, he sickened and died before the time appointed for his consecration, and now rests in the city he loved. One more word and I am done. Allow me, one of the very first students, to express my very great pleasure at being here to-day to say these few words on this august occasion.

Le prix du temps.

J. J. CROWLEY, '94, WHITMAN, MASS.

Cette vie, on la croit longue, jeunes élèves ; elle est très courte : car la jeunesse n'en est que la lente préparation, et la vieillesse que la plus lente destruction. Dans sept à huit ans, vous aurez entrevu toutes les idées fécondes dont vous êtes capables, et, il ne vous restera qu'une vingtaine d'années de véritable force pour les réaliser. Vingt années ! C'est-à-dire une éternité pour vous, et en réalité un moment ! Croyez-en ceux pour que ces vingt années ne sont plus ! elles passent comme une ombre, et il n'en reste que les œuvres dont on les a remplies.

Apprenez donc le prix du temps, employez-le avec une infatigable et avec une jalouse activité. Vous aurez beau faire, ces années qui se déroulent devant vous comme une perspective sans fin n'accompliront jamais qu'une faible partie des pensées de votre jeunesse ; les autres demeureront des germes inutiles, sur lesquels le rapide été de la vie aura passé sans les faire éclore, et qui s'éteindront sans fruit dans les glaces de la vieillesse.

Votre âge se trompe encore d'une autre façon sur la vie ; il y rêve le bonheur, et ce qu'il rêve n'y est pas. Ce qui rend la jeunesse si belle et qui fait qu'on la regrette quand elle est passée, c'est cette double illusion qui recule l'horizon de la vie et qui la dore.

Vous allez entrer dans le monde ; des mille routes qu'il ouvre à l'activité humaine, chacun de vous en prendra une. La carrière des uns sera brillante, celle des autres obscure et cachée. La condition et la fortune de vos parents en décideront en grande partie. Que ceux qui auront la plus modeste part n'en murmurent point. D'un côté la Providence est juste, et ce qui ne dépend point de nous ne saurait être un véritable bien ; de l'autre, la patrie vit du concours et du travail de tous ses

enfants, et dans la mécanique de la société, il n'y a point de ressort inutile. Que chacun de vous se contente donc de la part qui lui sera échue. Quelque soit sa carrière elle lui donnera une mission, des devoirs, une certaine somme de bien à produire. Ce sera là sa tâche ; qu'il la remplisse avec courage et énergie, honnêtement et fidèlement, et il aura fait dans sa position tout ce qu'il est donné à l'homme de faire. Qu'il la remplisse aussi sans envie contre ses émules. Vous ne serez pas seuls dans votre chemin ; vous y marcherez avec d'autres, appelés par la Providence à poursuivre le même but.

Dans ce concours de la vie, ils pourront vous surpasser par le talent ou devoir à la fortune un succès qui vous échappera. Ne leur en veuillez pas, et, si vous avez fait de votre mieux, ne vous en veuillez pas à vous-mêmes.

Le succès n'est pas ce qui importe ; ce qui importe c'est l'effort ; c'est là ce qui dépend de l'homme, ce qui l'élève, ce qui le rend content de lui-même. L'accomplissement du devoir, voilà, jeunes élèves, et le véritable but de la vie et le véritable bien.

Vous le reconnaissez à ce signe qu'il dépend uniquement de votre volonté de l'atteindre, et à cet autre qu'il est également à la portée de tous, du pauvre comme du riche, de l'ignorant comme du savant, et qu'il permet à Dieu de nous jeter tous tant que nous sommes dans la même balance et de nous peser avec les mêmes poids.

Ainsi tout est juste, tout est conséquent, tout est bien ordonné dans la vie quand on la comprend telle que Dieu l'a faite, quand on la restitue à sa vraie destination.

Columbia, Unsere Heimath

B. J. CORR, '94, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Friede und Liebe allen unsern Mitbürgern, das ist unsere Losung.

Und so folgen wir der Columbia, wie Ruth der Naomi und wir sagen : Wo du hingehst, gehe ich auch hin, wo die bleibst, bleibe auch ich, dein Volk ist mein Volk und—hier pausiren wir und reflektiren.

Naomi verehrte den wahren Gott und Ruth durfte sagen : Dein Gott soll mein Gott sein. Ist der amerikanische Gott der allmächtige Dollar, so wollen wir ihn nicht anbeten, ist er der agnostische Gott, von dem man nicht weiss und nichts wissen kann, so wollen wir ihn nicht lieben. Ist es aber jener Gott, der sich durch seinem Sohn geoffenbart

hat, damit wir indem wir Gott sichtbar erkennen durch ihn zur Liebe unsichtbarer Dinge hingerissen werden; ist es jener Gott, der als eniger Hirte seine Herde nicht verlässt, sondern durch seine Apostel mit fort währendem Schutze sie bewacht, dann allerdings sagen wir: Dein Gott ist mein Gott.

Unter allen Umständen aber lieben wir auch diejenigen unserer Mitbürger, welche anderen Glaubens sind. Weil wir aber alle unsere Mitbürger lieben, so lieben wir ganz besonders jenes Land, welches die gleichen Segnungen über uns alle ausschüttet, jenes Land, dessen Berge und Wälder das herrlichste Wildpret, dessen Seen und Flüsse die schmackhaftesten Fische dessen Felder und Thäler die reichhaltigsten Früchte, dessen unerschöpfliche Minen die werthvollsten Metalle und Brennmaterialien uns darbieten; jenes Land, dessen unzählige gestählte Riesenarme alle diese Schätze mit einer Schnelligkeit vertheilen, wie nur das ausgedehnteste Eisenbahnnetz der ganzen Welt es ermöglicht; jenes Land so reich in seinen Produkten so mannigfaltig in seinen Naturschönheiten, so fruchtbar in seiner Entwicklung. Kann man eine lessere Hermath finden? Hier trägt jenes Kind das Recht zur höchsten weltlichen Würde dieses Landes in seinem Schoosse. Hier hat auch der Aermste Aussichten auf Verbesserung seines Standes, ja auf gleiche Ehren und Besitzungen seiner Mitbürger.

Hier herrscht Keine Militarsklaverei. Hier gehöört dem Knaben das gaue Leben und er braucht nicht seine besten Jahre im Dienste eines Potentaten zuzubringen. Die schönste Arbeitskraft wird nicht dem Lande entrissen und Greise und Matronen sind nicht gezwungen, eines Monarchen wegen die schwersten Arbeten zu verrichten. Hier mag der Bauer mit dem Präsidenten im selben Eisenbahnwagen fahren und der genöthliche Arbeiter mit dem Millionär zu Tische sitzen.

Heir herrscht Freiheit des Denkens, Freiheit das Gedachte durch Wort und Schrift auszudrücken, also Rede-Press und Unterrichtsfreiheit. Hier herrsche Freiheit, nach seiner Ueberzeugung zu handeln, so lange das Recht eines andern nicht verletzt wird, also Freiheit der Religion, Freiheit der Politik, Freiheit des geselligen Verkehrs und freier und weiter Raum für alle edlen Unternehmungen.

Soll ich euch nun sagen, dass ihr dieses Land lieben müsst! Nein damit will ich euch nicht beleidigen. Aber wenn das Vaterland ruft, wenn es Keinen Zungen-soudern Muskelpatrioismus verlangt, dann werden wir uns versammeln um die Flagge, wir werden eilen von den Hügeln, wir werden Kommen von der Eben her und ertönen lassen den Schlachtruf der Freiheit.

ORATION.

REV. J. C. MONAHAN, '78, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It is indeed a great occasion, a glad, joyous event, that calls us here to-day; that has gathered within these hallowed precincts, from far and from near, an assembly of which any people and any institution might well be proud.

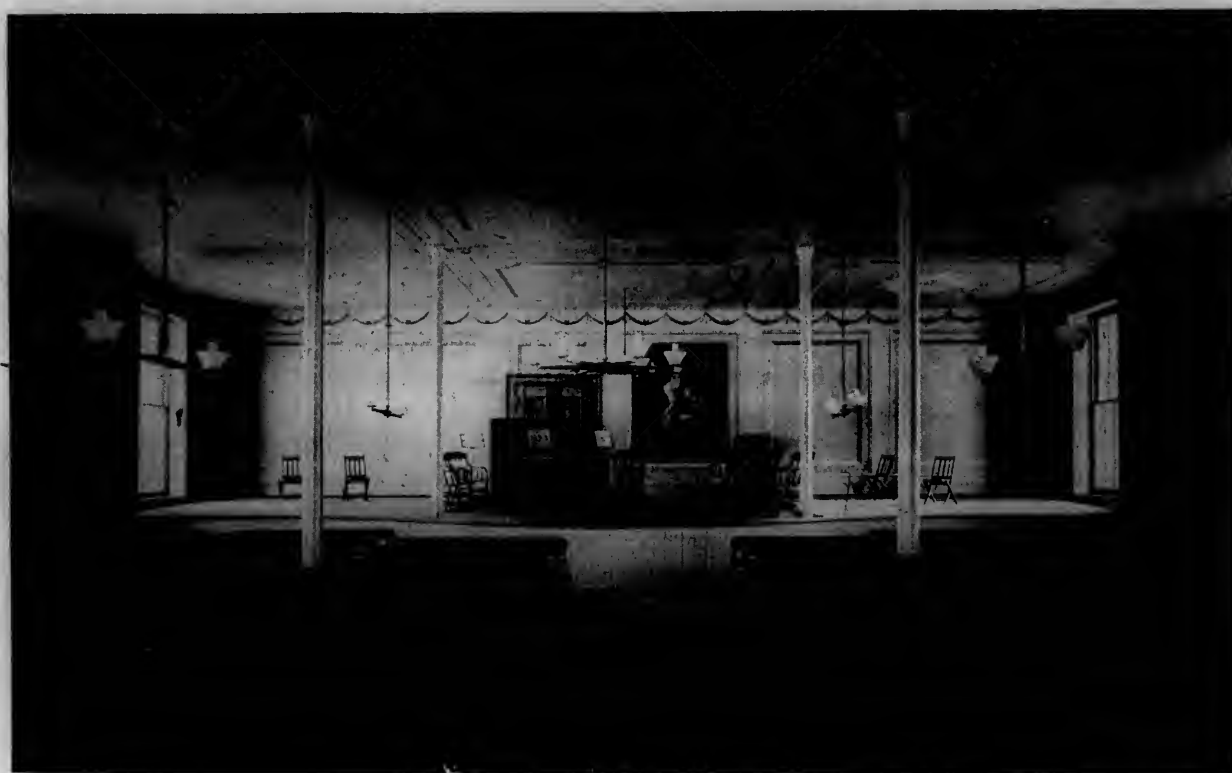
The semi-centennial of Villanova's founding! The golden jubilee of her consecration to the noble work of educating the youth of our land. The rounding out, the crowning of a half century's career, honorable, beneficent and glorious in the highest and truest measure.

This is the event we celebrate to-day. This is the glad, inspiring occasion that has brought us together. And surely it is a great occasion. Great for the honor, the esteem, the reverence and glory it brings to Villanova. Great, splendidly, pre-eminently great, for the blessed, noble work well done; for the magnificent, far-reaching accomplishments in the realm of intellect and learning, for the incalculable benefits conferred upon mankind which it commemorates.

Fifty years devotion to the higher education of our youth! Fifty years consecrated, consecrated from the purest and loftiest motives—from philanthropy and patriotism, for the ennobling of men and the uplifting of the world—to the moulding of young hearts, the developing of young minds and the fashioning of young lives! This is Villanova's glory. This, to-day, her splendid triumph. This is her title to the respect, the gratitude, the admiration and love of men. That she has been true to her noble mission, pursuing it with enlightened zeal, conscientious care and ardent love, advancing as time moved on, with its broadening sphere and growing demands, is matter of history; is evidenced in the flourishing condition of her schools, in her large and honored alumni, and in the splendid gathering of loyal hearts who are here to-day to pay her greeting. Honorably and conspicuously Villanova stands out among the leading Catholic educational institutions of the country. Her name is held in honor throughout the land, and everywhere her graduates are respected. And all this from within. All this from the broad, generous foundations upon which she was laid and the enlightened, high-minded policy with which she has been directed and governed. Founded half a century ago, she had in the beginning, as young institutions for the most part have, her trials and hardships. Fifty years ago men and times and circumstances were different from the men and times and circumstances of our day. Catholics in those

early days were few, and for the most part possessed of but little of the gifts of fortune. As a result, our colleges were poorly supported, in most cases for years barely eking out a slender existence. That Villanova should be spared the trial which fell to the lot of so many others was not expected. But she lived through it, and guided by the broad minds and big souls of the men who founded her—the Moriatys, the O'Dwyers and O'Donnells—she grew and strengthened and flourished and commanded the attention and respect of men. Never, I trust, will she forget the friends of those early days; the stout hearts and generous souls and skilful hands that laid her foundations so broad

grand old pioneers of Catholic education to whom the present generation of our people, the present flourishing condition of our Holy Church is so deeply indebted. They were great and valiant men. They were heroes in the strife. Guided by those noble spirits, strengthened by those brave, strong hands, Villanova lived and grew in stature and won her way into the esteem and hearts of men. For well on to twenty years the noble work went on. Attracted by her fame, her broad and elevated curriculum, her splendid discipline and the marked ability of her teachers, students came to her from every part of the land, from the North and the South, from the East and the West, and



DRAMATIC HALL.

and deep, and with judgment so enlightened and love so sterling, led her through the dangers that beset her.

All hail to the memories of those grand old men who in the early days of our country's history, fired with the zeal and enlightened with the wisdom that had inspired their forefathers to carry the torch of learning through the length and the breadth of Europe, and in the face of difficulties and dangers almost as great, laid the foundations of the institutions which are now the strength and the hope of our land.

All hail, again do I say—and let it be embalmed in song and told in story—to the memories of those

placed themselves at her feet. For well on to twenty years the sons of those early Catholics filled her halls and gathered from her lips the precious knowledge that ennobled and strengthened them for the great battle of life. Twenty years almost of that blessed work—blessed for her who gave and blessed for them who received.

And then came an interruption; an interruption that shook the young college to its very centre, that desolated her schools, closed her doors and shrouded Villanova in silence and sorrow. It was indeed a dark and dismal hour; dark and dismal not only for the young college and the noble spirits who founded her, but for our beloved country itself.

hat, damit wir indem wir Gott sichtbar erkennen durch ihn zur Liebe unsichtbarer Dinge hingerissen werden: ist es jener Gott, der als eniger Hirte seine Herde nicht verlässt, sondern durch seine Apostel mit fort währendem Schutze sie bewacht, dann allerdings sagen wir: Dein Gott ist mein Gott.

Unter allen Umständen aber lieben wir auch diejenigen unserer Mitbürger, welche anderen Glaubens sind. Weil wir aber alle unsere Mitbürger lieben, so lieben wir ganz besonders jenes Land, welches die gleichen Segnungen über uns alle anscüttet, jenes Land, dessen Berge und Wälder das herrlichste Wildpret, dessen Seen und Flüsse die schmackhaftesten Fische dessen Felder und Thäler die reichhaltigsten Früchte, dessen unerschöpfliche Minen die werthvollsten Metalle und Brennmaterialien uns darbieten; jenes Land, dessen unzählige gestülpte Riesenarme alle diese Schätze mit einer Schnelligkeit vertheilen, wie nur das ausgedehnteste Eisenbahnnetz der ganzen Welt es ermöglicht; jenes Land so reich in seinen Produkten so mannigfaltig in seinen Naturschönheiten, so fruchtbar in seiner Entwicklung. Kann man eine lessere Hermath finden? Hier trägt jenes Kind das Recht zur höchsten weltlichen Würde dieses Landes in seinem Schoosse. Hier hat auch der Aermste Aussichten auf Verbesserung seines Standes, ja auf gleiche Ehren und Besitzungen seiner Mitbürger.

Hier herrscht keine Militarsklaverei. Hier gehört dem Knaben das ganze Leben und er braucht nicht seine besten Jahre im Dienste eines Potentaten zuzubringen. Die schönste Arbeitskraft wird nicht dem Lande entrissen und Greise und Matronen sind nicht gezwungen, eines Monarchen wegen die schwersten Arbeiten zu verrichten. Hier mag der Bauer mit dem Präsidenten im selben Eisenbahnwagen fahren und der gewöhnliche Arbeiter mit dem Millionär zu Tische sitzen.

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The semi-centennial of Villanova's founding! The golden jubilee of her consecration to the noble work of educating the youth of our land. The rounding out, the crowning of a half century's career, honorable, beneficent and glorious in the highest and truest measure.

This is the event we celebrate to-day. This is the glad, inspiring occasion that has brought us together. And surely it is a great occasion. Great for the honor, the esteem, the reverence and glory it brings to Villanova. Great, splendidly, pre-eminently great, for the blessed, noble work well done; for the magnificent, far-reaching accomplishments in the realm of intellect and learning, for the incalculable benefits conferred upon mankind which it commemorates.

Fifty years devotion to the higher education of our youth! Fifty years consecrated, consecrated from the purest and loftiest motives—from philanthropy and patriotism, for the ennobling of men and the uplifting of the world—to the moulding of young hearts, the developing of young minds and the fashioning of young lives! This is Villanova's glory. This, to-day, her splendid triumph. This is her title to the respect, the gratitude, the admiration and love of men. That she has been true to her noble mission, pursuing it with enlightened zeal, conscientious care and ardent love, advancing as time moved on, with its broadening sphere and growing demands, is matter of history; is evidenced in the flourishing condition of her schools, in her large and honored alumni, and in the splendid gathering of loyal hearts who are here to-day to pay her greeting. Honorably and conspicuously Villanova stands out among the leading Catholic educational institutions of the country. Her name is held in honor throughout the land, and everywhere her graduates are respected. And all this from within. All this from the broad, generous foundations upon which she was laid and the enlightened, high-minded policy with which she has been directed and governed. Founded half a century ago, she had in the beginning, as young institutions for the most part have, her trials and hardships. Fifty years ago men and times and circumstances were different from the men and times and circumstances of our day. Catholics in those

early days were few, and for the most part possessed of but little of the gifts of fortune. As a result, our colleges were poorly supported, in most cases for years barely eking out a slender existence. That Villanova should be spared the trial which fell to the lot of so many others was not expected. But she lived through it, and guided by the broad minds and big souls of the men who founded her—the Moriatys, the O'Dwyers and O'Donnells—she grew and strengthened and flourished and commanded the attention and respect of men. Never, I trust, will she forget the friends of those early days; the stout hearts and generous souls and skilful hands that laid her foundations so broad

grand old pioneers of Catholic education to whom the present generation of our people, the present flourishing condition of our Holy Church is so deeply indebted. They were great and valiant men. They were heroes in the strife. Guided by those noble spirits, strengthened by those brave, strong hands, Villanova lived and grew in stature and won her way into the esteem and hearts of men. For well on to twenty years the noble work went on. Attracted by her fame, her broad and elevated curriculum, her splendid discipline and the marked ability of her teachers, students came to her from every part of the land, from the North and the South, from the East and the West, and



DRAMATIC HALL.

and deep, and with judgment so enlightened and love so sterling, led her through the dangers that beset her.

All hail to the memories of those grand old men who in the early days of our country's history, fired with the zeal and enlightened with the wisdom that had inspired their forefathers to carry the torch of learning through the length and the breadth of Europe, and in the face of difficulties and dangers almost as great, laid the foundations of the institutions which are now the strength and the hope of our land.

All hail, again do I say—and let it be embalmed in song and told in story—to the memories of those

placed themselves at her feet. For well on to twenty years the sons of those early Catholics filled her halls and gathered from her lips the precious knowledge that ennobled and strengthened them for the great battle of life. Twenty years almost of that blessed work—blessed for her who gave and blessed for them who received.

And then came an interruption: an interruption that shook the young college to its very centre, that desolated her schools, closed her doors and shrouded Villanova in silence and sorrow. It was indeed a dark and dismal hour; dark and dismal not only for the young college and the noble spirits who founded her, but for our beloved country itself.

Civil war had grasped the fair young Republic in its horrid embrace and with mighty power and appalling fury was battling for its destruction. Those were indeed dark days; days of confusion and terror, when the stoutest hearts stood still and the bravest souls trembled for the fate of the country. But the worst, thank God, was averted. The Republic was saved. Though terribly shaken and demoralized by that bloody tempest which cost her the lives of so many noble children, the Republic lived. Lived to grow, in a little while, stronger and nobler than before; lived to become, as she is to-day, the wonder and marvel of the world, honored and respected where honesty and manhood dwell, and loved, revered, and cherished by millions and millions of devoted children.

Closed with the first sounds of civil strife, which alike to the hearts of young and old brought distraction and alarm, it was not until 1865, when peace had once more settled upon the land and men had turned themselves to tranquil, happy ways and peaceful pursuits, that the college again opened her doors and resumed her mission. As might well be expected, years, which for the country and its institutions had been prolific of mighty and drastic revolutions, would bring their changes to the college also. And so it was: for in the days that followed her closing, the friends and directors of her early years were called from the scenes of their noble struggles to enter upon new fields of labor. But though new hands were now at the helm, she was to be the same old Villanova that in the days gone by had done such noble work, and so won upon the esteem and hearts of men. The enlightened, high-minded policy which in the past had brought her so much success and honor would again be the spirit of her direction. And upon the broad and generous foundations upon which she had lived her early life and built her early reputation, she would rise to new heights and new successes.

Thus anew, with fresh young blood, coursing through her veins and inspired with the noble motives and lofty ambitions she had caught from her great-souled founders, the college threw wide open her doors to the youth of the land. And again, as in olden times, they filled her halls. From the North and South, from the East and the West again they came and placed themselves at her feet, and under her wise and liberal tuition grew and strengthened in heart and mind, and grown and strengthened in heart and mind equipped for life's great battle as only a Catholic college can equip her youth, they have gone out year by year into the busy, thronging world, into its commercial and

professional life, and by their high and honored careers and splendid successes brought honor and fame to old Alma Mater. It is now many years—three decades we may say—since that glad reopening. And what wonderful years they have been. Wonderful in the advance of art and science; wonderful in discovery and invention; wonderful in the broadening and elevating of men's minds, in the cheerful acceptance by them and practical application to life of the higher principles of Christian civilization. They have indeed been years of wondrous change and marvellous growth. And through it all, the old college, faithful to her high mission, true to her noble principles, has kept steadfastly on her way. Everywhere over the face of the land new educational institutions, many of them backed by wealth and social influence, have risen up and sought for patronage and power; but the old college, ever progressive, ever abreast of the times and the needs of humanity, has maintained her high and honorable place in the esteem and love of men, and grown and strengthened. Though crowned with the golden crown of fifty years, she is still young; young in the purity and nobility of her motives; young in the enlightened zeal and conscientious care with which she fulfills her mission; young in the breadth and elevation of her curriculum; in her capacity for good, and the vast and ennobling influence she possesses with men. Is it not with reason, then, that we rejoice to-day, we who love the old college, who have sat at her feet and grown up under her fostering care and beneficent guidance? In the face of that splendid career, that high and honored record, that noble, blessed, far-reaching work, so well done, is it not with reason that we, her sons, gather round about her and celebrate this golden jubilee, with feast of reason and flow of soul, with merriment and song? That there are others with us to-day—that they who sit in high places who have made their impress on the age, and by their noble deeds and golden words stood out for all that is truest and best in education, are here to-day to dignify and honor this glad occasion, is evidence that we are right. Education—education in its highest and truest sense—of head and of heart, has been Villanova's mission. And therefore is it that the rejoicing of this day is not alone the rejoicing of her children, but of the community in general, of all who seek the uplifting, the ennobling of mankind and the purity and strength of hearthstones and country. Down through those five decades of her existence, the old college, true to the spirit of her saintly patrons and the will of her noble founders, has stood in the very forefront for Christian educa-

tion—the education, not only of the intellect, but of the heart and will of man; the education which alone realizes the needs and demands of man's nature and enables him to fulfil his mission and attain his destiny. Develop the intellect of man at the expense of his heart and will, and you shut him out from the bright sunlight and pure atmosphere of the higher and nobler life for which he was created, and make him a menace and danger to society. Neglecting the spiritual side of his nature, he will learn to ignore and despise it. And as his intellect is the pliant tool of his will, governed and directed by it in all its actions, it will become a powerful factor for evil in the hands of that untrained, uneducated faculty. Far, then, from being a safeguard to, a promoter of, morality and an antidote for vice and crime, mere intellectual development, by creating new wants, enlarging man's capacity for enjoyment and accomplishment, and so feeding his concupiscence, becomes the enemy of morality, the abettor of vice and crime.

Go over the story of the world! Take up the history of the peoples and nations—of Greece and Rome in the old days, of Prussia and France in our own day—who have built upon that foundation, and you will have the clearest evidence of that truth. What has become of the Greek and Roman civilization founded upon and developed on that theory? It has passed away by the law of its own corruption; disintegrated by the seeds of decay and death that gnawed at its vitals. It was a house built upon sand, and when the strong winds came and the rain beat upon it, it went down. The strength, the permanency of a nation lies in the virtue of its people. And the virtue of a people springs from and is controlled by religion. Religion is the only true basis of morality. Men have sought elsewhere for virtue, tried other foundations upon which to build a system of morality, but only to meet with disappointment and disaster. They have tried, as we have seen, intellectual culture, and failed. They sought it in the æsthetic sense of man—in his love for the elevated, the refined, the beautiful, only again to be disappointed.

In their way such things are good and largely beneficial to mankind; but that they should be set up as the ideals of life, as the foundations upon which pure and noble existences are to be built, were an absurdity. Far from strengthening man, the tendency of such culture is rather to effeminate and weaken him in the face of temptation. And again they have sought it, and to-day and in our midst men are seeking morality and virtue in a purely ethical culture—in a sense of the proper, the graceful, the becoming. But no, it will never succeed. It may bring about an outward respectability,

a polished exterior; it may give you the gilded, varnished man of the world, but it will never make you a moral man. Virtue is made of sterner stuff. It comes from the heart and soul of man. It is based on the dictates of conscience—of a conscience recognizing a Law-giver to whom every rational being is responsible for his acts. Religion is the only true basis of morality. The only source of true greatness and permanent prosperity. Religion it was that gave us our own glorious civilization, with its wonderful vitality and marvellous fruitfulness; with its lofty ideals, its noble aspirations, its enlightened public conscience and pure and holy firesides. And as it was religion that gave us that civilization and up to the present has been the life and soul of it, so is it religion that must safeguard and conserve it. As is the individual, so will be the family. As is the family, so will be the commonwealth. The root of the state, the foundation of the nation is in the home; at the fireside of the people. The civil and social life of mankind springs from and is controlled by its domestic life.

Therefore, is it to perpetuate our glorious civilization, its noble ideals, its pure inspirations, its individual honesty and responsibility, its public conscience and pure and sacred homes, that we must educate the heart and will and mind of our youth; instruct them not only in the arts and sciences, but in their duties to God, their relations their to Creator, their conscientious obligations to themselves and their fellow-men. In that lies the strength of our institutions, the hope of our race and country. On those lines alone shall we be able to calm the spirit of unrest that has seized upon the minds of men, and stem the torrent of socialism that is making sad havoc amongst them and boding calamity to the world. On those lines alone shall we be able to create and foster respect for authority. Onward, then, in this glorious work, be Villanova's career. Onward for the ennobling, the supernaturalizing of men. Onward for the strengthening, the perpetuating of the institutions and principles that have brought peace and light and gladness to the world. Onward for country. Onward for Christian civilization. Onward, still onward in fidelity and loyalty to the memories, the labors, the sacrifices, the talents and principles of the great and good men—the Moriartys, the Galberrys, the Blakes, and the Lockes, who watched over her career and guided and directed her to the noble place she occupies in the esteem of men.

Onward speed thee, Alma Mater,

In thy mission, heaven-born.

Past's bright glories round thee clinging,

Present's plaudits loudly ringing,

Heartfelt love thy children bringing,

Thy honored name adorn.

Onward ever, star of knowledge,
 Light of nations! Guide of youth!
 May thy rays illumine ages,
 Lustré shed o'er history's pages,
 Guide the steps of future sages,
 Supernal star of truth.

On then, dear old Alma Mater,
 On where waits thee fame's bright crown;
 On to glories, on to triumphs,
 On to win a world's renown.

VALEDICTORY.

M. A. TIERNEY, '93.

The old convent bell is tolling the knell of our college life, and with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret the class of ninety-three bids you a last adieu. With feelings of pleasure, because to-day we receive the reward of our labor and go out from these walls honored with the ensign of our chosen Alma Mater. With feelings of regret, because to-day we part with those who have been our constant companions, and with those who have earnestly labored to discipline our minds and to guide us in the path of righteousness and truth. What plan or profession in life we will follow, what use we will make of knowledge acquired and principles formed remains entirely with us. Thus far we have climbed but a few rounds of the ladder of life, and as we unassumingly gaze around us a problem forcibly presents itself which our conscience bids us to solve, viz.: The Problem of Life. The task is interesting, but it is difficult, and, in order to clearly understand its meaning, let us ask ourselves the question: Of what is man's nature composed? Theories respecting this question oscillate between two extremes—one which exalts human nature to the summit of divinity, another which sinks it to the lowest level of vileness. The earth's great mass of humanity includes many in whom physical, intellectual and moral beauty approaches approximately to our ideal of perfection, while in the same mass are also found many in whom physical deformity, intellectual degradation and moral vileness appear to us as if embodied in monsters. And yet the best and the worst are of one species, of one descent, and in all is the same human essence. Man, considered as animal and rational, is individually one, although his unity is binary; in him are combined two infinitely opposite extremes—soul and body, spirit and matter—the one highest, the other lowest in the realm of beings; the corruptible and the immortal; the instincts of the brute with the aspirations of the angel. The soul is the immediate creation of

God, not fallen from a higher celestial sphere of being, and embodied as a punishment, as Pagan philosophy teaches; not propagated through generation or creation by parents, as modern philosophers have endeavored to prove; but infused by God into the human body and constituting in conjunction with the body the very essence of man. However, between the soul and the body, the spirit and the senses, there is a want of harmony. The senses spontaneously and blindly desire sensible good, the gratification of the passions. The soul has its appetites, seeking after higher good, knowledge, power and glory. These various and opposing impulses cannot control themselves, nor are they kept in order by any law, so that it remains the duty of free will, enlightened by reason, whose practical judgments are the dictates of conscience, to reduce them to order, to exercise discipline over them, and to direct them rightly toward the purpose of life. God created man with free will, and the relation subsisting between God and man lies in the fact that He has created man out of *love*, and requires *man's* love in return. But although God has created man free, He is ever lending him a helping and directing hand, like the fond mother teaching her little babe to walk, first, she places it firmly on its feet, for a little while she holds and supports it, and then, going back a little way, she waits for its love to set its little limbs in motion and to follow her; but how watchful is her eye, how outstretched her arms to catch her child the instant it begins to totter! Equally simple and intimate is the relation of God to man. But God in His love for man not only gifted him with an intellect and free will, but He has also promised him eternal happiness. And man, as he wanders over the earth, teeming, indeed, with life, and even itself a living thing, is ever meeting here and there with something that tells him it is not his proper home, and that there is a brighter and happier life awaiting him. But how unworthy of the Creator would all this be if He had not given man an immortal soul, capable of enjoying this happiness! And, again, since the justice of God requires the observance of moral laws, and since man in this life does not always receive a reward for virtue or a punishment for vice, is it not reasonable to suppose that there is another life, in which God's justice is satisfied?

What a wonderful being then is man! As an illustrious writer once beautifully said: "Placed in the confines of the kingdoms of spirit and matter, first in the corporeal hierarchy, and last in the intellectual, gathered up in himself as it were all nature which is below him, and entering through

his reasonable faculties into the intellectual order, which is above him, and which ascends even to God, the infinite centre of all things, the summit to which each after its measure tends, man, the link which unites these two orders of creation on one side, touches earth and stretches toward heaven on the other, on one side is drawn downward toward the abyss on the other aspires heavenward even to the possession of God himself." The solution of the Problem of Life then consists in bringing each faculty of our wonderfully organized nature under proper control, in keeping the passions subservient to the will and in making the will obedient to the ever warning voice of con-

of parting has come, we must to-day go forth from this dear old institution and say farewell to its Faculty, its Professors, and our fellow-students. Rev. Faculty and Professors, under whose guidance we have spent our college days, it would ill become us upon leaving your institution not to say a last good-bye nor extend to you our heartfelt thanks for your many kindnesses to us. We left our homes, made dear to us by the smiles and kind words of loved ones, to experience the cares and trials of college life, how earnestly you have striven to smooth the trials, to dispel the cares and to make happy those entrusted to your charge our love for and your college but too plainly exemplifies. This



STUDY HALL.

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to bid you a last good-bye and receive, perchance, a pledge of your esteem or your blessing, it will be with the earnest wish that when another fifty years shall have let fall their snows and sunshines upon your beloved institution her spires, more lofty and gilded anew, will be honored monuments of your labor and zeal.

But there is still another and more difficult task to perform. To those who have for so long a time walked with us hand in hand, who would share with us while there was aught to share, who exulted at our joy and mourned at our sorrow, we must now say a last farewell. Fellow-students, the class of ninety-three leaves you to-day, perhaps never to be among you again, but although we cannot actively co-operate with you, yet we will not forget you and in after years although continents or the ocean's broad expanse may divide us, when your combined efforts will have snatched the laurels from your contemporaries and you bear them away in glorious triumph we will be with you in spirit waving to the breeze the *white* and *blue* and making the hills resound with the good old cry of "NIKH, NIKH." Yes, fellow-students, the memory of our associations can never depart from us, the pleasant face, the kindly jest, the merry laugh of our companions are stored up within the inmost chambers of our hearts and in future years how pleasant it will be to close one's eyes, and in the calm holy reflection of the heart contemplate the pleasures of our college days. But, dear friends, let us hope for happier things, let us hope that if Providence deigns that we shall never again meet within the dear old walls of our Alma Mater, nor yet in the great world outside, it will be in a holier and a purer land than this—in a land where the severed ties of friendship will be reunited and where farewell is a forbidden word.

Address to the Graduates.

JOHN J. MORRISSEY, HARTFORD, CONN.

On this happy occasion, surrounded by the joyful festivities which naturally form a component part of a celebration of this character, I would, with your kind permission, deviate for a moment from the path outlined by this program, to pay homage to the memory of a saintly man, whose highest earthly hopes were at one time centered in the welfare and advancement of this institution, ere he was called to a larger scene of more honorable activity. Reluctantly at first, but afterwards with that promptitude which characterizes the true spirit of obedience, he went forth from these college halls,

from these peaceful groves, so well suited to his quiet and unostentatious character, to assume the duties and responsibilities inseparable from the discharge of the affairs of a large diocese. Need I name Bishop Galberry, whose memory will ever be held in kindly and reverential remembrance, not only in this quiet retreat, removed from the turmoil and bustle of a great world, but also in the diocese of Hartford, where his unassuming manner, his gentle disposition, his executive ability, and above all, his great piety, endeared him alike to priest and people. We, who knew him, loved him well, day after day, year after year, during his limited time among us, we saw the glory and self-sacrifice of his noble labor; we saw its living power on men, but how much there is must be known only to God and the individual souls. With an industry and concentration of purpose worthy of so holy a cause, he labored in time and out of time for the best interests of the people and of the diocese. And, after all, we cannot reckon life merely by the passing of the years. He lives longest who best works out the purpose which makes life worth the living, even though his years on earth are few. I am glad to avail myself of the privilege afforded by the present occasion to pay this slight tribute to his memory, not only as a distinguished Augustinian, but also as a man whose advice, and I may add with all due humility, whose friendship were of service to myself, as well as to all young men who came within the sphere of his influence. And were it not that sickness detains him in Philadelphia to-day, we would be honored in the presence of his successor, the Rt. Rev. Lawrence McMahon, who would testify by his presence, not only his interest in this semi-centennial anniversary, but also the esteem and appreciation in which he holds the memory of his predecessor.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:

One of the most ordinary, and yet one of the most typical occurrences of child life, is the boy's first graduation from his mother's apron strings to the street. Hitherto the little fellow has been toddling along at his mother's side, he has appealed to her in every difficulty, he has looked to her for ready assistance at every obstruction, and her praise or blame was his alpha and omega. The kitchen, the sitting-room, and perhaps the yard, were the little world around which his hopes and ambitions revolved. But after a time he tires of these circumscribed limits, and longs for a wider sphere of mischievous activity, and so he comes out upon the street. He sees the other boys, he regards them

with strangeness and suspicion. They treat him in an off-hand manner, far removed from the motherly method. He is jeered at and jostled, and, finally, in a storm of indignation and tears, he flies back to the house. But not for very long. The leaven of the street is in him; that indefinable longing of the man for the outside world prompts him. He ventures out upon the street again. This time he does not yield, he resists; and after a few trials, as soon as he has gained his standing, he becomes aggressive. He enters into the different boyish struggles with vim and obstinacy. When he espies a marble that another boy possesses, he tries to seize it; and very soon he gets to know from what boy he can take anything with impunity, whom he must beguile with art, and where he must keep his hands off. In short, the battle of the world in miniature has begun with the boy's first visit to the street alone. And when he returns to the house, he bears with him a seed of that haughty masculinity which makes him regard his mother as mighty for everything in the house, but not of very great consequence upon the street.

The transformation has taken place. He was a baby, he is now a boy. And now, gentlemen of the graduating class, in the encircling progress of your lives, this evolution repeats itself. The student who passes from the gentle arms of his Alma Mater, and walks forth into the world, is like the boy who makes his first visit to the street alone; many times would he run back if he could; but surely would he venture out again. That is his fate, and he feels it. Among the battling forces he must encounter, his own nature is roused; his resources are brought into play; his powers are evolved. He searches the workshop of his mental and physical forces for instruments to carve his way. And in the trial of his strength he learns his own value, and the temper of the weapons with which a liberal education has endowed him. Ah, what a change! Hitherto he had studied for the sake of knowledge. His art was for art's sake. In the sacred halls of his college the acquisition of science was for the purpose of rounding off, completing and elevating the mind God had given him. The highest purposes crowned the purest efforts. The reward of virtue was in virtue itself, and not in any extraneous advantage. But now! There stands the world, armed from head to foot, each striving by all means nature and education had conferred to gain gold, honor, position, influence, the heights of life.

For the first time he is forced to use his pure arms in selfish struggle. And there is no escape. It is his fate, it is his destiny! And only after years of

battling, when he has seen the reverse as well as the facing of the woof, does he recognize that in struggling honestly and fairly for himself, he is battling for the highest good of the world, for the best possessions of mankind. For, after all, gentlemen, we are shuttles thrown by an Almighty Hand to weave the tissue of life, and though none can tell how much he helps, or how little he ornaments, we do know the pattern becomes complete under the divine direction, and that we must do our part the best we know how.

Do your part then, gentlemen, in what sphere of life you may be ordained to fulfill. And whether it be in the sacred ministry, in the legal profession, or in medicine, remember that measureless opportunities will be presented to you of doing good not to your fellow-man, alone but to yourself and your Maker. But as the three professions are the chosen field for the majority of Catholic students, they may well, as a great writer has said, be classed together: the priest, the lawyer and the physician. The first staunches the wounds of the soul; the second those of the purse; the third those of the body. In themselves they represent society in its three chief aspects of existence—conscience, property and health. The loss of the first would shake society to its very foundations, by upsetting that equilibrium and natural sense of justice inherent in every human being. The lack of the second, though at times a calamitous deprivation, can easily be borne by him who has cultivated the heights of philosophy; while the loss of the third is one of the greatest natural evils man is called upon to bear. We can conjure a condition of society, in which we might live without the lawyer, but never without the priest or physician. From the first feeble cry of existence to the last expiring groan upon the death-bed the priest and physician are most intimately associated—the one to cure the ills of the body, the other to heal the infirmities of the soul. But taken together, the progress of society and of civilization, and the well-being of the masses depend upon the three professions. They are the powers which directly lead the people to feel the result of actions, of interests, and of principles. So whichever one of these professions you choose, remember that there are mysterious triumphs in every-day life that would elevate you to the highest pinnacles of heroism. Within these sacred halls you have studied many books, you have cultivated an acquaintance with the learned expounders of thought in the past; but there is one lesson that you will have to learn in the bitter strife and struggle of life, and that is to know yourself, to properly gauge the limitation of your own capabili-

ties—that is the most important lesson of all. The foundation of that knowledge has been laid successfully, let us hope, within these holy walls—its cultivation can only come with the passing of the years.

Twelve years ago to-day, I stood where you now stand, upon the very threshold of active life. To my youthful and glowing mind then, as perhaps to yours now, the world offered many attractions, some superior to the ideals formed, other akin to Dead Sea fruit. But be true to the lessons taught you within this holy institution. Go forth like the crusader of old, from our beloved Alma Mater, ready and willing to battle for what is just, and

may not be the adventitious success which gives you a temporary advantage over your fellow-man, but it will be the intrinsic success which makes you true to yourself and true to your God. Either as a business man or as a member of the legal or medical profession, never be ashamed to uphold your religion, never be backward in acknowledging the beauty and truth of the Church, of that Church which found its seed in martyrs' blood, of that Church which to-day stands in the very forefront of civilization, the greatest civilizing force and power which the world to-day possesses. The garlands of youth and of beauty, fadeless and unchangeable, still encircle her brow, as they did



READING ROOM.

right, and honorable. Remember "to battle" is still the expression of what is manly, generous, and self-sacrificing. It is recognized that to die is often better than to live, a hero's death is preferable to a coward's existence. So the old Greek heroes in Homer's immortal tale "slept in the meads of Asphodel." Perennial glory and beauty blossomed forth from their ashes, types of a spiritual reality for which all words are inadequate, but which is always felt by men who are brave and true. If you are true to those lessons, you cannot but be successful. It may not be the selfish success of the world, it may not be the success conferred by robbing your neighbor, for your own enrichment, it

nearly nineteen hundred years ago. At times she appears to be conquered, swallowed up as it were, in the very dust created by her enemies, but like the charioteer guiding his frantic horses, though at times he cannot be seen, yet the guiding power, the restraining hand is there, and he emerges fresh and serene from the conquest. This advice, and these words, are better suited to lips more eloquent than mine, but as a man in the world who knows whereof he speaks, let me tell you that the practice of your religion will never make you less a man. On the contrary, it will give a crown and completion to your manhood, without which there can be no real and true development of character. Catholic

college bred young men to-day, are looked upon as the exponents of their religion, and they form an important factor in the diffusion of its principles. Remember too, that you will never lose the respect of your fellow-men by being consistent Catholics.

But of this be sure, the world will pay you according to your value to itself, it will not reward you according to an intrinsic value—that may be great in the sight of God, but not in the commercial eye of the world. According to the goods you deliver, practical, spiritual, in any shape or form that can be put to use by mankind, will the world pay you. Not by what talent, or virtue, or intention you possess, but by the actual advance you can give the world in one way or another, by your thoughts, your investigations, your eloquence—will you be awarded by that taskmaster. Only for goods delivered, does life yield its treasures. Dreamland is nothing to it, barren knowledge nothing. Only accomplished facts count, and count at the rate in which they help the world.

Gentlemen of the graduating class, I wish you all the highest measure of success, and may the weapons furnished by your Alma Mater and mine, never be used in ignoble strife.

Archbishop Ryan's Address.

Before the close of the exercises Archbishop Ryan spoke words of congratulation and encouragement. "The time allotted for these exercises having expired," said His Grace, "and the time for the less literary, but not less necessary, event—dinner—having arrived, I shall not detain you. All that has passed here, the memories of the past that have been recalled, the tributes that have been paid to the noble men of the early days, and the evidences of affection for their Alma Mater given by old graduates and new graduates have greatly pleased me. As your Archbishop I feel grateful to this great Order for the things they have done in the past and in anticipation of further advantages which they will be the providential means of affording in the future. The evidences of learning brought forward to-day are answers to the objection often made that the Church is afraid of learning. The fact that such Orders as that whose work we have seen results of to-day exist within the Church, and are devoted to the work of education, is a most perfect answer to the charge. The last man to fear the advance of science ought to be the Catholic man. If my religious opinions be mere opinions, I may fear intellectual research, because something may be discovered to interfere with them. But if I am absolutely certain in my beliefs, then in pro-

portion to my certitude am I without fear that God can speak one thing to the revelation of science and another thing to the revelation of religion. Having given her favorite children to promote education, where is the man to bring the charge that she fears it? Where is the man to say that she does not love it? The Church loves religion and makes great sacrifices for it.

"I have been asked to speak a few words to the graduates, but after the able address we have just heard from an old graduate nothing more is necessary. I simply desire to say to these young men that looking back over fifty years they must do all in their power to sustain the splendid reputation of Villanova and the Catholic-American young gentleman. Your Catholicity shall never stand in your way. The American people honor a man who is in earnest. It is calumny to say that a man's religion will stand in his way with the fair-minded, discriminating people of America. Therefore, be Catholic. Be American; you should drink in a love of this country. Its history is short but glorious. Be young; let the fire and ardor of youth show itself. Religion does not forbid the enjoyment of life. Let your youth act out its nature. Rejoice in life. God will bless your young joy.

"Be gentlemen; be not only gentle, but be men. Religion does not destroy manhood. Courage, strength, and independence come from God as well as supernatural humility. Go out into the world, leave your impress upon it, and may God bless you."

The Alumni Association.

In the evening the Alumni held their regular annual meeting. The first matter of importance was the election of officers for the ensuing year. J. J. Morrissey, M.D., president; J. T. Lenehan, Esq., vice-president; Rev. C. J. McFadden, O.S.A., secretary; Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., treasurer. When the election was finished certain matters pertaining to the association were discussed; but as many were obliged to leave early to fill other engagements, a committee was appointed, consisting of Revs. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A.; C. J. McFadden and L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., to look after the unfinished business.

Allow us, dear boys of '93, to wish you a most enjoyable vacation. Enjoy yourselves now, so that when you return and bring many more with you, you will be ready for another year's close application to your various studies.

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JUBILEE GOLD DUST.

Jubilee.
 Gay old time.
 Partings.
 Auld lang syne.
 Vacation.
 Borax.
 Shoelets.
 Squeezed lemons.
 Who *can* and *won't* explain?
 Who wrote for an explanation?
 Huckle-berry-an.
 Souvenir spoons.
 No flies on '93.
 Darkies and ice-cream.
 A bunch of sweets.
 It was truly a sorrowful meal.
 "A press." "One way or both?"
 "Parting hours seem divine."
 Who drove the buggy into the fence?
 How we enjoyed that menu!
 La comedia e finita.
 I was laughing in my sleeve.
 Who ever heard of a cracker jag?
 It takes some people a long time to say adieu.
 Isn't it time for you to be in bed?
 Wasn't that a nice rain, John? Yes, Mike.
 Our '93's have proven themselves excellent *improvisatori*.
 What's the matter with your lip? I have a Jubilee cold.
 Who tore down that foreign flag on the glorious Fourth?
 That lonesome boy has at last gone home.
 Which kind of chips do you prefer, "shoulder" chips or "boulder" chips?

We didn't half enjoy that game, even though the Phillies did win.

We didn't think that *you* would take to the pike.

Quietness prevails since the *boys* and the *noise* have both gone.

The Phillies are still in first place, Yankee prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding.

Commander Davis has been relieved of the care of the Infanta. He's gone, and she's growing.

The Connecticut boys got quite a send-off next morning on the 8.04.

Luminous dark eyes should have remained for the picnic at Ardmore, July 4.

The *extra* didn't make any mistake, but the regular was somewhat rattled.

The Jubilee celebration on Sunday was well worth a stay over. But (*sub rosa*) that wasn't half the attraction.

Find the dimensions of a huckleberry pie, whose crust is as thick as that Connecticut man's gall. Solve by Horner's method, Jerry.

There were tears enough shed at Broad Street Station to extinguish the fire that occurred there on that evening.

Oh, tell us, prithee, tell us, boys,
 Where are the mustaches three
 That adorned the lips of Seniors bold
 'Ere the Golden Jubilee?

"Are you going to Vespers to-night?" "No, I'm going elsewhere." "Take me with you, will you?" "I can't, Johnnie, there's only one." "Oh, shah!!!"

Chicago Wade got a magnificent send-off. Fourteen of his dear friends waited at the Station until the Columbian Express passed by. They were delighted to see him, once more, as, standing on the lowest step of the Pullman, he waved a last good-bye. His handkerchief, which he had accidentally dropped, was immediately cut into fourteen strips as mementos, which were worn by his fourteen friends for the rest of the day.

Then, here's a health to all the boys
 The *boys* of ninety-three
 We'll ne'er forget the fun we had
 At the Golden Jubilee.

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the widow, who is the usual beneficiary, the trouble
and risk of investment.
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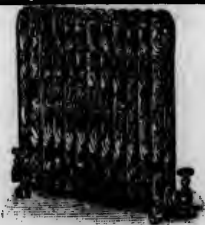
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Thou, O Lord, hast created us for Thee, and our heart is restless, until it rests in Thee.—St. Augustine's Confessions.

MY heart ran wide o'er sea and earth,
I longed for rest and quiet peace,
I gave the reins to boundless thought ;
I searched for it in noisy mirth,
I looked for rest in sensual ease,
I sought for it and found it not.

Soon as the airy phantom rose,
It melted from my gaze away ;
It left me sad and troubled more :
Unseemly joy gave place to woes,
My sunshine grew a misty ray,
My brightest hopes were clouded o'er.

The deeper that I clung to earth,
The more I felt disquiet reign,
More gloom girt round my choicest glee :
For I the while was nursing dearth,
And hugging fast my iron chain,
Away, my God, from peace and Thee.

The more I fled from Thee, my all,
More sunk the iron in my breast ;
Thou wert my peace and still I fled,
Deaf to the music of Thy call,
Senseless to Thine appeals of rest,
In seeming life as I were dead.

Still Thou didst press me, and didst give
A penance to upbraid and chafe,
Till I should melt before thy grace,
Till I should turn to Thee and live,
And find in Thee a harbor safe,
A refuge sure, and resting-place.

These didst Thou give, my heart increase
Of will and power, of love and light ;
That like a mighty river flows,
Then did my heart recover peace ;
And turning from a world's despite,
In Thee, my God, found calm repose.

The Threnody of St. Augustine was written by the late Very Rev. P. E. Moriarty, D D., ex-assistant general of the Augustinian Order, while resident at his mission of Our Lady of Consolation, at Chestnut Hill, Pa.; and was published for the first time in his Life of that Saint in 1872.

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CLOSE OF THE JUBILEE

IMPRESSIVE SERVICES IN VILLANOVA'S CHURCH ON
SUNDAY.

FIRST PONTIFICAL MASS

BISHOP MCGOVERN OF HARRISBURG, THE CELEBRANT OF THE DAY—ARCHBISHOP RYAN
ATTENDS IN THE EVENING—SERMON
BY REV. F. X. MCGOWAN, O.S.A.

On last Sunday at Villanova College the academic and religious celebrations held there during the last two weeks in commemoration of the golden jubilee of that institution were brought to a fitting close by Solemn Pontifical Mass and Vespers. Right Rev. Thomas McGovern, Bishop of Harrisburg, and an old friend of the fathers, was celebrant of the day. He had reached the monastery the evening before.

The day itself, which had opened dull and gloomy, with every foreboding of a storm, shortly before Mass hour cleared up as bright and beautiful as heart could wish.

The handsome college church, which was to be the chief scene of Villanova's jubilee, rich in its marble altars and many tasty and charming works of art, was adorned with flowers and plants in sanctuary and aisles. The large and majestic double high altar was covered with lights and flowers, while outside the church, between its three main doors, were banked masses of palms, ferns and potted plants.

THE PONTIFICAL MASS.

As the hour for Mass approached the procession of religious and reverend fathers of the Order proceeded from the sacristy to the sanctuary, with the right reverend celebrant and his ministers bringing up the rear.

The celebrant of the Mass, which was the first Solemn Pontifical Mass ever celebrated at the college, was assisted by Very Rev. James D. Waldron, O.S.A., provincial of the Augustinians. The ministers were Rev. Francis J. McShane, O.S.A., rector of Our Lady of Consolation, at Chestnut Hill, deacon; Rev. Francis M. Sheeran, O.S.A., S.T.B., sub-prior of the monastery, sub-deacon; Brothers Charles G. McKenna, O.S.A., and John F. Kennedy, O.S.A., acolytes; Brother Frederick S. Riordan, O.S.A., candlestick bearer; Brother Michael A. Ryan, O.S.A., mitre bearer; Brother William W. Donovan, O.S.A., crozier bearer; Brother John J. Farrell, O.S.A., Book bearer; Brother Frederick F. Commings, O.S.A., thurifer. Rev. John F. Medina, O.S.A., was master of ceremonies.

Present at the festival were Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Chancellor of the Diocese, and the following Augustinians: Rev. Francis X. McGowan, of Lansingburg, N. Y.; Rev. Martin J. Geraghty, of Chestnut Hill; Rev. Nicholas J. Murphy, of Philadelphia, and of the Villanova community; Very Rev. Christopher A. McEvoy, Rev. Thomas

C. Middleton, D.D., Rev. Edward A. Dailey, Rev. Charles J. McFadden, Rev. John J. Ryan, Rev. Richard A. Gleeson, Rev. Laurence A. Delurey, Rev. Richard F. Harris, Rev. James E. Vaughan, Rev. John B. Leonard, Rev. Walter A. Coar.

The music of the day, both at Mass and Vespers, was under the direction of Prof. Henry G. Thunder, assisted by four soloists—Miss Mary F. Thunder, soprano; Miss Edith Waylen, alto; William T. Kirschner tenor, and James Crossin, bass—and a picked choir of thirty voices from St. Patrick's Church.

The Mass music was: Prelude, Baptiste's Offertory in E flat, Giorza's Mass in F, Barnaby's "Veni Creator," offertory, Rossini's "Sancta Mater" and postlude, his "William Tell."

JUBILEE SERMON.

The jubilee sermon at the Mass was preached by Rev. Francis X. McGowan, O.S.A., of Lansingburg. Basing his argument on the parable of the mustard seed, the reverend preacher proved from her origin, her history and the testimony of her apologists the divinity of the Catholic Church, and then proceeding to show how in pursuance of her divine mission—to teach all nations—she, the mistress and guardian of all truths, was the civilizer and savior of society, he argued that only in her schools and institutions was science in its truest sense imparted; that from her alone has mankind obtained the right knowledge of God, the Supreme Being, and of all things pertaining to the highest principles of divine and human wisdom.

EVENING SERVICES.

In the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, were chanted Solemn Pontifical Vespers. The Most Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia, having in the meantime gone out from town, assisted at the Vespers. The celebrant was the Right Rev. Bishop of Harrisburg, and the ministers the same with one exception, as at the Mass; Rev. Edward A. Dailey, O.S.A., being deacon. After the "Magnificat," Rev. Charles F. Kelly, D.D., of Towanda, Pa., one of Villanova's alumni in 1843, delivered an address on Christian education.

Before imparting his episcopal blessing, the Most Rev. Archbishop addressed the congregation in words of encouragement and congratulation. He referred to the happy growth of the Church in general, and at Villanova in particular, during the last fifty years, and remarked that it could not be otherwise with those he addressed, as they were under the protection of the Church's patron saint, and had all their spiritual wants ministered to by the zealous followers of St. Augustine. He hoped that as they had increased in numbers and improved their worldly condition in the past, so too, that they would grow in the grace and favor of God in the future.

The Vespers music embraced the following: Prelude, from Wagner; Psalms, according to Mercadante's score; Rossini's "Inflammatus;" Millard's "Salve Regina;" "Tantum Ergo," by Wilcox; and after the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Postlude from Verdi's "Aida March."

Sermon delivered by Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A.,

July 2nd, 1893. In the Church of St. Thomas of Villanova, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee.

Gospel. Matthew xiii. 31-35.—At that time Jesus spoke to the multitude this parable: The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and sowed in his field. Which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown up it is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof.

Some of the most instructive lessons, given by our Blessed Lord, to the Israelites and to ourselves have been given under the form of similitudes and parables. The poor people who listened to Him and who drank into their souls His touching eloquence, were void of much intelligence, and knowing their Eastern love of imagery and their susceptibility to garner from figurative language the truths He proposed to them, the Saviour uses the parable as a medium to instruct and encourage them.

So, in the significant parable of to-day, He draws a picture of what our holy religion is, and presages the great, stupendous progress she is destined to make in her glorified course before the nations. A wondrous panorama He unfolds to all ages!

The kingdom of heaven, that is, our Catholic faith, is likened to a grain of mustard-seed which small in itself grows quickly to such an extent that beneath its branches come the fowls of the air to sit and rest. So it is with our Apostolic faith. Its beginning was from a small birth, but it has so grown and broadened that its branches extend from pole to pole and from ocean to ocean.

And the birds of the air come and rest in its branches. So in the lapsing spin of the ages, the kings and great men of the different cycles, men gifted with sanctity and power and learning, have sought peace and quietude amid the cheerful growth and development of the priceless faith that God has embosomed within the souls of men. Good and bad, weak and strong—all have sought her shelter whether the sunshine of heaven beamed and blazed upon them or the night-clouds of disorder harassed and overpowered them.

There is scarcely a thinking man who has read and weighed the history of time that will not acknowledge in all seriousness that heresy has been the product of erroneous intellect, in that it falsifies all truth and disorganizes all knowledge—it is a monster—evil calculated to spread pestilence among the nations. Call it what you will—Lutheranism, Calvinism, Agnosticism, it ever remains the same in the broad day-light of Catholic truth. Its falsity is seen in its origin which is not from God, but from man, and not possessed of divine life it is filled with error, trickery and fraud and offers men only the stability of doctrine that

the mad, tempestuous ocean offers to the dismantled ship, that is thrown in despair on its wide surging bosom. In its falsity heresy gives men freedom, but its freedom is the damnable license of believing just what each one wishes. Worse even than this, heresy is iniquitous and it affords to men in its doctrines an easy opening to free and unbridled conduct of life; it subverts in their bases all good works and, seeking to broaden its influence, it revivifies all ancient and unworthy beliefs. No matter how wicked men may lead their existences, heresy judges them worthy of eternal life, provided they submit to what is proposed to their belief, whether false, true, or indifferent.

The malignant phase of heresy is seen in its every institution. Search the history of the Church and you will find that heresiarchs have been the very worst of men in character who, inflated with pride or gluttoned with sensuality, have established and propagated their errors by arms and rebellion; whose success has depended on the authority of debased rulers; on the robbery of ecclesiastical property, and their cringing sycophancy to the lusts and ambitions of those that favored them. The history of heresy has been a vile conspiracy against truth, holiness and common decency.

Now as flashes the meteor across the sky, so flashes forth the brilliancy of Catholic truth athwart the firmament of Time. She has no falsity of life or of doctrine. She has no foulness of life or of practice. She has no fleetness of worldly existence. Her history is emblazoned on every page of human history, since the Paraclete came to breathe into her new life and new power.

I.

The Catholic religion is the true religion. The true religion must be a unity, not a multiplicity of belief; for truth is one and not divided. Hence, St. Paul, speaking to the Ephesians, says: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." It follows from this that all so-called religions must be deemed as false, save one alone, and that these religions have been introduced into the world by Beelzebub—the father of lies.

Now, that this religion which can be the only true religion is the Catholic religion, we draw from her name, from her origin, from her history and from the common consent of the best intellects the world has ever seen.

(a) Our holy religion is not only Catholic in name but also in reality. She is this little grain of mustard-seed which in the beginning was so small; yet in the lapse of the ages she has spread abroad her motherly arms until there is now no nation,

now no people unto whom she has not afforded the truths necessary for salvation. Up in the bleak blasts of the Northern Pole; down in the dry heats of the Equator, her voice is heard and obeyed. She pauses not like Alexander to weep for other kingdoms—her clarion voice of faith echoes from the Pillars of Hercules to the Chinese Seas, and the calm exercise of her authority is recognized under the blaze of the Southern Cross. Her missionary work has been stupendous. When in the sixteenth century St. Francis Xavier carried her banner to Japan and China and India, the world marvelled at such unwonted zeal; but look at her to-day penetrating the depths and jungles of Africa, sequestering herself amid the lonely isles of the Pacific, coasting along the shores of Eastern Africa, and bearding the Mahometan in the very centre of his power in Soudan, and you have but another glimpse of the outer development of that divine life which the Paraclete of old breathed into her when on Pentecostal morn, he sent her forth to evangelize the nations. Has any religion the counter-part of this? The mad enthusiasm of the Musselmans led them to subjugate Spain and to enter France. So elated were they with their victories they prepared to make a direful onslaught on all christendom, but God did not so will it. Defeated after their ages of victorious slaughter, they went back to their lairs like beaten lions.

When the wild tide of open revolt swept men and nations from the safe-guards of Catholic faith, the spirit of the devil who goes about everywhere seeking whom he may devour, led Protestantism into the missionary field. Aided by human power Protestantism drove Catholicism to the barriers of the German Ocean, but rallying Catholicism drove her back to the Alps and the Pyrenees. Protestantism never regained what she had lost—a most evident proof of her lack of vitality. Nor has her more modern escapades in this attempt to evangelize the nations been attended with better success. Even from the testimony of her own missionaries in foreign lands, her efforts have been abortive. The paucity of numbers in her conversions ought to be discouraging, but yet, led on by her ambition her missionary boards spend millions in support of so-called evangelization that might be well spent in lands where infidelity and poverty exist, well spent in converting the heathen at home, rather than wasted in the ludicrous task of converting the heathen abroad. Protestantism has neither the power, nor the grace of God to preach the Gospel to men.

(b) The truth again of the Catholic religion is to be seen in her origin. She comes down nearly

2,000 years uninterruptedly from Christ, her Founder. No century, no period of time has intervened when she did not exist. In all the ages of time, since the coming of the Saviour, the holy Mass has been offered for the living and the dead; festivals have been celebrated; fasts have been observed; saints and their relics have been honored and all rites proper to our holy religion have been in use. Greater than all these there has existed since the days of the Apostles an unbroken line of bishops and priests, who, descending from the days of the first great Pontiff, St. Peter, enjoy the power given by Christ to the Apostles and in turn transmitted by them to the ministers of the Church. Just as all descend from Adam as regards their life and natural power, so the ministers of our religion descend in series as to their supernatural power by ordination and sanctification from Christ who is the second Adam. It is a wonderful picture in history this Apostolic succession of our fold: Christ, the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, conferring His power on the Apostles; the Apostles, in turn, bestowing this same power on the bishops of the Church, and they, again, transmitting, according to rank and condition, this same divine authority to the lesser clergy of the Church. Her ministry dates not from the days when a proud monk and a licentious monarch led half the world astray. No; she looks back over the varied ages of her persecution and her prosperity, and she looks on the pretentious claims of her undutious children of yesterday, as we look at a mirage that in its cloudy, unsubstantial phantasm is seen one moment to disappear the next.

(c)—When men lay down their lives and shed willingly their blood in advocacy of the causes they uphold, we admire their sincerity and we respect their objects. Life is too dear to us to sacrifice it for paltry motives. It is only the man of crazed mind or of perverted sentiment that finds in death relief from sensitive misery.

And what numbers have shed their blood in attestation of their belief in the truth of the Catholic fold? For 300 years the Pagan world hounded the poor follower of Jesus Christ. They followed him out into the desert; they sought him in the bowels of the earth, and they massacred him while he lifted his eyes to heaven in anticipation of the glory that awaited him. Christians were butchered to make a Roman holiday, and Nero played his lute while Rome burned and Rome ran red with the blood of Christians. There was no cessation to this martyrdom. St. Jerome asserts in one of his Epistles, that there was no day in the whole year, except the 1st of January, on which

Pagans led by their nefarious religion did not shed the blood of Christians.

Five thousand and over fell victims to Pagan hatred—young men and old men, matrons and virgins, aye, even children in their tenderest years—all gave up life and liberty and fortune for the faith in which their souls were enwrapped. No wonder was it, as Tertullian declared, "the seed of Christians is the blood of martyrs." There was none of the wild, barbaric craze of war in this blood-letting of Paganism against Christianity; but the placid, willing acceptance of death by zealous souls to emulate and follow the example of Him that shed His blood on the Cross for all men, that all men might live.

(d)—The truth of the Catholic religion is attested in like manner by the testimony of the greatest intellects God ever gave to this world.

When men distinguished for their intellectual attainments proclaim authoritatively a truth, we accept readily the authority. This is but natural when we consider the varied and vacillating minds of men. Man must have some standard to go by, or some model after which to pattern. And yet as in natural matters, even more so is it in supernatural matters. Hence it is that Mother Church herself is wont to rely on the authority and learning of her sons who, gifted by God, have spoken and written wonderful things of God and His kingdom on this earth. There has been no faltering in this testimony. While the Evangelists wrote out the holy words and the wonderful deeds of Christ, a whole host of Christian apologists followed them. The fire of Isaias seemed to have touched them, and the stern philosophy of Paul, and the sweet charity of John urged them to great and noble battle against Jew and Pagan and Heretic. Judaism had its learned priests, versed well in all the tenets of the Mosaic law. Paganism had its philosophers, acute with the dialectics of a hundred authors. Gnosticism, which appeared even in the apostolic days, had its strong and haughty supporters. But men greater than all these arose—champions of faith—who dealt out deathful blows to these erroneous systems with the bludgeon of Christ's simple faith. And they rose up thick as atoms in the air, ready to do fight for the preservation and increase of the infant Church.

In the first century arose, as apologists of Christ's faith, Clement, Ignatius, Polycarp and Denis the Areopagite who, after the Apostles consigned to writing the principles of Catholic faith they had learned from the Apostles.

In the second century we have Justin Martyr whose writings have come down to our days; Athenagoras who wrote an admirable defence of

Christianity against the Pagans; Egesippus who wrote an ecclesiastical history to his own times; and St. Irenæus who wrote many works against Valentinus.

In the third century are Gregory Thaumaturgus, Clement of Alexandria, Cyprian the Martyr, and Lactantius.

In the fourth century we meet St. Athanasius, St. Hilary, St. Cyril of Jerusalem and St. Basil; while side by side with these we recognize the well-known names of Sts. Jerome, Ambrose, Epiphanius and Gregory Nazianzen.

In the fifth century come Augustine, "Light of Doctors," the golden-tongued Chrysostom, Cyril of Alexandria, and Paulinus of Nola.

In the succeeding ages came the sweet, honey-mouthed Bernard, stern St. Leo, St. Thomas Aquinas—the Angel of the Schools—the seraphic Bonaventure and innumerable others of whom we cannot even make passing notice.

Now all these great minds, for they were all of pre-eminent sanctity and knowledge, promulgated far and wide, and defended against all opposers their belief in the truth of our Catholic faith and were willing to defend it against all heresy and innovation even to the cost of their lives. It is a wonderful spectacle before God and men. What testimony has heresy against this? Would she place Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" say, by the side of Thomas à Kempis' "Following of Christ"? Does she think, for instance, she is so spiritual, to contrast Jeremy Taylor's works with the theological or ascetic works of the Christian Fathers? Has she ever raised even an author who had spirituality enough in him to approximate the practical and simple force of Scupoli in his "Christian Combat"?

And her apologists—her beautiful specimens of sanctity! Luther who wrote the most indecent matter the world ever read, who with eight of the so-called principal reformers gave permission to the Landgrave of Hesse to have two wives at one and the same time.

Henry VIII who married eight wives after murdering most of them, while that Protestant saint Cranmer subserviently truckled to his brutal passions.

These be your bright lights of Protestantism!

The world has grown no better since this emasculated sanctity came on it, and when the peaceful simplicity of the olden days is placed in juxtaposition with the rabid, libidinous upheaval of all order and regard for God in our days, we cannot help but realize we should be happy in our own religion; for we must be convinced as Augustine was in his day.

"The consensus of peoples and nations holds me in the Church; her authority, begun in miracles, nourished in hope, increased in charity, strengthened by age—all hold me in the bosom of the Church."—(De util. credend. 4.)

II.

The progress of the Catholic religion has been prodigious. She bears out to the extremest measure the parable of the mustard seed. For all the peoples of the world have come to rest beneath her branches and her power rules from sea unto sea. Her victories over the effete religions of antiquity have been the greatest miracles ever heralded in the history of the world. The total revolutionizing of the life and habits and traditions of men, the subversion of idolatry, the introduction of a God, unknown to men, and the merging of type and symbol into plain realities—all these form the most epochal narrative of events that was ever written in the book of Time. It was veritably a birth from darkness into light.

In the beginning the establishment and progress of the Church, under God's Providence, were due to many efficient causes.

(a)—There were, first, the admirable holiness of the early Christians and their marvellous good works. As the Pagans gazed on their personal goodness of life; as they looked on the love the Christians bore one another and the charity they showed toward their separated brethren, they were much astonished. And it was no wonder they should be so. For no such good-will had ever been manifested among men, till the gentle Jesus came to throw out the fire-brand of brotherly love amid the varying classes of mankind. Judaism had engendered a spirit of bitterness among the divided sects of the House of Israel, and Pharisee contemned Samaritan, and Samaritan hated Sadducee, and Herodian abominated Pharisee and Samaritan and Sadducee. Paganism operated on revenge as a motive-power, and Rome was never happier than when the captive monarch was drawn in chains through her streets, or the vile Nazarene was thrown to the rabid lions of the Coliseum. Christianity taught the world something nobler than this. The very personal purity of life was such an evidence of the divinity of faith that the primitive Christians became the reality of St. Paul's words: "For we are the good odor of Christ unto God, in them that are saved" (ii. Cor. 2-15). The great love of the neighbor and the total absence of all injury among the Christians had a very telling effect on the thoughts of the Pagan. "See how they love one another," said Paganism. "I am a Christian," spoke out Blandina to her persecutors, "no evil is committed

amongst us." As the Pagans looked on this heroic sanctity, on the alacrity with which the Christians would march to cruel death, on the openness with which they proclaimed their faith and the mutual benevolence they manifested toward each other—they were moved, and in their serious reflection they saw that the finger of some power, more than natural, was there, and so in the whirl of successive ages, the great ones of this earth—kings, nobles, and even tyrants bent their necks lowly and accepted the yoke of the Lord that was sweet and took to themselves the burden that was light. So began the progress of our Catholic faith.

(b)—Again, as one of the causes of the fruitful progress of Catholicism, comes the wonderful preaching of God's word. St. Paul intimates to us that faith comes by the preaching of the word. Yet what makes this preaching all the more admirable is this. The Lord did not send out into the world the wise ones or the philosopher or the learned of the earth to confound the so-called wisdom of the world. No, he sent poor, simple-minded men—mere fishermen, mere illiterate men, who, filled with the Holy Ghost, spake unto men as men before them had never spoken. Their words were as a sacred fire that inflamed men's souls to the love of God and as a hammer that broke the hard hearts of men and bent them to the acceptance of Christianity. "Are not my words, saith the Lord God, as a fire; and as a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" (Jer. xxv. 29.) At the preaching of this word 3,000 men are converted, Pentecostal morn, to the faith of Christ. Thousands desert the lapsed olden religions to follow the Saviour. The ages bring their increment, until within a few hundred years the whole known world unites in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving to God for the priceless boon of Christian belief and Christian confidence, the like of which men never had seen. The old law—the only true religion of ancient days—was confined to Israel; the rest of the world groped in the black vagaries of Paganism. What a change! The entire world, as St. Paul declares, becoming believers, according to God's pleasure by what the Saint calls "the foolishness of preaching."

(c)—Another perceptible cause of the spread of our holy faith was the startling influence of the innumerable miracles performed in the name and by the power of the Lord Jesus Christ. After the ascension of our Lord to the right hand of the Almighty Father, St. Mark testifies in the very last verse of the last chapter of his Gospel, "They (the Apostles) going forth, preached everywhere; the Lord working withal and confirming the word

with signs that followed." (Mark xvi. 20.) The signs or miracles simply affirmed to a hard-hearted or unspiritual people the truth of the Christian religion. The Apostles taught the principles of Christ, which were entirely novel to the Jews and Gentiles, and God, to confirm the authority of the Apostles, was pleased to delegate to His followers a glimmer of omnipotence in order to convert the souls of men. Gifted with this sublime power, the Apostles went forth, curing the blind, the lame and the halt, driving out devils from the possessed, healing the sick, and doing marvellous deeds for the benefit of the needy, the sore and the afflicted. As St. Gregory asserts, as we pour water about trees to increase their growth and their fruit, so God gave miracles to the tree of faith that it might grow and broaden unto the salvation of souls.

These, then, the saintly life of the primitive Christians, the preaching of God's word and the continuance of signs and miracles placed the faith of Christ on its firm foundation, which will endure, according to the Lord's promise, to the consummation of all time.

(d)—Has not our faith increased marvelously in our days? Catholicism has risen to her glory by the cross, for persecution was the inheritance bequeathed her by the Saviour—"per crucem ad lucem."

The Eastern heresies, one of which struck at the vital principle of all Christian dogma—the divinity of Christ—were quickly despatched by the insuperable efforts of the eastern Christian Fathers. The western African heresies were powdered into dust by the heroic warfare of Augustine—Light of Doctors and Hammer of Heretics.

The great revolt against Church authority which assumed such wide proportions in the 16th century is to-day fast dismembering, beneath the unbelief and infidelity it brought into the world. The total independence of man from God and His law, that Protestantism engendered in the intellects of the world, culminated, at the end of the last century, in the terrible French Revolution—that revolution of fire and blood, from whose effects the world has suffered and never will recover. All our modern social heresies—Anarchism, Socialism and Nihilism—are the legitimate offspring of the French Revolution.

But yet our faith, that is destined to live militant on this earth till the gates of eternity open on us, winds her peaceful course along, laboring for the salvation of men's souls. Has she not given the proof of her divinity in our modern days? In the reaction against heresy, hers has been the advance; hers the profit.

In the middle of our own century, England, which had drifted away from the fold of Christ altogether, and which had been tempest-tossed for ages, suddenly began to feel a new life stirring within her. The Tractarian movement, conceived in all sincerity and truth, bore good fruit, and the numbers that listened to the voice of God and sought peace for their souls in the Catholic Church were almost incalculable. From a mere handful of Catholics who lived in England at the beginning of the century, the faith has increased to such a wide extent as this. (Read No. 1.)

In Canada, or a certain portion of it, the descendants of the French preserved intact Catholicity. Yet even they were made to feel the iron of British intolerance, and the poor Acadians were brutally transported from their primitive simplicity of life to the semi-bondage of more southern climes, and their country parceled out to Englishmen, and their homes confiscated and their families separated. Yet the growth of the Catholic Church has been wonderful, despite these preventing circumstances. Here is the summary of Canadian Catholicity. And what will we say of our own young virgin land?

From the days of the Revolution, Catholicity in these States made but little material progress, though there were good Catholic souls who strove to keep alive the low embers of faith. It was but natural, also, that the Church suffered great losses, for priests were few, the people scattered, and the young subjected to all the allurements of proselytism. But when the exodus of the 40's came and the Irish immigrants brought over to their adopted country the bright faith and holy practices of the Isle of St. Patrick, and when this was supplemented in later days by the inpouring of Catholic emigrants from Germany, Poland, Italy and Austria, then arose a new epoch in the history of America and a glorious era in the history of her Catholicity. From the meagre few of revolutionary days, when a few Irishmen and a few Frenchmen lived in Boston, while not fifty Catholics lived in all New England outside; when there were not a hundred Catholics in the city of New York, we have to-day this all-wonderful record of the increase of our faith here. (Read Ex. No. 3.)

These are the tales of Catholic progress in three different nations which were within the compass of a hundred years distinctly heretical and Protestant.

We have here to-day, while we pay honor to Villanova's fifty years of admirable service, another evidence of the divine progress of our faith.

Fifty years ago, but two or three Catholic families lived in this vicinity. The lapse of these years

calls our attention to three large congregations that worship in the mother-church, in Bryn Mawr and in Berwyn.

Villanova portrays to our minds the growth of the mustard seed in its fullest measure.

And while we honor and glory in these years of progress we cannot but pay honor and glory to the great, holy, learned men who laid the foundations of Villanova's success.

Back in the cloud-land of fifty years there looms up her first spiritual ruler—the saintly Dwyer—and side by side appears the form of the venerable Moriarty, whose eloquent voice was heard from Maine to Florida, and whose fame went beyond the seas; and come up before us, also, the forms of the devout and learned Dr. Stanton and the cultured, refined Mullen—a poet in reality as well as in name. Bishop Galberry for years ruled here, and was all too soon removed by the divine economy from the successful labors of the episcopate.

Among the younger clergy we naturally think of Father Blake, whose labor here and at Bryn Mawr and St. Denis was so well attested, and we cannot forget the erudite Doctor Locke, who taught and labored here; whose learning was recognized in the halls of the Propaganda in Rome.

These, all, were not only giants in intellect, but masters in the House of Israel.

It would be an injustice on this festive day not to refer to the zealous and successful industry of that little band of brothers who, under the direction of Dr. Dwyer, left their native land to help lay deep the foundation of Villanova's prosperity. Who can forget the industrious Philip, the ever-busy Owen, the loquacious Patrick, the saintly Thomas, who loved to live more among the dead than with the living, and poor Stanislaus and saintly James? These were men of God who brought with them the bright faith of St. Patrick and practically attested that faith in their labors here.

Rightfully, then, this morning do we honor and reverently keep in our hearts the sacred memories of fifty years of faithful service. God has indeed given us the increase, and in His own good time He will give us the merit.

And, thou, O blessed Mother Church, in whose gentle bosom we nestle, protected from the wind storms that howl about the world, be it ours to be loyal to thy inspirations that, gifted with the blessed freedom of the "sons of God," we may strike from ourselves the chains of wickedness and bad passion to rise to the glory and happiness of heaven's elect. AMEN.

NOTES.

Through the kindness of Miss M. G. Cummiskey, of Malvern, Pa., a daughter of the late Eugene Cummiskey, one of Philadelphia's oldest Catholic publishers, we lately received a beautiful oil painting representing Mary Magdalen. The work does credit to the artist. The facial expression denotes softened grief and seems to portray the feelings of the penitent at the turning point of her career, when grieving over the sinfulness of her past life, she found consolation and peace in the comforting words of her Saviour, "Many sins are forgiven thee because thou hast loved much."

Owing to the absence of nearly all our students and the two-fold nature of our Golden Jubilee exercises, collegiate and ecclesiastical, a description of which we could not well omit, our readers must have noticed a change of order relative to the reading matter in the vacation numbers of the MONTHLY. The next issue, however, will contain all the usual features, including "Splinters," which we regret very much we are unable to publish in this number.

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

SECOND PAPER.

The student life of Augustine at Carthage,—he was there altogether about thirteen years,—found him easily pre-eminent in all branches of university knowledge among the very large class of able and brilliant youths, whom the fame of Carthaginian teachers had drawn to the great African capital.

During his school-life there Augustine went through the entire course of sciences of the day. At the age of twenty, we find him already mastering by himself the *Categories* of Aristotle; while in the liberal arts of music, arithmetic and geometry as they were styled he was fully at home.

After a short time spent at Carthage in completing his studies he was engaged as teacher of rhetoric to a large class who had been attracted to his chair through his well-earned reputation as a scholar.

But great as were Augustine's natural gifts of intellect,—his keen power of grasping and analyzing the most abstruse problems of philosophy, the discriminating and profound habits of his mind, and his wonderful dialectical skill,—deplorable on the other hand was the uneasy and troubled state of his soul. Consumed as he continually was by an increasing and torturing unrest of spirit as to his future state, he found as he often confesses no happiness or peace in life. Every here and there

in his *Works* he looks back with grief and anguish to the dark and miserable condition of his soul during his student days,—spiritually the most barren, dreary and comfortless epoch of his career. He laments that he had little or no true faith in God, not that he ever positively disbelieved in the Deity, for he always believed in one Supreme Being, but that he could not understand Him. Having been led away partly by his own demoralizing habits of life and partly by the sophistries of the Manicheans, from the pious teachings of the saintly Monica, he held that in God was a corporeal nature, and that over man ruled two powers, destinies or influences, the one leading him irresistibly to good, the other to evil.

Manicheism is the doctrine of fatality. For a while Augustine in his shiftless and aimless pursuit of truth attached himself to the Manichees at Carthage; he believed that by their principles might be solved the problem of life; he attended their meetings; made himself master of their doctrines, and was looked upon as one, if not the most prominent, of their adepts. Faustus bishop of Milevis the chief promoter at Carthage of the sect congratulated himself on having won over to their side the brilliant and able professor of rhetoric.

Augustine too in his enthusiasm for his new belief persuaded his friends Romanianus, Honoratus, Alypius,—one of his pupils at Tagaste and now at Carthage,—and Licentius the son of Romanianus, to join the Manicheans, with whom they found a justification of their wayward life and excuses for their sins.

For nine years,—from the nineteenth to the twenty-eighth year of his age,—Augustine clung to Manicheism. But his life-long habit of admitting as final no principle, no doctrine, that was not in accord with true reason, and above all his loyalty to truth, no matter how distasteful it might be, led him to unmask the unsoundness of Manichean teachings, and showed him clearly the duplicity of its adherents, who while in speech they maintained purity of life, in deportment were anything but moral. Greatly too was Augustine aided in giving up his old attachment for Manicheism by his study of *Hortensius*, a work now lost of Cicero's, which fired him with an irresistible yearning for true wisdom by a noble enthusiasm for the good and beautiful, and by its contempt for the baseness of the contemporary world.

Besides this he was disgusted with his pupils' licentiousness. So unsettled in mind, doubting pretty much everything,—he was neither Manichean, nor Christian,—and desirous of his own happiness, he shakes the dust of Carthage from his

feet, and assisted again by Romanianus his almost life-long friend, leaves Africa for Italy, taking with him as companions of his journey his son Adeodatus and—as is probable—also the mother of the boy, and his friend and pupil Alypius.

At Rome he falls ill of a fever and recovering through the careful nursing of Alypius engages for a time as teacher of rhetoric in the Greek school of S. Maria.*

But before long he finds to his disappointment that his Roman pupils, though better behaved than the Carthaginian, were considerably below the ethical standard that he had established for his followers. They were so ungrateful and stingy as not to pay him his fees.

Hence in his yearning for congenial and upright society, as well as because through the influence of Symmachus prefect of Rome a better opening was ready for him at Milan, then the imperial city of the West, he traveled thither at the public expense with Adeodatus and Alypius, and is appointed to the chair of eloquence and oratory. The renown of the able professor of Carthage and of Rome had preceded him to Milan, and he is not long in gathering about him a numerous and respectable auditory at his instructions.

Here too he is joined by his loving and saintly mother, who in her solicitude for her wayward yet beloved son, who had left Carthage without her knowledge, had tracked him first to Rome, then to Milan, and now was to be re-united with him, to never again be parted from him in life.

The Christian church at Milan was ruled over by the saintly and learned Ambrose an ex-soldier and courtier of the late emperor, who through his merits and at the request of the Faithful had been made bishop of that See.

Ambrose had heard of this brilliant, nervous, slender youth,—Augustine was of middle stature and slight in frame,—and the fame of his scholarship and of the numerous auditories he gathered around him, had reached his ears. Both Monica and Augustine went frequently to hear the sermons and instructions of the famous Doctor of the Church; the first because of her piety and the consolation she derived from his kindly and fatherly counsels, the latter because he was charmed by the eloquence and deep reasoning of the speaker.

But in inverse proportion to the successes and triumphs which attended Augustine in the schools, was his ever-increasing dismal darkness of soul and his bitter weariness of heart. For him there was

* For the name of this school I am indebted to *Les petits Bollandistes* by Guerin, (Paris, 1878,) vol. X, p. 284.

no sweetness in life, no moments of repose. He was utterly dissatisfied with himself, with his life and with everything around him. Deep thinker as he was, he easily recognized as clear and evident truth as mid-day's sun that morally he was utterly astray; that he a master of all earthly science had been born for something higher and nobler than mere earthly applause and grandeur; that neither learning, nor friends could cap his happiness; that for him to seek nothing beyond the gratifications of earth,—he himself says that he yearned for honors, money and marriage,—was to turn a deaf ear to the demands of reason, which bid man so live here so as to enjoy life hereafter. Thus had reasoned Plato, Augustine's favorite author, and thus reasoned Augustine. From his 29th year when he abandoned Manicheism Augustine had been an Academician.

The story of Augustine's conversion—of his many and bitter trials of mind and of his brave and manly, though at one time almost hopeless, determination to break away wholly from his present mode of living—is told in detail in his *Confessions*.*

Around Milan, it may briefly be said, lived in pious and helpful society, many saintly men who in imitation of St. Anthony of Egypt, their model and patron, were fugitives from the world, despisers of courtly pomp and aspirants after perfection of life.†

By the counsel of one of these Simplician by name, a venerable man who seems to have been at the head of one of these Milanese brotherhoods, and had somehow or other formed Augustine's acquaintance, he renounces his idea of marriage, and giving up his companionship with the mother of his son, sends her home to her relatives in Africa.‡

Following out his purpose to break wholly from his attachments for the world, Augustine also surrenders his chair, and by the advice of St. Ambrose betakes himself to the study of the Sacred Scriptures, especially of the Prophet Isaiah. Before long the step is taken which was to win for him that peace and comfort of soul which he had for so many years and so earnestly been seeking. One day,—

* See especially book viii, chap. 6-12.

† At Milan Augustine read the *Life* of this great hero of the Thebaid written by St. Athanasius. See *Confessions*, book viii, chap. 6.

‡ Here it may be noted that apart from the alliance of this woman with Augustine little else has been recorded of her. We know neither her name nor birthplace, yet as appears from the few references made to her in Augustine's own *Works*, she was a woman of sterling good qualities of mind and heart, and is said to have died a not unsaintly death. See *Confessions*, book vi, chap. 15.

he has himself recorded it; *—about twenty days before the vintage season, while in the garden, whither he had gone in the afternoon for recollection and quiet, he was reclining on the ground looking over the *Letters* of St. Paul—the Apostle, when his eye chanced to fall on this passage of the inspired writer: “—not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy, but put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences.”†

And the scales of error fell from his eyes—his mind was opened—and his heart felt as never before the quickenings of divine grace—grief for a mis-spent life and the most ardent yearning for union with his Creator; and the grace of God triumphed over the pride of intellect and the rebelliousness of Augustine's soul, and the brilliant, eloquent and gifted African, who by his teachings in the three greatest schools of the Western World, had for so many years held sway over the learned of every class now retired from the arena, and sought baptism at the hands of the saintly bishop of Milan.‡

By the kindness of one of his friends—the grammarian Verecundus—a villa, or country-seat known as Cassiciacum, § now Cassago di Brianza, some 7 or 8 leagues from Milan was put at his disposal. Here accompanied by his mother, his son and some relatives and friends, Augustine spent several months in study, writing and friendly disputations. It was here that he composed his famous book on the *Blessed Life*, that gives us so clear an insight into the occupations of this congenial and devoted company.

From his works we learn the names of his companions in this country retreat; ¶ they were St.

* See *Confessions*, book viii, chap. 6-12, and the graphic and very beautiful description of St. Augustine's conversion by the gifted Montalembert in his *Monks of the West*, vol. i, book iii.

† See St. Paul's *Letter to the Romans*, xiii, 13-14.

‡ It is the more probable opinion that the date of St. Augustine's baptism by St. Ambrose was the Saturday before Easter Sunday, the 24th of April, in the year 387. The six months or so intervening between his conversion in the fall of the preceding year and his baptism were spent in preparation for that sacrament. For the whole question relating to the date of St. Augustine's baptism see Berti *De Rebus Gestis* pp. 34-40.

§ So keen was Augustine's reasoning and so dreaded was his influence over his hearers that—it is a very ancient tradition—the faithful at Milan when gathered in church for prayers were wont by Ambrose's mandate to add this invocation to the *Litanies of the Saints*, *a logica Augustini libera nos Domine*, i. e. From Augustine's logic, O Lord deliver us. See Guerin—Les Petits Bollandistes (Paris, 1878,) x, p. 295.

¶ See *Confessions* book ix, chap. 5.

¶ See *Confessions*, vi, 10 and xii, 22; *de Beata Vita* and his works *Contra Academicos*.

Monica, his son Adeodatus, his brother Navigius, Evodius, formerly a soldier and now the business man of the Society, Alypius his pupil, Lastidianus and Rusticus his cousins, Licentius son of Romanianus, Trigetius, Nebridius, and his venerable master of the spiritual life Simplician.

Henceforth Augustine devoted himself wholly to the practices of religion, and in pursuance of his desire to give himself up more fully to the service of God, he now leaves Milan the scene of his later worldly triumphs, and with his mother, his son, his brother Navigius, and some of his Milanese companions, sets out by easy stages for home. Berti and Guerin name Licentius, Evodius Alypius, Anastatius and Vitalis * as the companions of his travel.

At Ostia—the seaport of Rome and the best place to take ship for Carthage, the holy Monica falls ill of a fever and (as has been told) dies there and is interred. †

After the last honors to his mother, he again visits Rome, spending his time in correcting some of his writings and in examining into the manner of life followed by religious men there. Monasticism (it is said) was introduced into Italy by St. Athanasius, during the first half of the fourth century; he established a colony of monks in Rome. The new convert eager to put into practice the principles of holy life, shortly after his return to his native place Tagaste, planted a colony of hermits a little ways out of town, where banded under his direction and leadership they sought in the exercises of religion—in prayer, manual labor, study, writing and mortification—to lead the ideal Christian life. ‡

On his arrival at Carthage, it should be added, Augustine had paid a visit to his old friend Innocentius, whom to his grief he found suffering from a fistula, of which he cured him through his prayers. This seems to be the first miracle wrought by the intercession of the holy penitent. §

In Augustine's *Works* there are very few precise references to the brotherhood at Tagaste. If we may argue from the *Rule of Holy Life* which he afterwards drew up for his nuns at Hippo, and from the frequent directions he gives in his *Works* to religious, it would seem that the brotherhood at

Tagaste lived in community and while hermits in name—"Eremitae," he calls them—were cenobites in practice.

Among these pious, learned and earnest hearted Christian athletes were Augustine's holy and innocent little son Adeodatus, who died shortly after entrance, his brother Navigius, and his friends Alypius, Evodius, Severus, afterwards bishop of Milevis, and Profuturus.

But after three years of religious and happy retirement at the hermitage of Tagaste, the brotherhood without however being disbanded lost their founder. Augustine who had gone on a visit to Hippo, the episcopal city, to see a friend—a youth, whom (as he says*) he had hopes of inducing to return with him to Tagaste and join the brotherhood there, was unexpectedly summoned by the people to be their preacher; and thus begins Augustine's public life as a priest of God.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

GENTLENESS.

There are few who do not, at least some time or other, make use of kind and gentle words, yet there is no reason why these should not be more generally used, as they constitute such an effective means of acquiring and strengthening friendship, besides being otherwise productive of much good. The man who is kind to every one, who never indulges in harsh or unjust criticism, must derive great happiness from the thought that by his kindly consideration for others he has won their affection and esteem. While the Almighty in His own mysterious ways has made some men cold and unsympathetic, others warm and affectionate, He has endowed all with reason and intelligence by means of which they may know when, and to whom, a kind word should be spoken or an act of kindness rendered. Though man be thus formed by his Creator, yet it would seem that circumstances intensify or increase his natural qualities of coldness or affection. Perhaps in his tender years he suffered the loss of a devoted father or a loving mother and, thrown upon a merciless world, all the fine qualities of his nature have deteriorated and he has become as selfish and as cynical as any of earth's minions. Or, perhaps, over confidence in a supposed friend has been abused, and the deceit or treachery of the trusted one has left a wound in the heart which the art of man cannot heal. It is thus that natures once gentle and confiding have been changed and have made the unhappy possessors hated and detested. Hap-

* See Berti *De Rebus Gestis* pp. 271, 293; and Guerin *Bollandistes*, x, p. 295.

† See the May number of the MONTHLY, at page 52.

‡ The few references made by Augustine to this community at Tagaste may be read in his *Confessions* and some of his *Sermons*; St. Possidius in his *Life* of the same saint also refers to it. See his *Vita* chap. iii.

§ For an account of it, see *The City of God*, xx, 8.

* See *Sermon* No. 355.

pily for mankind such cases are only accidental as the gentle youth usually becomes the gentleman, and the gentleman carefully guards his claim to the title till the end of his days.

If there be any classes of people that, from their position and their power of accomplishing good, should acquire, if they have it not naturally, gentleness of manner, those people are parents in their homes and teachers in the school-room. On these devolve the all-important tasks of forming the tender minds of the young and upon the ability of parent and teacher, together with a conscientious performance of their duties in training those under them, will depend, in a great measure, the future happiness or misery, success or failure, of those in their care. While the best and most lasting effects in training are accomplished by the teacher of gentle manner, yet it is not to be supposed that such a teacher must be lacking in firmness. The refining influence of a gentle firmness is far more potent and impressive than all the noise of a demonstrative but yielding teacher. Reproval given in a kind way will eventually revert to the good of reprover and reprovéd. It will open the eyes of the latter to the seriousness of his faults, and the kindness of the one who has disclosed them to him. Thus it happens that gentle words and manners loosen the tension of strained relations, calm troubled minds, promote sympathy, unite severed hearts, and, generally, do more for the happiness of man than almost anything we can name. It is impossible to say how many quarrels they avert, how much bitter feeling they subdue, how many happy surprises they occasion, how many sad hearts they comfort, and how much pleasure they insure. The realization of even a small part of all these bestows a blessing on one's fellow-man, and surely no one among us ought to refuse a blessing so highly valued and so easy of bestowal. A little thought, a little self-control, a little effort on our part will bear fruit a hundred-fold.

A. J. PLUNKETT, '96.

A Reminder.

"Studies will be resumed on Monday, September 4, 1893."

The above is a quotation from the catalogue of 1892-3. Let us trust that its appearance in the August number of THE MONTHLY needs no apology, since young men are apt to be greatly distracted during the brief vacation period; and fond parents are sometimes loath to remind their sons of the near approach of school opening, lest

it should smack of indifference at the early departure of their dear ones. Let us hope, however, that in this year of grace—Columbian year—better counsels will prevail, and that boys and parents alike will catch something of the heroic spirit of the times, the one to hearken to duty's call, the other to rejoice in duties nobly done. Who does not know that "procrastination is the thief of time," and that the tardy return to school is accompanied by many and serious difficulties for the student who has the laudable ambition of standing well in his class? Not only does he lose his credit marks, but also misses important preliminary instruction which is indispensable in solving problems often but a sequence of what has gone before. Boys, let us not forget the 4th of September, 1893.

Days Gone By.

Oh, the days gone by! oh, the days gone by!
The apple in the orchard, and the pathway through
the rye;
The chirrup of the robin and the whistle of the
quail,
As he piped across the meadows sweet as any night-
ingale;
When the bloom was on the clover and the blue
was in the sky,
And my happy heart brimmed over, in the days
gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were
tripped
By the honeysuckle's tangles, where the water
lilies dipped,
And the ripple of the river lipped the moss along
the brink,
Where the placid eyed and lazy footed cattle came
to drink,
And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant's
wayward cry,
And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days
gone by.

Oh, the days gone by! oh, the days gone by!
The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of the eye;
The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic
ring,
The simple, soul reposing, glad belief in every-
thing,
When life was like a story, holding neither sob
nor sigh,
In the olden, golden glory of the days gone by.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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Vol. I.

Villanova College, September, 1893.

No. 9.

NOCHE SERENA.

From the Spanish of Fray Luis Ponce de Leon, O.S.A. By
Mr. Henry Phillips, Jr., of Philadelphia.

WHEN to the heavenly dome my thoughts
take flight,
With shimmering stars bedecked, ablaze
with light,
Then sink my eyes down to the ground,
In slumber wrapped, oblivion bound,
Enveloped in the gloom of darkest night ;

With love and pain assailed, with anxious care,
A thousand troubles in my breast appear,
My eyes turn to a flowing rill,
Sore sorrow's tearful floods distill,
While saddened, mournful words my woes declare.

Oh, dwelling fit for angels! sacred fane!
The hallowed shrine where youth and beauty
reign!

Why in this dungeon, plunged in night,
The soul that's born for Heaven's delight
Should cruel Fate withhold from its domain?

What madness ever swayed the human brain
From Truth and Purity to speed amain,
With mind forgetful of the hand
Divine, to roam in error grand,
Along a path beset by phantoms vain?

Bound in fell chains, a captive in his bloom
To futile dreams, forgetful of his doom,
The heavens with rapid, noiseless tread
Speed in their courses overhead,
As life runs racing fleet to Death's dread gloom.

Arouse, I say! ye mortals open your eyes,
Behold with steadfast gaze your fearful loss!
Can the immortal soul, create
For deeds of Honor's high Estate,
On shadows banquet and deceptions prize?

Awake! and raise on high your fixed regard
To where eternal fires the welkin guard!
Tear down the bars that dim your view,
Despise Earth's joys of flattering hue,
In hope and fear strive for just Heaven's reward.

What is it but a small, quick-rolling dot
This base, ignoble earth, when once we see

The spheres celestial wherein Fate
Hath mirrored forth a future state
Of all that was, or is, or e'er shall be?

Behold the skies, the harmonies that sway
Those flaming orbs with clear, eternal ray,
Whose movements true are led by law,
Whose pace unerring hath no flaw,
Whose steps ordained in due proportion stray.

The cresset of the eve, the moon's mild gleams,
Whirls like a silvery shield, while from her streams
The glory whence deep learning flows,
Beside her track bright Venus glows,
In sparkling radiance, soft, pellucid beams.

Another path is traversed by red Mars,
The god of anger, deadly strife and wars;
And far-off Jupiter benign,
From whom ten thousand blessings shine,
With torch of love sheds peace among the stars.

Most distant of them all, and in their maze,
Rolls Saturn, father of the golden days;
Around him blaze a happy band,
A dazzling chorus on each hand,
Who share his treasure and divide his rays.

Lives there a man, who, when he views this sight,
Doth not despise this petty, earthly plight?
Who doth not sigh in grievous pain,
And strive to rend the fleshly chain
That fetters him, an exile from pure light?

In those far realms of Hope content is found,
In gentle peace, tranquillities profound;
Enshrined on rich and lofty throne
Reigns kindly Love's own sacred zone,
Where purities and holiness abound.

And all that wondrous beauty without end,
Unblemished shines with incandescent light,
With ray unsullied, softly bright,
Upon whose day there falls no night,
Where Spring's eternal myriad odors blend.

Ye fields of Truth! ye tender sweetest bliss!
Ye meadows fresh, with guileless love well-stored!
Ye mines of richest ore!
Ye hearts of joy's full store!
Ye vales replete with Pleasure's purest hoard!

Some Notes relating to the Life of Fray Luis Ponce de Leon.

Fray Luis Ponce de Leon is famed as being "one of the two greatest lyrical poets, the other Fernando de Herrera, that Spain ever produced." Thus speaks Ticknor of the author of *Noche Serena*.

Fray Luis was born at Belmonte in 1528. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Salamanca to study and there joined the Order of St. Augustine. In 1560 he gained the degree of licentiate, and immediately after the doctorship. In the following year he won by competition the chair of St. Thomas in the university, which he held until 1565, when he got the chair of Durandus.

While at Salamanca he created and supported by his immense learning the Augustinian School—a system of introducing into theological studies a spirit of criticism, philology and literary taste, wherein shone so greatly his disciples and fellow religious Diego de Tapia, Alfonso de Mendoza, and his nephew Basilio Ponce de Leon.

After teaching eleven years, on March 27, 1572, he was arrested by order of the Spanish Inquisition on the complaint of a rival schoolman, Leon de Castro, on the charge of holding unsound views relating to the Holy Scriptures, of having misinterpreted them, of having written a too worldly translation of the Book of Canticles, of having taught with Grajal and Martinez that in the Old Law life eternal was not promised to the just, and of having doubted of the coming of the Messiah.

He was imprisoned at Valladolid, where he was confined until December, 1576, when the charges having been disproved he was released and restored in honor to his chair in the university, whence four years before he had been violently abducted.

Fray Luis edited the writings of St. Teresa, which after her death were collected with pious care, and published by him in 1588.

He wrote many works on philosophy and theology which disclose his profound knowledge of the Biblical languages, especially the Hebrew.

He was fond of painting; he painted his own portrait, and was famous as a preacher and a poet. Ticknor styles him as "one of the greatest masters of eloquence." Of his ode *De la Vida del Cielo* Hallam has justly remarked that it is "an exquisite piece of lyric poetry, which in its peculiar line of devout aspiration has perhaps never been excelled."

Of another work of Leon's, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says: "nothing is more sensible, nothing less ecstatic, than the manual of domestic

economy by Fray Luis de Leon—*La Perfecta Casada*, or The Perfect Wife.

Fray Luis died at Madrigal on August 23, 1591, at the age of 64. The city of Salamanca erected a statue in his honor. The Augustinian Fathers of the Escorial have been for some years engaged in collecting and republishing the Works of Fray Luis de Leon.

For further references to the life and works of Fray Luis the student may consult (1) the *Revista Agustiniana*, a semi-monthly published by the Fathers of the Spanish Augustinian Province. Many details of his life are in volume I, pages 177, 257, 337, and 410; in volume XXII, page 28, it gives the titles of his printed and published works, for which we may also consult volume I, pages 59, 137, and 176; in volume IV, page 35, it presents a portrait of Fray Luis taken from some old copy, (may be his own;) the same is given also in the *Viri Illustres Ord. S. Augustini*, (Antwerp, 1636, see page 229,) by the Augustinian historian, Father Cornelius Curtius. (2) *History of Spanish Literature*, (Boston, 1879,) by George Ticknor; especially volume II, pages 75, 76, 89-106, and 332; and volume III, pages 7, 157-160, 182, 245, 374-75, 432, and 447. (3) *Literature of Europe*, by Henry Hallam. (As the editions of this monumental work are so many and in their paging vary greatly, the reader must be referred to the General Index of the *History* at the end of the last volume.) (4) *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Ninth Edition) under the caption of "Spain," in volume XXII, pages 371a, 373b, and 374a; and the article on Leon in volume XIV, pages 455-56.

Some of the poems of Fray Luis were published under the pseudonym of "Bachiller Francisco de la Torre."

In 1883, Mr. Henry Phillips, Jr., had printed in Philadelphia, Pa., for private distribution only, his translation of six sonnets of Fray Luis de Leon. These are: *The Ascension*, *Noche Serena*, *Cuándo será*, *Vida Descansada*, *The Prophecy of the Tagus*, and *Ode to Avarice*.

Through the courtesy of the translator we are enabled to lay before our readers the sonnet on *Noche Serena*, and hope in the not very distant future to publish the other five.

By T. C. M. =
(otherwise Thos. C. Middleton, O.S.A.)

WE regret very much that our many patrons have been kept waiting so long for this issue of the MONTHLY; but we feel that the contents of this number are of such a kind that they will please all and repay their patient waiting.

A Glimpse of the Catholic Columbian Congress.

Prepared especially for the VILLANOVA MONTHLY by
Miss Catharine T. Wade of Chicago.

It would be impossible within the limits of a comparatively brief paper to give a true idea of the magnificence and high order of the Catholic Columbian Congress, which has just been held in Chicago. Many grand meetings have taken place within the walls of the classic Art Institute and many men, famous and foremost in all the various spheres of human action, have there appeared and proclaimed their views on the great and absorbing questions of the day; but on no occasion has there been collected a coterie of minds that could approach the profound learning, the masterly eloquence, and the sturdy wisdom that have characterized this notable assemblage.

Here were gathered men of pronounced intellect from all parts of the globe—come as to a school with the simplicity of children, to learn and study the advanced theories of social and religious problems as presented by the leaders of Catholic thought. And what a happy and a holy spectacle it was, to behold that beautiful unity, sympathy, and co-operation which exists between the clergy and laity of the great Catholic Church.

A lofty moral tone combined with a strong religious zeal, and fortified with the highest forms of Christian truth, marked the sentiment of this congress. A broadness of conception born in this age of progress, and founded on the practical platform of sound logic and good sense, was a distinctive feature of the proceedings. The intense interest developing often times into a state of feverish excitement, particularly when the aims and principles of the convention were being expounded, served to prove beyond doubt that the work of Catholicism in this country, is not confined to the clergy alone, but that there is a powerful vanguard in the ranks of the laity.

The deep love and veneration which the people have for their Sovereign Pontiff was ever manifest, and whenever the illustrious name of Leo XIII passed the lips of a speaker, it evoked a most touching and affectionate greeting; nor were the honored members of the Catholic hierarchy of America neglected in this respect. Our most beloved and Eminent Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishops Feehan of Chicago, Ireland of St. Paul, Ryan of Philadelphia, Corrigan of New York and the many others were each tendered a most cordial welcome; but it was most delicately reserved for the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Satolli to become as it were, the lion of the hour.

Imagine a spacious hall artistically draped with the papal colors, mingled with the national emblem of red, white and blue, while here and there

were banked ferns, plants and roses to lend additional beauty and form a bower in which to place the honored guests. Imagine thousands of people mounted on chairs, tables and every available contrivance; imagine these people shouting, cheering, waving hats and handkerchiefs, clapping hands and stamping feet, while a dignified, stately man clad in the garb of his holy office walked through their midst, turning first to one side, then to the other, smiling and bowing to an admiring throng, and you will picture a scene which can never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to be present.

The Monsignor was deeply affected by the splendid ovation accorded him, and after overcoming his emotion, addressed the audience in a masterly oration which was most enthusiastically received. Although he spoke in the musical Italian tongue which was not understood by many, there was an energy, force and truth expressed in his countenance, so much vigor and grandeur in his delivery, and so much majesty in his very presence, that he inspired a reverence and a confidence in the hearts of his hearers which can never be obliterated. His discourse was translated by that Apostle of Catholic Americanism, the Most Reverend Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul—and thus was given additional charm to the sublime utterances of the Delegate. After congratulating the promoters of the congress on their success, and giving them the salutation of our Holy Father, his words were substantially as follows:

"All congresses," he said, "were the concentrations of great forces. Your object is to consider the social forces that God has provided, and apply as far as you can, to the special circumstances of your own time and country these great principles. The great social forces are thought, will and action. Thought finds its food in truth, so that all your conclusions must rest on that eternal principle; will is the rectitude of the human heart, and until the human heart is voluntarily subjected to truth and virtue, all social reforms are impossible. Then comes action, which aims at the acquisition of the good needed for the satisfaction of mankind; and this again must be regulated by truth in thought, and virtue in the human will. The well being of society consists in the perfect order of the different elements, and these relations to which men are subject, are summarized in three words: God, man, and nature.

Man has first of all, his duties to God, then his duties to himself and his fellow-men, and finally has relation to the great world of nature; and from these spring up the great problems which have ever vexed man's mind. Your social congress has

convened to-day. Bear in mind that there was a first great social congress which is to be the model of yours, which gave out principles that must underlie your deliberations. The great social congress, the ideal and model of all others, was held when Christ, surrounded by thousands of the children of Israel, delivered his discourse on the mountain. There the solution was given to human problems: there were laid down the vital principles, "seek first the kingdom of God and its justice, and all things will be added unto you." Know God's truth, and live by God's justice, and the peace and felicity of the earth shall be yours. 'Blessed be the poor in spirit. Blessed be the merciful.'

"History has proven that human reason alone does not solve the great social problems. These problems were discussed by Plato and Aristotle, but pre-Christian times gave us a world of slavery, when the multitude lived for the few. It was when Christ brought down upon earth the great truths of His Father, that humanity was lifted up, and entered upon a new road to happiness and felicity. Hence, since the coming of Christ, science, art, philosophy, social economy, all studies partake of the natural as well as the supernatural. To-day it is the duty of Catholics to bring into the world the fullness of supernatural truth and supernatural life."

He then exhorted the congress to bring back the nations that have left the Church by the force of teaching and action. "Bring them back," said he, "to the source of truth and light, the blessed influence of Christ, and of Christ's Church, and in this manner shall it come to pass that the words of the Psalmist shall be fulfilled, 'Mercy and justice have you one with another; justice and peace prevail.' Let us restore among men justice and charity, and study the great principles marked out in most luminous lines in the encyclicals of the great Pontiff Leo XIII, and hold fast to them as the safest anchorage. America holds the keys to the future, since it is the country specially blessed by Providence in the fertility of its fields, and the liberty of its institutions." In concluding his discourse, the learned Ablegate used these golden words: "Go forward, in one hand bearing the book of Christian truth, and in the other, the Constitution of the United States."

Monsignor Satolli's address was not, strictly speaking, a part of the original programme, although in its completeness it embodied the motives, principles and aspirations of the assembly. We must now return and "begin at the beginning," although we will touch upon only the principal papers of each session.

The Catholic Columbian Congress of America was convened in Chicago on Monday, September 4, 1893, and lasted throughout the week. The devotional exercises attending its opening were held at St. Mary's Church, after which a procession of the distinguished Catholic clergymen and laymen was formed and moved on to Columbus Hall in the Palace of Art, on the lake front, where it was awaited by thousands of people. The Hon. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, called the meeting to order, and introduced Archbishop Feehan, who delivered the formal address of welcome, in which he pointed out the objects and aims of the congress, and impressed upon all the nature and deep responsibility of the work before them.

The President of the World's Congress Auxiliary, Mr. C. C. Bonney, welcomed the delegates in an address, which was most felicitous and complimentary. (The World's Auxiliary Congress was organized to conduct the intellectual part of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.) He eulogized the wisdom of the Pope, who, he said, was the greatest Pontiff that had sat in St. Peter's chair for a thousand years. He referred to the work of the Catholic leaders in this country, and thus concluded his remarks: "Blind indeed must be the eyes that cannot see in these events the quickened march of the ages of human progress for the fulfilment of the divine prophecy of 'one fold and one shepherd,' when all the forms of government shall be one in liberty and in justice, and all the forms of faith and worship one in charity and human service." Thos. B. Bryan, the vice-president of the Auxiliary Congress was then introduced, and in some well chosen words addressed the delegates.

Archbishop Feehan then presented Cardinal Gibbons, who was accorded a magnificent reception, the audience standing in a body and giving cheer upon cheer. His Eminence said in part: "During the past few months millions of visitors have come from all parts of the United States, nay from every quarter of the globe, to contemplate upon the Exposition grounds the wonderful works of man. They know not which to admire the most—the colossal dimensions of the buildings, or their architectural beauty, or the treasures of art which they contain. The casket and gems were well worthy of the nineteenth century, worthy of the indomitable spirit of Chicago. Let us no longer call Chicago the Windy City, but, instead, the City of Lofty Aspirations. Let us no longer call Chicago, Porkopolis; let me christen her with another name. Let me call her Thaumetopolis, the City of Wonders, the City of Miracles.

"But, while other visitors have come to contemplate with admiration the wonderful works of man

with the image of man stamped upon them, you have come here to contemplate man himself—the most wonderful work of God with the image of God stamped upon him. Others are studying what man has accomplished in the material world. You are to consider what man can accomplish in the almost boundless possibilities of his spiritual and intellectual nature. You will take counsel together to consider the best means for promoting the religious and moral, the social and economic well-being of your fellow citizens."

His Eminence counseled the delegates to bear in mind the saying of St. Vincent Lerins: "In all things essential, unity; in all things doubtful, liberty; in all things, charity." "In this manner," said he, "let all the deliberations be conducted. Happily for you, children of the Church, that you are not to discuss in matters of faith, for your faith is fixed and determined by the divine Legislator, and we cannot improve upon the creed of Him, who is 'the Way, the Truth and the Life.'" He then produced a letter from our Holy Father addressed to him, in which the Pontiff gave his blessing to the congress, which blessing he imparted with great solemnity. The Pontiff's letter was then read by the Secretary Mr. Onahan, and the temporary organization of the convention was announced, which made the Hon. M. J. O'Brien, of New York, temporary chairman of the congress. In a graceful address he outlined the work of the congress. The Secretary then read the various communications of regret and goodwill which he had received from many distinguished prelates who were unable to be present. Several prominent speakers were called upon to address the meeting, and among those who responded were Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand, who traveled nine thousand miles to attend the congress, and Monsignor Nugent, of Liverpool, England, who read a very warm letter from Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, the successor of Cardinal Manning.

The congress being now formally opened, the regular routine of business was at once taken up. Since this congress was convened during the year of the Columbian Exposition and under the auspices of the World's Fair Auxiliary Congress, it was befitting that the opening papers should relate to the discovery of America by Columbus the Catholic, aided and encouraged by Isabella the Catholic. Richard J. Clarke, LL.D., of New York, presented the first paper on this subject—it was entitled "Christopher Columbus; his mission and character." His address contained the following: "Because of his exalted mission and character, America and the world honor Columbus. That he had a high and mighty mission is proved

by four grand and salient facts in his wonderful career. First, he foresaw and foretold his mission; secondly, he trained himself especially for it throughout his life; thirdly, he undertook it—the most startling of human enterprises; fourthly, he accomplished it. The mission and character of Columbus are so thoroughly blended and interwoven, that it is impossible to view them separately. They are one in origin, nature, kind and caste, and mutually dependent in their harmonious action and great results. They are like a vast and graceful celestial rainbow spanning the heavens, resting upon hemispheres, analyzing yet blending the beautiful rays of the sun, and sustained by the moisture from land and ocean. Such a phenomena is not so beautiful in its parts, as grand and majestic in its whole. Such is the mission and character of Columbus containing like the seven prismatic colors, seven transcendental features. First, the inspiration; second, the preparation; third, the faith; fourth, the apostolate or mission; fifth, the religious zeal; sixth, the undertaking; seventh, the accomplishment.

"Christopher Columbus possessed the character of a leader and a hero. He was a true Christian gentleman; a link between the Middle Ages and the new epoch which he himself inaugurated; the blended representative of ages mediæval and modern; science and faith united in him, harmonized; child of the Church; antagonist of every popular superstition; crusader, ambitious to redeem the Holy Sepulchre; a sailor who voyaged to every corner of the known earth, and with true genius declared that there was more to know and more to discover. He was a man almost without scholastic or scientific learning, grasping the profoundest knowledge, and revealing the most hidden truths to the incredulous learned; a man who united in himself the prophet and the explorer; a man who lived down reproach and calumny; a man who believed in his destiny, who announced his mission, and rested not until he fulfilled them both.

"That Columbus had a mission of grandeur and beneficence has been most conclusively proven. If we contemplate how he struggled through his boyhood and the poverty of his maturer years, always bearing in mind that he must set forth on a voyage of discovery, we must recognize in him the inspired one. When we think how he, poor and unknown, obtained the friendship of pious laymen, of dignified prelates, of secluded monks and Sovereign Pontiffs, we must stand convinced that his mission was from above."

The reader went on to describe in the most elegant language the Christian life, the almost insurmountable obstacles that beset the discoverer,

drawing a most striking parallel between Columbus and Moses, and concluded with a summary of the results of his discovery. His paper was pre-eminently one of deep historical research, and will stand as a grand tribute to the memory of Columbus, coming from the Catholic Congress.

To Miss Mary Onahan of Chicago, was given the privilege of eulogizing "Isabella the Catholic," and most skillfully did she portray the character of that gifted woman. She made her known to us from a true Catholic standpoint. She said, "Many biographers have shown that the ideal of womanhood in the fifteenth century, as realized in Isabella was a great and a high one, but it remains for the Catholic biographer to prove that this ideal, inasmuch as it was great and good, and glorious was the logical outcome of the Catholic faith which was her heritage. If she was pure in an age of impurity, if she was brave in an age of cowardice and depression, if she was womanly when the type of womanhood was Queen Elizabeth of England, she was all of these because of the faith that was in her, for by it she patterned her life, by it she must be judged now. The nineteenth century hugs to itself many delusions, none greater than the claim that it has discovered woman. The present age seems to be the most glorious age, its progress the most wonderful progress, and its importance far greater than any that has preceded it. So in the glamour of this delusion, we almost forget that woman was a power morally, socially and intellectually in the fifteenth century as in the nineteenth; that the doors of universities were open to her, that she not only studied, but actually taught within their sacred precincts.

"When Isabella on ascending the throne set about the acquisition of the Latin tongue, it was to a woman she turned to be her tutor. The greatness of Isabella need not therefore be looked upon as something extraordinary and unaccountable. She was merely the logical outcome of the country in which she was born, and the religion in which she was bred—Catholic Spain of the fifteenth century."

Miss Onahan carefully dwelt on the whole career of Isabella; the condition of the times, and of the people over which she reigned, and stated that it was her faith and religion alone that made "the great ruler, the wise queen and beautiful ideal of the Catholic Church."

A particular prominence was given to the late encyclical of our Holy Father, and it formed the basis of the most interesting and comprehensive of all the considerations of the congress. The restless uncertainty of the times demands this, and the position which Christ's noble representative takes on the condition of labor well merits more than a

passing notice. The opening address on the social question was made by the Rt. Rev. John A. Waterson, Bishop of Columbus, Ohio. He prefaced his remarks by paying a glowing tribute to the sagacity, learning and sound principles of our Holy Father. "The Pope," he said "must teach the truth to the world for the world has need of truth to live and prosper. In these times when men are calling into question the very principles on which, not only the church, but society itself, individuals, families and states depend, the special mission of Leo XIII seems to be to strengthen the foundations of the whole social fabric. By his personal dignity and goodness, the practical wisdom of his teachings, and the firmness of his acts he is giving the world to understand that the Papacy is a great thing in the world, and for the world. And intellects heretofore rebellious are accustoming themselves to think that if society is to be saved from a condition worse in some respects than that of pagan times, it is from the Vatican that the Saviour is to come.

Truth is the generous blood which coursing through the social body gives it light and energy, health and beauty, unto all the ends for which it was established by the providence of God. Wherever truth is abandoned or disregarded, society must suffer. Leo XIII like many of his illustrious predecessors in similar conditions of society, is fulfilling his special mission by defending the cause of the people against the encroachments of avarice and injustice, espousing the interests of the masses against the Moloch of misused wealth and power, and showing the shallowness of the social theories, and mere philosophisms of the day, while upholding, at the same time, the rights of legitimate authority." He urged Catholic laymen and women to spread the encyclicals of our Holy Father, to scatter them broadcast throughout the land. He bade them organize Catholic workmen into associations under Catholic direction, or "to try to desecularize already existing associations, and infuse into them the spirit of Christianity."

Continuing, he said: "Modern philanthropists have been trying to work out a social combination by which men are to league together everywhere, and thus contribute to the general good of all humanity; but well meaning though they be, they must be blind not to recognize in the Catholic church, a society, ever ancient, and ever new, independent and always devoted to the general good, true to God, and true to man, filling her children with a spirit of patriotism by which we love and serve our country and show ourselves ready to devote our fortunes, and our very lives to its defence, and answering in every point the needs

of universal peace and harmonious prosperity.

"In our own beloved country, one of the richest on the globe, evils are growing to an alarming extent. Class is arrayed against class, labor against capital, capital against labor. There is a great and crying injustice somewhere. The social machine has lost its equilibrium. How can it be restored? Civil legislation has done something to effect a settlement, and it may do something yet, but only in harmony with the gospel of Christian love. Bring then from the religion of Christ those saving lessons of divine wisdom and goodness with which they abound. Teach the rich to love money less, and men more. Teach them to regard their employees not as soulless machines, but to take a reverent cognizance of their intellectual, moral and religious natures; unite men into great trusts of mutual Christian love. Teach the poor that social inequality must exist, that they must love their fellow-men and be sensible of their responsibilities, as well as of their rights, and bear patiently the ills of life. And if all will learn the lesson in practice as well as in theory, Christianity shall again triumph in her principles and the world will exclaim as in ancient days, 'behold how they love one another.'"

Bishop Watterson's eloquent appeal was followed by papers further outlining the wisdom of the Pope on the "Condition of Labor," "The Rights of Labor," "The Duties of Capital," "Poverty, the Cause and the Remedy," "Public and Private Charities," and many other kindred topics.

The subject of "Temperance," and its work was eloquently dealt with by the Rev. Jas. M. Cleary, of Minneapolis, who made some very startling, but nevertheless true statements in exposing the dire evils of drink. The following is quoted from his address: "No congress of earnest men in our time and country can justly consult the best interests of their fellow-workmen and ignore a thoughtful consideration of the drink evil. Many honest and conservative men hesitate to enter upon a discussion of the evils of intemperance, and to openly ally themselves with temperance workers lest they be accused of fanaticism, or misunderstood by those whose good opinion they highly esteem. The cause of temperance has suffered more from the apathy of timid friends than it has from either hypocrisy or fanaticism. Intemperance destroys the sense of decency and honor, silences conscience, and deadens the best instincts of the human heart. There is no bright side to the picture of strong drink in the home. This hideous and brutalizing vice cannot be condemned too severely, and those who have experienced much suffering from its influence may be pardoned if they are unsparing against

every effort that tends to widen the way for the spread of habitual drinking among us.

"The Catholic Church does not rely for the success of its efforts in the cause of virtue on the strength or support of legal enactments, but hopes to win its way by conquering the hearts of men by appeals to their intelligence, and, by arousing their consciences, lead them to realize their own best interests. Yet our Catholic people expect too much from the Church if they entertain the delusive notion that the Church can save weak men from ruin, while her own children, by their voices and their ballots, do not aid in diminishing or removing the occasions of sin. Too much importance cannot be attached to the practice of inculcating habits of total abstinence among children, and our boys and girls during the dangerous and trying period of youth.

"In those sanctuaries of affection and virtue, the Christian homes of our people, let the sophistries of the advocates of alcohol be exposed by sound reasoning, the temptations and dangers of the saloon be carefully explained, and let fathers and mothers merit for themselves the reward and consolation of sober sons and daughters by showing a noble example of self-control and sobriety. When we consider that the drink bill of the United States for the past year was \$900,000,000, most of which was consumed by the laboring classes, we will realize that the Church has an important mission in this respect, since it is the most powerful and effective institution in the world for the elevation of the people."

Woman's day in the Catholic Congress calls forth many tributes of justice and praise to the work of women in the Church. Woman's work in religious orders, in secular life, in art, literature and in the sciences, was most comprehensively and ably set forth. Miss Eliza Allen Starr, of Chicago, than whom no nobler example of the true woman exists, read a most beautiful essay on "Woman's Work in Art." This very article was in itself a work of art, showing the wondrous classic tenor of the mind of this brilliant authoress, and makes us recognize in her an indisputable authority on Christian and Pagan art of all times. She reviewed the position of woman in art from Mother Eve until the present day, and in holding up the model of Christian womanhood, said: "There was not one great artist in all those ages, whether monk, nun or courtier, who did not invoke the patronage of Mary, nor is there a school or academy that can furnish ideals like those which she has given to the hearts of her faithful sons. Can she do less for her faithful daughters? Therefore I say to the women of my nation: Put not your trust in

academies or schools of technique, but whether in the cloister or in the world, make Mary your art mistress, your guide, your inspiration, and she will bring to your imagination what you will seek for in vain elsewhere."

"Woman's Work in Literature" was the title of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly's paper. Philadelphia's gifted poetess was unable to be present on account of illness, but her noble sentiments, so forcibly expressed, constituted some of the brightest utterances of the Congress. The sound practicability of her ideas, the sweet charm of her diction, and, above all, her hearty condemnation of the impure in literature, won the admiration and held the attention of the vast audience from beginning to end.

She pointed out the vicissitudes which accompanied woman's rise in literature, and said that "up to the middle of the eighteenth century the number of English women writers of any account could be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. Prior to the Augustan age of English literature there were few inducements for secular women to enter the arena of letters. Men barely tolerated their literary sisters, or cauterized them, if successful, with sneers and satires, unless they followed in their foot-steps and ceased to be original. But the day of class prejudice and narrow jealousies anent woman's work in literature has forever passed away.

"Woman's work in letters can never be an uncertain or negative one. If she does not elevate and strengthen, she degrades and enervates." Miss Donnelly deplored the tendency of many women of the nineteenth century to work backward toward the study of pagan models. "They forget," said she, "that the passionate song of Sappho must give place to the Magnificat of Mary. Their gross indelicacy is due either to greed for gain, or itch for notoriety.

"Accursed is the age, accursed is the commonwealth, that ceases to respect, to reverence, the innocence of the young. What Christian father would dare read aloud to his young sons the immoral tragedies of Mrs. Behn, or the disgracing fictions of George Sand? What Christian mother lays open before the innocent eyes of her young daughters shameless pages of the 'Quick or the Dead,' or 'The Doomsman,' or deliberately put into their hands the lubrications of that hydro-headed and sensuous gorgon of romance, yclept 'The Duchess?'" In concluding she draws a most beautiful picture of the motives that adorn the Catholic woman in literature, "who does not seek for fame or immortality in this life, for she shall be crowned by the Lord God in His everlasting kingdom as one of those blessed toilers,

Whose works shall last,
Whose name shall shine as the stars on high,
When deep in the dust of a ruined past,
The labors of selfish souls shall lie!"

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne contributed a most excellent paper on "Woman and Mammon," which was loudly applauded.

One of the most important, among the many considerations which our Holy Father recommended to the people in his encyclical, is the subject of education. Ambitious to carry out successfully his sacred intentions, the promoters of the Catholic Congress gathered together the most learned and the most zealous leaders of the educational movement in this country. Hence, we find this subject discussed by Rt. Rev. Jno. J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of America; Dr. Maurice Francis Egan of the University of Notre Dame; Brother Azarias (who has died since his Paper was prepared); Rev. Jno. J. Murphy of Holy Ghost College; Elizabeth A. Cronyn of Buffalo; Brother Ambrose, who has charge of the World's Fair educational exhibit, and Miss Katharine E. Conway, of Boston, whose Paper embraced "The Catholic Summer School and the Reading Circles."

Bishop Keane's magnificent address bore the stamp of a man of unquestioned educational ability and superior judgment. Invested with a true appreciation of the importance of his subject, animated by all the holy motives which constitute the cause of higher Christian education and imbued with the spirit to gain more sympathy and interest in his life work, this talented orator surpassing all efforts made towards these ends, gave a most brilliant and complete exposition of the needs of the nineteenth century. His address contained the following:

"Higher education is the education of the man of one who has passed through the elementary and secondary stages and who presses on to the paths of learning, usually from the ages of seventeen to eighteen up to twenty-four or twenty-five, and here let me remark once for all that in speaking of the education of the man, I have no intention of excluding women. The truest pride of a civilized nation is in the universal spread of its schools, in the multiplication of its colleges; but its chief glory is in the number and excellence of its universities. The Church knows well that her divine mission can never be furthered by darkness, by ignorance or stupidity, for 'God is Light, and there is no darkness in Him.' She has with special affection and care spurred on those minds of noblest caliber that longed for the

deepest draughts of the waters of truth, and in nothing does she more fondly glory, than in being the mother of nearly all the great universities of the world. In our age more than in any other that has preceded it, and in our country more than any other country of the world, reasons of special importance urge both on the Church and on civilization the necessity of encouraging and diffusing the advantages of higher education, and making it as complete and sound as possible."

"Human society is passing through the agonies of the very deep and wide reconstruction. Social conditions are being leveled upward. Privileged classes are passing away, and lingering vestiges of caste, of feudal arrogance, of autocratic Cæsarism evoke only protest and indignation. Natural inequalities have to be accepted, but artificial inequalities are dams and dykes which will not withstand the flood tide.

"Now how are these tendencies to be wisely directed? How is the future to be wisely moulded, and how is that leveling up to be safely accomplished? Through education, by making elementary education more and more universal, and steadily elevating its level by lifting larger and larger numbers from the elementary into the secondary education, till the multitudes in the school be rivaled by the multitudes in the colleges; and in a special manner by bringing the advantages of the very highest education within the reach of every child of the masses to whom God has given the highest qualities of brain. But here we are faced by a thought of tremendous importance. Intellectual power, like any other power, may be used for purposes of evil as well as for purposes of good, may be a curse or a blessing to its possessor and to those who come within its influence. It may be the work of the Father of Lights, leading to light and peace and welfare, temporal and eternal, or it may do the work of Lucifer, who ever as in Eden, offers what he claimed to be the higher knowledge, ending in darkness and disaster. Hence the natural relation of the Church of God to education."

He reviewed the history of the movement of the Catholic University of America, and the difficulties that had to be overcome in founding it. Efforts were being made to increase its usefulness by endowing the faculty of philosophy and science. All depended on the Catholics of America and their appreciation of its national character and its needs. It had been charged that it was opposed to Catholic schools, but it was founded on Catholicism and it was a strange thing to see the superstructure plotting the destruction of its foundations. It had the support of the Pope, and that was answer enough to all objectors. The duty now was to make it

worthy of Leo, worthy of the Church, and worthy of all mankind.

At the conclusion of the address resolutions were offered to further stimulate the interest in higher education.

A paper written by Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D., of the University of Notre Dame, on "The Needs of Catholic Colleges," was read by the Rev. Father Mooney, of the Cathedral of the Holy Name. Dr. Egan said that heretofore Catholic colleges suffered from ignorant opposition, but it was now in their power to decide whether or not Catholic young men should congregate at such secular institutions as Yale, Harvard, Cornell and Amherst. Our colleges need to be strengthened and broadened, and a different system of government should be instituted. More should be left to the honor of the student.

Among other things which Dr. Egan criticized was the dormitory system as employed in Catholic colleges. He said that it was of foreign origin and was employed because it was the simplest solution of a difficulty, but it was too much like the life of a barracks to be beneficial, and too lawless, and lacking in discipline. The dependence on fees rather than on endowments was also deprecated, and how many advantages in Christian education could be afforded poor students, could this charity be encouraged by the generosity of Catholic people.

The deliberations of the last day of the congress were a grand culmination of the work of this notable assembly, and the report from the committee on resolutions which is here given in full will forever stand a lasting monument to the character, the intelligence and the integrity of the men who participated therein. Judge T. A. Moran, of Chicago, publicly proclaimed the platform of the congress in the resolutions which read as follows:

The Catholic Columbian Congress of the United States assembled in Chicago, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, with feelings of profound gratitude to Almighty God for the manifold blessings which have been vouchsafed to the Church in the United States and to the whole American people, and which blessings in the material order have found their compendious expression in the marvellous exposition of the World's Fair, held to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of this continent by the great Catholic navigator, Christopher Columbus, conforming to the custom of such occasions, adopt the following resolutions:

1. We reaffirm the resolutions of the Catholic Congress held in Baltimore, Nov. 11 and 12, A. D. 1889.
2. We declare our devoted loyalty and unaltered

attachment to our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, and we thank him for sending us a special representative, and we enthusiastically hail his apostolic delegate as the hostage of his love for America and a pledge of his paternal solicitude for our country and its institutions. It is the sense of this congress that the Vicar of Christ must enjoy absolute independence and autonomy in the exercise of that sublime mission to which, in the providence of God, he has been called as the head of the Church for the welfare of religion and humanity.

3. We congratulate our hierarchy on the wondrous growth and development of the Church throughout the United States, the results, under God, of the united wisdom and unselfish devotion of those true shepherds of the Christian flock, and we pledge to our bishops and priests our unfaltering devotion and fidelity.

4. While the signs of the times are hopeful and encouraging and material prosperity is more widely diffused than in any previous age, we should be wilfully blind did we fail to recognize the existence of dangers to the Church and to society requiring a most earnest consideration. Among the most obvious of these dangers is the growing discontent among those who earn their living by manual labor. A spirit of antagonism has been steadily growing between the employer and the employed that has led in many instances to deplorable results. The remedies suggested vary from the extreme anarchical revolution to different types of state socialism. These remedies, by whatever name they may be called, with whatever zeal and sincerity they are urged, must fail wherever they clash with the principles of truth and justice. We accept as the sense of this congress, and urge upon the consideration of all men, whatever may be their religious views or worldly occupations, the encyclical of our Holy Father, Leo XIII, on the condition of labor, dated May 15, A. D. 1891. In the spirit of his luminous exposition of this subject, we declare that no remedies can meet with our approval save those which recognize the right of private ownership of property and human liberty. Capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital. Through the recognition of this interdependence and under the Christian law of love, and by mutual forbearance and agreement must come the relief, for which all good men should earnestly strive.

5. We strongly endorse the principles of conciliation and arbitration as an appropriate remedy for the settlement of disagreements between employer and employed, to the end that strikes and lockouts may be avoided; and we recommend the appointment by this congress of a committee to consider

and devise some suitable method of carrying into operation a system of arbitration.

6. We suggest to our clergy and laity as a means of applying the true principles of Christian morality to the social problems that have now attained such importance, the formation of societies, or the use of already existing societies of Catholic men for the diffusion of sound literature and the education of their minds on economic subjects, thus counteracting the pernicious effects of erroneous teachings; and we especially recommend the letters of our Holy Father, particularly those on "Political Power," "Human Liberty," and "The Christian Constitution of the State." The condition of great numbers of our Catholic working girls and women in large towns and cities is such as to expose them to serious temptations and dangers, and we urge as a meritorious work of charity as well as of justice, the formation of Catholic societies for their assistance, encouragement and protection. We advocate also the continued extension of Catholic life insurance, beneficial and fraternal societies. The work that such associations have already accomplished warrants the belief that they are founded upon true principles.

7. One of the great causes of immorality is the indiscriminate massing of people in cities and large towns and their consequent crowding into tenement houses, where the children are, from their infancy, exposed to every bad example and corrupting influence. This evil has drawn the attention of legislators in foreign countries. We believe it wise charity to help the poor to help themselves, and therefore advise the adoption of appropriate measures to encourage and assist families to settle in agricultural districts. As indicated by the Holy Father, the true policy is to induce as many as possible to become owners of the land.

8. In discharging the great duty of Christian charity the Catholic laity can and should do much by personal service to supplement the admirable work of the religious orders devoted to charity, and we urge them to join or otherwise encourage the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul and kindred organizations for rendering systematic aid to the needy. And we would recall to the minds of all people the time-honored Catholic practice of setting apart from their incomes a proportionate sum for charity.

9. An obvious evil, to which may be traced a very large proportion of the sorrows that afflict the people, is the vice of intemperance. While we believe that the individual should be guided in this manner by the dictates of right conscience, we cannot too strongly commend every legitimate

effort to impress upon our fellow-men the dangers arising not only from the abuse, but too often from the use of intoxicating drink. To this end we approve and most heartily commend the temperance and total abstinence societies already formed in many parishes and we advise their multiplication and extension. We favor the enactment of appropriate legislation to restrict and regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors, and emphasizing the admonition of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, we urge Catholics everywhere to get out and keep out of the saloon business.

10. To the members of our secular clergy, religious orders and laity, who are devoting their lives to the noble work of educating the Indian and Negro races, we extend our hearty sympathy and offer our co-operation. We congratulate them on the consoling success thus far attending their labors and wish them Godspeed.

11. As the preservation of our national existence, the Constitution under which we live, and all our rights and liberties as citizens depend upon the intelligence, virtue and morality of our people, we must continue to use our best efforts to increase and strengthen our parochial schools and Catholic colleges, and to bring all our educational institutions to the highest standard of excellence. It is the sense of this congress, therefore, that Catholic education should be steadfastly upheld, according to the decrees of the Council of Baltimore and the decisions of the Holy See thereon. In the elevating and directing influence of Christian higher education, in particular we recognize the most potent agency for the wise solution of the great social problems now facing mankind. We recognize the signal wisdom of our Holy Father, Leo XIII, and of the American hierarchy in founding an institution of highest Christian learning in our national capital. And with confidence in their wisdom so to direct it that it shall be fully adequate to the needs of our age and of our country, we cordially pledge to them our active co-operation in making it one of the chief glories of the Catholic Church and of the American Republic. We appeal to our fellow-citizens of all religious denominations to teach the rising generation to love, honor and fear our common Creator, and to instill into their hearts sound principles of morality, without which our glorious political liberty cannot continue. Profoundly appreciating the love for education shown by the Sovereign Pontiff and our Bishops, we repeat what has been said in Congress, that "it is only the school bell and the church bell which can prolong the echo of the Liberty Bell."

12. We desire to encourage the Catholic Sum-

mer School of America, recently established on Lake Champlain, as a means of promoting education on university extension-lines, and we also commend the forming of Catholic Reading Circles as an aid to the Summer School and an adjunct to higher education in general.

13. We recognize in the Catholic Truth Society of America, one of the results of the first American Catholic Congress of Baltimore, and believing it to be admirably adapted to the needs of the times, we earnestly recommend it to the Catholic laity as offering them an excellent means for co-operating with holy Church in her glorious work of disseminating Catholic truth.

14. As immoral literature is one of the chief agencies in this country and in Europe for the ruin of faith and morality, we recommend a union of Catholics and non-Catholics for the suppression of this evil, whether in the form of bad books, sensational newspapers or obscene pictorial representations.

15. And we have no sympathy with any effort made to secularize the Sunday. We urge upon our fellow-citizens to join in every effort to preserve that day as sacred, in accordance with the precepts and traditions of the Church.

16. We heartily approve of the principle of arbitration in the settlement of international disputes. We rejoice in the happy results that have already attended the application of this ancient principle of our Holy Mother, the Church, and we earnestly hope that it may be extended and that thereby the evils of war between nations may be gradually lessened and finally prevented.

Finally.—As true and loyal citizens, we declare our love and veneration for our glorious Republic, and we emphatically deny that any antagonism can exist between our duty to our Church and our duty to the State. In the language of the Apostolic Delegate, let our watchword be, "Forward! in one hand the Gospel of Christ and in the other the Constitution of the United States." Let us keep on in the path of virtue and religion, that the blessings of our national liberties, born of the stern energy and morality of our forefathers, may be preserved for all time as a sacred heritage.

Other resolutions, votes of thanks, etc., suitable to the occasion were offered, and the chairman called upon his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, to make the closing address of the congress. The Cardinal responded in the following terms:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Owing to the condition of my health, which is not very good to-day, and the brief notice that I received to address you this morning, my remarks will be

necessarily very short, but I assure you they will come from the depths of my heart. When I had the honor to address you on last Monday morning, at the opening of this Catholic Congress, I expressed the fond anticipation that the prayer of hope that was offered up then would be crowned to-day by a thanksgiving full of gratitude to God and of joy and jubilation. My fondest anticipations have been more than realized. This congress has been a great success. The eyes of the civilized world, as you all know, have been directed during those days toward what is called the White City of Chicago, and I may also add, that the ears of the Catholic world have been attentive to the voice that has proceeded from this hall of congress; and the voice that came forth from this hall has uttered no uncertain sound. There has been no confusion, no conflict, no dissension; but there has been peace and concord and unanimity from beginning to end.

"The voice of the congress has succeeded in dissipating prejudices and in removing many misunderstandings in regard to the teachings and practices of the Church of God. First of all, as was right to do, the voice issuing from this hall has proclaimed the necessity of honoring and glorifying God. It has been a voice in behalf of God and of religion. Next to religion our love for our country should be predominant, and, therefore, we have recently heard a resolution offered and adopted attesting the love and affection which we have for our country and for our political institutions. This congress has also proclaimed the necessity of good government, and it has told us that there can be no good government without law and order, that there can be no law without authority, there can be no authority without justice, there can be no justice without religion, there can be no religion without God.

"I need not say that the voice of this congress has also gone forth in vindication of the rights of labor and also of its obligations. We have spoken in the cause of humanity and the cause of the toiling masses, and we have been told that every honest labor in this country is honorable. Ever since Jesus Christ, our Saviour, worked in a carpenter shop at Nazareth he has shed a halo around the workshop, and He has made labor honorable.

"This congress has also spoken both during its sessions and by its resolutions in the cause of Christian education. It has spoken of the importance and the great necessity of Catholic education. At the same time let it not be understood that whilst we are advocating Catholic education we are opposed to secular education. The whole history of the Church speaks the contrary. There can be no conflict between secular and religious

knowledge. Religious and secular knowledge, like Mary and Martha, are sisters, because they are the children of the same God. Secular knowledge, like Martha, is busy about the things of this world, while religious knowledge, like Mary, is found kneeling at the feet of her Lord.

"But above all, ladies and gentlemen, the voice of this congress has spoken out clearly and fully in vindication of the Holy Catholic Church; it has removed many prejudices and misunderstandings. This congress helped to tear off the mask that the enemies of the Church would put upon her fair visage. This congress has torn those repulsive garments with which her enemies would clothe her, and has presented her to us in all her heavenly beauty, bright as the sun, fair as the moon, with the beauty of heaven shining upon her countenance. This congress has well shown that the Catholic Church, properly understood, is the light of the world and the refuge of suffering humanity. You have a White City here. The White City of Chicago has seen passing through it men from various countries, many of whom are assembled here now. But may I not say the Catholic Church is pre-eminently the White City? She has within her streets men of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, and so we who are assembled here together to-day may exclaim in the language of holy writ, "Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, to go out to every tribe and nation and people and tongue." Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this congress will result in bringing more love and admiration to the Church. Men will look at her now and admire her, and admiring her, they will love her, and loving her they will embrace her. With the blessing of God, many who were before strangers to our faith will come forward and embrace her in the view of the light that has been shed upon her here. In the language of Augustine, they will say: "Too late have I known thee, O guide of the ancient and for the new, too late have I loved thee."

The Cardinal concluded by expressing his thanks to those who contributed to the success of the congress, and referred in an especial manner to Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago; the chairman, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, and the secretary, Hon. William J. Onahan.

Extra evening sessions were held in connection with the congress for the purpose of giving the people an opportunity to greet in a particular manner such eloquent and popular leaders as Archbishops Ryan, Ireland and Corrigan, and many distinguished laymen.

Can anything be said in conclusion to supplement the glory of the Catholic Columbian Congress? Do the acts of that illustrious body leave

any room for suggestion or embellishment and are not those sublime resolutions the embodiment of all the precepts of our holy faith, and of Him Who commanded us to "Love one another?" Most proudly, most gratefully do we point with honor to that representative gathering, and pledge our loyalty to the principles it so earnestly advocates.

Taken in their entirety the proceedings of the Catholic Columbian Congress portray the highest motives, and the most sublime conceptions of Christian truth, charity and virtue, and will well merit a close study by those interested in the welfare of the Catholic Church in America.

Moral and Intellectual Education.

So highly ought we to appreciate those priceless gifts, the intellectual and moral faculties, that their cultivation and development should be uppermost in our minds. As in ancient times the importance or value which a divinity necessarily demanded was manifest by the embellishment of the shrine at which it was worshipped, so it should be with the divinity of our mind. True it is that the variety of human pursuits is so unlimited, and the extent of human knowledge so immense, that it would be utterly impossible for us to universalize the education of the mind. It is incumbent on us, therefore, to train and exercise, as far as we able, the intellectual faculties that their capabilities may be developed.

The world is like a vast sea, man like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom, intellectual education serves us for oars, good or bad fortune is the propitious or unpropitious wind, and moral education is the rudder. Without this last the vessel is tossed by every billow and soon becomes shipwrecked. The principal object of schools is to train the student for schooling himself. Discipline is the Archimedian lever which the mind of the present is to furnish to the mind of the coming generation. Man too often considers himself an intellectual machine to be fitted up for future use. He becomes entirely oblivious of his moral constitution and moral responsibilities. He seeks only to develop the intellectual capabilities and thus it is that, the moral nature neglected and the intellectual cultivated, we not unfrequently read of man's deplorable descent into the unfathomable abyss of vice and degradation. The newspapers of our largest cities present us daily with accounts of crimes so heinous and so hideous, that the perusal of them is sufficient to contaminate the mind of the reader; they clearly demonstrate what Cardinal Gibbons has said in his "Christian Heritage," namely, "The experience of other nations, as well

as that of our own, shows it to be a very great illusion to suppose that intellectual development is sufficient of itself to make us virtuous men, or that the moral status of a people is to be estimated by the wide-spread diffusion of purely secular knowledge. When the Roman Empire had reached the highest degree of mental culture, it was sunk in the lowest depths of vice and corruption. The Persian Empire, according to the testimony of Plato, perished on account of the vicious education of its princes. While their minds were filled with knowledge, they were guided by no religious influences." These crimes that we daily read of, burglaries, murders, bank-breaking, etc., are often the work not of the illiterate man, but of individuals well versed in letters and the sciences, but yet lacking the most essential basis of education—Moral Training. Is it not then evident that the first and most important function of education is the preparation and formation of a manly character? The student should be taught to foster and imbibe the spirit of heroes that he daily reads of in the classics. It is needless to state that the prose authors and especially the poet authors are teeming with the highest and noblest sentiments. Everything that is ignoble, selfish and degrading is satirized and rebuked by the moralist. Whatever is noble, magnanimous and heroic, is presented to us as an object worthy of imitation.

The education of the intellect is infinite, and the one great mistake that pervades the mind of the average student, is that on the completion of his college course he too frequently considers his education finished. He does not realize that it is at this period his education is begun and he at once imagines that he has entered upon an endless vacation. Thus it is that the weapons furnished him at school for the battle of life become tarnished; rust accumulates thereon, and consequently they become ill-adapted for their original purpose.

Moral character on the contrary is generally, and ever should be, completed in the school. Character is the same at all times; it is governed by the same laws and they are ever constant. Moral education is the handmaid of intellectual education, and once we separate them, we tear asunder the bond that unite man to his Creator, children to parents, individuals to society, and states to nations. For as man should not be satisfied with having a diamond unless it is polished and cut proportionally, and a foil be set underneath whereby it may the better transmit and vibrate its lustre and rays, so he should not be satisfied to have acquired a great understanding in all matters, a great intellectual education, unless that understanding, that great education be not only polished and

made clear but underset and strengthened with moral education, with moral character and with moral example.

Unlike the electric element working in nature, unseen and unfelt, till it bursts forth in the lightning flash, moral education pervades the human mind and the human heart, and is incessantly bursting forth in all the plenitude of its beauty by the performance of good and noble actions. It dispels the clouds of vice and corruption by spreading over them an effulgence of ideal light. "The true educator," says Archbishop Spalding, strives to draw forth and strengthen the sense for truth and justice, and to develop a taste for the pure and noble pleasures of life. His aim is to make men good and reasonable, not to make them smart and eager for possession or indulgence." Common sense teaches us that the development of the moral faculties is far more essential than that of the mental faculties. All learned men recognize that ideal education is the development of the moral as well as the intellectual faculties; that man possesses eternal as well as temporal interests.

A pure and noble soul; a soul that is stimulated and ennobled and actuated by the spirit of purity and heroism, shows that moral education forms the Christian, the gentleman and the scholar. But this soul must receive a true education. It is destined not for a temporal kingdom but for an eternal one. Hence the importance of a thorough equipment and drilling not only in all that pertains to the temporal wants, but most especially to the spiritual welfare of the soul. All men have been equally endowed with the same moral faculties, and have the same opportunity for acquiring the highest standard of moral perfection, while on the contrary the highest intellectual standard does not fall within the reach of every individual. As it is necessary for the ship that is destined to sail the rough sea and endure violent winds to be well ballasted so should man's education be fortified and strengthened by the principles of morality and religion, that when he launches out on the ocean of life he may safely navigate its currents, sound its depths, win its treasures and battle with its storms. When the sea of life has become darkened by the menacing clouds of ignorance and misunderstanding and lashed into fury by controversies and dissensions, the principles of all that is upright, heroic and sublime may quickly dispel the overhanging clouds, subdue the enraged waters and serve as so many "Beacon Lights," guiding others safely onward into the tranquil haven of Truth and Integrity, and finally into the peaceful abode of eternal bliss and happiness.

Boston Seminary, Sept., 1893. T. P. CALLAHAN.

International Disarmament.

The Peace Congress, lately convened at Chicago, again brings to the public mind the advisability of universal peace existing between the nations of the world. This cause, championed by many philosophers and statesmen, and favorably approved of by our present reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII, demands more than casual notice at the present time.

In this age of reform the abolition of war—and under the term war is included armed peace an institution as detrimental as it is peculiar to our times—stands pre-eminent among the greatest measures of reform which man is now called upon to undertake. To the thoughtful the effects of such a transformation are apparent, for they must perceive the immense benefits which would naturally accrue from such a change. Its successful accomplishment would be felt in the most remote parts of the earth.

Inasmuch as the modern method of warfare surpasses that of the ancients, so much the more does it warrant peace. Review history's pages and note the marvellous strides toward perfection in the manufacture and use of firearms. Each century, from the time man first opposed man on the field of conflict, wondrous advances have been made in bettering war's devices, until the present finds them attaining the very acme of perfection. If our revolutionary fathers could revisit earth and view the weapons of warfare in actual use, they would evince as much surprise as did the Aborigines when the solitude of their forest homes was first broken by the report of the European's rifle. Imagine Miles Standish viewing a modern battle, seeing whole regiments fall like grain before the reaper's scythe, his vision not even hampered by smoke, at one time war's necessary accompaniment. Just as a sight of modern warfare would be most surprising to our ancestors, in the same degree are its effects appalling to humanity. But while there has been continual progress toward perfection in the implements of war, some may argue that the means of defence in modern warfare have advanced in almost the same ratio as those of destruction. Be this as it may, late experience seems to prove that in a contest between the forces of destruction and those of defence, the ultimate victory belongs to the former. Where is the armor plate that can withstand the torpedo; or the fort, the explosion of dynamite? No means can possibly prevail against the submarine torpedo boat, capable of carrying a crew to direct its movements, nor, as late discoveries have made possible, against air-ships dropping explosives into the sea. When these and like improvements have received a fair test, armed hostilities, owing to the dreadful carnage resulting,

will inevitably cease. Then, war, following in the wake of science and invention, shall have sounded the tocsin of its own death knell. From this, other arguments equally as stable follow, chief among which is the enormous expense incurred by modern war and the extensive preparations for same. Recent estimates show that in the six great nations of Europe, namely, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia and Austria 3,000,000 men are enrolled for actual service in their land and sea forces. The reserves in this great military organization equal about twice the number of regulars, making 6,000,000 in all, while those who are more or less allied with the military service and who hold themselves liable to be called out in time of war, make an aggregate of at least 10,000,000 men. Naturally, the financial burdens of these powers are enormous, and recent investigations have proven that \$600,000,000 are annually required to maintain the forces in their armies and navies. Add to this the \$22,000,000 debt that late wars have caused, and under the weight of which all are now groaning, and we will find that the nations, sooner or later will be forced to one of two alternatives—bankruptcy or disarmament. We need not look to Europe for an example in the matter of finance. Almost thirty years ago our country survived the costliest and most fatal rebellion of modern times. Since that period of strife the United States has been obliged to bear in the paying of pensions unforeseen and great expense. Our pension roll to-day amounts to more than the annual cost of maintaining the largest army in Europe. The number of pensioners, instead of decreasing, as one would naturally suppose, is daily on the increase, much to the depletion of the country's treasury. But the foregoing cost is trivial and scarcely worthy of notice when we consider the number of lives that are sacrificed, when war is in progress. In the late rebellion our country lost one million able-bodied men, while thousands, crippled for life, are now drawing to a close a miserable and pitiable existence.

With the enormous costs, consequent to supporting these martial equipments, which necessitate a ponderous burden of taxes to be borne by the people, we will consider its effect upon the industries in these countries. In almost every nation of Europe, England alone excepted, the maintenance of a standing army rests, not upon free will, but force, and the ranks are now filled, not by the volunteer, but the conscript. In order to uphold the forces by compulsory enlistment, the industries of a country are sure to suffer. In this manner young men, some already acquainted with a trade, and about to enter upon some peaceful and money-mak-

ing pursuit, are forcibly pressed into service in which from three to five years are spent in learning the craft of war. If left to themselves, they would engage in the pursuits of civil life, hence the necessity of compulsory service to keep up militarism. Under such a regime, Germany especially, has lost through emigration the cream of her population and the United States has become the gainer thereby. In Great Britain and our own country, where comparatively small forces are held in readiness by the volunteer system, a particular aversion to military service is exhibited among the masses. Recruits in these countries are drawn from the dregs of the populace; and, at the expiration of their time, nine out of every ten absolutely refuse to re-enlist. It is a fact that necessity alone compels these men to enter the ranks, and when once bound to service for a number of years, they leave no stone unturned to escape the drudgery of camp life, which mainly accounts for some 40,000 desertions within the past ten years.

Thus far facts and figures have been but feebly presented to offset this system of war and its reminders. True, would time and space permit, other arguments, such as the advances made in education and civilization, the advantages of a federal system of government, the growth of democracy, and the present close relation of nations, could be fully developed so as to strengthen this infant reform.

We must now look for a substitute for war. Arbitration at this juncture comes to the rescue. The long list of such amicable settlements of nations' grievances—and during the last century there have been at least sixty—goes far to prove the possibility of dispensing with the arbitrament of the sword. In our own time we have witnessed some striking examples of arbitration's success, namely, the just settlement of the Alabama claims in Grant's administration while, not later than last month, the Behring Sea troubles, existing between England and the United States, were equitably settled before a Board of Arbitrators.

Even if the two mentioned instances stood alone, could we not reasonably hope for a continuance of arbitration, thereby dispensing with the necessity of war? We do not look for a speedy and entire disarmament among the nations of the earth. It may not come to pass in the glorious close of the nineteenth, nor in the brilliant future of the twentieth century. Before the sword can be forever sheathed, it may happen that the soil of Europe will again drink in the blood of thousands of its offspring. The darkest clouds of war may yet threaten nations, but after their passage, will surely come the sun-burst of a perpetual peace. "It is

really a thought," says Emerson, "that built up this portentous war establishment and a thought shall also melt it away."

War has ever proven to be the rotten limb upon the tree of civilization, and the sooner it is done away with the better for the accomplishment of Christ's mission of "peace on earth, to men of good will."

W. J. PARKER, '93.

PERSONALS.

Messrs. F. Callahan and J. Kelleher, '93, have successfully passed their examination for admission to Brighton Seminary, and will pursue their studies for the secular priesthood at that institution.

Our Very Rev. President, C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., was present at the Catholic Congress at Chicago, and was very much interested and highly impressed with the proceedings there.

Rev. J. J. Ryan, O.S.A., of Villanova, on his recent trip to Canada, visited the Shrine of St. Anne de Beauprè.

Rev. F. J. McShane, O.S.A., of Chestnut Hill, and his Temperance Cadets recently spent a very enjoyable day on the college grounds.

Our Rev. Vice-President extends his thanks to the many friends whose kindness he experienced on his canvassing tour.

Professor P. M. Arnu spent two very enjoyable weeks at the sea-shore.

T. J. Muldoon, B.S., '86, recently graduated in law.

T. J. Jordan, '86, of Scranton, recently visited the College.

Rev. J. J. Fedigan, O.S.A., of Atlantic City, was an interested spectator of the proceedings at the Catholic Congress.

Among recent visitors to the College were: Revs. F. Greagan of Albany, N.Y., J. McGowan, O.S.A., of Waterford, N.Y., J. Green, O.S.A., of Lawrence, Mass., J. F. O'Connor, of Conshohocken, Pa., T. Tierney, of Norristown, Pa., P. Anderson and J. Nolan, of Ireland.

We extend our hearty congratulations to G. J. O'Connor, A.M., on his promotion to the position of leading weather observer and reporter of the bureau in Louisville, Ky. One of the daily papers of that place has devoted considerable space in its columns to a glowing account of Mr. O'Connor's work and progress.

We take this opportunity of extending our sympathy to the family of Mr. Charles W. McKeone, whose death occurred Sept. 11. He was a lifelong friend and benefactor of our college, and his death is therefore greatly deplored by the members of the Faculty.

Splinters.

Picnic.

Gopher.

Winona.

Chi-ca-go.

The Ozark.

The "Last Rose of Summer."

Fading still fading?

Isn't it a peach?

The Midway Plaisance.

Oh, Mary, what a dream!

Oh, what is that? Why the moon.

Haven't you any family pride?

Oh! Oh! What a terrible thing!

Our new chamber-maid is quite a hustler.

Elroy—Five o'clock in the morning.

The huckleberries are all gone.

The boys and the noise are back again.

Mr. Fenton, from Trenton. Ah, there Katie!

I suppose that the South East corner is still there with its four attractions.

Oh, Sallie, avic!

'Twas only a trick;

So, Sallie, asthore,

Don't scold any more.

Why they haven't even a gopher from M—.

One of the South Sea Islanders was trapped outside his tent the other night.

We have established a quarantine against Jersey City.

"Golly! what's the matter with the electric bulb? I cannot light my cigar."

What's the matter with *Billy*?

He's all right. But who is *Billy*?

"I may be poor but I'm honest." (To be repeated forty-nine times for the sake of emphasis.)

Elakasari-Hot-Hot-Hot-Hot? (With rising inflection.)

That shed business seems to be a regular Government snap. When will it be finished?

The back-stop is down. It could bear up against the cannonading of the pitchers of the Blues, the Reds, the Whites and the Greens, but it "wasn't in it" during a West Indian cyclone.

All hail to the new house-keeper. Long may she reign!

The end of the Golden Jubilee and the commencement of another.

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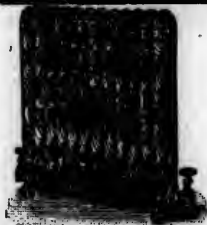
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CUÁNDO SERÁ.

From the Spanish of Fray Luis Ponce De León, O.S.A. By
Henry Phillips, Jr., of Philadelphia.

OH, when shall I, from prison free,
To the Empyrean wing my longing flight,
Cleaving the skies in liberty,
Leaving this earth's entombing plight,
Behold, unharmed, the Truth's most sacred light?

There shall I tarry, freed from care,
In Heaven's pure splendor, glorious demense;
All knowledge 'fore my soul laid bare
That e'er can be, or e'er has been,
Its most recondite lore will clear be seen.

Before my eyes the laws displayed
How once the Sov'reign Hand the stars did greet,
The world's foundation firmly laid
By plumb and level, true, complete,
To ponderous elements gave stable seat.

Those lofty columns shall I see
That high-exalted bear our planet's weight
That fetters know 'gainst which the sea
Rolls billows curbed by kindly fate,
By Providence that chains its will estate.

And why this globe doth tremble, quake,
And why the shrilly North-Winds rage and roar,
The hollow waves in surges break
That lash the skies, to heaven soar,
And why the ebb and flood-tides ne'er give o'er.

Whence babbling brooks their being take,
Where flowing fountains, whence the streams
arose,
The rills that ripple to the lake,
Whence come the frosts, the winter snows,
What brings the summer-heat when Sirius glows;

The drizzling rains within the sky,
Who holds their misty burden in its place

Who wields the thunderbolt on high,
Who holds the lurid levin's pace,
And holds the day and night in his embrace.

Hast thou not marked, in days serene
A sudden clouds the balmy air of spring,
The air grows black, no ray is seen,
The wild winds blow, no bird doth sing,
The powdered dust to Heaven the tempests fling?

Within that sombre, boding cloud
God's chariot rolls in dread, majestic flight,
'Midst portents dire, in thunders loud,
Whilst vivid fires flash blazing light,
The planets quake, and nations bow in fright.

The angry floods in deluge fall
Filling the swollen river's turbid bed,
The peasant's soul the storms appall,
Destroy his harvest, ruin spread—
In one short moment is a year's work fled.

In Heaven's most exalted sphere
The movements of the starry host I'll know,
The signs and omens that appear
From planet houses, earthward flow,
And rule the fate of all the orbs below.

Who guides their course in nightly ways,
Who first applied the torch that lit their flame
With myriad, sparkling, gilded rays;
And why the Pleiads trembling came
Led to the Ocean's brink in fear and shame.

The eternal source of life and light
That burns immortal, fed from its own spark;
Wherefore so slow the summer's flight,
The winter's night so drear and dark,
All shall I know, and well their causes mark.

My soul in Heaven shall raptured be
Amidst the Seraphs of the loftiest race;
Full of content, from troubles free,
In mansions pure, of golden grace,
Of happiest spirits most blessed dwelling place!

ORATORY.

Oratory is derived from the Latin verb, *orare*, signifying to plead, to beseech, and may be defined the art of producing persuasion or conviction by means of spoken discourse.

Aristotle distinguished three kinds of oratory, namely, demonstrative, deliberative and judicial. The first included panegyrics, invectives and academic discourses; the second included legislative, and other debates on public policy, moral lectures and all instructive oratory; and the third included pleading, accusation and defence as before a court of justice. He makes the oration consist of introduction, proposition, confirmation and peroration, and most writers on oratory have adopted his division. The modern division is that of the Pulpit, the Bar and the Senate, which is hardly as convenient as the ancient. It comprehends the four following divisions, namely, invention, disposition, elocution and delivery. The first has reference to the character, the second to arrangement and diction, the third and fourth to the utterance and action with which they are communicated to the hearer.

Therefore the faculties of the orator are not exercised within certain limits, and it is this which makes oratory the most comprehensive of the whole circle of arts.

It was justly said by Themistocles that speech is like tapestry unfolded, on which the imagery appears distinct, but that thoughts are like tapestry in the bale in which the figures are rolled up together. Thus he alone can be deemed an orator who can use the most persuasive arguments, and clothe them in such language as to become the dignity of the subject, who can penetrate into every minute circumstance, and turn every incident to its greatest advantage. The master of oratory is an artist gifted with the divine power of executing images and forms of beauty which dissolve into the very essence of the soul. He has the power to give a resonance and fire to words of genius and to express what others feel but cannot express. He is to interpret the very thoughts of the few privileged mortals upon whom God has bestowed genius and a soul susceptible to all forms of beauty. He possesses the key to every human heart, and stirs up such feelings that no other art can accomplish. As an evidence of this we need only consider the influence which oratory has always exercised over man since the very beginning. In the Old Testament we find that the Prophets and Kings inspired the armies of Judah by means of their eloquence. Again in Homer's immortal Iliad there is abundant proof of the high esteem in which the art of oratory was held by the Greeks.

The golden age of Greece is the age of her greatest orators. It commenced with Pericles and ended with Demosthenes. It was not till Demosthenes appeared that Grecian eloquence reached its highest perfection. He was the prince of all orators, and no one has yet succeeded in wresting this title from him. After his time Grecian eloquence which was coeval with Grecian liberty declined with the fall of the latter.

Roman oratory reached its perfection in Cicero, but like Grecian declined with the fall of Roman liberty. It was long held in check by the military spirit, so incompatible with a high degree of civil freedom, because it lessened that popular intelligence, which is the only element in which the noblest eloquence is nurtured. But at last the study of oratory was introduced from Athens and found a jealous disciple and a great master in Cicero, whose fame is second only to that of his Athenian predecessor.

It has often been a question how ancient orators attained such a height of perfection. The reason is simply this: they bestowed great pains upon the education of the young in this most difficult art and took great care in preparing all their orations before delivery. This made Greek eloquence simple and severe, the Latin, florid, and both devoid of every particle of wit.

In modern times oratory has not reached such a height of perfection as among the ancients because it has been cultivated with less care. The reasons of this are in many ways apparent. A speaker of the present day is mainly known to the public through the press and it is often more important for him to be read than heard. Again the many arguments and different opinions carried on through the press contribute in some degree to the neglect. However the power of oratory must always be immense in all countries especially if they are republican. It seems to flourish and decay according to the freedom of the people and therefore there is no excuse for neglecting it in republican countries. We have a good example of this, viz.: France. It was not until she threw off the yoke of a despot that she produced such orators as Mirabeau and Vergniaud and we can see by the records that the eloquence of her national assembly has been in proportion to the freedom of her Government. The highest eloquence is found in the Catholic pulpit of France where Fénélon, Massillon, Bourdaloue and Bossuet raised pulpit oratory to its highest place.

The struggle against despotism in England brought forth great bursts of eloquence from Eliot, Vane and others. In the eighteenth century such geniuses as Pitt, Burke, Chatham and Sheridan

flourished, but in Germany and I may say Italy, Spain and Portugal the system of government checked to a great extent the growth of oratory.

In America we find the eloquence of James Otis and Patrick Henry brought out by the revolution, and later the senatorial speeches of Clay, Webster and Calhoun which may be compared with the most perfect orations of any time.

To become a master of oratory we should regard no degree of labor as idly bestowed, and remember that eloquence is the most select boon which Heaven has bestowed upon man. Our supreme ignorance of the fact that this art is such a grand accomplishment is the cause of its being so much neglected. True, it is often very difficult to overcome some natural faults, but by degrees we become more perfect. The student perhaps cannot perceive his own improvement so readily as his audience. "*Nemo judex in propria causa.*" If we strive earnestly, systematically and perseveringly failure will not be the result, but on the contrary, we will derive an incalculable benefit from the study of this beautiful and useful art. We cannot forget Demosthenes, who became eminent only after diligent and strenuous exertion. The same may be truthfully said of numerous other artists, both ancient and modern. It behooves us, therefore, not to allow the many splendid opportunities of the present day to pass unnoticed, but rather to take every advantage of them and strive to excel in an art that was hardly neglected as much in the early ages as in our age of boasted enlightenment and progress. J. STANLEY SMITH, '96.

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO

Third Paper.

The popular demand of the Faithful at Hippo to have Augustine appointed as their preacher was readily assented to by Valerius bishop at the time of that see.

Though himself a wise, able and respected prelate, the bishop Greek by race was, it is said, but indifferently skilled in Latin—the common language of the Western Church and people. Besides he labored from some kind of impediment in speech, that prevented him from addressing his flock as he wished.

Being thus persuaded that he needed a representative in the pulpit, and desirous of having his flock instructed by one whose piety and learning were beyond question, Valerius gladly acceded to the wishes of his people, and ordained Augustine to the priesthood in the year 391 of the Christian era, and the thirty-seventh of his age.

This step of Valerius in appointing a priest as preacher in ordinary was an innovation on the customs of the time in the Western Church. Among congregations of the Faithful in the churches of the Eastern world it was customary for priests to preach to the people, while in the Western or Latin churches bishops only were wont to give public and formal instruction from the pulpit.

With Augustine's promotion to the office of episcopal preacher begins to dawn in a measure his wonderful influence over the Church, which through his words and his writings during the four years of his simple priesthood but in a far more brilliant, impressive and efficacious measure during the 35 years of his episcopal life won for him prominence and regard among all classes of churchmen and laity.

To the very incomplete list of titles accorded to St. Augustine by Popes and by Councils of the Church, which was given in the First Paper of this series, [see the June number of the MONTHLY, page 63,] might easily be added, did space allow, many others to attest still more strongly the continual and universal esteem for Augustine's master mind in affairs of Church and State.

Christian theology and philosophy in so far as it can be said to have been moulded by human genius, is largely Augustinian. St. Thomas of Aquin the Angelic Doctor of the schools refers to him as master.

I have read some where or other though just now I am unable to recall the place, that in the Council of Trent in which were discussed and settled so many questions of vital and supreme importance to Christendom, two volumes, it is said, were kept on the table in the council hall of the Fathers to which they referred as final arbiters in all matters under discussion. These were the Holy Scriptures and the Works of St. Augustine.

It will occur too to those who are versed in the writings of the schoolmen that the phrase one so often meets with—*Dubitat Augustinus*—, that is, Augustine has not ventured to decide the point, indicates that in matters where Augustine has not spoken the question may be considered still open and debatable.

Nor truly could Valerius have well made a better choice for assistant priest than the saintly, learned, and able scholar who trained in all the profane and sacred sciences of his day, in music, geometry, arithmetic, rhetoric, dialectics and philosophy, had himself filled with honor the most important chairs at the imperial and quasi-imperial cities of Carthage, Rome and Milan. Moreover

Augustine had for some three years or so been ruler at Tagaste of the brotherhood of saintly and learned men of whom several were afterwards raised to episcopal sees in Africa.

Thus to his many moral and intellectual qualifications for his new position is to be added his experience in directing and ruling others.

But Augustine was also well known to the world of letters by his many writings in scientific and moral subjects that even in our age of critical scholarship challenge the admiration of the thoughtful for their originality of view, their thoroughness of treatment and their clearness of expression.

At Carthage before his conversion probably in the year 381, he composed his work on the *Beautiful and Fit*, which he dedicated to Hierius a Roman orator.

At Milan subsequent to his conversion he wrote several treatises on *Order*, on the *Immortality of the Soul*, on the *Blessed Life*—an ethical composition that reads as well to-day as when first written, and his *Soliloquies*, if he really be its author.

At Rome where he sojourned, as has been said, for a time after the death at Ostia of his saintly mother, he completed in two volumes his work *On the Morals of Catholics* and of *Manicheans*, and besides wrote two treatises—one, *On the Soul* and the other *On Free Will*.

While at Tagaste amid his cares for the brethren in the hermitage he wrote on such varied topics as *Music*, the *True Religion*, and an *Exposition of the Book of Genesis*.

The universal esteem in which Augustine's works have always been held receives singular confirmation and support from sources that cannot be suspected of favoring partisanship or bias. These are the opponents of the Catholic Church. Even the devil—so runs the saying—quotes Scriptures when it's to his purpose. And nothing is commoner, (and may not one say more laughable?) than to hear such extremists as predestinarian Calvinist and atheistic Liberal claim the great Augustine—the acknowledged champion of the orthodox Faith and the unswerving defender of the Papacy—as favoring their own oddly contradictory and irreligious views. John Calvin strives to make Augustine a denier of man's free will. It is almost an every day experience to see freethinkers in their writings quote from Augustine as an opponent to Rome.

Thus Augustine, whose well-deserved fame as a teacher and writer had already preceded him to Hippo, brought to his new field of active life the best of all qualifications in a leader—popular esteem. No wonder that the people desired to have him

among them. As a rule Augustine was wont to preach at least during his episcopate once, and even sometimes two and three times a day, mostly in Latin, but in out-of-the-way places where Latin was not understood by the people in the Punic or Carthaginian dialect the only tongue of many country villages. At Hippo in the year 393 was held a plenary council of the African Church, under the presidency of the venerable Aurelius primate of Carthage, at which Augustine then only two years a priest delivered at the request of the assembled prelates an address—*On Faith and the Creed*. Two years later Valerius, now infirm and nearing the close of his days, designated Augustine as his coadjutor in the episcopal see of Hippo. He died the year after.

As to Augustine's daily life while priest and bishop,—it is not easy to separate them,—one may gather from many places in his *Works*, here an incident, there a chance description of something or other, from which he may form a very fair and reasonably complete picture of his daily doings. Every day he said Mass and assisted at the reading of the Divine Office in church. At a fixed hour in the afternoon he gave instructions in church to candidates for baptism. In these early ages the sacrament of baptism was unless in cases of urgency not administered to infants, but was deferred until the candidates were fully instructed in the mysteries of the Faith.

Thorough scholar as he was Augustine as was natural enough inculcated a love for books. As bishop he founded a library in or near the episcopal residence for the benefit of his clerics. He was fond of writing, and at times complains that his various duties kept him away from his desk.

He was a lover of neatness in dress and apparel, and severely reproves the *Girovagi*—an ill-disciplined and unruly body of fanatical and false religious, that gave great trouble and scandal to the church in Africa,—for their disregard among other things for cleanliness.

They went unwashed, with filthy and tattered garments.

At table Augustine was a moderate eater and drinker. He discountenanced the use of food or drink outside of meals. No plate was allowed in the community; spoons only were of silver; dishes were of clay, or wood, or stone. For strangers and the sick meat was allowed; for the members of the house only herbs and pulse; while wine was served by measure.

At meals there always was reading for the instruction of the community, and, when all had finished, conversation on the questions of the day,—a kind of debating society,—in which as a rule

Augustine acted as moderator or chairman, the others giving their views or opinions and he summing up the conclusions.

It was characteristic of Augustine's well known charity for all men and his concern for others' reputation especially the absent, that in the community refectory at Hippo was displayed on the wall in the sight of the eaters a warning against backbiting, which ran thus:

*Quisquis amat dictis absentem rodere vitam,
Hanc mensam vetitam noverit esse sibi,**
which in English may be translated as follows:

This board allows no vile detractor place,

Whose tongue shall charge the absent with disgrace.

Mention has already been made of the admiration Augustine felt for the quiet and peaceful life of the religious whom he had encountered at Milan and at Rome, and how in pursuance of his plan to introduce a similar system of brotherly life into Africa, he established a community of his relatives and friends at Tagaste. When bishop Valerius summoned Augustine to Hippo, he gave him the use of a garden within the church precincts, wherein Augustine formed a second brotherhood of religious on similar lines with the one at his old home. With these he still continued as priest and bishop to correspond by letter, and at times—it may not unnaturally be supposed—he paid them occasional visits.

But as he could not take Hippo to Tagaste, he brought thence some of his old companions in the hermitage, and settled them near his episcopal home. This garden convent or hermitage immediately under the eye of the bishop became the training school or seminary as we would call it for the future prelates of the African church.

Among those who were brought thither from Tagaste were Alypius, Augustine's life-long friend, afterwards bishop of Milevis, Evodius, whom we have seen with him at Milan, Severus, and Possidius, his biographer and subsequently bishop of Calama.

Arguing on the plain and quasi fundamental truth that the regeneration of society must spring from perfect leadership, and that the community form of holy living was the fittest school for training the future leaders of the African Church, Augustine during the many years of his episcopate established monasteries in many places under his jurisdiction, wherein he could raise up a body of learned and saintly associates in the work of the sacred ministry. In his *Works* he refers to some of these episcopal foundations.

T. C. M.

(To be continued).

* The *Life* (elsewhere quoted) by St. Possidius gives four variants of this distich, none of them however affecting the sense. See *Vita S. Augustini* by St. Possidius, in volume X of the Autwerp edition.

The Destruction of Pompeii.

In the south-western part of Italy, on the shore of the Bay of Naples lay Pompeii, a beautiful and opulent city of Campania. Of its history comparatively little is known; its name is mentioned but once during the wars of the Romans with the Samnites and the Campanians, but it played a prominent part in the insurrections of Central Italy, known as the Social War, during which it withstood a long siege by Sulla but was finally reduced by the Romans and afterwards admitted to the Roman franchise.

The inhabitants of Pompeii were intelligent and industrious; some of them were engaged in commercial pursuits, while others belonged to that class whose wealth and leisure enabled them to surround themselves with all the luxuries and enjoyments of life. The city continued to prosper; beautiful palaces and temples and villas were erected; it was never thought possible that the neighboring mountain, so beautiful to look upon, with its vine-clad sides and olive groves, could contain the elements of dire destruction. But their security was only a fancied one. The day came when Mt. Vesuvius, which had slumbered for ages, awoke from its long slumber, and in its awakening brought death and destruction to the beautiful city which lay so peacefully at its foot.

One beautiful August night in 79, A. D., the Pompeians retired to rest, little dreaming that it was to be their last. They saw that the sky was gloomy; that the beautiful bay, usually so calm and still, was surging and foaming as if agitated by hidden tempests; they felt an unaccountable oppressiveness in the air; no refreshing breezes came from either mountain or sea. Animals, seemingly wiser than men, sought shelter amid rocks and caves. The next day the inhabitants were filled with terror; the sunless sky was covered with a lurid glare; dense clouds of smoke were issuing from the summit of the mountain; the sea was a boiling and seething mass; suddenly a report as of a thousand cannon was heard; flames and ashes and rocks leaped forth into the air, only to fall in overwhelming masses upon the doomed city. The people rushed out only to meet on one side the burning mountain, on the other the raging sea. For three days and nights Vesuvius wielded its destructive agencies, and when all was over Pompeii in all its beauty, splendor and magnificence lay buried beneath fifty feet of ashes, rock and lava.

Thus it remained for centuries. Over its tomb other houses and villas and towns were built, their inhabitants all unconscious of the city lying in ruins beneath them. About the year 1748, while digging wells and quarries they discovered these

ruins for the first time, and immediately made preparations for the carrying on of the excavations on a very large scale. To their utter amazement they found everything in a state of almost perfect preservation. Paintings, sculpture of exquisite design and workmanship, richly ornamented lamps, mosaic work, costly jewels, utensils of various kinds and gorgeously-woven silks were found in great profusion.

Our knowledge of ancient painting has been derived more from the ruins of Pompeii than from all other sources; and when we contemplate the beauty and variety of the objects which the entombed city contained we cannot but ask ourselves what would have been the result had a great and opulent city like Naples or even Rome itself been preserved for us in the same manner as the insignificant Pompeii.

Interesting as are the numerous works of art that have been unearthed during recent excavations, and important as is their bearing upon some branches of the history of ancient art, they cannot compare in interest with that flood of light which this marvellous discovery has thrown upon ancient life in all its details, enabling us to picture to ourselves the habits, manners and customs of a cultivated and intelligent people eighteen hundred years ago in a manner which no amount of study of ancient literature could accomplish.

M. H. McDONNELL, '95.

The Clover.

Some sing of the lily, and daisy, and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summer-time throws
In the green, grassy lap of the medder that lays
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunshiny days.
But what is the lily and all of the rest
Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his breast
That was dipped brimmin' full with the honey and dew
Of the sweet-clover blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,
Er fool round a stable, er climb in a mow,
But my childhood comes back jest as clear and as plain
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;
And I wander away in a barefooted dream
Whar I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weepin' above.

And so I love clover; it seems like a part
Of the sacredest sorrows and joys of my heart;
And wharever it blossoms, oh, thar let me bow
And thank the good God as I'm thankin' Him now!
And I pray to Him still for the stren'th when I die,
To go out in the clover and tell it good-bye,
And lovin'ly nestle my face in its bloom,
While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Head and the Heart.

There are two main channels through which we endeavor to improve men in character and conduct; first by increasing their knowledge, and second by arousing their feelings. Some believe exclusively in mental enlightenment. In their view, education is the great moral renovator. The schools are their chief reliance for abolishing vice, for cleansing impurity, for promoting honesty, industry and fidelity, for establishing right principles, and lifting men to a higher plane of action. They trace all wrong-doing to ignorance, and think that in proportion to the spread of knowledge will be the increase of virtue. In personal efforts they endeavor to convince men by arguments, and make all their appeals to the understanding. They point out why certain lines of conduct are good, and certain others are bad, and portray the ultimate consequences of each. They feel well assured that if men only *know* what is right, they will follow it; that if they only believe what is true with their intellects, they will accept it with their hearts, and embody it in their lives.

Another class of philanthropists with the same beneficent object in view repudiate this method, and make their entire appeal to the feelings. The heart, they say, is the mainspring of the character, the true source of good and evil conduct. It is, in their view, a long way from the intellect to the actions, and the whole range of feeling lies between; therefore they deem it better to play upon the nearest string, to awaken dormant emotions, to excite languid feelings, to soften hard-heartedness, to melt coldness, to arouse fear or hope or gratitude or remorse, and through them to effect the changes in life and action that they desire to produce.

Both of these methods are legitimate to a certain extent, but neither of them is sufficient alone. Knowledge is a primary necessity before any one can become a moral agent. No one can choose the right till he distinguishes right from wrong, or follow the truth till he knows what is true. If he is to be honest, he must understand something of the principles of justice; if he is to be diligent, he must learn the value of time; if he is to restrain self-indulgence, he must comprehend in some degree to what it will lead if unrestrained; if he is to be a good husband, or father, or citizen, he must know what duties those relations involve. The study of practical ethics—that is, of the principles which underlie right conduct and the consequences which follow both right and wrong actions—is of the utmost value, and might well be introduced into every system of education and adapted to every age and condition. Also the mere fragmentary instruc-

tion of this nature, that we may be able to give or to receive, as circumstances permit, has a value which no one should depreciate. The mistake sometimes made by those who advocate it, is not that they prize it too highly, but that they make it their *only* reliance. Any part of our nature, cultivated to the exclusion of the rest, will destroy its harmony, and to this law the intellect is no exception. The most thorough knowledge of the principles of justice will not suffice to make a just man unless his heart also embrace them; nor will the most accurate understanding of the nature and results of selfishness suffice to make a benevolent and sympathetic man, unless the emotions of love or compassion are awakened within him.

On the other hand, while the head needs the heart to give warmth and vitality to its ideas, the heart equally needs the head to give wisdom, calmness, order and strength to direct its impulses and embody its desires. Feeling without knowledge is like a ship without a rudder or a horse without a bridle. Unintelligent emotions may drift us into all kinds of excesses, and their unrestrained ebb and flow render all steady growth impossible. The stronger and the more intense they are the more urgently do they need the guidance of clear thought, a well-informed mind and a strong will.

The best benevolence is that which relies upon both these influences, and so blends them as to form the habit of right doing. For, after all, it is the constant repetition of right actions which builds up a noble character. A distinguished English clergyman, deprecating the extreme reliance often placed on external aids, said: "Crutches are capital for locomotion, but for strengthening the limbs which they save from the ground not very capital. No, rely upon it, the spiritual life is not knowing nor hearing, but doing. We only know as far as we can do; we learn to do by doing, and we learn to know by doing; what we do truly, rightly in the way of duty, that and only that we are.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello, iii, 3.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Julius Caesar, iv. 3.

ATHLETICS.

Owing to the numerous challenges which we received last season, and also to uncertainty of dates, we were obliged to postpone some games until the reopening of our college. The members of the base-ball nine having all returned with one exception, we were prepared to meet our opponents. The first of these games was played with the Conshohockens on Saturday, September 23d, before a large assemblage. The game throughout was rather one-sided—the superiority of the home team being ever manifest. The features of the game were the magnificent pitching of Herron, who struck out eleven men, the all-around playing of O'Leary and the field work of Blake.

Villanova College.						Conshohocken.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
M. J. Murphy, 2b	2	3	0	0	0	P. McGuire, 1b	1	0	20	1	3
Nolan, lf	4	1	0	0	0	Kelly, cf	0	1	0	0	0
Mahon, cf	1	1	0	0	0	McGough, rf	0	0	0	0	1
Herron, p	1	2	0	9	0	Dougherty, c	1	1	2	2	2
Dugan, rf	2	2	0	0	0	Blake, ss	1	2	1	3	0
Field, 1b	1	3	15	1	0	Davis, p	0	2	0	4	0
McDonell, c	1	1	7	3	0	Donnelly, 2b	0	0	0	0	2
Kavanaugh, ss	1	0	2	2	0	J. McGuire, 3b	0	0	4	3	0
O'Leary, 3b	1	3	3	3	0	McHugo, lf	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	14	16	27	18	0	Totals	4	6	4	27	8

Earned runs—Villanova, 7; Conshohocken, 3. Two base hits—Murphy, Field. Left on bases—Villanova, 8; Conshohocken, 6. Struck out by Herron, 11; by Davis, 2. Passed balls—Field, 4. Time—1.45. Umpire, Mr. J. J. Ryle.

Villanova 12 Conshohocken 10.

On Thursday September 28, the Conshohocken base ball team for the second time met defeat at the hands of the Villanovians. The features of the game were the masterly playing of Murphy at short, the general good work of McDonald for the home team and the pitching of Dougherty for the visitors. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Villanova	1	2	1	0	6	0	2
Conshohocken . .	4	0	0	2	0	2	2

Earned runs—Villanova, 6; Conshohocken, 4. Two-base hits—Murphy, 2, Blake, McGuire. Left on bases, Villanova 7; Conshohocken 5. Struck out by Herron, 9; by Dougherty, 4. Umpire—Jno. J. Ryle.

On October 7th the Ithans fell an easy victim to the College nine. The pitching of Herron, as usual, was too much for the visitors. Also, much credit is due to the phenomenal playing of Walsh. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H	R
Villanova College	8	1	0	2	0	3	4	0	x	10	18
Ithans	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0

Earned runs, Villanova, 10; three-base hit, Walsh; two-base hits, Murphy, Herron; left on bases, Villanova 6, Ithans 4. struck out by Herron, 18; by Davis, 4. Umpire, J. J. Ryle.

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 Literary contributions and letters not of a business nature should be addressed

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EDITORIALS.

THE present year of Villanova's existence seems destined to be one of more than ordinary prosperity. The splendid appearance of the buildings connected with the institution and the beauty of the surrounding grounds are due in a great measure to the magnificent preparations made at the close of the last term for a proper celebration of the Golden Jubilee. The number of students in attendance already exceeds that of any previous year, making necessary a proportionate increase in the members of the Faculty. Altogether the outlook is a most promising one. While the intellectual development of the student receives careful consideration, his physical development which is equally important, is not by any means neglected. Already there are plans under consideration, the execution of which will greatly benefit this branch of collegiate training. This course of action, together with the co-operation of those immediately interested, will give such an impetus to athletics as they have never before experienced here. Thus all things considered an epoch is presaged most memorable in the annals of our grand old institution of learning.

AN event extremely important in conjunction with the World's Fair was the gathering there of the most representative body of Catholic thought and action in the United States. This congress, which is only one of the many convoked since the open-

ing of the Exposition, had for its object the consideration of matters of vital importance to all mankind irrespective of creed.

The encyclical and letters of his Holiness Leo XIII were the basis of the dissertations on the social, educational and temperance questions, and the relation of these to religion. By reason of the spirit animating all the citizens of the United States during this Columbian year eulogies were pronounced on the mission and character of Columbus, and likewise on the nobility and self-sacrifice displayed by Isabella, that most virtuous of queens.

The tone of the congress was in perfect harmony with the principles of our Government, and the sentiments expressed displayed that spirit of lofty patriotism which emanates from deeply-rooted religious conviction and fond love of country. Throughout the entire session, respect and deference to all the wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff were manifest. The effect of this congress cannot be overestimated. Even the extreme partisans of Protestantism can now understand that one can be at the same time a good citizen and a good Catholic; that the Catholic Church is seeking not self-aggrandizement and union with the state, as prejudiced minds suppose, but rather the welfare of all mankind. So the mask of misrepresentation being removed she stands forth in all her effulgence; in the words of Cardinal Gibbons "men will look upon her with admiration, and admiring her will love her, and loving her will embrace her."

ALL of us upon entering college should have some definite purpose in view; to those who have not, the following remarks are especially pertinent. Having determined to pursue a collegiate course, the most important matter to be considered is the selection of a profession in which we may expect to be successful in after life. This decided, it now devolves upon us to strive strenuously for the accomplishment of our purpose, remembering that this can only be accomplished by strict application and persevering effort. But while we apply ourselves industriously, we must do so as systematically as possible, for it would be unwise to employ the time that is so precious in the pursuit of those studies which have little or no bearing upon the profession which we intend to adopt. Nevertheless, we should not go to extremes in this matter, and omit other studies which are of great assistance to us in the development and culture of the mind. For although a man be an excellent physician, attorney, or a member of any of the learned professions, his repute among intelligent men would be not at all great if he were not also conversant with matters of a more general nature. It behooves us, therefore, to make use of all the opportunities which a collegiate course affords for developing our faculties and fitting ourselves for all the duties of life.

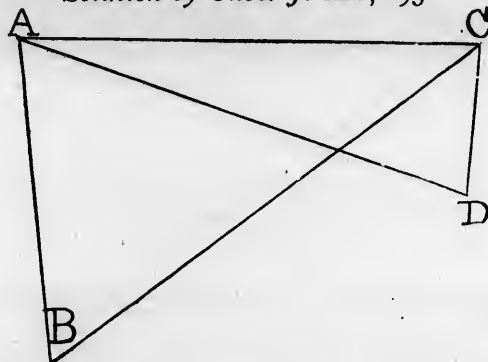
MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions, or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to
D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

30.—The angle of elevation of the top of an inaccessible fort C , observed from a point A is, 12° . At a point B , 219 feet from A and on a line AB perpendicular to AC , the angle ABC is $61^\circ 45'$. Find the height of the fort.

Solution by Thos. J. Lee, '95.



In right $\triangle CAB$

$$\cot ABC = \frac{AB}{AC} \therefore AC = \frac{AB}{\cot ABC}$$

$$\log AC = \log AB + \text{colog } \cot ABC$$

$$\log AC = \log 219 + \text{colog } \cot 61^\circ 45'$$

$$\log 219 = 2.34044$$

$$\text{colog } \cot 61^\circ 45' = .26977$$

$$\log AC = 2.61021$$

In right $\triangle ADC$, $\sin CAD = \frac{CD}{AC}$

$$CD = AC \sin CAD$$

$$\log CD = \log AC + \log \sin 12^\circ$$

$$\log AC = 2.61021$$

$$\log \sin 12^\circ = 9.31788 - 10$$

$$\log CD = 1.92809$$

$$CD = 84.74 \text{ feet} = \text{height of fort.}$$

31.—A farmer buys oxen, sheep and hens. The whole number bought is 100, and the whole price £100. If the oxen cost £5, the sheep £1, and the hens 1s. each, how many of each did he buy?

Solution by Thos. J. Ronayne.

Let x = number of oxen

and y = " sheep

$100 - x - y$ = " hens

$$5x + y + \frac{100 - x - y}{20} = 100 \quad (1)$$

$$100x + 20y + 100 - x - y = 2000$$

$$99x + 19y = 1900$$

$$19y = 1900 - 99x \quad (2)$$

$$\text{divide by 19. } y = 100 - 5x - \frac{4x}{19}$$

$$\text{transpose. } 100 - 5x - 5y = \frac{4x}{19}$$

$$\text{multiply by 5. } 500 - 25x - 5y = x + \frac{x}{19}$$

$$\text{Let } \frac{x}{19} = m. \text{ then } x = 19m$$

$$\text{substitute value of } x \text{ in (2) } 1881m + 19y = 1900$$

$$\text{transpose. } 19y = 1900 - 1881m$$

$$y = 100 - 99m$$

$$\text{if } m = 1, x = 19, y = 1 \text{ and}$$

$$100 - x - y = 80$$

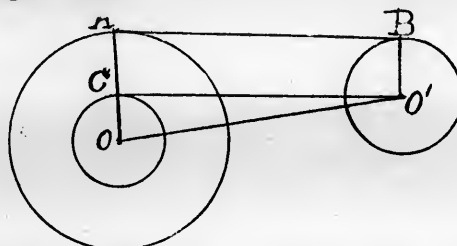
Hence he buys 19 oxen, 1 sheep and 80 hens.

See problem 28 in June number, for a similar question solved by arithmetic.

32.—The radii of two circles are 8 inches and 3 inches, and the distance between their centres is 15 inches. Find the lengths of their common tangents.

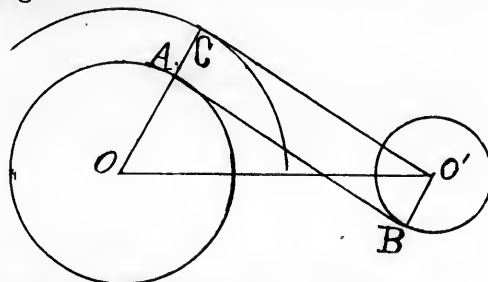
Solution by Martin T. Field, '95.

CASE I.—Let AB be the exterior tangent, to find the length of AB .



Solution.—Draw $O'C$ parallel to AB . $OO' = 15$ inches, $OC = 8 - 3 = 5$ inches, $O'C = \sqrt{OO'^2 - OC^2} = \sqrt{15^2 - 5^2} = 14.142$ inches $= AB$.

CASE II.—Let AB be the interior tangent, to find the length of AB .



Solution.—Make $OC = OA + O'B$.

Draw $O'C$.

$OC = 8 + 3 = 11$ inches, $O'O = 15$, $O'C = \sqrt{OO'^2 - OC^2} = \sqrt{15^2 - 11^2} = 10.18$ inches $= AB$.

33.—The dimensions of a trunk are 4 feet, 3 feet and 2 feet. What are the dimensions of a trunk similar in shape that will hold four times as much.

Solution by John E. O'Donnell, '95.

$$1 : 4 = 4^3 : x^3$$

$$x^3 = 256$$

$$x = \sqrt[3]{256} = 6.35 \text{ feet}$$

$$1 : 4 = 3^3 : x^3$$

$$x^3 = 108$$

$$x = \sqrt[3]{108} = 4.76 \text{ feet}$$

$$1 : 4 = 2^3 : x^3$$

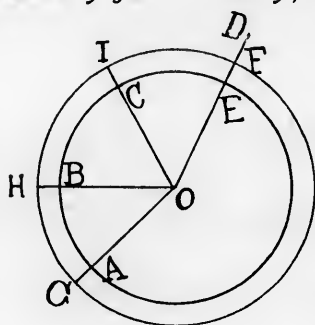
$$x^3 = 32$$

$$x = \sqrt[3]{32} = 3.17 \text{ feet}$$

The dimensions are 6.35 feet, 4.76 feet, 3.17 feet.

34.—Given four points, no three of which are collinear; describe a circle which shall be equidistant from them.

Solution by J. F. O'Leary, '94.



Let A, B, C, D be four points, no three of which are collinear, it is required to describe a circle which shall be equidistant from them.

Solution.—Describe a circle passing through A, B, C . Let O be its center. Join OD , cutting the circle in E . Bisect ED in F . With O as center and OF as radius describe the circle GHI . This is the circle required.

Join OA, OB, OC , and produce them to meet the circle GHI . Because $OF=OI$, and $OE=OC$; $\therefore EF=CI$; but $EF=DF$; $\therefore CI=DF$. In like manner BH and AG are $=DF$. Hence the circle through G, H, I, F is equally distant from A, B, C, D .

New Problems.

35. The continent of Asia has nearly the shape of an equilateral triangle, the vertices being East Cape, Cape Romania and the Promontory of Baba. Assuming each side of this triangle to be 4,800 geographical miles, and the earth's radius to be 3,440 geographical miles, find the area of the triangle: (i) regarded as a plane triangle; (ii) regarded as a spherical triangle.

36. Expand to four terms $(9 - 2x^2)^{-\frac{3}{2}}$

37. How many square feet of tin will be required to make a funnel, if the diameters of the top and bottom are to be 28 inches and 14 inches respectively, and the height 24 inches?

Splinters.

Boo.

Blues.

Shiners.

Javelin.

Initiations.

Homesick-ness.

Happy Returns.

The new "Cur."

"Well, I say it is."

Baraboo, ha! ha! ha!

Quid sit amor, Dick?

Michael, dear, why so angry?

What's in the bottom drawer?

"I'll not *clane* out the *sphittoon*."

Where did you leave that hat, John?

Wanted—A tenant for the glass house.

What about that new adventure, John?

This is no philosophical picnic.

How often do you get that prescription filled?

Oh, those hideous yells! Jerry's volume has increased.

"Rouse up!" "Rouse up!" is the favorite six o'clock ejaculation of the dormitorian.

Tom will eventually become a sailor. He handles the ropes well while "sinking."

Gentle Will is anxious for a position on the football eleven. He has the feet to kick.

I couldn't take the stains out, but I put my time on it. Aint it? Rising inflection.

The question is: Who is to be official scorer? Ten to one on the Sec.

The glee club has reorganized. George still hangs on to A. tenor with both feet.

And would you believe it. The veteran Tom was pulled on the lung tester.

When E. J. was refused the toast, he murmured audibly, "There is no place like home."

But never mind, Billy, for your great kindness to me, I'll reward you in this world or the next.

Dick's soliloquy: The man who threw that brush shall not enter the "Zink" again.

A commotion was raised in John's room one evening lately. His explanation was that he was removing M. T's x's.

We thought Roger too modest to indulge in any frivolities of the present day. Yet, with careful attention and diligent coaxing his tache will win the race.

How the south paw fiddler hung on to the lingering strains of "Why art thou sad when I am near?" Let him beware, the soft axe is ready.

J. S. says that Bro. Mark is well "Bread" all "dough" he has an awful "crust," but J. S. "knead" not "salt" us with such "y-eastern" stories.

The smoking-room society reorganized with the usual—or who bought the last box of cigarettes?

Pickett is off duty, but his place is doubled.

Jim holds that a verbal acknowledgment is all that is necessary for a person to become a benedict. Now for instance he says: "If you had two sisters and I am engaged to one, I cannot marry the other." But hold on Jim one at a time, please.

Once more Jimmie V heaves his usual sigh,
As the east-bound train moves rapidly by.

"Come! Line up, Tom! the Prefect said,
'Tis twenty minutes to one;
For breaking bounds—poor youth misled
Five hundred must be done."

"Our 'Jug,' unlike the Janus fane,
That closed when war did cease;
'Tis strange! but thus the fates ordain,
Is ope'd by a long *piece*."

Our Jersey friend, seeing a tandem cart approaching, said to his companion: "That's a very funny way they have for driving horses in this section, one afore and t'other afther."

The Hartford boy, with many names, parades the walks with a scowl on his usually pleasant countenance. Probably he is considering what punishment he should inflict on the person who relieved his chicken of the legs and wings.

Something has transpired within the past month that deserves more than a mere mention. It is the changing of the name of the lower flat from "Zink" to "Auditorium." At least the sign reads: "Pass on, gents; the Zink is here no more."

The "long" and the "short" of it are found in the "Casino."

Remember, now, my name's Ed. Good-bye, John.

The worthy philosopher who undertook to explore the near-by towns on a wheel (went off on a tangent). He is an adept in describing a circle, but he outdid himself on that occasion. 'Tis needless to add he and his wheel returned in an express wagon.

Mary and John. You be Mary, and I'll be John.—
JIMMIE V.

The suite M. and S. now occupy
Is the envy of the passers by.
Not for the ornaments rich and rare,
But for plainness visible there.

PERSONALS.

Revs. W. A. Jones, O.S.A, of Atlantic City, N. J., and M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, were the guests of the Faculty on St. Thomas of Villanova's day.

A large number of the members of the Senior Department attended on two or three occasions the Fair held under the auspices of the Church of Our Mother of Good Counsel at Bryn Mawr.

Mr. T. J. Fitzgerald, '95, paid us a very pleasant visit while on his way to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Annie Nolan of Reading, Pa., visited her brothers Bernard and Edward during the latter part of September.

Misses Hannah and Lida Fahey of Philadelphia, called on their friend, John Conroy, of Chicago.

Messrs. P. O'Donnell of University of Pa., J. O'Donnell of Mt. St. Mary's, Bernard Donnelly and H. McMenanim of St. Charles, Elliot City, recently paid a visit to their friends, J. J. Ryle, R. J. and B. J. O'Donnell.

Mr. William Wilson and wife recently visited their son William of the Junior Department.

Rev. George Bradford of Wilmington, Del., was the guest of our Very Rev. President.

Misses Mary and Teresa McCrea of Chestnut Hill spent a Sunday afternoon with their brother.

Mr. William Sullivan of Philadelphia recently visited his son Daniel.

Mrs. McCarthy of Philadelphia and Miss Annie Norriss of New York called on E. J. Murtaugh.

Fr. O'Brien, O.S.A, entertained the priests of Villanova on the occasion of the opening of his new residence.

The new Hall of St. Thomas' T. A. B. Society was opened Sept. 27. Our President, Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S. A, delivered an able address.

We are glad to announce the recovery of Neal Dugan of the Senior Department, who on account of illness was obliged to go home for a few weeks.

Rev. Fathers McGill and Landry, O.M., of Germantown, Pa., paid the Faculty a visit during the past month.

THE SOCIETIES.

V. D. S. The Villanova Debating Society held its initiatory meeting for the present term Saturday, September 30, 1893. The following officers were chosen: President, Rev. L. A. Delury, O. S. A.; Vice-President, J. F. O'Leary; Secretary, J. E. O'Donnell; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. J. Ronayne. A Literary Committee, consisting of Messrs. Ryle, Mahon and Dolan, was appointed.

We expect great results from this society for the coming year, as many of the members are becoming noted for their oratorical powers, and we hope that they will show increased interest at the coming meetings, so as to enable us to give several public debates.

There is no doubt but that they would prove a source of pleasure as well as benefit.

V. L. I. The reorganization of the Literary Institute for '93-'94 took place Thursday, Sept. 14, 1893.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Mr. J. J. Farrell; First Vice-Pres., J. F. O'Leary; Second Vice-Pres., F. Tournscher; Recording Secretary, W. J. Mahon; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Carey.

Messrs. B. J. O'Donnell, J. T. O'Malley, M. T. Field and A. J. Plunkett, Directors.

With such an efficient board of managers we do not doubt but that the society will be as successful as it was last year. Every student should take special interest in this society, because by making good use of its privileges he has the power of increasing his intellectual abilities greatly and thereby equipping himself for his future career.

We hope, therefore, to see the name of every student of the college on its register.

V. A. A. The Villanova Athletic Association was reorganized Thursday, Sept. 21, when many new members were admitted. On Saturday, Oct. 7, the officers for the ensuing term were elected as follows: Mr. McKenna, O. S. A., Pres. and Field-Manager; James O'Leary, Vice-Pres.; John Dolan, Treas. and Scorer; John E. O'Donnell, Fin. Sec.; Wm. Mahon, Rec. Sec.; and Charles Medina, Serg't-at-Arms.

Messrs. Hart, E. T. Wade, B. J. O'Donnell, John E. O'Donnell, M. T. Field and James V. O'Donnell, at an adjourned meeting, were elected assistant field-managers. A committee also was appointed to obtain funds for the support of the College baseball team. This committee will solicit funds from members of the Alumni and look into the advisability of producing a play, under the auspices of the Association, before Christmas.

EXCHANGES.

After two months' absence from our sanctum, we joyfully and heartily return to it, with renewed spirit, and will do all in our power to make the exchange column as successful, if not more so, than last year.

Let us hope that this year all of our "exchanges" shall grace our sanctum regularly, so that we will not, with regret, note their non-appearance.

We welcome to our sanctum, for the first time, *The Mirror*. This magazine, published in the interests of the Central High School of Philadelphia, shows order and regularity in the division of its departments, and care in the selection of its literature. It possesses very unique but appropriate headings for its various divisions, thus presenting a pleasant appearance that confers credit upon the young men who edit it.

We cannot too highly commend the treatise on "The Picturesqueness of Longfellow," found in the September number of *The Notre Dame Scholastic*. It is from the pen of a scholar, and an experienced one—one who has learned to observe, and to write down those of his observations which are of interest and profit to the general reader. Extracts from the works of Longfellow appear here and there throughout the treatise, and would be, even if alone, worth the attention of the reader.

In perusing the columns of our esteemed contemporary, the *Owl*, for the month of September, we noticed two articles deserving of honorable mention; one, entitled "About Behring Sea," very ably treated by Mr. James Murphy, '94, and the other, "The Silver Dollar, and the Ado About It," by Mr. John R. O'Connor, '92. The articles are treated in a manner that shows much knowledge and research by these two gentlemen. Furthermore, they are written at an opportune time, as they are two of the great questions now before the minds of both statesmen and people.

In reviewing our exchanges, the *St. Mary's Sentinel* particularly attracted our attention and elicits from us a few words of praise. "Lynch Law Is Never Justifiable" is the title of one of its excellent articles. The masterly way in which this subject is discussed, the strength of its arguments and the forcible expression and beauty of its language fully repay the reader. Its editorial on the rejection of the Home Rule bill is deserving of no less credit.

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Villanova College, November, 1893.

No. 11.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

ST. AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each days events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Civilization of Ancient Greece.

When, from the sacred garden driven,
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
 An angel left her place in Heaven
 And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
 'Twas Art! sweet Art! New radiance broke
 Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
 And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
 "The curse a blessing shall be found."

Just as a star shining through the black clouds that endeavor to conceal its radiance sends a bright ray to cheer our world, so art or civilization shining through the darkness of ignorance, reveals to us her beauties and advantages. Long ages ago the world was buried in almost universal barbarism. One by one the nations of antiquity arose from this degraded state to a greater or less degree of civilization, but none reached such sublime heights of culture as "Greece, lovely Greece, the land of scholars and the nurse of arms."

Civilization does not signify merely the process of reclaiming a country from the condition of barbarism to that of refinement and culture; but taken in a liberal and more extensive view, is that state which leads directly to the contemplation and appreciation of the fine arts. So intimately connected, then is civilization with the study of the fine arts, that we may easily estimate the perfection of the former by the value given to the latter. Thus in Ancient Greece civilization and art went hand in hand, and brought out of the chaos of barbarism, a fair and lovely land of poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, oratory and philosophy.

The history of no other nation presents to our eyes such a chapter as that of Greece from the time of Homer down to the reign of Alexander the Great. Within so brief a period is comprised that astonishing collection of mental achievements which has been and ever will be the object of universal admiration.

The literature of early Greece possesses a peculiar and indescribable charm for the reason that it has been the model or rather the master of composition and thought for all posterity. In the contemplation of these august teachers of mankind we are astonished and are filled with conflicting emotions. It is the early voice of the world better remembered and more cherished than all the intermediate words that have been uttered; just as the lesson of childhood still haunts us when the impressions of later years have been effaced from our minds. Homer is called the Father of epic poetry; Aeschylus, the Father of tragedy; Thucydides, the Father of history. In fact in all

the important branches of literature, such as, epic, lyric and dramatic poetry, history, philosophy and oratory, the Greeks, though the first in the field have never been surpassed.

The Grecian philosophy, though owing its origin in some degree to the Orientals, nevertheless attained such a degree of perfection, that in no other branch of learning has their genius displayed so much originality and rich invention. Even their erroneous opinions with regard to God, the creation of the world, and the immortality of the soul instruct us, since they are absolute proofs of the heights of truth to which unaided human intellect can attain. The names of Plato, Aristotle and Socrates will shine forever in the realm of Philosophy, and will be revered by all who wish to be guided through the dark and cheerless paths of error into the light of truth.

Eloquence was also understood and recognized as an art among the ancient Greeks, and reached its culminating point in the immortal orator Demosthenes.

Grecian music was the handmaid of poetry, reverently following the bard's inspiration, animating and accenting his words, giving character to the whole, but without independent existence either in lyric or dramatic poetry. Music and poetry were inseparably united; musical rhythm followed the poetical cadence, or rather this cadence was a musical one; poets were in like manner musicians. That the influence of marvellous charm which poetry acquired by its union with music had deeply moved the poets themselves, is attested by the renowned encomium of Pindar in the first Pythian prize song: "Even the flaming lightning dart is extinguished by the tones of the lyre, the eagle slumbers on the sceptre of Jove; his swift pinions droop on each side of the royal bird, for the sound has shed a dark mist over his bowed head, and softly closed his eyelids; slumbering, he raises his gently heaving plumage, tamed by the power of melody; yea, even the heart of mighty Ares is rejoiced; see, the terrible lance rests peacefully on his large temple. But he whom Jove loveth not is terrified, and withdraws himself in fear when he hears the voices of the Pieridos on the earth and boundless ocean; yea, even Typhos, abhorred of the Gods in Tartarus."

Painting did not at first acquire so great a prominence among the Greeks because of its dependence on architecture. When painting ceased to be subordinate to architecture, much progress was made.

In architecture as well as in the other branches of art, the Greeks surpassed their contemporaries. They joined beauty and symmetry with the mas-

siveness of the structures of Egypt. They originated three styles, the Doric, the Ionic and the Corinthian, which have influenced the architecture of all succeeding ages.

Sculpture attained a higher degree of perfection among the Greeks than it did among the Egyptians, because the former indulged in a more free and lively spirit than the latter. Sculpture in Greece as elsewhere, was entirely dependent on religion; but "whilst the religion of the Egyptians was a religion of the tomb, and their ideal world a gloomy spot peopled by sleeping lions, dreamy sphinxes or weird unearthly monsters, the mythology of the Greeks, rightly understood, is an exquisite poem, the joint creation of the master minds of infant Greece, and their art is a translation of that poem into visible forms of beauty."

It is not, therefore, a cause for astonishment that we celebrate with feelings akin to reverence the civilization of ancient Greece, so lofty in conception, so grand in execution. And though long since her glory and pride have departed from her, yet the very thought of this former glory and pride makes us love Greece still, and with Lord Byron we exclaim in lamenting tone:

"Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Her's is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth."

M. J. MURPHY, '95.

Silver Jubilee.

Rev. J. J. Fedigan, O. S. A., of Atlantic City, N. J., ex-president of our college, celebrated his silver jubilee on the 24th ult. The ceremonies commenced with a Solemn High Mass, with Rev. Fr. Fedigan, celebrant; V. Rev. J. F. Loughlin, D.D., chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, deacon; Rev. M. Taylor, of New York city, sub-deacon; Rev. J. A. Nugent, O. S. A., Atlantic City, master of ceremonies.

The sermon was preached by Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, on the Gospel of the day, the Feast of St. Raphael. It was undoubtedly one of the grandest and most

eloquent discourses ever delivered within the walls of St. Nicholas' Church.

There were present Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D. D.; Rt. Rev. Bishops O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J.; McGovern, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Vicar General McFaul, Trenton; Dr. Kiernan, Philadelphia; Very Rev. Frs. Fitzsimmons, Camden; Waldron, O. S. A., Provincial of the Order; McShane, O. S. A., Chestnut Hill; O'Brien, O. S. A., Bryn Mawr; our esteemed President, C. A. McEvoy, O. S. A.; also very many prominent laymen.

In the evening a magnificent public reception was tendered him, during which an ode composed for the occasion by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, was read. May he live long to continue the good work thus far so well carried on is our sincere and heartfelt wish.

ODE.

All glory to the King of Kings upon this blessed feast!
To Christ, the new Melchisedech, the everlasting Priest!
All glory to Augustine great, to Monica with heart of Gold.
To Nicholas of Tolentine, and all the Saints of old!
Our Father keeps beside the sea,
His Silver Jubilee!

All homage to Saint Raphael blest, the Angel sent of God,
One of the Seven, near the Throne, in heaven's bright abode!
For he who, to Tobias, gave a spouse (across the Tigris tide),
Espoused our Father to the Church, his fair immortal Bride!
And now, he keeps beside the sea,
His Silver Jubilee!

Beyond the main, in olden Ghent, 'mid Austin's chosen sons,
In Belgium's sweet "*St. Etienne*," his life-monastic dawn.
A novice in a stranger land, he, joyous, heard the call of Christ,
And bravely trod the Narrow way—home, mother, sacrific'd!
That he might keep beside the sea,
His Silver Jubilee!

In Penn's dear state, in fair New York, in Massachusetts gray,
In old New Jersey, by the strand, since that eventful day
(That bright St. Raphael's day of yore when he a priest of God
was made),
His life has passed in fruitful toil, in sunshine and in shade,
And now he keeps beside the sea,
His Silver Jubilee!

A faithful shepherd he hath proved for five and twenty years.
Hath ever shared his people's joys, and wiped away their tears.
His thoughts, his words, his works, his prayers, were all
devoted to his flock,
And though he toiled upon the sands, he builded on the Rock!
Thrice-blessed, then, dear Father, be
Thy Silver Jubilee!

Arise, O city by the wave, and bid the billows blend
Their music with our greeting to thy *Soggarth* and thy friend!
For more than half his priestly life, his love, his labors, have
been thine.
O turn his silver into gold—the gold of meed divine!
That he may keep eternally,
God's Golden Jubilee!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The North American Indian.

In tracing the reclamation of a country from the state of barbarism, some knowledge of the different periods of its existence previous to that reclamation becomes necessary. This is especially true if the inhabitants themselves submit willingly or unwillingly to the process of civilization. This great Western continent was at one time barbarous. The European settlers have reclaimed it from that condition, not by civilizing the former inhabitants, but by establishing colonies of their own people. Indeed, hardly any attempts were made to elevate the condition of the Indian. From the very beginning he seemed to recognize in the whites the character of Destroyer, and therefore, sullenly and despairingly he went further and further away from them until he is now almost lost sight of in the prairies of the far West.

When Columbus discovered America, he found it inhabited by red men who were preceded by a race of which few traces remain. Their ancestors are commonly supposed to have emigrated from the north-eastern part of Asia.

The American Indians were divided into clans or tribes; each tribe had a different dialect; although the red men differed somewhat in disposition, yet they possessed the same characteristics in common. With regard to their external appearance they were copper-colored, with coarse black hair, little or no beard, regular and noble features and a haughty demeanor. They lived in huts or wigwams made of branches of trees, or skins of wild animals; they were very indolent, despising work and wandering from one place to another; while the men were engaged in the pleasures of hunting or fishing, the women were compelled to perform all the drudgery. Many tribes of the Indians were gentle, amiable and hospitable, but in general the Northern tribes were very cruel and tortured their prisoners with shocking ingenuity. At the head of each tribe was a sachem who held supreme power; he was recognized chief either by descent or by some act of heroism; but since his authority depended entirely upon his personal influence, it was often contemned.

Since the discovery of this country by Columbus, the native Indian has been the subject of curious speculation; by the very want of those things which are so very attractive in other nations, he has become the object of mysterious interest. By the mere absence of facts and dates by which the course of his migration might be known, and also by the uncertainty of his origin he has become a frequent character in romance. The mere mention of the name Indian brings to one's mind a picture of a

shadowy image, looming up dim but gigantic in a darkness which nothing else can penetrate.

"The efforts of a poet's imagination are more or less under the control of his opinions"; but man's opinions are founded on history, and properly speaking there is no historical Indian; and as a consequence poets and novelists have founded their savage personages on a hypothetical standard of either the virtues or vices of the savage state. If this rule were applied to the portraiture of civilized men, it would be discarded as false and pernicious. The reason, therefore, of its toleration in the case of the Indian must be that the separation between him and us is so broad that our conceptions of his character would exert little or no influence on our intercourse with mankind.

The American Indian is the ideal of a savage—no more, no less; since he possesses those qualities which are characteristic of an unenlightened race isolated for many ages from all civilizing influences. He differs in a certain sense from the other barbarians; but the principal distinction lies in the completeness of his savage character; the peculiarities of the country in which he lives, its climate and its remoteness from other countries have been instrumental in stamping upon him the peculiarities of his race.

The state of the continent when the Indians first landed on its shores was that of a vast unbroken solitude; the contemplation of this almost boundless extent, together with the profound loneliness which is the consequence of such vastness, were the most powerful agencies at work in modifying their original character. The primary effects of this cause may be observed in the migration of white settlers to forests and prairies; no matter how jovial and light-hearted they may have been before, they soon become meditative and taciturn; these (and especially the last) are the peculiar characteristics of the Indian; indeed, he carries his taciturnity even to austerity.

"Isolation," says Carlyle, "is the sum total of wretchedness to man," but, in the words of De Quincey, "No man can be truly great without chequering his life with solitude," for while separation from his fellowman deprives a man of those humanizing influences which are the effects of association, yet, on the other hand, it may strengthen and develop in him some of the noblest qualities of human nature. Surely this must have been the foundation of that proud dignity which has always been characteristic of the Indian.

The Indians believed in a Great Spirit, but did not worship Him; they also believed in an Evil Spirit, whom they endeavored to propitiate by magic and witchery; their idea of a future state

was that, after death, their bodies would be borne to the happy hunting grounds. But throughout their religion materialism reigned supreme; the whole system was a degraded superstition. The faith of the Greeks was embodied in ceremonies and observances; regularly appointed religious rites kept alive in them a spirit of piety; the erection of temples in honor of their deities, whatever may have been their conception of the character of these deities, attested their genuine piety and kept before them the abstract idea of a Supreme Being. Before the coming of the white man the Indian erected no temples in honor of his divinities; on the contrary he revered them only as long as they conferred physical benefits upon him; his religious rites were grotesque in their conception, varied in their character, inhuman in their details.

Corrupt manners and degrading systems cannot exist in conjunction with a pure religious system; the outlines of social institutions are coincident with the limits of piety, and the purity and refinement of morals depend on the purity of religious faith. Thus the prevailing spirit of a nation's religion may be determined by an inquiry into its manners and customs. Now among the relations of life the one existing between parent and child forms the best index of human advancement; filial affection is, as it were, a secondary manifestation of a devotional heart, and such affection and obedience to a father on earth are but imperfect signs of our love to our Father in heaven. But what of this sentiment in the Indian? This question may be answered in a few words: there is no such sentiment in the Indian character. The children seldom or never have been known to love or respect their parents; like beasts of the field, no sooner have they become able to take care of themselves than they cease to remember by whose care they have become so. The written law of the Indian exacts no higher penalty for parricide than for homicide, and the command to honor his father and mother because they are his father and mother appears to the mind of the Indian simply absurd.

Of late years there has been much lamentation in this country over the gradual extinction of these interesting savages; and in Europe we have been the object of indignation for our "oppression of the Indians." But four centuries ago millions of them were roaming the forests and prairies and valleys; now their numbers have gradually dwindled to a few hundred thousand, who are but the shadows of their former selves and who owe their existence to the protection of the whites. The extermination of the Indian is decreed by a law of Providence; barbarism must give way to civilization; it is not only

inevitable, but also right that such should be the case. Man must advance at the word civilization or decay from the earth. The Indians refused to accept the civilization proffered by the white man; they have set themselves in opposition to all refining influences, and thus the lesson which all history teaches has again been taught, that two distinct races cannot co-exist in the same country on equal terms; the weaker must be incorporated with the stronger or invariably be exterminated.

M. H. McDONNELL, '95.

THE college founded by the late Alphonso XII. king of Spain, in the celebrated Escorial convent, called the eighth wonder of the world, has been aided and encouraged by the Queen of Spain, and now, in charge of the Augustinians, is a university, in which all higher branches of learning will be taught by the most distinguished scholars of that country.

British Rule in India.

In the sixteenth century the Dutch, always noted for their sea-faring tendencies, in one of their trading expeditions touched at India. Convinced of the immense wealth of the country and of the vast resources for the development of which only strong and willing hands were needed, they established trading posts and began the work of exporting the products of that region. England was the principal mart for these exports, until a discrimination having been made against her with regard to a certain commodity, her principal merchants were incensed at this act, and formed a company of their own under the title of the "East India Trading Company," with quarters in India.

Other countries, France and Spain especially, soon became interested in the new discovery, and they, in like manner, established companies of their own, with branch offices in India. The traders of these different countries, being engaged in the same business of colonization and exportation, were constantly interfering with one another on account of competition and jealousy. Numerous conflicts were the result, and, as a matter of course, the several European Governments aided their respective countrymen. The natives also sided with the particular cause which they espoused. For many years this internal strife continued, until, finally, the entire country was brought under the control of the English Company, and this control was eventually transferred to the crown itself.

England thus assumed the government of India, and, if we contrast the condition of the inhabitants of to-day with that which existed during the

career of the celebrated Lord Clive, we may safely say that India owes a debt of gratitude to England for this assumption of power, which brought with it all the civilizing influences of an enlightened country. At first there were abuses, and we may say necessary ones. The natives had for many years been subject to tyrannical and despotic princes, and, being naturally superstitious and ignorant, they submitted patiently to the oppression of their rulers. This oppression degraded them, made them indolent, treacherous and suspicious, and, and although these defects have not been removed, yet justice, enlightenment, freedom security which followed in the wake of England's assumption of power elevated their condition and inclined them to yield to her civilizing influences. Moreover, many who were formerly sluggish and inactive are now engaged in the cultivation of the rich and fertile soil that had been so long neglected.

The improvement in education is also remarkable; schools, colleges and universities have been established with great success.

The material progress is no less wonderful; miles of railroad have been built, lines of telegraph have been constructed, and irrigation, so essential to agricultural pursuits, has been accomplished by the aid of canals.

Thus a beneficial change has been wrought in the condition of India by its British rulers. Manners and customs and opinions have been directed more and more to the manner of British thought and action; so much so that a great German statesman, struck by this unprecedented phenomenon, remarked: "If the British lose Shakespeare and Milton and every other writer who has made their name illustrious throughout the world, the justice and ability with which they have administered India will be an imperishable memorial of their nation."

The reasons of this powerful and salutary influence over these Orientals are many; their political qualities, their strong individuality which meets reverses and difficulties with composure and even indifference; their natural gravity and seriousness of character, which is itself so marked a peculiarity of the Oriental; but especially their non-interference with the religious rites and belief of the natives, for religion outweighs every other consideration with the Oriental, and is, therefore, the most serious and solemn duty of his life. Such, in brief, is England's power and influence in India, attained only after many years of strife and bloodshed, and so firmly and systematically established that it is destined to last as long as England herself is recognized among the powers of earth.

J. F. O'LEARY, '94.

The Brook.

I looked in the brook and saw a face;
Heigh-ho, but a child was I!
There were rushes and willows in that place,
And they clutched at the brook as the brook ran
by;

And the brook it ran its own sweet way,
As a child doth run in heedless play,
And as it ran I heard it say:

"Hasten with me

To the roistering sea

That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!"

I look in the brook and see a face;

Heigh-ho, but the years go by!

The rushes are dead in the old-time place,

And the willows I knew when a child was I;

And the brook it seemeth to me to say,

As ever it stealeth on its way,

Solemnly now, and not in play:

"Oh, come with me

To the slumbrous sea

That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!"

Heigh-ho, but the years go by—

I would to God that a child were I!

—Eugene Field.

LABOR AND GENIUS.

The history of the past and present affords ample evidence to prove how much depends upon labor; not an eminent man has lived or lives whose life does not exemplify it. Nevertheless, very many young men believe that labor can accomplish little or nothing; that greatness is the result of chance, and that every one must be content to continue just what he is; they lessen the importance of labor, add to that of genius and are mistaken in their notions of both. Many are the instances of men of the greatest genius, whose beginning gave such brilliant promise, but whose after life was a complete failure owing to their indifference to labor and misplaced confidence in their own gifts.

A knowledge of the untiring industry of the greatest poets, orators, statesmen, and artists of every kind, men of the most brilliant and commanding talents, should serve most effectually to dispel the erroneous notion that natural talent is the primary consideration and labor only secondary. Homer by ceaseless effort mastered all the knowledge of his time; Demosthenes toiled unceasingly; Cicero narrowly escaped death from study; Pascal killed himself by it; Burke is said to have been the most laborious and indefatigable of men; Milton seldom left his books, and like Homer, was thoroughly acquainted with all the

knowledge of his age ; Leibnitz was continually in his library ; Gibbon was in his study every morning at six o'clock ; Raphael, who lived but thirty-seven years, by labor and application carried the art of painting far beyond any mark of excellence it had before reached ; Gladstone's life is one of ceaseless industry, and his constant companion is a useful book.

There are examples to the contrary ; but commonly speaking, all truly great men have labored industriously. The early part of their life was usually passed in obscurity. They spent it thinking "while their companions slept," reading while others sought pleasure less profitable, ever feeling something within them which told them that their labor and perseverance would be crowned with success. Thus they toiled, and when their time came, gave to the world the results of their labors, those works which have thrown around their authors the bright halo of undying fame. Then, do men praise them and exclaim : "A miracle of genius !" "Yes," some author says, "they are miracles of genius because they have been miracles of labor." They have knocked unceasingly at the door of knowledge, of wisdom, of art, of science, of facts ; and have questioned every phenomenon. They trusted not to the resources of their own mind only, but acquired the knowledge of a thousand minds. "Excellence," declares Samuel Johnson, "in any department can be attained only by the labor of a lifetime ; and it is not purchased at a lesser price."

Is all this endless toil necessary ? Is it profitable ? Yes, for "the fire of our minds," says a modern writer, "is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains : it flames night and day, and is not to be quenched ! Upon something it must act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions." Labor is profitable. It is a rest from sorrows, petty vexations, and a safeguard against sin. It is the enemy of idleness which is the bane of body, mind and soul.

Labor then, although the beginning promises little. Time will bring the recompense. "Only let your mind be full," says a well known writer, "and then you will want little or nothing to fulfil your happiness."

T. J. LEE, '95.

PATRONIZE

OUR

ADVERTISERS.

To-Morrow.

Who says "To-morrow still is mine?"
As if his eye could peer
Through the thick mists of future time,
And trace out life's career :
To-morrow !—stranger, it may be
A phantom never grasped by thee.

How canst thou tell to-morrow's sun
Shall shine around thy path ?
Thy mortal work may then be done,
And thou mayst sleep in death.
Oh ! say not then, "To-morrow's mine"—
The present hour alone is thine.

Hast thou not seen the eager child
The butterfly pursue ?
He almost grasped it—as he smiled,
It vanished from his view.
And oh ! has not to-morrow seemed,
To some, as near—yet never beamed ?

Where is to-morrow ? hidden deep
From human ear or eye ;
And who shall smile, or who shall weep,
No mortal may descry.
And he that lives upon to-morrow,
Shall often drink the cup of sorrow.

But should to-morrow never rise,
What other scenes would meet thee ?
Were earth to vanish from thine eyes,
Would heaven's bright splendors greet thee ?
Oh ! then it matters not to thee,
Even should "to-morrow" never be.

Great Men.

Great men were all great workers in their time ;
Steadfast in purpose, to their calling true ;
Keeping with single end the aim in view ;
Giving their youthful days and manhood's prime
To ceaseless toil : matin and midnight chime
Often upon their willing labors drew ;
In suffering schooled, their souls endurance
knew,
And over difficulties rose sublime.
Genius alone can never make one great :
There must be industry to second skill,
Faith, tireless perseverance, strength of will,
Ere triumph and success upon thee wait.
Wouldst thou ascend Fame's rugged, frowning
steep ?
It must be thine to toil while others sleep.

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EDITORIALS.

IN the catalogue of studies of all educational institutions, as well as our own, history occupies a prominent place. The reasons for this are obvious. History from its very nature, is indispensable to us all, and no matter what profession we may adopt, or occupation we may engage in, time and labor should be given to acquiring a knowledge of this particular branch.

The interest attached to the lives of remarkable persons, to revolutions, to civil and military transactions, to the manners and customs of the ancients, together with the aid that history affords us to understand the Greek and Latin classics, is a strong reason why this particular branch should not be neglected. Its importance has been recognized by illustrious men of all nations. Cicero calls it, "the witness of ages, the torch of truth, the life of memory, the oracle of life, the interpreter of the past;" and further adds, "that to be ignorant of what has happened before one's birth is nothing less than to remain in a continual state of childhood." Since history embraces science, literature, art, moral and material decline and improvement, it should be studied in all its divisions, thereby affording us a knowledge of each and its relations to the others. Having followed such a course and believing in the old proverb that "history repeats itself," we will be able, in a measure,

to determine the issue of contemporary events. History, moreover, conduces to the ennobling of the heart, by inspiring in us a desire to emulate the heroic actions of those described as models of courage and patriotism; certainly its pages teem with accounts of crimes, but the mention of these inspires in us only horror and disgust, and proves that unruly passions degrade humanity, and cause the downfall of empires, and the ruin of families and individuals. Therefore, considering the vast amount of information in this, "the interpreter of the past," the many uses to which it can be directed, and the influence it exerts over the head and heart, let us neglect no opportunity to become conversant with it, so that, profiting by the experience of those who have gone before us, we may know how to guide our actions, and help our fellow-man.

WHILE every organization whose object is the mental improvement of its members is worthy of study and attention, it is not surprising that so many of our advanced students are taking such a keen interest in the literary societies of which they are members. But, while this is generally the case, we regret that there are some who fail to appreciate the great benefits which the debating society affords them. Our minds are expansive fields, ideas the seeds sown therein, which afterwards ripen and are separated from the chaff by the industry and vigilance of the careful debater.

But this is not the only feature of a debating society; herein subjects are discussed with which heretofore we have been partially or totally unfamiliar. Furthermore the embarrassment and timidity we all experience in our first attempts to address an audience are considerably lessened and sometimes entirely removed.

It would be well for all who have determined to pursue a calling in which public speaking will play a prominent part to join the society, attend the meetings, and take an active part in them. We have no sympathy for those who are present at all the meetings, but take little or no interest in the proceedings. The loss is their own. We cannot too forcibly emphasize the fact that the really practical part of one's education is the ability to express thought composedly and correctly, and this is acquired in a debating society. Even if we have resolved to lead a quiet and reserved life, yet, considered in the light of college graduates, we may at some time be called upon to address an assembly, and if we cannot do so with composure, our theoretical knowledge will be of little consequence, provided we are unable to give a practical demonstration of it.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

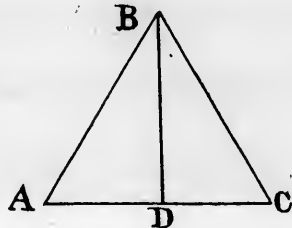
D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

35.—The continent of Asia has nearly the shape of an equilateral triangle, the vertices being East Cape, Cape Romania, and the Promontory of Baba. Assuming each side of this triangle to be 4,800 geographical miles, and the earth's radius to be 3,440 geographical miles, find the area of the triangle: (1) regarded as a plain triangle; (2) regarded as a spherical triangle.

Solution by Augustine.

(1) Regarded as a plane triangle.

$$\text{Altitude} = \sqrt{AB^2 - AD^2}$$



$$BD = \sqrt{4800^2 - 2400^2} = \sqrt{17280000}$$

$$\text{Area} = \frac{1}{2} (\text{base} \times \text{altitude}) = AD \times BD$$

$$\log \text{area} = \log \sqrt{17280000} + \log 2400$$

$$\log \sqrt{17280000} = 3.61877$$

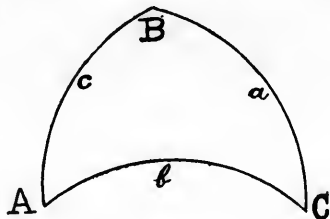
$$\log 2400 = 3.38021$$

$$\log \text{area} = 6.99898$$

$$\text{Area} = 9976500 \text{ sq. miles.}$$

(2) Regarded as a spherical triangle.

The area of a spherical triangle is found when the three angles A, B, C, are given as follows:



Let R = radius of sphere.

E = the spherical excess = $A + B + C - 180^\circ$,

F = area of triangle.

$$\text{then by solid geometry } F = \frac{E}{180^\circ} \pi R^2$$

When the three sides a, b, c , are given as in the above example the spherical excess is computed by means of the following formula, which is known as l'Huilier's Formula.

$$\tan^2 \frac{1}{4} E = \tan \frac{1}{2} s \tan \frac{1}{2}(s-a) \tan \frac{1}{2}(s-b) \tan \frac{1}{2}(s-c)$$

$$a, b, \text{ and } c = \frac{4800^\circ}{60} = 80^\circ.$$

$$2s = 240^\circ$$

$$\frac{1}{2}(s-a) = 20^\circ$$

$$\frac{1}{2}(s-b) = 20^\circ$$

$$\frac{1}{2}(s-c) = 20^\circ$$

$$\text{Then we have } \log \tan^2 \frac{1}{4} E = \log \tan 60^\circ + \log \tan 20^\circ + \log \tan 20^\circ + \log \tan 20^\circ$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2} s = 60^\circ = 10.23856$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2}(s-a) = 20^\circ = 9.56107$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2}(s-b) = 20^\circ = 9.56107$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2}(s-c) = 20^\circ = 9.56107$$

$$\log \tan^2 \frac{1}{4} E = 8.92177$$

$$\frac{1}{4} E = 16^\circ 7' 8.1''.$$

$$E = 64^\circ 28' 32.5''.$$

$$E = 232112.5''.$$

$$\text{Then from } F = \frac{E}{180^\circ} \pi R^2$$

$$\log F = \log 232112.5 + \log \frac{\pi}{648000} + \log R^2$$

$$\log 232112.5 = 5.36570$$

$$\log \frac{\pi}{648000} = 4.68557$$

$$\log R^2 = 7.07312$$

$$\log F = 7.12439$$

$$F = 13316560 \text{ sq. miles.}$$

36.—Expand to four terms $(9-2x^2)^{-\frac{3}{2}}$

Solution by Thomas Condon, '96.

$$(9-2x^2)^{-\frac{3}{2}}$$

$$= (9)^{-\frac{3}{2}} + \frac{3}{2} (9)^{-\frac{5}{2}} (2x^2) + \frac{15}{8} (9)^{-\frac{7}{2}} (2x^2)^2 + \frac{13}{16} (9)^{-\frac{9}{2}} (2x^2)^3 + \dots$$

$$= \frac{1}{27} + \frac{3}{2} \left(\frac{1}{243} \right) 2x^2 + \frac{15}{8} \left(\frac{1}{2187} \right) (2x^2)^2 + \frac{35}{16} \left(\frac{1}{19683} \right) (2x^2)^3 + \dots$$

$$(2x^2)^3 + \dots$$

$$= \frac{1}{27} + \frac{x^2}{81} + \frac{5x^4}{1458} + \frac{35x^6}{39366} + \dots$$

37.—How many square feet of tin will be required to make a funnel, if the diameters of the top and bottom are to be 28 inches and 14 inches respectively, and the height 24 inches?

Solution by J. S. Smith, '96.

The funnel is evidently the frustum of a cone. The lateral area of the frustum of a cone of revolution is equal to one-half the sum of the circumferences of its bases multiplied by the slant height.

Let S denote the lateral area, C and c the circumferences of its bases, R and r their radii, and L the slant height.

$$\text{Thus } S = \frac{1}{2} (C + c) \times L.$$

$$L = \sqrt{24^2 + 7^2} = \sqrt{576 + 49} = \sqrt{625} = 25$$

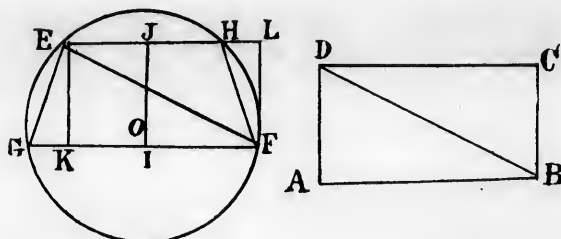
$$S = \frac{28+14}{2} \times 3.1416 \times 25 = 1649.34 \text{ square inches}$$

$$= 11.45 \text{ square feet.}$$

38.—Inscribe in a given circle a trapezoid, the sum of whose opposite parallel sides is given, and whose area is given.

Solution by O'S.

Let AB , equal half the sum of the opposite sides, and the area equal the rectangle $ABCD$. Proof.—Join BD , and in the circle place $EF = BD$. At the point F make the $\angle EFG = \angle ABD$. Join EG , and draw EH parallel to FG . $EHFG$



is the required trapezoid. From the centre O let fall a perpendicular OI on FG , and produce it to meet EH in J . Let fall a perpendicular EK on FG . Produce EH , and draw FL parallel to EK .

Because $EF = BD$, and the $\angle EFK = \angle DBA$, and the $\text{rt} \angle EKF = \angle DAB$, $\therefore FK = AB$, $\therefore 2 AB = 2 IF + 2 IK$; that is $= FG + EH$. Again, the $\angle s$ EGF and EHF , equal two $\text{rt} \angle s$, and EHF, LHF equal two $\text{rt} \angle s$; \therefore the $\triangle s$ EGK and FLH are equal because the $\angle s$ ECK and EKG , are equal to LHF and HLF , and the side $EK = FL$. To each add the figure $EHFK$. Hence $EHFG = ELFK$, and therefore $EHFG = ABCD$.

New Problems.

39.—A man in a balloon observes the angle of depression of an object on the ground, bearing south to be $35^\circ 30'$; the balloon drifts $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles east at the same height, when the angle of depression of the same object is $23^\circ 14'$. Find the height of the balloon.

40.—Prove that the sum of the squares of the diagonals of a parallelogram is equal to the sum of the squares of its four sides.

41.—Prove that three times the sum of the squares of the sides of a triangle is equal to four times the sum of the squares of the medians.

42.—Extract the square root of $103 - 12\sqrt{11}$.

43.—In a mile race between a bicycle and a tricycle their rates were as 5:4. The tricycle had half a minute start, but was beaten by 176 yards. Find the rates of each.

SPLINTERS.

Pie.

Boston.

Almonds.

Chestnuts.

Handkerchief.

Close up.

Hallow-e'en.

Willie strings.

Rubber overcoat.

Cards are out.

Not on your 80 cents.

Who ran the gauntlet?

Give me four seconds.

Two many pounds—271.

Tom's folks are well.

They live in a new block.

Mike's folks are well.

Train leaves quite early.

How very punctual you are!

The spots are not worn off.

How about you? () smiled.

We miss the dog catcher "long."

But now he sends his pious regards.

He was "frowning formatoes" at me.

How we miss Felix and his audible soliloquies.

Don't make me any redder than I am.

And for those eyes I'd Paradise forsake.

Never take the shingle from the door.

He didn't bite but he took the cake.

A Lawrence soliloquy: Oh! for a sleep over those cold Nov. mornings.

Eddie was floored when accused of Philosophical heresy.

This goes to the highest bidder. All the way from the flowery kingdom.

We still have an example of classicality in John's Albertus Magnus.

Please Father I cannot submerge my pedal extremities in cold water.

A quotation from the conservatory. Guard well thy tongue lest you suffer embarrassment.

We would like to know if our Conn. friend still retains the idea of purchasing the place.

We are pleased to state on very good authority that they had a real, live, pocket Gopher from M—.

"Give me a piece of steak and I'll pray for you eight days next week."

Much merriment was caused by Dick's translation of *Rapit in jus*—He dragged him in the soup.

If he were here this year he would find a good definition and moreover a description of Crinoline in Dick's Albertus Parvus.

What an advice! Now I hope there will be no "hitch" among the Ed's. Why certainly not; they have made no preparations.

We have no sympathy for the worthy senior, who with his "Acornia" is endeavoring to cheat the straggling minstrels of a few pennies.

The nocturnal visitor's sojourn in France seems not to have entirely eradicated his nomadic proclivities.

The "Casino Concerts" have become very popular this year. The soloists are many and varied. The quality of voice is a secondary consideration with them. The "Long fellow" takes the high notes without "winking" and the dyspeptic tenor dressed in "Buff" deserves considerable mention.

We heard it faintly, at dead of night
'Twas a sound that seemed not earthly
By the struggling hall lamps misty light
We approached on tip-toes stealthily.

The stairs we climbed with breath suppressed
The landing gained, we paused to rest
And again burst forth the tone F (sharp)
Fingered by "Charlie" on his jew's harp.

Carlos' (Para Poleos) usual remark "During my first year." What an excellent memory.

John never "Kers" to speak as he passes by.
He merely salutes.

Who is there? McKenna. Do you want me?
The door was opened and he shuffled in.

The messenger boy rang the bell,
He had a despatch to deliver ;
But when it was found to be only a "sell,"
J. no longer did cower or shiver.

Not content to wait till nine,
He took the first one on the line ;
And nothing happened worthy of note
Except he almost lost his coat.

Marsh, Holt-on to the Dore,
There's a Kerr behind it. (First Gram. class.)

When Charlie G. was a boy
He was quite mischievous ;
And it was his pride and joy
To make the old folks peevish.

One day on the table was seen
Some nice red pickled cabbage ;
With a drop of soda he made it green
And was thrust out bag and baggage.

PERSONALS.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Notre Dame University in the loss of her founder, V. Rev. George Sorin. The work accomplished by him is sufficient evidence of his zeal and untiring energy.

Rev. T. A. Field, O.S.A., Greenwich, N. Y., visited his nephew, Martin Field, of the Senior Department.

Mr. William Parker, '93, entered St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary, Brighton, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. John Coar, of Jersey City, spent a very pleasant afternoon with Father Coar, O.S.A., on the 22nd.

Mr. William Picker, of St. Charles, Ellicott City, was entertained by his friend, A. J. Plunkett, of the Senior Department.

Joseph Finnigan paid a brief visit to his college friends on the 22nd.

Mr. William Murphy, of Philadelphia, was the guest of his son, Michael, of the Senior Department.

Rev. James E. Vaughan, O.S.A., on account of the illness of Rev. T. F. Herlihy, O.S.A., will assist Father Fedigan, of Atlantic City, for a few weeks.

Mr. J. Sullivan and Miss Hannah Gallagher, of Chestnut Hill, visited friends on the 29th.

M. A. Tierney, '93, is pursuing a course in law in Troy, N. Y.

D. F. Harkins, B.S., '93, is now studying medicine in the University of New York.

Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A., of Lansingburg, N. Y., for a long time Professor in our college, recently paid us a brief visit before starting for Europe.

M. J. Mullen, in company with his mother and aunt, recently visited some of his old friends.

Among the very welcome visitors to our college on the 27th were Rev. Fathers Waldron, Sullivan, O.S.A., of St. Augustine's, Philadelphia, F. J. McShane, O.S.A., Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, and Father O'Neill, of Manayunk, Phila.

Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O.S.A., an alumnus of our college, prior of St. Mary's, Lawrence, Mass., also president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, of Boston, delivered a very able and impressive address before an enthusiastic audience in favor of the cause which he has so long and so nobly defended.

THE SOCIETIES.

The Sodality of Holy Rosary of which Rev. J. J. Ryan, O.S.A., is Spiritual Director, and Mr. J. F. Kennedy, O.S.A., Prefect, re-organized Sunday morning, Oct. 8th, for the ensuing year. This society has a large membership and is well attended.

V. L. I.—The Villanova Literary Institute held its second regular monthly meeting, Saturday, Oct. 7th. The report of the committee previously appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws, was accepted. Six new members were admitted.

V. D. S.—The Villanova Debating Society commenced regular work on the evening of Oct. 18th. The subject, resolved: "That Spoken Language Exerts More Influence than Written Language," proved to be one that caused more interest than has been experienced in the society for some time.

J. J. Dolan opened the debate for the affirmative with a very interesting discourse, which showed that he had given the subject deep thought and long consideration. During the whole discussion he evinced a very fair display of argumentative and cool reasoning power.

M. J. Murphy followed with a well written composition and had he dealt a little more in particulars and facts he would have succeeded admirably in refuting his opponent's arguments.

J. J. Ryle, the second for the affirmative, favored us with a choice rhetorical production and his manner of substantiating statements made them seem indisputable.

J. F. O'Leary closed the debate for the negative. He expressed himself in a manner which proved that he was entirely familiar with the subject.

He attracted a good deal of attention and deserves praise for the orderly way in which he dealt with the statements of his opponents and brought forward arguments in favor of his side of the question. When the appointed debaters had exhausted their supply of arguments the debate was thrown open to the house.

Many availed themselves of the opportunity and, we are pleased to state, kept up the already very spirited discussion. Their example is well worthy of imitation and will undoubtedly produce good results. The critic decided in favor of the affirmative. The next debate will be between Messrs. M. T. Field, T. J. Lee, M. H. McDonnell and W. Rioridan. Subject—"Modern Oratory is Equal to Ancient."

EXCHANGES.

A marked feature of the *Fordham Monthly* is the variety of its literature. We especially appreciate the address of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Farley to the graduates, in which is mirrored the character of this eminent prelate.

The essay on "Literary Criticism" contains many and suggestive thoughts expressed in an easy and graceful style.

We are glad to see the *Wake Forrest Student* again in its accustomed place in our sanctum. It appears in a new cover, which conforms with those of other college journals. Of the contents of the *Student* itself, it would be, after thirteen years of popularity, more than useless to speak.

The task of editing *The Catholic High School Journal*, of Philadelphia, appears to be performed by the professors rather than by the students. The latter, therefore, are to be congratulated on their success in having professors, who, not only willingly, but also very creditably perform duties, which indeed would be far more interesting and better appreciated if done by the students.

We are surprised to notice in the pages of our esteemed contemporary, the *Richmond College Messenger*, an apology for poetry, copied from the *Columbia Spectator*. A college paper should not copy such nonsensical stanzas and indulge in such frivolities. A piece like this should be placed in the "joke column" at the best. Surely some mistake or oversight was made.

The current numbers of the *Niagara Index* open with an entertaining treatise entitled "Conscience in Shakespeare." The illustrations and deductions reflect credit on the writer. Its exchange and personal columns are models for imitation. Let us hope that we may receive many such productions from the "old monk with his many scars."

The following exchanges grace the table of our sanctum: *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Owl*, *High School Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass.; *Ave Maria*, Doane Owl, Crete, Neb.; *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian*, *St. John's University Record*, and *The Georgetown Journal*. Many of these arrived too late for review in this issue.

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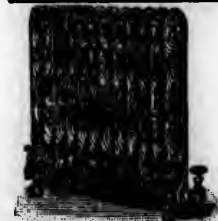
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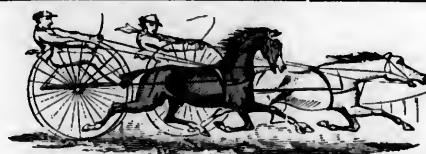
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Villanova Monthly

Vol. I.

Villanova College, December, 1893.

No. 12.

LONG AGO.

Taken from the *Celtic Monthly* and composed by John Locke,
brother of Revs. Dr. Joseph and Fr. Michael Locke, O.S.A.



Y harp, dost thou remember
When first youth's fragile fingers
Used to touch these fairy strings and
Make their wildest music flow?
Now, one more burst of song-sound
While backward memory glides to
Those grand, old summer evenings
Of long, long ago.

God be with them, God be with them,
They were bright though evanescent,—
Full of legendary lustre,
Glowing, golden, sweet and bland;
And they left me, ere they faded,
A few dearly-treasured memories
Like wave-forsaken pearl-shells,
On Oman's yellow strand.

In the mellow wine red radiance
Of those hallowed olden evens,
When the finches came to nestle
In their leafy hostelry,
I used sit between the hazel boughs
Above the brook to listen
For a little foot-step coming
Down the pasture-paths to me.

In the moonlight and the starlight,
Still those hazel boughs are swinging,
And flows that baby brooklet
As of old it used to flow;
But she whose merry laughter
Echoed back its rippling tinkle
Faded with those summer evenings
Of long, long ago.

And where's the glowing future,
The radiant, ripened manhood,
The guerdon of achievements
I dreamt that should be mine?
Ah! trusting heart of youth-hood,
Never have I found them
All were fickle phantasies
Of Fancy's and of thine.

And yet I love to muse on—
I pleasure in recalling
Those beautiful illusions
That Fancy used to strow
Along th' untrodden turnings
Of life's delightful pathway
I' th' grand old summer evenings
Of long, long ago.

Sweet harp, my harp be silent;
I would I had not waked thee
For oh, beloved! 'twere better
We both had been laid low—
Had sunk to dreamless slumber
In the golden-gleaming glory
Of those grand old summer evenings
Of long, long ago.

Christmas Reflections.

As the year draws to its close, our thoughts naturally revert to that once peaceful land so redolent with poetic and historic memories, and while, with the shepherds, we listen to the angels singing, "Glory be to God in the highest," we ourselves participate in the joy and peace that were echoed over the hills of Judea nineteen hundred years ago. Nor is it strange that such should be the sentiments of our hearts when we remember the wondrous nature of the event first made known by that Angelic Choir to the humble shepherds keeping the night watches over their flocks on the bleak mountain-passes of Bethlehem. Truly we may say that this is the source of all that joy which may find a home in the heart of man.

An event of such great importance to the human race invites our attention, and the origin of the celebration of Christmas may well command our notice. The exact chronology of the birth of Christ is not determined in Holy Writ. Neither the month nor the year is designated. At least one hundred and thirty-eight years passed before Bishop Telesphorus celebrated the day. He ordained that the *Gloria in Excelsis* should be sung on the eve of the Nativity. But the date was variable, and it was not until the year 337 that December 25 was taken. Rome declared this to be Christ's Natal-day, and we should accept this authority since in that city are, even yet, found the records of the enrollment of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph at Bethlehem.

To the early Christians this feast was of a religious character altogether, and many of the elaborate customs which characterized it, have come down to us, laden with the memories of centuries, to give life to our worship of the new-born infant. Among them the most familiar and the most touching is that of placing the manger in our churches during this season. This is attributed to St. Francis Assisi, who, in order to instruct the people by bringing the very scene before their eyes, erected a stable and had all its simple details represented in a most realistic manner to make it more touching and beautiful.

When we look at Christmas in our own land, a scene far less pleasing to the Catholic meets our eyes. The Pilgrim Fathers, fearing that the joys of Christmas would dissolve the air of gloom with which their manner of worshipping God was surrounded, abolished its celebration and instituted Thanksgiving Day to take its place. To them, and indeed to all non-Catholics, Christmas was an idolatrous festival. This tradition bore so heavily upon our country that up to within thirty years this great anniversary was not even a day-day.

Shops were open; men worked and traded; only Catholics glorified the Incarnate God with prayer, song and sacrifice, rest from labor and joyous pleasure.

Lately, however, a change has been wrought. One after another, the Protestant churches, following in the wake of their Catholic neighbors, have begun to add a little more spirit to the celebration of Christmas. Business is abandoned, labor is set aside for the time, to be replaced by religious exercises and social enjoyment. With each recurring advent of Christmas we are struck with the general and increasing interest which this great feast excites, and, although shorn of many of its ancient and festive honors, the preparations made on every side—the evergreen decked churches and houses, the generous smile of the gray-haired sire and the glad shouts of the little ones—all show that Christmas is hailed with delight.

The date when social pleasures began to mingle themselves with the religious celebration of this feast cannot be well fixed. It is but natural however, that the glad noise of laughter should blend with the Christmas carol and that the day which commemorates the announcement of "peace and good will" to all should be selected as the occasion for gathering together the scattered members of the family. Than this no more appropriate day could be chosen to draw more closely the bonds of kindred hearts, to assemble the wandering children about the parental hearthstone where one grows young again amid the endearing mementos of childhood. In this charmed circle "heart calleth unto heart" and from its deep well of living kindness is drawn that peace and gladness which re-animate the drooping spirit and rekindle the genial flame of charity in the quiet recesses of our bosoms.

Under the influence of this season, man's better nature is aroused and with it comes the desire to make his fellow-men sharers in his joy. We find the expression of this desire in the salutation "Happy Christmas" which our pleasure-loving contemporaries have corrupted to "Merry Christmas." "Happy Christmas," What recollections do not these few words conjure up in our soul. How they strike the chords of our memory, and with the spell that surrounds them call forth our tenderest thoughts—thoughts, which if sometimes mingled with sad recollections, raise our souls to that divine Child who sends comfort and "peace to men of good-will."

EDWARD G. DOHAN, 96.

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Often do I think of the days gone by—some remembrances sweet, but others so sad. The sad thoughts of those days forever past outnumber the merry ones and oftentimes cast a gloomy shadow o'er me.

Nearly sixty year ago I left my father's home. I lived with him, my mother and sister, in a large manor overlooking the Thames. I became dissatisfied with the slow, monotonous life in old England and sailed across the billowy deep to the new world to seek new adventures—and a fortune; for by leaving the paternal roof I was disinherited.

The year '49 brought with it many good things for me, for, as is well known, in that year the gold mania was raging in California. I went thither, and after five years of hard, but successful labor, I had amassed great wealth; indeed, fortune smiled at my every effort.

From California I went to New York and settled there for the space of twenty years, in the meanwhile taking unto myself a life partner.

Year after year rolled by and I was comparatively happy, yet an irresistible desire took possession of me; it was to visit once more the haunts and scenes of my childhood days; to see once again the face of my venerable father, to hear again the soft, loving voice of my dear, patient mother. At last the desire conquered me and we took passage for merry England.

"Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave."

We arrived in safety. My spirits were buoyant at the prospect of seeing again the places I once detested, of beholding the faces that always had a place in my heart. Alas! proud hopes, soon to be blasted! Dame fortune for the first time turned her smiling countenance from me and never looked my way again. God in His justice rightly punished the sin of my youth.

I arrived at my birth-place, only to hear the sad news of my father's death reverently whispered among the village gossipers. I could hardly believe my ears, but too soon and too truly was the news verified. This plunged me into a chasm of sorrow which was deepened by the loss of my dear mother, who died of a broken heart.

The joyous spirit in which I found myself whilst sailing o'er the briny ocean now gave place to feelings of melancholy. My wife and sister were now the only ones for whom I had to live. The estate, which reverted to my sister, was sold, and she gave the proceeds to me for safe-keeping. We

decided to leave for America, as England had no charms for us.

Ah! how little does one know that his cup of bitterness is not yet filled.

* * * * *

Old king Sol has just gone down; the dazzling reflection from his golden chariot is plainly seen as he fast disappears below the horizon—his purple and crimson fleecy robes trailing after him.

The queen of night, in all her royal splendor, accompanied by her myriads of attendants, each trying to outshine the other in paying homage to her, peeps from beneath her silvery covering and suddenly shines, it seems to me, more brilliantly, serenely and beautifully to-night than I have ever seen her shine before. The waters are so placid that her shadow scarce trembles on their vast expanse.

Under such propitious signs we sail out of the harbor. Old England, with its neat cottages along the shore and the mouldering ruins of many old abbeys covered with ivy, fast disappears.

The ship is now two days upon the waters, and

"How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flapping—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle fire—the wreck—
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?"

Toward noon of the third day a cloud—the first that mars the beauty of the skies since we set sail—is seen. At first it appears so insignificant that no one pays any attention to it.—No one do I say? There is one on board, who knows that it forbodes naught but evil, and that person is the brave captain of the proud vessel. The darkening brow, the troubled look, the ominous shake of the head, warn us in a manner unmistakable that something is wrong.

The cloud approaches nearer and nearer, and the bright blue sky grows darker and darker. It is now evening and the ship is bounding on her way, as the maddened waves flash into spray around her prow. Night, with all its impending terrors, is fast approaching. Little do we know what this dark night has in store for us.

Suddenly there is a flash of lightning, a peal of thunder, and the cloud bursts. In less time than it takes to relate it, the storm with all its fury is upon us. The giant form of the massive ship is tossed about like a chip upon the wrathful surge. She ploughs through the mountainous waves, eager to be free, her sails panting to be on their flight. . . . Midnight is at hand, and still the storm is raging wrathfully and loud. Darkness surrounds us, save

when the lightning's terrible flashes play upon the crests of the broken waves, and light the gap between them. About the ship the waters roar, and the roar is answered by a crash of the falling masts. The word confusion is inadequate to express what is taking place on that ill-fated ship. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children are swept away by the merciless waves. Before my eyes (I shudder at the remembrance) my wife and sister disappeared into that boiling abyss. Never shall their death struggles and painful woe-begone looks leave me. The groans and cries of those unfortunate ones still ring in my ears.

Those of the ship's crew that are left are hurrying hither and thither, with ghastly faces; wailings and moanings are heard on every side. Brave men, maddened with despair, know not what they do. There is a sudden lurch, her keel strikes a hidden rock, the timbers are torn asunder with a reeling shock, a vivid glare of lightning making those who yet survive look like so many ghosts, and with a crash, simultaneous with the thunder, the proud ship sinks—with many hundred souls. The raging seas close over them, forming a common grave for all. No one seems to have escaped but myself, and

"Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,
To buffet the storm alone;
To struggle aghast at a watery grave,
To struggle and feel there is no one to save!
God shield me, hapless one!"

I clung to the masts, which came together forming a raft.

"Quick brightening, like lightning it tore me along,
Down, down till the gush of a torrent at play
In the rocks of its wilderness caught me, and strong
As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.
Vain, vain were my struggles—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the wild elements spun me;
And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer."

Would that God in His mercy had not heard my prayer. A terrible thought I know, but my present unhappiness at times overwhelms me, and I long to be with those whom I loved.

I was on the raft for about six hours, in the terrific storm, when it began to abate.

The storm had sunk to rest, and the breast of the treacherous ocean lay motionless beneath a cloudless sky. The sun is high in the heavens;

silence, dreadful silence all around me, silence in the air, silence in the deep, silence in those voices, which I had heard only the day before. I almost give up in despair of ever being rescued, when over the horizon a snowy speck appeared. I strain my eyes to watch this harbinger of safety in the distance.

Nearer and nearer she approaches. Ah! she is by my side. A fervent prayer ascends like incense to Heaven, from the depths of my heart—"Thank God, I am saved."

JOHN J. DOLAN, '94.

Book Review.

History of the 121st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. By the Survivors' Association. "An Account from the Ranks," Philadelphia, Pa.: Press of Burk & McFetridge Co., 306 and 308 Chestnut St., 1893.*

This History of the 121st Regiment—one of the "300 fighting Regiments" of the late Civil War—gives a fairly complete record of the various haps and mishaps that befell the Boys in Blue from their first serious engagement of any importance at Fredericksburg, Va., to their last at the celebrated battle of Appomattox Court House, on April 9, 1865.

Though it is rather late in the day for war records of over thirty years ago to be published, yet a story is none the less readable when told long years after the events described took place, especially as (in the case of the gallant 121st) the Pennsylvanians showed themselves to be anything but slow at the moment of battle. The war loss of the Regiment in killed and mortally wounded is set down at 13.26 per cent. (page 157.) The list of the names, etc., of all the officers and men of the Regiment adds value to the work.

Our fellow parishioner Mr. Strong, of Villanova, Chairman of the Committee of Publication, is to be congratulated on the successful completion of his task.

French Prose.

Popular Science, by Prof. Jules Luquiens, Ph. D., recently published by Ginn & Co., of Boston, is an admirable collection of extracts. The book is interesting and instructive, and far better suited for the enlargement of the mind of the young French student than selections from fiction. I would recommend it to all French students as a Reader particularly suitable for advanced French Classes.

*Octavo; pages 287; with Illustrations and Maps showing the Battlefields of the Regiment. By Wm. W. Strong.

Reminiscences of the World's Fair.

"O joy almost too high for saddened mortal ;
 O ecstasy envisioned ! 'Thou should'st be
 Lasting as thou art lovely ; as immortal
 As through all time the matchless thought of
 thee !
 Yet would we miss then the sweet piercing pain
 Of thy inconstancy. Could we but banish
 This haunting pang—ah, then thou would'st not
 reign
 One with the golden sunset that doth vanish
 Through myriad lingering tints down melting
 skies ;
 For the pale of mystery of the new world flower
 That blooms once only, then forever dies—
 Pouring a century's wealth on one dear hour.
 Then vanish, City of Dream, and be no more ;
 Soon shall this fair earth's self be lost on the
 unknown shore."

The evening of the Fair has passed and midnight falls upon the White City by the lake. But from out the gloom that envelops that enchanted spot can not many happy memories be recalled, ere the gorgeous scene fades from view and is gone. How great the sadness contained in that word gone ! But what is gone ? Can it be that those beauteous palaces which so delighted our fancy, pleased our senses and baffled our imaginations have passed forever from mortal gaze ? Not quite gone as yet, but the seal of doom has been placed upon them and vigilant agents are ruthlessly obeying the dictates of the grim destroyer. Very soon nought will remain of those wonderful edifices. There will be no material signs of the grandest collection of structures ever conceived ; only history will record in its commonplace way that a World's Fair was held in Chicago, U.S.A., to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. But in spite of all this there are certain things that no earthly power can remove, and no human force can take from us, and as we sit and muse, picture after picture arises of that dream city and for a time we are back again in spirit, and are wandering here and there amid the charms of a paradise. We see again lofty towers and stately domes, and among them the golden dome of the Administration Building stands forth in its mark of royalty. Diana still holds sway from her pinnacle on that architectural gem, the Agricultural Building ; the bright lights still glimmer through the palace of electricity ; Machinery Hall retains its din in the same loud measures ; Manufactures and Liberal

Arts remains in its seemingly unassailable position ; the Colonnade with its pillars and groups of statuary still surrounds the sparkling lagoon ; the fountains are playing ; patriotic music fills the air ; the great throngs of people are passing to and fro ; the gondolas move quietly and lazily along in their graceful fashion, while the little electric launches are swiftly passing over the clear waters, and it is thus that the World's Fair comes back to us—a scene which can certainly defy the invasion of the wrecker's tools. Once in a while we recall the meeting with a companion or a distinguished personage, and these questions, or similar ones, are apt to have invariably followed our greeting : "When did you come?" and "How long do you intend staying?" and then we probably continued by inquiring if he has seen the exhibits which mostly pleased our fancy, such as the picture "Breaking Home Ties," the battle ship, the marvels of electricity and if he has ridden in the Ferris Wheel?

Who could banish from memory the recollections of a night spent at the Fair ? The very thought makes our hearts swell with emotion and pride. We see in fancy the myriads of electric jets ; the colored lights from the wooded island and imagine it inhabited by elves, fairies and goblins ; we behold the rainbow sprays as they shoot high in the air and their reflection in the clear lagoon ; we watch the shifting of those wonderful search lights and hear the inspiring music from the orchestra as it mingles in tuneful harmony with the splashing water, and falling under the influence of so much grandeur we are moved to a reverence of the Creator who has done so much for man. On such a night, as in the imagery of Trowbridge, probably many voices were heard to exclaim :

Becalmed along the azure sky
 The argosies of cloudland lie ;
 Whose shores with many a shining rift
 Far off their pearl white peaks uplift.

Probably no one visiting the Fair failed to appreciate the glorious night exhibit, but it is ludicrous to note how a simply indescribable scene impresses itself on different minds. During the past summer, while the myriads of fiery beads were appearing on the buildings surrounding the basin, how many different views were taken of the numberless unexcelled scenes ? I remember in particular hearing one young man compare the golden dome on the Administration Building to a "vision of the great white Throne," and another to the "Holy of holies in the Old Temple," while one old couple with the

utmost assurance agreed that it reminded them of a large mound of molasses candy. And so it was with the entire exposition—no two people viewed objects in the same light, and possibly no two people were alike interested in the same exhibit. However, there each individual could find his secret ambition illustrated and his particular hobby gratified in the most satisfactory manner; all forms of human industry were there given recognition, and all men could study in that object school which held session for six short months. While "the greatest of all exhibits at the Fair were the palaces that contained them," we are not all imbued with sufficiently poetical natures to be content with the mere outward survey of the landscape shown; we admire the exterior beauty to the fullest extent of our capabilities, but we must take a look at the interior as well, and then permit ourselves to be overwhelmed at the scope of the World's Columbian Exposition. If we are students of art our desires lead us to recall the miles of canvas that were stretched before us in that quiet but superb structure devoted to the fine arts, and we call to mind creations we had heard of and had read of, but had never hoped to see; the classic display of famous artists as shown in the loan collection; the true reproduction of life in Holland with the quaint Dutch windmills and homely landscape views; the characteristic work of the Russians; the magnificent offerings of the French, and the numerous portraits of men famous in spheres of literature, science or politics—all return to answer the beckon we make towards the past. And thus it was with everything and now alas! even the glancing backwards presents a panorama which certainly seems to have existed without a limit. Apart from the Fair and of it was the Midway. The gay, noisy Midway in speaking of which, Julian Hawthorne calls the "world a plaything." Just survey in memory that merry street as it appeared during the summer months. Here comes the "hot, hot, hot Elakasari" old Turk with his sweetened waffles: now we see the turbaned Hindoos and unassuming little Javanese; there stroll side by side the Esquimaux clad in his garment of furs and the Dahomian with but a mere pretense of raiment; we see the dancing girls in their odd costumes, the band from the German village marching down the Plaisance to the strains of many old German airs, and in contrast with these we hear the grating sounds that fill the air from the numberless orchestras which make not only night but even day hideous; we distinguish the voices of the witty gentlemen of the theatres and the advertising agent of the ostrich farm with his amusing harangue. As we journey along we catch echoes of the Blue

Danube coming from old Vienna and cannot resist a halt in Cairo street. Here bald headed men and aged women become as children again, and now that it has appeared and vanished the thought returns of the unbounded glee which took possession of all who entered there, and even the most disagreeable of men must have given way before the innocent but tantalizing manner of the children of different nationalities. What a curious picture we likely represented when mounted on the great cumbersome camels, and when riding the powerful burros, which though wont to be lazy, were urged to their utmost speed amid the excitement and yells of the multitudes there congregated; we pay a quarter to mount the eighty steps of the Blarney Castle that we might stoop to kiss the "real" Blarney Stone; we watch the dairy maids while they make the delicious butter; we gaze with admiration on the renowned Irish beauties; we listen with rather languid attention to the bagpipes, but enjoy the melodious songs of old Erin's Isle; as a finale we take a trip in the big Ferris Wheel and see Chicago in the distance. Chicago, the city on the plains—the so-called "Windy City," where, so said those whose judgment remains unquestioned, "art had no abiding place," and yet she gave to America and to the whole world a triumphant creation of beauty and utility which future ages may imitate but cannot surpass. Farewell, indeed, to the greatest World's Fair ever held; farewell to the greatest event that has happened in this or any past century. The exhibits which have been gathered within the limits of the one square mile of ground have been gazed upon by twenty millions of people who had come from every part of the earth to witness all of the rare novelties of art and nature selected from the different parts of the world. The great White City, grandest monument ever erected to the genius of man, has been the most magnificent of all.

E. T. WADE, '96.

Greeting.

Although the holidays are somewhat distant, yet, as they will have come and gone before the next issue of the MONTHLY, we take advantage of this one to wish our patrons, friends and subscribers all the compliments of the season; a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year and many returns of both.

Labor in the United States.

There was a time, not far distant, when men thought they had found in the United States the sovereignty of labor. The working classes looked with something like contempt upon the condition of their fellow-laborers in Europe. Here was a land where every man's independence rested in his own hands and in his willingness to labor. No day should come when an honest day's work would not earn, not bread alone but a home—an American home. This was the time when the followers of Boone were disclosing to wondering eyes the virgin richness of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys; when later, adventurous spirits led the way over the Rocky mountains to a new western empire. Yes, here at last was found what the poets and philosophers of Greece and Rome had only dreamed of—the ideal commonwealth. Thus had a free republic, established in the richest and grandest territory that the sun ever shone on, conquered at last the problem of ages, and labor stood the peer of capital.

Is this state of things true of to-day? Yes, in part, it may be answered. Looking at the comparative independence and comfort of the great masses of the working classes of this country, noting that intelligent zeal for personal liberty which pervades them, much reason for congratulation still remains. But now the country has grown to manhood and, growing thus, has met the harsh experiences inseparable from national as well as individual life. Labor has met war, its fever, its deadly collapse; labor has met debt and lastly, labor has met capital which rises portentous to its full strength and stature out of the smoke of war and the shadow of death.

Here, then, is a problem for the statesmen of this age widely differing from that which engaged the attention of our forefathers of the Constitution, yet, like it in this, that its successful solution aims at the amelioration of the condition of mankind.

Must we sink into the old ruts along which labor has slowly and painfully dragged its burdens for ages in Europe? Is there no help for this? Is it possible that the light which the founders of this Republic set up for the political regeneration of mankind one hundred years ago, may be rekindled in the same land in a successful age to lead the way to the regeneration of labor?

The people are called upon to consider these questions; to answer the complaint of the laborer against the capitalist.

Hence able and eloquent speakers and writers are now contending that labor does not receive its full and merited reward; and that the laboring class, the most important of all, whether you look

to its numbers or the actual service it renders, is oppressed by the laws. For it is the working classes who by their labor and trade and their contribution to the revenues, enrich the land; it is they that fill the ranks of our armies and navies; to which we owe all our home trade, all our manufactures; which supply us with laborers for our factories and grainfields. In fact it is this class which does all the productive work, whether in town or country.

Some, however, regard the miseries of the laboring class as the accumulated effects of many mere circumstances, principally personal imprudence and vice; others, however, attribute them to more general causes, such as a selfish and uncharitable spirit or the rapid increase of population; or the present land ownership system; usury, monopoly, rents, banking, speculation and the like. Above all these looms the fact, whatever may be the cause, that capital is becoming less in the hands of those who produce it, and is growing greater and greater in the hands of cunning and lucky speculators.

Hence a great number and variety of novel measures and institutions are ingeniously contrived. Some think that more education and better lodging houses at less cost would be a good and sufficient remedy, while others go so far as even to propose agrarianism.

The doctrines of some economists are: "Tear down all barriers, leave trade free and production will regulate itself. Competition will regulate supply and demand on the one hand, and the price of labor through human necessities on the other."

Another class of economists cries out: "Destroy the barriers to free exchange of products; let all who have capital enter the race; the strongest will win and if the weak fall others will take their place." But what grand day-dreams were these to give to the people—no more restrictions between the communities, between nations. All men are brothers; all have an equal right in the struggle for existence. But, alas! it remained but a dream.

The roseate picture the land reformers and trade reformers outlined for this country had great weight in fostering those dreams of equality, afterward so prevalent; but dear experience brought the laborer to the conclusion that his freedom did not consist so much in the freedom to toil as the freedom to enjoy that boon, and that capital, free from legal restraint, proved anything but a true saviour.

Such has been the result of the dream of liberty! Liberty to struggle, to wrangle, to fight alone, remains. As a logical consequence escape lies only in combination. And on the one side we have trade unions, torn in great part by intestine discord, struggling against fate for mere material advantages. And on the other side, associated capital governing the operation of demand and supply, and both insensibly drifting in their struggle for vantage-ground, to the "despotism of state socialism and the quagmires of Communism."

MARTIN T. FIELD, '95.

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EDITORIALS.

Of the numerous blessings conferred upon man by the Creator not the least important is speech, by means of which reason becomes manifest, thus proving clearly man's superiority over irrational creatures. Apart from this, the great value of this natural gift may be easily understood, when we realize that the strength of the reasoning mind is reflected in the clearness, propriety and perfection of language. While we thus recognize speech as the ordinary medium for communicating thought, we must not overlook the fact that written language is an almost indispensable adjunct in accomplishing the same purpose. Assuming this as true, we readily understand how important for acquiring perfection in spoken and written language is the study of literature. In this, however, an ostentatious display of words should be avoided, as the substance, rather than the shadow, is desirable, ostentation marring the beauty of real ornament. Now a study of literature, while making us familiar with all that is beautiful in style, will enable us to detect the deficiencies in our own language and in that of others. It will help us to avoid the vulgarisms and improprieties of expression so common in our vernacular, to form a style clear, elegant and forcible, and make our language, written or spoken, pleasing to others and satisfactory to ourselves.

When we consider, moreover, what a prominent place the arts and sciences hold in literature and how this sways the passions and opinions of men, is it not surprising that this important study is so much neglected? In many of our high schools Greek and Latin classics cannot be studied conjointly with English literature, hence graduates of these institutions who have pursued a course in the former, but devoted little or no time to a study of the latter, lack in conversation and in writing that confidence so manifest in a fully educated man. For these there is some excuse, but for those who attend an institution whose curriculum requires that a proportionate amount of time be devoted to each, and do not improve their opportunities to the best of their ability, there is none.

With this issue of the VILLANOVA MONTHLY closes the first year of its existence. During this time we have endeavored to make it take its appropriate place among the college journals and fulfil all the promises we made for it in the beginning. We have spared no expense to make it pleasing and interesting to its readers. Now, in consequence of all this, we ask our subscribers who have not paid their subscription to do so *now*. We have thus far refrained from mentioning money matters and hope this one reference to the subject will be sufficient. There are many expenses attached to a work of this kind, which—let us add—good wishes and sympathy will not defray. You will confer a second favor when sending your subscription, if you will inform us whether you will continue taking the MONTHLY or not. If you do not tell us to cancel your name we will allow it to remain on our subscription list.

Any one wishing to have bound volumes of the MONTHLY will notify us, and we will guarantee to furnish them at very reasonable prices. If you have preserved the different copies, you may send them to us and thereby lessen the price still more.

Please send your order before January first.

We would suggest to those students who occasionally forget themselves and indulge in loose remarks, commonly known as slang, that the English language is sufficiently comprehensive for a proper expression of their ideas. As habits formed in youth are with difficulty abandoned in more mature years it is your interest to take special care now of your manner of speech, that in the future you will not have reason to regret your negligence.

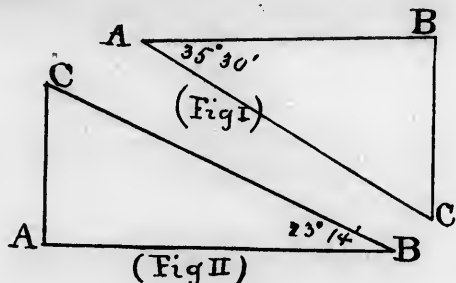
MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

39.—A man in a balloon observes the angle of depression of an object on the ground bearing south to be $35^\circ 30'$; the balloon drifts $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles east at the same height, when the angle of depression of the same object is $23^\circ 14'$. Find the height of the balloon.

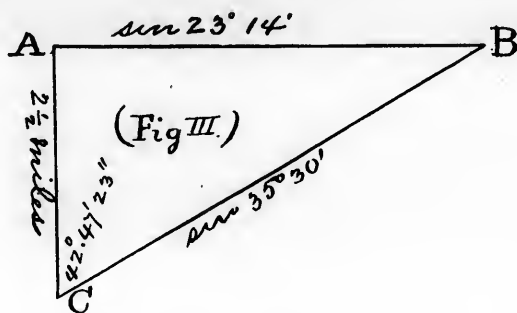


Solution by Monad.

$$\text{In (Fig. I) } \sin A = \frac{x}{AB} \quad \sin 35^\circ 30' = \frac{x}{AB} \\ \therefore x = AB \times \sin 35^\circ 30'$$

$$\text{In (Fig. II) } \sin B = \frac{x}{BC} \therefore x = BC \times \sin 23^\circ 14'$$

Therefore $\sin 35^\circ 30' \times AB = \sin 23^\circ 14' \times BC$, and $\therefore \sin 35^\circ 30' : \sin 23^\circ 14' :: BC : AB$, and hence in (Fig. III) we can put for the sides of the \triangle formed by the lines joining the two positions of the balloon with the object on the ground, that is to say, with AB and BC , $\sin 35^\circ 30'$ and $\sin 23^\circ 14'$.



$$\sin C = \frac{\sin 23^\circ 14'}{\sin 35^\circ 30'} \\ \log \sin C = \log \sin 23^\circ 14' + \text{colog } \sin 35^\circ 30' \\ \log \sin 23^\circ 14' = 9.59602 - 10 \\ \text{colog } \sin 35^\circ 30' = .23605 \\ \log \sin C = 9.83207 - 10 \\ C = 42^\circ 47' 23'' \\ \tan C = \frac{\sin 23^\circ 14'}{2\frac{1}{2} \text{ miles}} \therefore \tan 42^\circ 47' 23'' = \frac{AB}{2\frac{1}{2}} \\ AB = 2\frac{1}{2} \times \tan 42^\circ 47' 23'' \\ \log AB = \log 2\frac{1}{2} + \log \tan 42^\circ 47' 23''$$

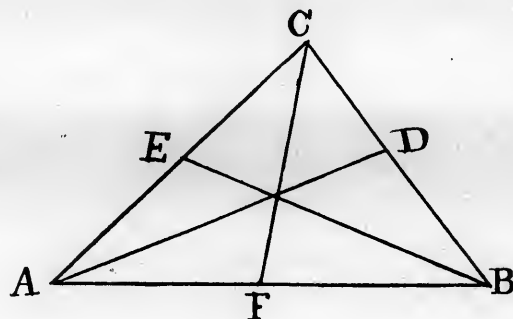
$$\log 2\frac{1}{2} = .39794 \\ \log \tan 42^\circ 47' 23'' = 9.96046 - 10 \\ \log AB = .36440 \quad \text{and in (Fig. I)}$$

$$\sin 35^\circ 30' = \frac{\text{Height}}{AB} \\ \text{Height} = \sin 35^\circ 30' \times AB \\ \log \text{height} = \log \sin 35^\circ 30' + \log AB \\ \log \sin 35^\circ 30' = 9.76395 - 10 \\ \log AB = .36440 \\ \log \text{height} = .12835 \\ \text{Height} = 1.344 \text{ miles.}$$

40.—Prove that three times the sum of the squares of the sides of a triangle is equal to four times the sum of the squares of the medians.

Solution by Edward G. Dohan, '96.

Let D, E, F be the middle points of the sides. Then in any \triangle the sum of the squares of two sides of a \triangle is equal to twice the square of half the third side increased by twice the square of the median upon that side. Therefore



$$\overline{AB}^2 + \overline{AC}^2 = 2\overline{BD}^2 + 2\overline{DA}^2 \quad \text{and hence} \\ 2\overline{AB}^2 + 2\overline{AC}^2 = 4\overline{BD}^2 + 4\overline{DA}^2 \quad \text{that is} \\ 2\overline{AB}^2 + 2\overline{AC}^2 = \overline{BC}^2 + 4\overline{DA}^2 \quad \text{similarly (1)} \\ 2\overline{BC}^2 + 2\overline{BA}^2 = \overline{CA}^2 + 4\overline{EB}^2 \quad \text{and (2)} \\ 2\overline{CA}^2 + 2\overline{CB}^2 = \overline{AB}^2 + 4\overline{FC}^2 \quad \text{therefore (3)}$$

By adding equations (1) (2) and (3) we get

$$4(\overline{AB}^2 + \overline{BC}^2 + \overline{AC}^2) = \overline{AB}^2 + \overline{BC}^2 + \overline{AC}^2 + 4(\overline{AD}^2 + \overline{BE}^2 + \overline{CF}^2)$$

then by subtracting we get

$$3(\overline{AB}^2 + \overline{BC}^2 + \overline{CA}^2) = 4(\overline{DA}^2 + \overline{BE}^2 + \overline{CF}^2) \\ \text{Q. E. D.}$$

41.—Extract the square root of $103 - 121\sqrt{11}$.

Solution by Thomas J. Condon, '96.

$$\text{Let } \sqrt{x} - \sqrt{y} = \sqrt{103 - 121\sqrt{11}} \\ \text{Then } \sqrt{x} + \sqrt{y} = \sqrt{103 + 121\sqrt{11}}$$

By multiplying we get

$$x - y = \sqrt{10609} - 1584$$

$$\therefore x - y = 95$$

$$\text{But } x + y = 103$$

$$\therefore x = 99 \text{ and } y = 4$$

$$\therefore 1/x - 1/y = 1/99 - 1/4$$

$$1/x - 1/y = 31/11 - 2.$$

42.—In a mile race between a bicycle and a tricycle their rates were as 5:4. The tricycle had half a minute start, but was beaten by 176 yards. Find the rates of each.

Solution by Edward McKeough, '96.

Let x = number of yards bicycle goes per minute
and y = " " " tricycle " " "

$$\text{then } x : y :: 5 : 4$$

$$4x = 5y$$

$$x = \frac{5y}{4}$$

$\frac{1584}{y} - \frac{1}{2}$ = number of minutes tricycle was going after bicycle started.

$$\frac{1584}{y} - \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1760}{x}$$

$$1584x - \frac{xy}{2} = 1760y$$

$$3168x - xy = 3520y \quad \text{substitute } \frac{5y}{4} \text{ for } x$$

$$5y^2 = 1760y$$

$$5y = 1760$$

$$y = 352 \text{ yards per minute.}$$

$$x = 440. \quad " \quad " \quad "$$

New Problems.

43.—Two objects A and B were observed from a ship to be at the same instant in a line bearing $N. 15^\circ E.$ The ship then sailed north-west 5 miles, when it was found that A bore due east and B bore north-east. Find the distance from A to B .

44.—If a cubical foot of brass were to be drawn into wire of $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in diameter; required the length of wire, allowing no loss in the metal.

45.—A side wall of a house is 30 feet high, and the opposite one 40, the roof forms a right angle at the top, the lengths of the rafters are 10 and 12 feet; the end of the shorter is placed on the higher wall and *vice versa*: required the length of the upright which supports the ridge of the roof, and the breadth of the house?

46.—Find the value of x :

$$\cos x = \frac{\sin^2 121^\circ 17' 6'' \times \tan 136^\circ 14'}{\cot 12^\circ 17' 13'' \times \cos^2 148^\circ 16'}$$

47.—Prove. If two equal triangles ABC and ABD be on the same base AB , but on opposite sides, the line joining the vertices C and D is bisected by AB .

SPLINTERS.

Choir.

Chârlie.

Furnishings.

Blow out.

All hail.

Mince pie.

Camp fire.

"Snow drops."

Chrysanthemums.

A short one, Billy.

Stable equilibrium.

Wasn't it amusing?

"Soft-crabbed shells."

"Be wary; speak low."

Where's the history lesson, "Ed.?"

Call *him* Bernard, please.

"We called all hands upon deck! upon deck!"

"Some came on bicycles because they had no fare to pay."

B's electric Greek method *Cora—Co-Ryan*.

They did not know the time as the study-hall clock was stopped.

"Ah! he cannot say anything to us now, for he gets up himself on a free day."

'Tis very evident that the would-be patients do not relish dry-bread and tea. R. knows his biz.

He took John to town and never told me. Well, we'll have to work Sunday to make it up.

Let the poetical, type-writing law student beware, or we will "Troy" and even up accounts.

Most students at this period of the year have foot-ball hair, but the joker from S., N. Y. claims to have hand-ball hair.

Referred question: What did B. do with the works of the study-hall clock? We would like to know, Geo., as we are losing time.

His friends of last year should be pleased to learn that Jno. no longer sallies forth as "Knight of the Corridor," he is now "Knight of the Cleaver."

They are "Dolan" 'em pretty lively since the Chinese exclusion act went into effect. Of "Corr"-se that was to be expected.

Who among us can explain the facial expression and contortions of the body that Carlos undergoes while engaged at hand-ball.

His face was as long as his legs when he was politely requested not to partake of the bounteous repast.

The "Casino" which plays a most important part in our history has been lately furnished with ornaments galore and Turkish rugs upon the floor.

We were surprised one evening lately by hearing that the heart of the waiter from Brooklyn was upside down. Why not stand him on his head and right matters?

If the old saying is true, "That fish is brain food," the students at one of the upper tables should now possess massive brains as they have "Herron" three times a day.

Practice makes perfect; but practice is sometimes expensive, as was the case with one of our worthies endeavoring to arrive at perfection in making a capital P.

It is amusing to watch the growth of the fire-escapes on the face of our friend from Jeddo. As he is a waiter probably he is cultivating them for the purpose of providing a trolley system.

Billy has purchased a mute for his violin. What a relief it would be for the occupants of the flat if he could provide mutes for the pianos.

What is it attracts his attention,
As close at the window stands he?
'Tis needless to those it to mention,
Who comprise the Villa's S. C.

But to others, ignorant that Jack
In a wager bet indiscreetly,
We will say 'twas the almanac,
On which was his capital P.

THE WASH HOUSE SCARE.

The laundry girls in awful plight
Gave us a scare the other night;
They ran up here with dreadful tale
Of murd'rous burglars on their trail.
'Twas such a dreadful, horrid thing
We hardly knew what help to bring,
But John O'D. with base-ball bat
Ran down to knock the rascals flat,
While Father V. in his alarm
Pull'd out a gun and shot the barn.
To Walter C. we gave a stick
He vow'd he'd make those burglars sick;
To Father L. we gave a gun,
He said: "No, no, I'd shoot some one."
When all were ready for the fray
The burglars were ten miles away.

The saddest feature of the case
Was Annie's fainting from the chase;
"They has poor Sal" she faintly said,
And then fell over, almost dead.

Go tell the tale where'er you can
That "hins has more pertection" than
The four poor girls who got the fright
From burglars bold at dead of night.

PERSONALS.

Rev. Francis Farley, of Hochessen, Del., was a welcome visitor to our President on Nov. 4th.

Mrs. Williams, of Philadelphia, paid a brief visit to her son Harry, of the Junior Department.

Misses L. Mahoney and T. Olsen, of Philadelphia, called on their friend, John Hughes.

Miss Barthmaier of Philadelphia, visited Nicholas Vasey, of the Senior Department, on Nov. 26th.

Miss Mamie McHugh, of Philadelphia, was entertained Sunday afternoon, Nov. 26th, by her brother Frank.

Mr. Laurence McCall, of Philadelphia, recently spent a very enjoyable afternoon with his son Joseph.

Mr. Charles Healey, a medical student in the University of Pennsylvania, enjoyed a short visit to his friend, John Maher.

We are glad to announce that Lex Hart is improving rapidly from the injury received on the 9th, while playing foot-ball.

Rev. Father Conway, of Our Mother of Sorrows, West Philadelphia, was the guest of the Faculty on the 21st.

Walter Ford, one of the Juniors, who was called home on account of the death of his grandfather, E. C. Lyons, of Media, Pa., has returned.

Rev. P. H. O'Donnell, O.S.A., was transferred from St. Denis' Church, Haverford, Pa., to Waterford, N. Y. The vacancy was filled by Rev. E. A. Daily, O.S.A., former pastor of St. Monica's, Berwyn.

Rev. Fathers Leonard and Gleeson, two of our esteemed professors, preached very eloquent sermons lately; the former at the dedication of St. Mary's Church, Coaldale, Pa., on the 19th Nov., the latter at the dedication of St. Anthony's, Philadelphia, Pa., on Nov. 26th.

It is with deep sorrow that we are obliged to publish the sudden death of Mrs. Bernard Kerr, who died in Annandale, N. J., on Monday morning, Nov. 20th. She was the mother of Richard and John, our fellow students of the Senior Department. We extend our heart-felt sympathy to the family in this its hour of bereavement.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to our fellow student John T. Shea of '89, whose promotion from the Council Chamber of Cambridge, Mass., to the State Legislature was effected by an overwhelming majority in the late elections. We extend greetings, John, and wish you success as a law maker of the great commonwealth. But don't stop there. Carry the "White and Blue" to the Halls of Congress,

THE SOCIETIES.

V. D. S.—The debate which took place Wednesday evening, November 22, was really interesting and instructive. The question was *Resolved*—That Modern Oratory is equal to Ancient. Messrs. M. T. Field, T. J. Lee, M. H. McDonnell and W. D. Riordan were the debaters.

Mr. M. T. Field opened the debate for the affirmative and although his arguments were few, yet they were forcible, inasmuch as they were very pointed. Then followed Mr. M. H. McDonnell for the negative. He treated the audience to a very well written essay on Oratory, but did not, we believe, speak very well to the point at issue.

The next speaker for the affirmative was Mr. T. J. Lee, who deserves special praise for the manner in which he resolved the subject into all its details, mentioning and treating separately and collectively all the essential parts. His arguments were well selected and forcibly advanced and consequently made a deep impression on his hearers. Mr. W. D. Reardon, after summing up the arguments of his opponents and criticising them to such an extent as to call forth much applause, gave his own solution of the subject and closed the debate.

When the question was given to the house many arguments for and against each side were brought forward which kept the result for a long time in doubt.

The discussion throughout was listened to with unusual interest. When the time came for our critic to give his decision on the merits of the arguments he was almost at a loss how to decide, but having highly commended the debaters on the efficiency they displayed he awarded the palm of victory to the affirmatives.

The next debate will be *Resolved*—That the Pulpit is more influential than the Press: The debaters will be Messrs. Jno. E. O'Donnell, B. J. O'Donnell, S. T. Kenny, and E. J. Wade.

V. L. I.—The November meeting of the V. L. I. was held on the 12th. A large number of the members was present and manifested the usual interest in the proceedings. After two new members were admitted, the chairman of the committee for refurnishing the Library made a satisfactory report. The society recently received some instructive and valuable books for which the members are very grateful.

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The "Pearl of Literature" holds a prominent place among the contributions to the *St. John's University Record*. The manner in which the writer has handled this essay reflects credit upon him. He shows familiarity with the subject, and traces with a skillful hand the different kinds of literature from its origin among the ancients to its height of perfection in subsequent ages. A treatise on "Evolution" is filled with learned thoughts, and brings forth proofs strong and convincing that the Catholic Church has never been an oppressive incubus on scientific progress.

The *Queen's University Journal's* "just coming to age" is a fact worthy of notice, and we wonder not that such an event produces a "mingling of feelings" in the editors. The criticism this journal has passed upon the "Prince of India" is by no means unjust, and displays on the part of the critic a careful perusal of the work. We are surprised that our Canadian friends devote so much space to athletics. It could be much better filled with literary matter.

A regular and esteemed visitor to our "Sanctum" is the *Chattanooga Facts*. To young and old this paper is both interesting and instructive. Its literature is the choicest. Its articles, pertinent to Church and State, are selected with care and written in a simple but pleasing style.

The editors of the *Niagara Index* may well feel proud of their Jubilee number in honor of the Silver Jubilee of Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan. The account of the proceedings is very succinct and interesting. The cuts distributed throughout the journal are well executed and make it a very pleasing sheet.

Every issue of our esteemed contemporary *The Athenaeum* gives us much pleasure. The main feature of this journal is its Editorial department in which the Editor expresses himself in that strong, original and "right to the point," style not so often seen in college journals.

"American Literary Woman" is an article in the November issue of the *Agnetian Monthly* that shows care and research on the part of its fair writer.

One thing very noticeable in this bright monthly is the absence of an exchange column. We would suggest that an exchange editor be added to the *Monthly's* staff.

The absence of *The Highlander*, Denver, Col., has been felt for a long time in our sanctum. We hope it has not forgotten us. Its reappearance shall be heartily welcomed by us,

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D. A. REESE, Engraver and Manufacturer,
700 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Happiness.

"Omnes homines beati esse volunt et hoc ardentissime appetunt, et propter hoc cetera appetunt."

St. Aug. de Trin. C. 5.

All men, without exception, wish to be happy; in fact, the first and strongest desire of the nature of man is happiness. It is his sole aim and is what moves him to the performance of great deeds or restrains him from them. He seeks it everywhere; and all his acts are performed that he may attain that end. Even though disappointment comes, inevitably, in one way or another, he still persists and never gives up, nor grows weary of the search. The question, therefore, naturally proposes itself: In what does real happiness consist? One after another, gayety, mirth, laughter and pleasures are tried, and again and again the apparent happiness fades away and eludes the grasp.

Happiness is defined as the possession and enjoyment of good. Good must be understood here as that which will satisfy the appetite of man. Hence we see that anything that is not desired will in nowise conduce to happiness. We know by experience that man is constantly seeking different objects and having obtained them, soon tires of them. Yet he is not happy. The human appetite can be satisfied by the possession of infinite good only. The perfect happiness of man is in no created good, but reposes in God alone. For a prime requisite of happiness is, that it be permanent and not a fleeting shadow. This can be had only in that which transcends created things. It must last beyond the end of time, and certainly we have yet to behold anything created that will bear this test. Hence we must look beyond the created and seek the Creator.

It is not in the perpetual seeking and never finding that happiness consists, it is in the attainment and not in the pursuit. We have an illustration from the ancient Pagans whose poets, according to their idea of punishment in Hades, represent Tantalus in the midst of a pool of water, yet never able to slake his burning thirst. Moreover, being deprived of the light of faith on which much depends, especially in this case, they mistook happiness for a state in this life. They placed it in mental tranquility, or made it synonymous with a placable or imperturbable state of the mind. Horace most beautifully describes it in the third book of the Odes:

"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium;

Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida: Neque Auster
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis,
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

Happiness, however, is not a state, it is an act. It is not a passion, but an action. Contentment must not be confounded with our subject, else this world were full of happiness. While a very little will render a man content, to be happy he requires an infinity. Neither are we to mistake the words of the eight Beatitudes, which say—"Blessed are they that hunger," and "Blessed are they that mourn." Their happiness consists in the promise that they shall be filled and comforted. We know what makes labor light, troubles bearable, is the hope of finding rest, calm and peace. Without this hope we would have nothing in the world but misery and pessimism. The happiness of this life comes from living for a supernatural end, the true end of man. When we make this life or world our end we deny the very condition of either individual or social happiness, since it is dependent on infinity.

Man can find good, only when seeking his ultimate end, and whenever he loses sight of this end, he abandons the source of good, and since the human appetite can be satisfied only by the possession of good, he virtually abandons happiness. The avaricious man places his happiness in the possession of money; the voluptuous, in the gratification of his passions, and the ambitious, in honor. They are foolish enough to imagine that in these can be found the greatest of all good. Yet, who ever heard of a miser being content and happy; a libertine satisfied, or an ambitious person resting on his laurels? The Apostles taught that cupidity is the root of all evils. How then can it bring happiness which requires only good? Nothing need be brought forward to condemn the libertine, his own actions are sufficient. Finally, happiness ought to be in him who is happy, as a good intrinsic to himself. But honor is an extrinsic thing and in him only who confers the honor. Therefore it is not conducive to happiness. Again, being unstable and depending on the opinion of men, which changes as a weather-vane, it contradicts the stability and eternity required for happiness. Religion provides for earthly felicity, for it draws our minds from earthly things and fixes them on God.

T. J. FITZGERALD, '93.

St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

Address to a Black-thorn.

Written for the VILLANOVA MONTHLY by Patrick Carey.

To the spot where you flourished I send a fond greeting,
That dear little island, afar, o'er the sea !
For time since we parted, tho' changeful and fleeting,
Has brought but few blessings to her, or to me :
You come from the glade where in truancy often
I sought the sweet solace of freedom from books ;
The future all dark, with no sunbeam to soften
The schoolmaster's rod, or his ominous looks !

O freedom from school, what an exquisite pleasure
To chase the gay butterfly over the lea !
To watch where the wild bee unloaded her treasure
Or capture the young birds high up in the tree !
Than the wisdom of sage, or the brain-racking grammar,
Such pleasures were sweeter in youth's sunny prime ;
Tho' oft their indulgence brought birchings and clamor
Which troop down the vistas of old Father Time !

Incisive and keen is the sting of your thorn,
No blossom blooms fairer in woodland or lea ;
And your odorous breath on the zephyr of morn
Is sweeter than spice-breeze from Araby's sea !
And many a time, I am minded this minute,
I gathered your berries as black as the night ;
While safe in your branches the mavis and linnet
Poured out on the morning their songs of delight !

I pledge me the spalpeen, whose name I wont mention,
Who tore you away from the spot where you grew,
Must have tried every art of the coward's invention
To battle your armor protective and true !
To the Pattern or Fair with the lawless and lowly
They bore you away in the vigor of youth,
And, there, as an actor, in strife all unholy
They dimmed in Old Erin the Crystal of truth !

No longer o'er innocent heads do you hover,—
For Donnybrook Fair is a thing of the past ;
The wild days of feud, and of faction are over,
And concord o'er dissonance triumphs at last !
From Cork to Fermanagh, from Limerick to Derry,
There is but one county in Ireland to-day ;
And Antrim may sneer at the mountains of Kerry,
Without one blackthorn being raised in the fray !

You may travel incog. from Athlone to Dunleary,
Or spend the fair-week in sweet Ballinasloe ;
Yet, never have fear that a single shillelagh
Will speak you uncivil, or ask where you go ;
But yet I wont vouch, if the bailiff or peeler
Who happens to trust himself near you in fight,
Will not kiss mother earth with that catapult feeler,
Which scatters strange stars thro' the ebon of night !

As knitted thy fibre as sinewy Erin,
The first in the onslaught, the last in retreat ;
Intrepid to dare, in the conflict unfearing ;
Yet mild as the pink flow'r which grows in the wheat !
There are strength and endurance in thee my blackthorn,
A type of the land where your armor was cast !
For like our good actions, the more you are worn,
The more does your time-service laugh at the past !

To that beautiful glade by the bright shining river,
Where ferns are woven by fairies at night !
Where the sweet scented primrose, the balm-breathing
clover
Inspires the gay lark to the regions of light !
To thee, dearest spot, do I send my fond greeting,
And wonder if Death will not bear me to thee,
When my soul takes its flight, and the earth is retreating,
Shall I see thee once more, fairest isle of the sea ?

St. Augustine of Hippo.

FOURTH PAPER.

Africa at all times fruitful in men of merit and genius,—in scholars, poets, writers, statesmen, saints and martyrs, was in Augustine's day blessed equally with other portions of Christendom with learned and holy men.

Besides those who have been named in previous papers was Aurelius the primate of the African Church, whose see was Carthage, and who was a worthy successor of the saintly Cyprian, the martyred Doctor of the Church.

One may form a fairly good idea of the flourishing state of religion in Africa, the southernmost portion of the Roman Empire, from the great number of bishops that held sees therein.

In the fifth century of the Church the number of Catholic sees in Africa was 481, viz., 54 in Africa Proconsularis ; 125 in Numidia ; 122 in the Byzacena Province ; 123 in Mauritania of Caesarea ; 44 in Mauritania of Sitizum ; 5 in the Tripolitana Province, and 8 in Sardinia and the Balearic Isles.*

The reader will observe that throughout this paper the term—Africa—is not employed in its modern geographical sense,—to embrace, namely, the whole of the vast continent known as one of the great land divisions of the earth.

The Africa of the fifth century comprised merely that belt of land along the southern coast line of the Mediterranean Sea, which reaches westward

* The figures given above have been taken from that magnificent monument of Catholic scholarship,—the *Series Episcoporum Ecclesiae Catholicae*, etc., (Ratisbon, 1873,) of the learned and painstaking Benedictine, Rev. Pius Boniface Gams, for which see page 463.

from Barca to the Atlantic Ocean. East of it lay Egypt.

Among the many sees subject to Carthage, Hippo styled *Regius*, or the Royal, because of its once having been the residence of the kings of Numidia, was not the least important. Among the African cities Hippo Regius ranked next to Carthage.

Thus did the sublime charge of chief pastor and guardian of souls, which had devolved on Augustine,—the one time trusty and experienced assistant of Valerius, call into play not only at home in his own see, but abroad all the marvellous abilities and gifts of him, who in later ages of the Church was to be known as her chief doctor. It would not be within the scope of this paper, even were it possible, to detail, except in a very summary form, the many social, political, literary, and ecclesiastical achievements of Augustine in the interests of Church and fatherland during his long and eventful episcopal career. During the thirty-five years of his rule of the diocese of Hippo, no one who makes a study of his life, or of his works,—no one who considers the eulogies accorded to him by his contemporaries and his successors, can fail to observe with what earnestness, faithfulness, zeal and wisdom, this holy Bishop, raised up as it were by the Providence of God, at this most critical period of the history of His Church, corresponded to the task set before him. One must recognize how everywhere throughout Africa, not to say of the Church at large by his words and writings, and in a far more efficacious manner by his virtuous and exemplary life Augustine sought to organize and strengthen the society of the Faithful according to the loftiest Christian ideals,—to implant in it the good seed of truth and the love of virtue,—to guard it against the evils of the times,—in a word, to be the mainstay of his brethren in the clergy, the guide of the laity, and to all the norm and model of the good Christian.

Briefly as Augustine, in pursuance of his plan to rebuild Christian society, established, (as has been said,) during the early years of his converted life a brotherhood of devoted and sympathetic followers,—his kinsmen and friends,—at Tagaste, and later on another community also of earnest-hearted disciples at Hippo, so, it may be stated here, was he in his solicitude for the welfare of his flock ever careful to provide for all classes of his charge, the means to work out their sanctification.

At Hippo were many good souls, who in imitation of the sainted followers of our Lord at Jerusalem, sought to lead a perfect life, some by retirement from worldly cares, others by their active ministry in the vineyard of the Lord.

With the far-seeing wisdom of the true lawgiver,

Augustine recognized it as of primary necessity that in the development of his ethical reforms on Christian principles, he should begin at the summit of the social edifice, and that in vain would he labor to effect good in the ranks of the Faithful, if their leaders and guides were dissolute, wayward and false to duty.

Hence his life-long efforts, in private and in public, to raise up around him as assistant teachers of his flock, a body guard, as it were, of saintly and learned ecclesiastics. In his *City of God*, not to mention the many treatises wherein he lays down the true principles of social and political reform, he has shown how society owing to the faults of its leaders, fell into moral as well as material decay.

Hence in so many places in his diocese especially, were communities of religious and seminaries or training schools of the clergy opened.

Besides the communities at Tagaste and Hippo we find frequent mention in his works of other and similar bodies of churchmen in and throughout Africa, all more or less under the watchful care of the bishop of Hippo, to whom the other prelates, the primate Aurelius first of all, seem to have accorded full powers of supervision and even jurisdiction. St. Paulinus writing to Alypius some time before the year 395, requests him to salute the brethren in the Lord, in the churches and monasteries at Carthage, Tagaste, Hippo-Regius, and in all the parishes of Africa.*

But the organization into formal ecclesiastical communities of such members of his flock, as felt themselves called unto the higher life, whether by total retirement from the busy cares of earth, or by actively co-operating with their prelate in the care of souls, was not restricted by Augustine to merely those of the so-called stronger sex. As in the *Acts of the Apostles*† we read that in the holy brotherhood of the first Christians, established shortly after the ascension of our Lord, at Jerusalem, under the care of the Apostles themselves, were assembled with them and the other disciples of the Lord, also many of the pious and God-fearing of the weaker sex, so did Augustine, in imitation of this saintly band, this first great Christian brotherhood, the type of perfect Christian society, establish at Hippo a community of women religious.

Like their brethren at Tagaste these female servants of the Most High were employed in the common practices of devotion and of manual labor. From the *Rule of Holy Life*, drawn up by the saintly bishop for the religious in his diocese, it seems that among their other duties they were engaged also as writers. The *Rule* refers distinctly

* See *Epist.* 39, now 24, in the Works of St. Augustine.

† See chapters IV and V.

to their use of the library *codices*. Among these nuns at Hippo, we have it on the authority of Augustine himself, were his nieces and some other kinswomen, and on the same authority we learn too that his sister, whom many Augustinian writers have named Perpetua, was their first superior.

This Hippo nunnery, like the hermitage of the brethren at Tagaste, was the first establishment of its kind in the African Church, or for that matter in the Western.

As St. Augustine was the first to introduce monasticism into Africa, so was he the first of the Latin, or Western, Fathers to draw up a complete scheme of life for such as sought to model their lives in close imitation of the Apostolic brotherhood at Jerusalem.*

And as Tagaste became the mother house of other communities of hermit brethren, so did Hippo nunnery, it would seem, branch out into many other similar female communities throughout Africa; but of these we have only the meagerest details.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

Success.

A short time ago the thoughts of the whole world were centered upon one man; all nations united to do honor to Columbus, to praise the man who dared believe what the world disbelieved. In the eyes of his countrymen he was a fanatic, but to-day he is ranked among the heroes of the past.

Thus we, like Columbus, set sail upon an untried sea; unknown dangers lie before us; but for those who dare persevere, new worlds lie yet to be discovered. Every branch of learning or of industry is but partially explored, and in every direction stretches the unfathomed deep.

Like the great Genoese, we shall find many labors to be endured, many obstacles to be overcome, and the constant need of self-watchfulness and self-control; though there be faltering and temporary defeat, yet if our spirit be strong and our heart upright we need not despair of ultimate success; should we fall short of this, every honest effort in the right direction is a benefit both to ourselves and to mankind.

The world owes much to its men and women of courage, the courage that displays itself in silent effort and endeavor, that dares endure all and suffer all for truth and duty. Courage together with energy and perseverance will overcome difficulties apparently insurmountable, will give force

* The first to draw up a written rule for religious is commonly said to have been St. Basil, surnamed the Great. He died A. D. 379.

and impulse to effort and not permit it to retreat. A man to succeed must have the courage to be himself and not the echo of another; he must exercise his own powers, think his own thoughts, and speak his own sentiments. He must form his own thoughts and convictions, even though they be different from the thoughts and convictions of the multitude. All the great work of the world has been accomplished by men of courage; every step in the progress of our race has been accomplished in the face of opposition and difficulty, and has been achieved by men of intrepidity and valor—great discoverers, great patriots and great workers in all the walks of life. These had the courage to seek and to speak the truth, the courage to be honest, the courage to be just, and the courage to do their duty. Their great example becomes the common heritage of our race, and their great deeds and great thoughts are the most glorious of legacies to mankind. Such men connect the present with the past, and give nobility of purpose to the man of the future. They hold aloft the standard of principle, maintain the dignity of human character, and fill the mind with the tradition and instincts of all that is most noble and most worthy in life.

Thus, with the light of great examples to guide us—representatives of humanity in its best forms—every one of us is not only justified but bound in duty to aim at reaching the highest standard of character; not to become the richest in means, but in spirit; not the greatest in worldly position, but in true honor; not the most powerful and influential, but the most upright and honest, ever bearing in mind that, "Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world!"

MARTIN T. FIELD, '95.

The Assassination of Caesar.

The student taking a cursory glance at the long list of injustices and crimes recorded in the history of the world, pauses before some that are more conspicuous than usual, either on account of the eminent merit of the victims or the important results which followed from the deeds themselves. Such a one is the assassination of Caius Julius Caesar.

In order to understand and appreciate the character of this truly great man and to measure his influence over the age in which he lived, it will be necessary to consider briefly the condition of Rome at that time and also the customs and manners that prevailed among the Roman people.

For nearly half a century previous to the beginning of the public life of Caesar, Rome was

plunged into all the miseries of civil war. The alternate rule of Marius and Sulla in which the whole state was divided into two opposing factions was the signal for slaughter, confiscation of private property and other public crimes of the same nature. These civil wars may be considered the dividing line that separates two great epochs in the history of Rome—one consisting of the condition of affairs that brought about the civil wars, and the other, the condition of affairs that resulted from them. Their influence over the people was no less remarkable. They had gradually departed from that austere mode of life which was characteristic of their ancestors and had considerably deteriorated in their moral habits and qualities.

Sobriety, frugality, honorable poverty and laborious life were now superseded by the opposite vices. "Simultaneously with this decay of morals among the Romans," writes a noted historian, "the fertile fields of Italy were converted into flower-gardens, groves, places for sumptuous baths, or parks for hunting to gratify the fanciful taste of wealthy individuals, and the number and duration of their repasts, the abundance, variety, delicacy and seasoning of their meats, were carried to an inconceivable degree of refinement." Besides this luxury of the table there was joined another great vice, that of an inordinate relish for pageantries, games and theatrical representations. After a short time the dramatic exhibitions did not satisfy the inclinations of even the most lenient and were consequently abandoned for more costly places of amusements, the amphitheatres which rivaled the Egyptian pyramids and obelisks in massiveness of structure and symmetry of form. The purpose for such magnificent buildings did not equal the skill displayed in the architecture but was rather deplorably inferior. In the amphitheatre lions, elephants and other ferocious beasts were, at first, made to fight against one another, afterwards men against beasts and finally men against men. These gladiators, as they were known among the ancients, in their inhuman combats became the favorite spectacle and shed the blood of one another for the mere diversion of barbarous spectators. And, moreover, to these two vices already mentioned there were added the practice of bribery, corruption, extortion, oppression of subjects and of conquered provinces. The cruel treatment of children, slaves and insolvent debtors, the frequency and facility of divorce, the adulteries, plots, conspiracies, treasons, murders, were so frequent during these corrupt ages as to excite universal horror and condemnation. Such a people required a leader who possessed extraordinarily moral, intellectual and physical power. Caesar possessed these qualities

and was therefore destined to rule the Roman people and to restore the Roman State.

Caius Julius according to the common account of Plutarch, Suetonius and Appian was born on the twelfth day of July, 100 (B. C.). He was begotten of a noble family which was traced to an illustrious ancestry, that of the descendants of Yulius or Ascanius the son of Aeneas. When a youth he was ordained a priest of Jupiter by Marius, his uncle by marriage. When still a youth of 18 or 20 years, he boldly refused a legal separation from his wife Cornelia, daughter of Cinna, and barely escaped the proscription of Sulla, who "saw many a Marius in that young man." At the age of 35, he was appointed Questor in Southern Spain. Two years afterwards he was Curule Aedile. At 39, he was elected Pontifex Maximus—that is, official of state religion—Quintus Catulus being his opponent and leader of the aristocracy. This office he held for life. The following year (B. C. 62), he was chosen Praetor, and the next year he went as Proprietor to govern the province of Spain. He returned to Rome in the following year and soon formed a political coalition with Pompey and Crassus. This coalition is sometimes called "the first triumvirate." The meridian of Caesar's life was devoted to the subjugation of Gaul, Germany and a portion of Great Britain. He carried on war against these nations with so much energy that in a remarkably short time he subdued them. The remainder of his life belongs to the general history of Rome. At the close of the Gallic war he returned to Rome, and, after defeating Pompey who fled to Greece, but was afterwards murdered in Egypt, was made Emperor. This scheme of government became an hereditary monarchy under the name or form of republic. During the short period of Caesar's dominion he enacted a series of measures of wise and political statesmanship, namely the reform of the calendar, the regulation of the administrative system and a policy of checks upon abuses of money power. But this supreme authority excited the envy and hatred of a fanatical party who vainly thought to restore the rule of a licentious aristocracy. On the 15th of March, 44 (B. C.) Julius Caesar was foully assassinated by a number of conspirators under the leadership of the ungrateful Brutus. There in the senate house, surrounded on all sides by enemies and by those whom he had regarded as friends, Caesar stood erect and defiant, with a determination characteristic of the man, unyielding and uncompromising. When he was asked to recall from exile Publius Cimber, the brother of Metellius Cimber, one of the conspirators, he gave them a positive denial. Forthwith they began the assault,

as agreed upon before, and although receiving many wounds he continued to fight like some savage beast attacked by hunters; until stabbed by Brutus, for whom he had a sincere affection. Then drawing his robe over his face he died. As Shakespeare beautifully remarks:

"Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell."

Julius Cæsar was, indeed, a man whose character is well worthy of the closest analysis. His great power and influence with the Roman people were entirely due to his extraordinary talents and indomitable courage. His lofty ambition was made manifest early in life. The story is told that when he and his followers were crossing the Alps they came to a certain insignificant town. One of his friends said jestingly: "Can there be any such envy and ambition here as we see among the great?" To this Cæsar replied proudly: "I would rather be first here than second at Rome." His ambition was indeed his ruin. He had received from the people all the attributes of kingly power, but was not satisfied until he was crowned King. Although even this was freely given, it did not take long for his enemies to make use of this title as a means of arousing the hatred of the people against him. They were reminded of the detested Tarquins, and were cautioned against opening the way for kingly tyranny and oppression. But with all this he was a hero, a noble-minded and magnanimous citizen who loved his country and used the great powers which nature bestowed upon him for its best interests.

After the death of Cæsar, terror and dismay prevailed, not only at Rome, but also throughout the extent of the empire. The conspirators were, at first, permitted to go unmolested; in some parts they were even received with approbation. The plebeians revered them as heroes and patriots who had liberated them from the dominion of a tyrant. But the body of Cæsar was scarcely cold before they realized the magnitude of their loss and the monstrous ingratitude of which they were guilty in approving the assassination of their greatest friend and benefactor. They were consequently so incensed against the assassins that the latter deemed it expedient to leave the capital and to conceal themselves in some distant country. Civil war was again renewed with increased vigor, and the commonwealth was plunged in a deeper state of barbarism than that from which it had been rescued

under the short dominion of Cæsar. That he had been always devoted to the welfare of the state and spent his brilliant career chiefly in promoting the true interest of the republic is attested by many prominent contemporaneous authors. Plutarch, in writing of Cæsar's attempt at sovereignty, says that his oppression was merely nominal, for no tyrannical act could be laid to his charge; and he adds:—"Nay, such was the condition of Rome that it evidently required a master; and Cæsar was no more than a tender and skilful physician appointed by Providence to heal the distemper of the state."

The assassination of Cæsar was, therefore, a mark of the basest ingratitude on the part of the Roman people; and it is only fair and reasonable to conjecture that had he been permitted to reach a mature age, he would have doubtless by that same authority which had always characterized him as a statesman, elevated the republic to as great a degree of prominence as his grand-nephew, Caius Octavius, surnamed Augustus, at a later period.

M. J. MURPHY, '95.

The Annual Retreat.

The students' annual retreat commenced on Sunday evening, Dec. 11th, and ended Thursday, Dec. 15th, '93. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. M. J. Garaghty, O.S.A., of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

How fully the students realized the truth of the opening text, "Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation," was best shown by the fervor and sincerity manifested during the retreat, a truly edifying sight to a new-comer at Villanova. Nor are we surprised that such was the case when we consider the important part taken in our retreat by the Rev. Father Garaghty who exercised to the very best advantage his influence over young men.

Who could listen to him and not be touched by his eloquence when he spoke of the goodness of God and the ingratitude of man, of God's mercy and man's perverseness, of the eternal truths and their influence upon the soul? During his conferences he referred frequently to the faults prevalent among young men and earnestly exhorted his auditors to avoid them.

The retreat is over, but is it forgotten? No, the seeds then scattered, we hope, have fallen on good ground whence they will spring forth and bear an hundredfold.

EDWARD G. DOHAN, '96.

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EDITORIALS.

TO THE old year we bid|a fond adieu. While to many it has brought more than its usual share of trouble and affliction, yet for us it had more than its usual share of joys and blessings, and on account of these we forgive the old year for whatever trials it has sent us while executing the decrees of divine Providence. To the students of Villanova the year just past will be a memorable one, not only for the pleasant associations formed during that time, but also on account of the Golden Jubilee celebration of the founding of our College. The Alumni and friends of our institution who were present on that occasion will look back to it as one of the fondest memories of the past year. 'Twas the year which witnessed the establishment and subsequent progress of our MONTHLY. Filled with the happy spirit of the New Year we extend to all our subscribers and patrons the compliments of the season. Particularly are these extended to the members of the original staff, whose interest in the MONTHLY contributed so much to its success. And since it is customary at the beginning of a new year to make resolutions, ours will be to continue the good work of our predecessors. If the close of the present year will be productive of such results we will be convinced that our work has not been in vain, moreover, we will be amply repaid for our efforts, and satisfied with ourselves.

OUR Catholic people are displaying considerable anxiety about the new organization, professedly hostile, which has lately attracted so much attention. At first sight its title, A. P. Aism, suggests to us something of the animal kingdom, which ordinarily would be considered harmless, but 'tis more, 'tis a hideous monster, ever ready to destroy the innocent and unwary. Its animating principle is a spirit of bigotry and hostility to everything Catholic and this spirit is manifested in such a repulsive and repugnant manner that no self-respecting person can approach it. But if, led on by the irresistible impulse of curiosity natural to us all, we desire to examine it thoroughly, this would be impracticable, since it is only associated with dark and obscure places, concealed and shielded by its own blackness. By this time it must know that it is considered by all pure minded persons an undesirable addition to the animal kingdom and foreign to this beautiful land of ours, in which freedom of thought and freedom of action have ever found protection under the Constitution. As it would be most dangerous to allow this monster further liberty, proper measures should be immediately taken to check its destructive course.

IN all the whirl and excitement of this busy life of ours, there is one fact which cannot escape the notice of even an ordinary observer, namely, that most men interest themselves only in matters of great moment to themselves or their fellow-men, to the total neglect of everything of a trivial kind. While generally there may be little or no harm in such a course, yet it frequently happens that great evil results from a mistaken notion of what really constitutes trifles. The single performance of an act may be trivial in itself. Repeated it assumes greater significance, and so on it grows in importance with every repetition until it becomes of great moment. If the first tended to good, the last will also; if to bad, so will the other. Herein then lies the evil. Many fail to draw the line between the first and second acts when the first is bad in itself. They fail to note the error of their ways in the beginning, and their bad acts grow into bad habits, to the destruction of the unfortunates who have acquired them. Pope faithfully portrays the transition in the well known words :

“ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien ;
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

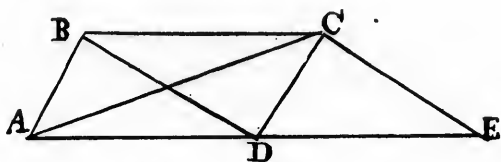
MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

40.—Prove that the sum of the squares of the diagonals of a parallelogram is equal to the sum of the squares of its four sides.



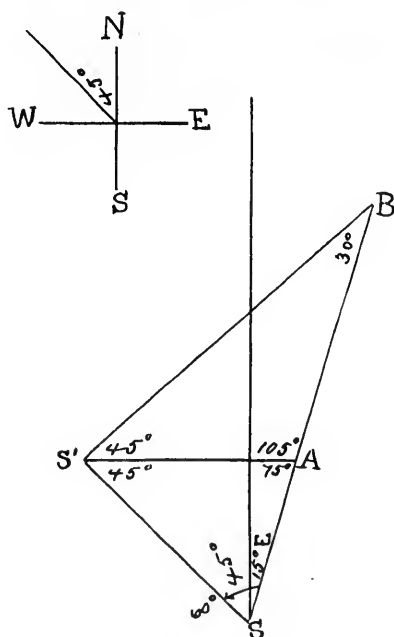
Solution by M. J. Murphy, '95.

Let $ABCD$, be the parallelogram. Draw CE , parallel to BD ; produce AD , to meet CE . Now, $AD = BC$, and $DE = BC$; $\therefore AD = DE$; $\therefore AE$ is bisected and CD is the median, hence $\overline{AC}^2 + \overline{CE}^2 = 2\overline{AD}^2 + 2\overline{DC}^2$; but $\overline{CE}^2 = \overline{BD}^2$; $\therefore \overline{AC}^2 + \overline{BD}^2 = 2\overline{AD}^2 + 2\overline{DC}^2$

But $2\overline{AB}^2 + 2\overline{BC}^2 = \overline{AD}^2 + \overline{DC}^2 + \overline{AB}^2 + \overline{BC}^2$

$\therefore \overline{AC}^2 + \overline{BD}^2 =$ the sum of the squares of the four sides of the parallelogram.

43.—Two objects A and B were observed from a ship to be at the same instant in a line bearing N. 15° E. The ship then sailed north-west 5



miles, when it was found that A bore due east and B bore north-east. Find the distance from A to B .

Solution by J. F. O'Leary, '94.

Let Fig. 1 represent the cardinal points. S the first position of the ship. S' the position after sailing 5 miles.

$$BSN = 15^\circ$$

$$BSS' = 60^\circ$$

$$SAS' = 75^\circ$$

$$BAS' = 105^\circ$$

$$ABS' = 30^\circ$$

$$\frac{S'A}{SS'} = \frac{\sin ASS'}{\sin S'AS}$$

$$S'A = \frac{SS' \times \sin ASS'}{\sin S'AS}$$

$$\log S'A = \log SS' + \log \sin ASS' + \text{colog} \sin S'AS$$

$$\log S'A = \log 5 \text{ miles} + \log \sin 60^\circ + \text{colog} \sin 75^\circ$$

$$\log 5 = 0.69897$$

$$\log \sin 60^\circ = 9.93753 - 10$$

$$\text{colog} \sin 75^\circ = 0.01506$$

$$\log S'A = 0.65156$$

$$\frac{AB}{S'A} = \frac{\sin BS'A}{\sin S'BA}$$

$$AB = \frac{S'A \times \sin BS'A}{\sin S'BA}$$

$$\log AB = \log S'A + \log \sin BS'A + \text{colog} \sin S'BA$$

$$\log AB = 0.65156 + \log \sin 45^\circ + \text{colog} \sin 30^\circ$$

$$\log S'A = 0.65156$$

$$\log \sin 45^\circ = 9.84949 - 10$$

$$\text{colog} \sin 30^\circ = 0.30103$$

$$\log AB = 0.80208$$

$$AB = 6.3399 \text{ miles.}$$

44.—If a cubical foot of brass were to be drawn into wire of $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in diameter; required the length of wire, allowing no loss in the metal.

Solution by Walter D. Riordan, '95.

The wire is a cylinder, whose volume divided by the area of a section equals its length.

$$\frac{\text{volume}}{\text{area of base}} = \text{length}$$

$$\text{one cubic foot} = 1728$$

$$\text{cu. inches } \left(\frac{1}{16}\right)^2 \times .7854$$

$$= \text{area of base } \therefore$$

$$\frac{1728}{\left(\frac{1}{16}\right)^2 \times .7854} = \text{length}$$

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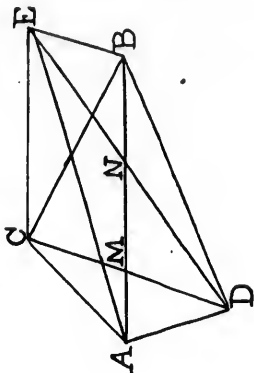
$$\frac{1728}{\left(\frac{1}{16}\right)^2 \times .7854} = \text{length}$$

$$\frac{1728}{\left(\frac{1}{16}\right)^2 \times .7854} = \text{length}$$

47.—Prove: If two equal triangles ABC and ABD be on the same base AB , but on opposite sides, the line joining the vertices C and D is bisected by AB .

Solution by Martin T. Field, '95.

Through A and B draw AE , BE , parallel to BD , AD , respectively; join EC . Now, since $AEBD$ is a parallelogram, the $\triangle AEB = \triangle ADB$; but $\angle ADB = \angle ACB$ (hyp); $\therefore \angle ACB = \angle AEB$, $\therefore CE$ is parallel to AB , because equal triangles



on the same base and on the same side of it, the straight line joining their vertices is parallel to the base on which they stand).

Let CD , ED meet AB in the points M , N .

Now, since $AEBD$ is a parallelogram, ED is bisected in N ; and since NM is parallel to EC , CD is bisected in M .

New Problems.

48.—The length of a lake subtends, at a certain point, an angle of $46^\circ 24'$, and the distance from this point to the two extremities of the lake are 346 and 290 feet. Find the length of the lake.

49.—(a). The base of a regular pyramid is a hexagon, of which the side measures 3 feet. Find the height of the pyramid if the lateral area is equal to 10 times the area of the base.

(b). If the edge of a tetrahedron is a , find the homologous edge of a similar tetrahedron twice as large.

50.—Given two sides of an obtuse-angled triangle, which are 20 and 40 poles; required the third side that the triangle may contain just an acre of land.

51.—A straight railway passes two miles from a town. A place is four miles from the town and one mile from the railway. Find by construction how many places answer this description.

52.—A workman has a squared log twice as long as wide or deep, he made out of it a water trough whose sides, ends, and bottom are each three inches thick, and having 11772 solid inches. What is the capacity of the trough in gallons?

SPLINTERS.

New
Year's
Greeting.
Got the Grippe?
Oyster stews.
Cream puffs.
Oh! I forgot.
Brown mixture.
Who went skating?
The "Crows" have flown.
Didn't you carry a skate bag?
He took his final drive.
He knows his little book.
We had a good time, didn't we?
Gents, look out for the milkman.
You have an elephant on your hands.
It was easily deduced from the proposition.
At last we have it. "Next; no waiting."
Of course it's no trouble.
Who is that fellow that looks cross-eyed at the kitchen?

You know I have been as true as steel. Yes, I know that; but here now is another chance to test your metal.

Bro. Rob. has a new remedy for the "grippe." Peaches and chop-sticks.

Oh, John! I thought you would never come. What kept you?

The daily question: Did your ship come yet?

The worthy seniors may be all right, but they are four J's just the same.

He listened intently, and discovered from remarks dropped that some of our young men are making rapid progress in the art of decorating.

Our friend from S—. is more fortunate than many of us. He carries his little cottage with him, and thereby suffers no inconveniences.

A.—Say, you put one in on me.

B.—I will if *you* will put one in on me.

A.—All right.

B.—It's a go.

Smiles, handshaking, etc.

We have learned from good authority that the "Glass House" which nurtured such tender plants as a "Cally" and a R— is soon to be leveled to the ground, not by the hatchet of George Washington, but of George —.

Professor, some more music, please?
He fell in and got wet.
Two little girls in blue.

Have you a corner? Yes, he has the other. Oh!
every Field has a corner.

May the dog that ate my rubbers die of indigestion.

Who are you? I am Mr.——. Perhaps you know my uncle who was here twenty-five years ago.

Oh! excuse me, that was before my time.

We have just four miles to walk. Let's hurry
it's only a mile for each.

Joe, after a hard year of study, beholds his semi-annual examination in music approaching, and as a consequence has rosined his bow for the occasion.

There is boy a named Abel,
Who plays the violin;
The builders of old Babel
Aren't in it with him.

The Hand-ball player reported that on a certain nail in the dormitory there hung a vest which belonged to the man from the "city of watches," and that in that vest there was something that ticked like an eight-day clock, and disturbed the peaceful slumber of the boys. What was it?

Big John has promised his friends a reception after the holidays. He said that he would send a box to himself, and freely distribute the contents.

Slowly they ope'd the door,
Softly they trod the floor.
They stopped! for they heard some talk;
They dusted! for they dared not walk.

"ODE TO THE RESPECTED PROFESSOR OF JUG-
MATICS."

There was a teacher and every day
Jugging fellows for him was play.
He thought he was "strictly in the swim"
When for five hundred he got you in.
The paper came out, the name went down,
He told you the reason with many a frown.
I'll jug you to-day without a doubt
Was greeted with many a laugh and shout.
You think with me you are having fun,
You'll find your mistake at twenty to one.
Oh! all you "Grammarians" for him look out!
If he gets you in jug you'll never get out!

H. F. NELSON.

PERSONALS.

Rev. R. F. Harris spent the holidays in Boston.
Michael Kelley, '82, visited the College on Sunday, Dec. 31.

Mrs. J. G. Loretto paid a short visit to her son Joseph, Monday, Dec. 18th.

Rev. J. J. O'Brien, Bryn Mawr, Pa., spent New Year's day with the Faculty.

Rev. James Curran, of Schaghticoke, N. Y., was the guest of the Faculty lately.

Rev. Jno. Leonard spent the holidays with relatives and friends in Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. Andrew Ryan, of New York, was lately the guest of his friend, Mr. Edward Dohan.

Rev. F. X. McGowan writes us that he is enjoying his trip through Europe very much.

Miss Coar, of Jersey City, paid a short visit to her brother Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A., Sunday, Dec. 17th.

Mr. Merino, of Philadelphia, called at the College and took his ward, Narciso Valhounrat home for the holidays.

Rev. N. J. Murphy, of St. Augustine's, Philadelphia, has returned, having made a very enjoyable trip through Europe.

We announce with pleasure the recovery of Rev. Father O'Connell, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., after a long and serious illness.

Mrs. Laura McCloskey, of Pittsburgh, recently called at the College to take her son George home for the holidays. Maybe George wasn't glad to see her.

Rev. Fathers L. A. Delurey and W. A. Coar assisted at the Solemn Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral at Harrisburg on Christmas day. The former preached on the occasion. The latter then proceeded to his home in Jersey City to spend the holidays.

Another Silver Jubilee in Philadelphia helps to bear out the statement that the year '93 was a notable one for such celebrations. We congratulate Rev. William Kieran, D.D. of St. Patrick's on his twenty-five years of faithful work in the service of God and his people.

During the past month the Archdiocese of Philadelphia in general and Port Richmond in particular suffered a great loss in the death of Rev. Thomas Mullen. While his health had been delicate for many years, yet he was ever attentive to the wants of his people, ever ready when duty called him. We sympathize with the people of St. Anne's for we feel that it will be difficult to make good their loss.

THE SOCIETIES.

V. D. S. On Friday afternoon, December 15, Messrs. J. E. O'Donnell, B. J. O'Donnell, E. J. Wade and S. T. Kenney proved to be pleasing and forcible debaters, when they discussed the subject: Resolved—That the Pulpit is more influential than the Press.

The affirmatives, Messrs. J. E. O'Donnell and B. J. O'Donnell, who are not brothers, showed the far-reaching influences of the Pulpit. They brought forward striking instances from the early Christian times to the present, and considered their subject from various points of view.

Messrs. Wade and Kenney, the negatives, were well prepared to reply to the apparently incontrovertible arguments of their opponents. The former gentlemen clearly and cogently discussed the great influence emanating from the Press.

When the debate was open to the house, Messrs. Buckley, Dohan, Riordan, O'Leary and Dolan, all able disputants, spoke upon the question. Mr. J. E. O'Donnell's sallies of wit, and Mr. Wade's telling retorts throughout the debate, won much applause. The critic, when his time came to decide, reserved his decision, after much reflection.

V. L. I. The V. L. I. held its monthly meeting December 11. As it was to be the last meeting of the year a goodly attendance was requested and the members responded almost to a man. Much business of importance was transacted. Among the recent presents to the library is a neatly prepared Index, the work of Michael S. Gibney, '95, for which the society wishes to return sincere thanks. The new furniture, which is expected soon after the holidays, will be a great improvement. After the admission of six new members the meeting adjourned.

V. A. A. On December 6, the V. A. A. held the last meeting of '93. As the interest in athletics is rapidly increasing, there was an unusually large attendance. The association intends to make the year of '94 a very successful one. Such being the case the expenses will be heavier than ever before. To meet these expenses, besides the usual amount raised among the students, the association will give an entertainment. The association has this year, for the first time, called upon the Alumni for some assistance in this line. It is needless to say that the association will feel very grateful for whatever is done for it by its friends.

EXCHANGES.

"Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow," is a very well chosen motto for *The Collegium*. The appearance and size of this journal compared with last year's are quite in keeping with its modest motto. If it continues to "grow," especially in its literary articles, it will soon hold an enviable place among college journals. Why not be a little more careful in the arrangement of literary contributions? For instance, in the November issue, "The Beauties of Nature," an article of real merit, could indeed have a more conspicuous place. The Exchange Column, "November Nonsense," "Local Items," seemed to be inserted at random, as if they were written for unoccupied space.

Although the *Owl* is not the acme of perfection, nevertheless it may be justly entitled a bureau of miscellaneous information. The treatise on "The Elements in Connection with Sanitation" is a learned contribution of scientific truths ably written. Among the many articles "Once Monarch of the Prairies," "Methods and Aims of Grecian Universities," deserve perusal.

The November number of *St. Mary's Sentinel* contains many literary articles appropriate and interesting. "Manly Exercises in Colleges," should attract the attention of all, not only for the common sense and sound judgment displayed in it, but for the manner in which the utility of such exercise is shown.

The editorials in the *Manitoba College Journal* manifest careful study and preparation, and reflect credit upon the journal. "First Quarter Century of the Dominion" is in brief a history of Canada in her infancy. The writer clothes his ideas in simple but strong language. Diligence of research is displayed throughout the composition.

We extend a hearty welcome to our latest exchange *The Eatonian*, Jackson, Tenn. The initial number gives promise of a great future for this journal. The general appearance in regard to form and type is very good. Long may this journal flourish.

In our opinion *The Earhamite* stands a leader in typographical display among college journals.

The following exchanges were at their regular places: *Ave Maria*, *Agnetian Monthly*, *Catholic High School Journal*, Phila.; *Carmelite Review*, *The Mirror*, Phila.; *Lawrence High School*, *Arthenaeum*, *Orphans' Bouquet*, *Viatorian*, *Notre Dame Scholastic Facts*, *St. John's University Record*.

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No. 2.



"God's Will be Done."

OD'S will be done ! " it is the only prayer
That cometh now into my faint, sad heart,
For, from God's will I have no will apart :
And yet I gain no grace, for my despair
Hath bowed me thus, and brought me to His feet,
And not the meekness of a spirit sweet
And gentle, filled with love, submission, trust,
But a crushed spirit, humbled to the dust.

"God's will be done !" the path seems drear and long ;
I have no aim to guide to any goal.
And looking onwards as the slow years roll,
No light can I discern, no purpose strong,
To nerve and brace me for the battle-field.
I could lay down my arms and weakly yield,
Before the guerdon of the fight is won ;
The victory gained, the day's long conflict done.

"God's will be done !" Again, and yet again,
The words return, and echo through my soul,
And some day, may be, they may "make me whole,"
And work a cure and ease me of this pain,
And I shall feel again the pulse of life
Quicken within me, and the weary strife
Be ended, of these long and empty days ;
And, gazing upward I shall give God praise.

M. W.

The Early Western Politician.

The colonizing of the "Great West" was attended by many peculiar circumstances which had their origin principally in the character and surroundings of the colonists. The settlements were weak and the population small; with the exception of a few narrow fields in the vicinity of each frontier, fort, or stockade, the vast extent of territory was wild and uncultivated, and held in undisturbed possession by Indians and wild beasts.

The distance between these settlements and the original States was so great that assistance was impossible. In those times, therefore, though a few were looking forward to separate political organization and the erection of new States, the larger number of the Western people were too constantly occupied with their defence to give much attention to internal politics. Such organization as they had was principally military; the early pioneer, who had distinguished himself in the first explorations of the country, or by successfully leading and establishing a new settlement, became not only the commander of the fort but also the law-giver of the community.

The pressure of external danger was too great to allow a very liberal democracy in government; and, as must be the case in all primitive assemblages of men, the counsels and commands of him whom they knew to be the most able were always observed. He who had proven himself competent to lead was, therefore, the leader by right; and the evidence required was the performance of such exploits and the display of such courage as were necessary to the defence, well-being and protection of the settlers. It is obvious that no mere pretender could exhibit these proofs, and that where they were taken as the sole measure of a man's worth, skill with a rifle was of more value than skill with the tongue—Indian-fighting a more respectable occupation than speech-making. The people had neither time nor patience to listen to declamation; the man who rose in a public assembly and called upon his neighbors to follow him in avenging a wrong made the only speech that they cared to hear. Besides, the men of the frontier were simple-hearted and unambitious, desiring nothing so much as to be left alone, and willing to make a compact of forbearance with the whole world, excepting only the Indians. They had never been accustomed to the restraints of municipal regulation; they were innocent of the unhealthy pleasures of office-seeking; their lives had given them little or no knowledge of the nature and importance of offices.

But as time rolled away and the population of

the country became more dense, as the pressure of external danger was withdrawn, and the necessities of defence grew less urgent, the rigor of military organization gradually became irksome. The seeds of civil institutions began to germinate among the people, while the extending interests of communities required corresponding enactments and regulations. The instincts of social beings, love of home and family, attachment to property, the desire of tranquility and, perhaps, an ambition for a good repute among neighbors, all combined to open men's eyes to the importance of peaceful institutions. Then began to appear for the first time the class of politicians, though, as yet, office-seeking had not become a trade, nor office-holding a regular means of livelihood. Politics had not acquired a place among the arts, nor had its professors become the teachers of the land; there were few, indeed, who sought to fill civil stations, and although men's qualifications for office were probably not any more rigidly examined than now, those who possessed the due degree of prominence were, either in their own opinion or in that of their fellow-citizens, peculiarly capable of performing such functions. They were generally men who had made themselves conspicuous or useful in other capacities, who had become well or favorably known to their neighbors through their zeal, courage, sagacity, or public spirit.

A leader of regulators, for example, whose administration of his dangerous powers had been marked by promptitude and severity, was expected to be equally efficient when clothed with more regular authority. A captain of the rangers, whose enterprise had been remarkable for certainty and success would, it was believed, do quite as good service in the capacity of a civil officer. A daring pioneer, whose courage or presence of mind had saved himself or others from the dangers of the wilderness, ought surely to make as safe a guide in the pathless ways of politics. There was another class whose members were distinguished as being noisy, loud-talking, wise-looking men, self-constituted oracles, with a better opinion of their own wisdom than any one else was willing to endorse. Such men became "file-leaders," or "pivot men," because the taciturn people of the West, though inclined to undervalue a mere talker, were simple-minded enough to accept a man's valuation of his own powers, or easy-tempered enough to spare themselves the trouble of investigating so small a matter.

Those were the halcyon days for mere pretenders, since their claims were allowed, chiefly because they were not deemed worth controverting, and the difference between these and the more worthy class

was hardly recognizable, since the methods which both classes used to assert their claims were the same and were equally admitted by the people.

In personal appearance the primitive politician was well calculated to retain the authority invested in him by such a people; he was in fact an epitome of all the physical qualities which distinguish the rugged people of the West; and between these and moral and intellectual qualities, there is a general correspondence. He bore upon his brow and features the marks of the great struggles through which he passed, and although these features were for that reason harsh and severe, nevertheless he was usually kind-hearted and sympathetic in his relation with his fellow-citizens.

In those things for which his qualifications were appropriate the politician did thoroughly well, but sometimes the success which was in fact the result of his manly candor, was attributed by him to his cunning management. Naturally he was always forming and attempting to execute schemes to circumvent his political opponents, but usually, if he bore down all opposition, it was in spite of his chicanery, and not by its assistance. He resorted to every conceivable art to induce the freemen to vote *properly*, and when he could not succeed in this, his next effort was to prevent them from voting at all. On election day he would gather his clans about him, among them "the boys from the heads of the hollow," men who were never seen beyond the precincts of their own little clearings from one end of the year to the other, except on that day and the Fourth of July. He would chat with them, whittle with them, drink with them, watching all the time, however, that no one over whom he believed that he had control went away without voting the *straight ticket*, and then if elected, he and his friends would celebrate their success in a right royal manner.

In the course of time, his class began to decay, the tide of immigration, or the increasing intelligence of the people, raised up men of larger views; and he speedily found himself outstripped in the race and forgotten by his ancient retainers. Then, like his predecessor, the original frontiersman, disgusted with civilization and its refinements, he migrated to more congenial regions and in the scenes of his former triumphs was heard no more.

M. H. McDONNELL, '95.

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou
lose.

Richard II., ii. 1.

St Augustine of Hippo.

FIFTH PAPER.

It does not seem uncalled for by our subject, here to make a slight digression, so as to set forth a little more in detail the Augustinian scheme of virtuous life,—to tell more fully in just what Augustine, in his clear-headed and common sense way of viewing human nature in all its varying phases of good and evil, insisted on in his spoken and written words, as the primary, the fundamental, and the wholly necessary basis of what one may style a good every-day Christian life,—one that would fully come up to the standard of moral goodness required by the Maker and the Redeemer of mankind—and the one that by word and example He sought to have His disciples follow.

Augustine perceiving that as man who has been created only for good, for happiness, for eternal glory to which he has been destined by a loving Creator and Redeemer, falls away from his great birth-right and divine ideal, because of his voluntary yielding to the evil bents of his nature, hence in pursuance of his plan of leading his charges back again to the primitive and natural duties of their station in life, did he set out by laying down very clearly and emphatically certain plain and evident truths known to all by reason and religion, which may be looked upon as the ground-work of all social and ethical reform.

Augustine was led to this rebuilding of the moral edifice at Hippo, by recognizing that while in Africa there were many evil-minded men, there were also many just and holy souls. Despite the troubles and sorrows of the times, virtue was not dead in Africa. Besides the many references in his works to the saintly men and women who illustrated and adorned the diocese of Hippo by their virtues and sanctity, the persecution of the Vandals, which followed not long after Augustine's death, attests by its ferocity and its long duration and by the countless martyrs it sent to heaven, that the age of heroism had not vanished.

But he also saw that in the harvest-field of the Lord, much cockle was mixed with the good seed,—that while there were many saints, there were also many sinners, and these he desired to convert.

Frequently does the pious and warm-hearted prelate in his solicitude for religion and his zealous care of his countrymen, deplore this sad state of his people,—this falling away of the multitude from the teachings of their fathers, from the first principles of all natural and revealed law, from the very commonest dictates of conscience, and of decency and of belief. And apart from his thirst for souls, Augustine (no doubt inspired by

the Most High) was moved to his task of reforming his people, by his views of the society of his day.

Society throughout the Christendom of the IVth and Vth centuries was confessedly very corrupt. All classes of men, not merely the giddy world of pleasure, but the cultured world of the day, the world of labor, and the world of science, and the world of trade and commerce, as any one who chooses may learn from the records of the times, were being led astray by the spirit of the world from the truths of God and of nature.

The histories of this era, the chronicles, the dramas, the school-books, the state reports of rulers and officials, bear witness to the otherwise almost inconceivable depth of moral and religious rottenness, into which the Western World—Africa, Gaul, Spain and Italy, not to speak of the Eastern World, was plunged. Augustine's own works, especially his *City of God*, wherein may be read the story of his times, relate enough to show us that everywhere two evil influences were at work against the Church and State. These were bad teaching and bad example—the one assailing the intellect, the other corrupting the will, of men, and both together undermining the Church in Africa and wrecking the fairest hopes of ecclesiastical and civil society. Of the evil doctrines taught it may be said, that there was barely a religious or moral truth that was not endangered in some guise or other. Of God—the Supreme Being, it was taught that He was not one but more than one; that He was not pure spirit, but a kind of medley of matter and spirit,—a composite of flesh and blood and passions; of Christ—the only Son of God, that He was not God, nor even divine, that He probably had been a good man, but nothing more than man; that His merits, His graces, His atonement were of little or no avail; that they were in fact not needed by man, and at best could do him but little good; of the Sacraments of Holy Church—the Life-giving symbols of the infinite love of a Redeemer, and the institutions of His infinite mercy, that they were of little efficacy; were mere shadowy rites, of little importance, and were even largely the foolish remnants of a childish and unmeaning superstition; of man himself, who (as every one in his own inner heart can bear witness) is capable of the full and free exercise of his powers, it was taught by some that he was merely an automaton, a being ruled by blind destiny and fate, and by others that he was a being so perfect and all-sufficient, that he needed no aid, no grace from on high, that of himself he could win everything in this world as well as in the next.

Such were some of the evil doctrines taught in the chief cities,—in the famous schools of the Western and Eastern Empires. They were the teachings of Manes, Arius, (of whom St. Jerome, a contemporary of Augustine, had said that the whole world was becoming Arian,) of Donatus and Pelagius.

While the schools, very many of them frequented by the Faithful,—schools that should have been training-grounds for natural and Christian morality, and the public shows with their games and circuses, whither flocked even the Christians, for their pastimes, were utterly unhealthy for soul and body,—were, in fact, publicly and unblushingly training-schools of mischief and hot-beds of viciousness in its most seductive, obscene and corrupting forms. Thus the people—not only pagan but Christian, not only one class, but all classes, were in one degree or another, being given over, some slightly, others gravely, wholly to the spirit of evil,—to the spirit of the flesh, and to the pride of life. In brief, the trend of the age in its teachings and examples was largely anti-Christian, and sanctioned a maximum of worldly riotings and delights with a minimum of self-restraint and common decency. Men were being paganized again.

In thus stating the intellectual, moral and social decay and rottenness of this era, in which the people—rulers and ruled—reveled in their waywardnesses and lusts, the pen almost shrinks from relating except in general terms the frightful corruption of the age, which not many years after Augustine's death, (he died A. D. 430, and the Fall of the Empire is commonly placed in A. D. 475,) drew down on the great empire—the mightiest social and political fabric that ever had been reared by the hand of man,—the awful punishments of the offended majesty of the Most High.

Whoever wishes to learn more of the chief features of these times, may find enough in Augustine's *City of God* to show how like another Solom and Gomorrah the proud empire of Rome went to its doom. Yet,—and there was some consolation though sorrowful in the thought,—the unbelief and viciousness of Augustine's age were evils, that in all times, from the very beginning of the world, had been making men traitors to the Most High. The world had been saved once, why then not again?

T. C. M.

(To be Continued.)

Time; its Value and Uses.

What subject is more natural and appropriate than the above for the consideration of young men, especially of those at college? They, as a rule, never fully realize that they have arrived at the turning point of life; that they are passing through that critical period of their existence, which is destined to tell extensively on their whole future career; that they are under influences, which, for good or evil, will undoubtedly give a tone and color to their conduct, habits and character. If these momentous truths could take possession of their souls, they would undoubtedly grasp, in its varied phases, the meaning of the word, Time.

Let us consider briefly that portion of youth which verges on manhood. Whatever motive principle a young man has in him, is then stimulated into activity, and suddenly attains a strength and power previously unfelt and unknown. It is at this time that the young man and those whose duty is to mould or form his character should bear in mind that, "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." This period of life, lying between early youth and the maturity of manhood, has as much of the fire of youth, of its liberal warmth, of its amiable frankness, as to leave the mind open to receive the impressions which it is very desirable should be made upon it; and at the same time, it has as much of the tenacity of approaching manhood, as to retain those impressions through after life. Surely it must be evident to every one that, when the cares and responsibilities which come with mature years shall have engrossed his attention, the many opportunities which his youth afforded him will have been lost forever. In the United States Mint at Philadelphia, a rack is placed over the floor of the gold room to prevent a visitor from carrying away with the dust of his feet the minute particles of gold, which, despite the utmost care, fall upon the floor when the rougher edges of the bar are filed. The sweepings of the building save yearly thousands of dollars. "How much more precious," says an American writer, "are the minute fragments of time which are wasted by the young, especially by those who are toiling in the mints of knowledge! Who can estimate the value to a college student of this golden dust, these raspings and parings of life, these leavings of days and remnants of hours, so valueless singly, so inestimable in the aggregate, could they be gleaned up and turned to mental improvement!"

The improvement of time is important in itself; but how to improve it, is equally so. It is necessary not so much to get knowledge, as to strengthen and develop the intellect. The possessor of knowledge should understand its value and be able to

turn it to account in the way of utility. Milton says:

"Who reads incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep read in books, but shallow in himself."

In order to be profitable, reading and reflection must be united. It has been said that a mere swallower of books is no more likely to become wise, than is a glutton to be healthy and strong. To improve time, it is necessary to read intelligently and thoughtfully.

Writing your own thoughts will make them clear to your own minds. "I confess," said St. Augustine, "that by writing I have learned many things which nothing else had taught me." Every young man can recall to mind Bacon's words, "Reading makes a full man, talking a ready man, and writing an exact man." Of all means of mental culture, writing is held to be the best; it strengthens and deepens the intellectual faculties. It may be safely said, that any man who has never translated his thoughts into written language, is unable to think correctly or profoundly. One must take the pen and do honest work to learn the secret of diligent meditation, to acquire the habit of grappling intelligently and successfully with the problems which greatly concern him as man.

The proper and assiduous employment of time is essential, also, to the preservation of health, cheerfulness of temper, purity of heart, and growth of character. Young man, if you learn the present value of single minutes, you will not look back hereafter with dissatisfaction and repentance. How vengeful wasted time is! How it stings at the last! It diminishes the chances of a happy and successful end. Use your time well and conscientiously, not in hope of success, but of excellence which is its own recompense.

T. J. LEE, '95.

Very Rev. Father McKenna's Visit.

During the past month the Very Rev. C. H. McKenna, the distinguished Dominican, paid us a visit. He was accompanied from Philadelphia by Very Rev. J. D. Waldron, O.S.A., provincial. After dining with the faculty, he was escorted to the college dramatic hall, where the students entertained him with the following programme:

Selection from "Robin Hood," R. De Koven, college orchestra; "The Old, Old Story," solo and chorus, Woolson Morse, College Glee Club, string accompaniment.

After the above two numbers were finished B. J. O'Donnell, in the name of the students, welcomed the distinguished visitor in a very appropriate and well-rendered address. The speaker referred to the

similarity between the Dominicans and the Augustinians, speaking words of praise for the immortal St. Thomas Aquinas and for the guest's missionary labors. Mr. O'Donnell closed his remarks by asking the Very Rev. Father for some words of encouragement, requesting also that his influence be brought to bear upon the faculty to give the students at least one day's freedom from studies. The speaker was loudly applauded for the manner in which he acquitted himself. Undoubtedly a good share of the applause was in response to his last request, for, freedom from study, even for one day, is, we all know, very gratifying to the tired student.

The venerable Father arose and in some well-chosen and effective words thanked the students most cordially for the reception tendered him. He said he had long since wished to visit Villanova, but not till the present had he the opportunity to realize his fond wish. He expressed himself as being very agreeably surprised, as such a reception was altogether unexpected. He dwelt at some length on the memorable Dr. Moriarty, O.S.A., to whom he, as a boy, was wont to listen with the greatest enthusiasm, and from whom he learned his first lessons in public speaking. Continuing, he exhorted the students to appreciate the advantages now at their disposal, and to cherish a deep, love for their Church and faith, and finished by asking and obtaining a holiday for the students. It is scarcely necessary to say that the speaker was listened to with great attention and received long-continued applause.

The remainder of the programme consisted of Rossini's "Carnival," by the College Glee Club and Herman's "Cocoanut Dance," by the College Orchestra, for both of which the students were highly complimented. The Very Reverend Guest left soon after, bearing with him the good wishes of all for his continued success and another visit from him in the near future.

Mythology.

The mythology of the ancients has always been considered a matter of utmost importance on account of the great light which it throws upon the history, the literature, the manners and customs of the various nations of antiquity. Every nation had some fabulous stories both religious and patriotic, which we, if not totally ignorant of, are at a loss to understand and explain. No nations abound in myths more than Greece and Rome. Their works are filled to overflowing with such stories, some representing the gods as beautiful, omniscient and rational beings, protectors of na-

tions, propitious in war, kind and beneficent to mankind; others clothing the divinities in the forms of irrational beings.

Many have attempted to fathom the mysteries of mythology but in vain, for to man in general mythology is a puzzle that has never been solved. It was to the ancients what religion is to us. It seemed to guide them in their daily lives, whether their occupation was domestic, commercial or military.

By some Homer and Hesiod are considered the originators of mythology. Their poems contain numerous representations more or less worthy of the Olympian divinities. Even the ancient critics denounced many of these stories as unjust and false, and the authors of them as impious and irreverent. Nevertheless we, viewing these poems as immortal works of literature, cannot but admire the graceful happy manner in which they intertwine the fables of the gods with stories of the great heroes of antiquity.

Virgil, too, clothes mythology in a poetic garb and the beauty and splendor thereby added to his narrative of the foundation of Rome cannot be underrated. One who has ever read Ovid, will notice with what an agreeable play of the imagination he traces the lineage of his people to the ancient heroes, and of these in turn to the gods themselves. Thus we might take up volume after volume of the works of ancient authors, whether historians, poets, dramatists, philosophers or orators, and find them all abounding in myths and mythological allusions.

That mythology was beneficial to all nations and more especially to Rome and Greece is fully verified in the histories of these countries. The idea of it seemed to stir them on to patriotism, and filled them with a holy and reverential fear for the deities who guided them in war and peace. It was in fact a restraining influence, and wherever it was deeply rooted in the minds of men, there was a greater simplicity in life and a more strict attention paid to the laws of morality. So much so that had it not been for mythology, it is almost certain that Greece and Rome would have lapsed into their former barbarism.

Egypt has also given to the world a mythology different from all the others. Like all Orientals, the Egyptians, not content with worshipping in the ordinary form of Pagan ceremony, created, as it were, out of their fervid imaginations the deities that governed them. They recognized the divinity in the sun, moon and stars; in lakes and rivers; in beasts and birds. Although in this manner the Egyptians possessed numerous deities, they were never incorporated into the literature of that

country, and as a result, we look in vain for those sublime works that characterize the literature of Greece and Rome.

The beginnings of all the ancient nations are in this way clouded in the obscurity of myth and fable. The Norseman with his myths of Odin and Thor and the Valkyrie; the Indians with their hunting grounds and their spring of perpetual youth; the dusky savages of Africa worshipping the sun and attributing to it wondrous works wrought in behalf of their ancient lineage; all of these give evidence that some form or other of religious belief and worship prevailed at all times among all nations. The wise men of each nation, it is supposed, in attempting to solve the problems of their own existence, the creation of the world, the nature of the divinity, etc., are accountable for the numerous myths that are found in the histories of all nations. Others, however, assert that all the myths regarding God, the origin and destiny of man and the existence of the earth are corruptions of a revelation that was made to man in the beginning, but which became obscured more or less by reason of separation from the parent stem, and by consequent vice and barbarism. It is difficult, if not altogether impossible, to give an explanation of these ancient myths that will be satisfactory to all. They are myths and myths they will ever remain. But the student of ancient history will find a study of them absolutely necessary in order to understand the most important events of ancient times. Mythology is not therefore devoid of interest; neither is it devoid of benefit; and aside from its pleasant and entertaining qualities it fills the mind with poetical ideas and will be forever associated with all that is immortal of ancient times.

J. J. RYLE, '94.

OBITUARY.

OUR OCTOGENARIAN BROTHER JOHN GOES TO HIS REWARD.—BY HIS DEATH VILLANOVA HAS LOST THE OLDEST MEMBER OF HER COMMUNITY.

Brother John, known in the world as Dennis Gallagher, was born about the year 1812—the precise year of his birth is not known—in the parish of Tulloughbegley, County Donegal, Ireland, of Joseph Gallagher and his wife, Bridget Feary. After some years' service in his native land and in Scotland, where he worked for a while at Glasgow in the manufacture of delfware, Dennis Gallagher

came to the United States with letters of recommendation to the late Dennis Kelly, Esq., of Cobb's Creek, and there found a friendly welcome and a home. This was about 1839. In 1843, having been received in the meantime as a postulant of the Order at St. Augustine's Church, in Philadelphia, he was sent out with another brother postulant to Villanova, that had been purchased a year or so before for community purposes of the province. Here, in that same year, on the Feast of All Saints, Dennis Gallagher was vested with the religious habit of St. Augustine and given the name of John, and as Brother John was known ever afterwards.

At Villanova, with the exception of a few months—about a year in all—Brother John spent the fifty-one years of his religious life, serving the community faithfully as head cook, or as chief of the baking department, until the last five or six years of his life, when old age and increasing infirmities obtained his release from active duty. He made profession of his vows of religion on November 10, 1849, and in the year just spent (1893) celebrated the golden anniversary of his entrance into religion. Thoroughness and faithfulness seemed to be special characteristics of the good old man. Blessed with a powerful constitution and—by temperament and habit—a model of steadiness in his ways, he was always at his post, and never known to be ill. When not on duty in the kitchen or bakery he filled up his spare time in bead-making. His rosaries—so neatly wired—were were famous far and near.

A week or so before his decease he caught a cold—a heavy laryngeal affliction—that soon laid him abed, and, despite the prompt attention of Dr. Allison, the monastery physician, and the solicitous care of the brother infirmarian, brought him to the grave. On Thursday evening, the 8th inst., after receiving the holy oils, the old brother passed to his reward.

The funeral services were held in the monastery church on last Monday. After the recital of the solemn Office of the Dead the Requiem Mass was chanted by the monastery choir. The officers of the Mass were: The Very Rev. James D. Waldron, Provincial of the Augustinians, celebrant; Rev. John B. Leonard, O.S.A., deacon, and Rev. John McErlain, O.S.A., sub-deacon. With the absolution services finished, the religious in procession, chanting the "Benedictus," bore the remains of their old companion to the monastery graveyard and there laid them to rest.

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EDITORIALS.

BY THE death of Geo. W. Childs the city of Philadelphia has lost one of its most esteemed citizens, and the world at large a most devoted and generous friend. The tone of sympathy that pervaded the numerous accounts of his death, and the references made to his many noble and charitable acts evidence the respect and regard in which he was held by his fellow-men. In his life were beautifully portrayed the words of Shakespeare, "He hath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity," while from it, too, those abounding in this world's goods might learn the lesson of thoughtful, systematic charity. There are some who possess enormous wealth, yet seem altogether blind to the wants of the needy. But, happily, there are others to whom the condition of the poverty stricken, and their change from a life of distress and want, to that of comfort and plenty are ever matters of consideration. Of such a kind was the late Mr. Childs. His charity will live after him, and his kindly deeds will be a reminder to the many that their sphere in life should not be confined within the narrow limits of self, but extended, so as to embrace in universal charity

the poor and unfortunate ones of earth. And when we look over this great world of ours, how many are the phases of life that appeal to us! The uneducated, the hungry, the maimed, the destitute. All cry out in plaintive tones: Help us, we are in need. While it is pleasant to note that these appeals are not always in vain, yet it is a matter of regret that charity is sometimes misplaced by the deceit of those asking it. For the peace of mind, however, of those who look beyond the grave for the rewards of righteousness in this life, let them remember that the Almighty considers the motive of charity and not the deed.

IF there is any thing which a young man should constantly have in mind, and to which all his actions, either directly or indirectly should tend, it is the moulding or forming of his character. This must be all the more noticeable to the observant when they look around them and see the mixture of good, bad and indifferent qualities in the manners and habits of men. There are some who are wafted around on every wind of fortune, whose friendship endures only while it can be made the means to a selfish end, whose perseverance lasts only as long as the effort affords novelty, and whose sole aim in life seems to be personal gain, no matter how acquired, by fair means or foul. The world is the loser by reason of such men. They are lacking in character. They are lacking in that which gives us confidence in our fellow-man, the want of which makes every one only too eager to profit by his neighbor's loss. While it is consoling to reflect that there are many in whom mankind can repose confidence, and to whom it can look with pride as examples of nobility of character, yet still we cannot close our eyes to the fact that there are many whose lives show just the reverse. From a moral point of view it must be evident, therefore, that a grave responsibility devolves on those whose duty it is to mould properly the character of the young; and on the latter when they have attained the age of discretion to strive by every means in their power for the accomplishment of that end.

WE owe an apology to our many readers for the late issue of the February number of the VILLANOVA MONTHLY. This, however, is not due to negligence, but to circumstances over which we had no control, such as examinations and La Grippe. We promise them more prompt consideration in the future.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

45.—A side wall of a house is 30 feet high, and the opposite one 40 feet, the roof forms a right angle at the top, the lengths of the rafters are 10 and 12 feet; the end of the shorter is placed on the higher wall and *vice versa*; required the length of the upright which supports the ridge of the roof, and the breadth of the house?

Solution by Thos. J. Lee, '95.

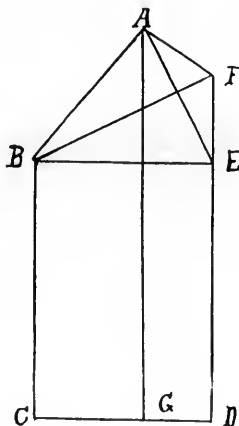
$BC = 30$ feet; $FD = 40$; $AB = 12$; $AF = 10$.

To find AG (the length of the upright which supports the ridge) and EB (the breadth).

EB is drawn parallel to DC . $\therefore EB = 30$ feet and $FE = 10$.

Proof, in the rt. \triangle s FAB and FEB .

$FA = FE$ and $FB = FB$. Hence, the \triangle s are =, and $AB = EB$. $\therefore EB = 12$ feet, which is the breadth of the house.



Join FB and AE . Now the \angle s at A and E are rt. \angle s. \therefore the \angle s at F and B are = to 2 rt. \angle s; hence the angular points of the quadrilateral $AFEB$ are in the circumference of a circle; and therefore $(AE \times FB) = (AB \times FE) + (AF \times EB)$. The rectangle contained by the diagonals of a quadrilateral inscribed in a circle, is equal to the rectangles contained by its opposite sides). A being a rt. \angle .

$$\frac{FB^2 = AD^2 + AB^2 \therefore \sqrt{10^2 + 12^2} = 15.62.}{(10 \times 12) + (12 \times 10) = 15.36 = AE}$$

Then in the $\triangle ABE$, we have $AB = 12$; $EB = 12$; $AE = 15.36$. Therefore we can compute the altitude AH by the following formula taken from (Wentworth's Problems of Computation) page 173.

$$\text{Altitude} = \frac{2}{c} \sqrt{s(s-a)(s-b)(s-c)}$$

$$12 + 12 + 15.36 = 39.36$$

$$s = \frac{39.36}{2} = 19.68$$

$$s - a = 4.32$$

$$s - b = 7.68$$

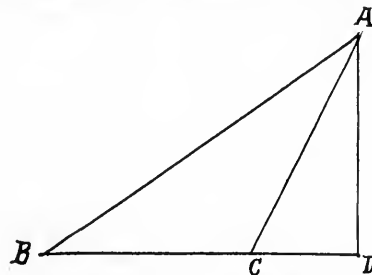
$$s - c = 7.68$$

$$\text{Altitude} = \frac{2}{12} \sqrt{19.68 \times 4.32 \times 7.68 \times 7.68} = 11.8 \text{ ft.}$$

$$30 + 11.8 = 41.8 \therefore$$

$AG = 41.8$ feet = length of upright

50.—Given two sides of an obtuse-angle triangle which are 20 and 40 poles; required the third side that the triangle may contain just an acre of land.



Solution by E. Dohan, '96.

Let ABC be the obtuse-angled \triangle

Side $AB = 40$ poles

Side $BC = 20$ poles

Area $\triangle = 160$ perch

$160 \div \frac{20}{2} = 16$ poles = altitude AD

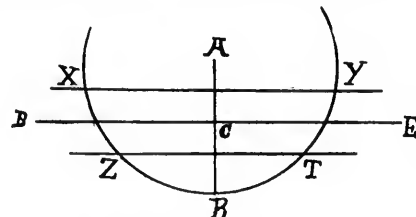
$$\sqrt{40^2 - 16^2} = 36\frac{2}{3} = BD$$

$$36\frac{2}{3} - 20 = 16\frac{2}{3} = CD$$

$$\sqrt{16\frac{2}{3}^2 + 16^2} = 23.1$$

23.1 poles = AC third side.

51.—A straight railway passes two miles from a town. A place is four miles from the town and one mile from the railway. Find by construction how many places answer this description.



Solution by R. G. Kerr, '96.

Let A represent the town. With A as centre and AB representing 4 miles as radius describe a circle. Draw the perpendicular bisector DE to the AB , bisecting at C . Then DE will represent the railroad. Draw parallels to DE on either side, at a distance from $DE =$ to $\frac{1}{2}AC$ (1 mile). Let these parallels cut the circle in x, y, z, t . These four points are equally distant from A , that is = to $AB = 4$ miles, and equally distant from the railroad, $DE = 1$ mile. Therefore there are four solutions.

52.—A workman has a square log twice as long as wide, or deep; he made out of it a water-trough whose sides, ends and bottom are each 3 inches thick and having 11,772 solid inches. What is the capacity of the trough in gallons?

Solution by John J. Dolan, '94.

Let x = width of log in inches

$2x$ = length

$$2x \times x \times 3 = 6x^2 = \text{cubic inches in one side}$$

$$6x^2 \times 2 = 12x^2 = \text{ " in both sides (a)}$$

$$3(x - 6)x = 3x^2 - 18x = \text{ " in one end}$$

$$(3x^2 - 18x) \times 2 = 6x^2 - 36x = \text{ " in both ends (b)}$$

$$(2x - 6)(x - 6) \times 3 = 6x^2 -$$

$$54x + 108 = \text{ " in bottom (c)}$$

$$\text{Add } \begin{cases} (a) = 12x^2 \\ (b) = 6x^2 - 36x \\ (c) = 6x^2 - 54x + 108 \end{cases}$$

$$24x^2 - 90x + 108 = \text{cubic inches in sides, ends and bottom.}$$

$$24x^2 - 90x + 108 = 11772. \text{ Divide by 6}$$

$$4x^2 - 15x + 18 = 1962$$

$$4x^2 - 15x = 1944 \text{ Complete square}$$

$$4x^2 - () + \left(\frac{15}{4}\right)^2 = 1944 + \frac{225}{4}$$

$$4x^2 - () + \left(\frac{15}{4}\right)^2 = \frac{31329}{4} \text{ Extract root}$$

$$2x - \frac{15}{4} = \pm \frac{177}{4}$$

$$2x = \pm \frac{177}{4} + \frac{15}{4}$$

$$2x = \frac{192}{4}$$

$$x = 24 \text{ inches} = \text{width and depth of side}$$

$$2x = 48 \text{ " = length}$$

$$48 - 6 = 42 \text{ " = length of trough inside}$$

$$24 - 6 = 18 \text{ " = width " "}$$

$$24 - 3 = 21 \text{ " = depth " "}$$

Multiply length (42), width (18) and depth (21) inches together and divide by 231 the number of cubic inches in a gallon.

$$\frac{42 \times 18 \times 21}{231} = 68\frac{8}{11} \text{ gallons.}$$

New Problems.

53.—Three men bought a grinding-stone of 40 inches diameter, which cost £1, of which the first man paid 9s., the second 6s., and the third 5s., how much of the stone must each man grind down, proportionately to the money he paid.

54.—Given four points, no three of which are collinear, describe a circle which shall be equidistant from them.

NOTE.—Problems 46 and 49 are still unanswered. Want of space prevents the insertion of 48 of which we have the solution.

SPLINTERS.

Rabbits.

Brunswick.

Good skating.

Geraniums.

Eye-glasses.

Sad good-byes, Mac.

Exams. are over. Did I pass?

Where is Cologne? Under Cork.

He's gone to join the angels.

Where is the missing link?

They only strike on the box, John.

Decline Ego—Ego I, me or my.

Wanted.—Somebody to carry water.

I'm sure I'd like a second chance.

Cicero, after three attempts, made his escape.

We'll not have lamps but candles.

The subscription list is "Stretch"ing.

J. S. says he is sure of the Greek oration in June.

They went fishing and hooked a can of salmon.

What a delicious basket, and oh! how delicious the fruit.

Is Miss H at home? Yes, walk right back to the kitchen, please.

See R. concerning words expressed by gestures.

The latest—Are you with us on the wagon ride?

They cannot "Crowe" over it. He was "Reddy" for them.

Why she is a cousin of mine, Mrs. Shaw, the whistler.

Lawrence W. swears by the book-jack, that he will not rise with the rest. But still his bed is empty in the early morning.

They were suspended from the window as I heard them pant.

You know your little Anabasis. What did you say, sir?

The latest from the Elocution class: "What is worth doing, is worth doing well."

Teacher: "Tommy, give first future indicative active of amo." Tommie: "I'm a beau."

Teacher: "I hope you're not."

A pleasant smile overspread A. J.'s countenance, when he heard that "Chicky" was *en route*.

When you Rouse that Kerr at the Dore, be Reddy to run, or Youell feel his Holt on your pants.

We sincerely trust that Mr. McK will no longer away to where the lilies bloom so fair. Why not let them wither and die.

Our Spring poet has written a parody on "The Man in the Moon," and we fervently hope that he will not "Gibboney" such effusions to the present generation.

One of our worthies suffering from La Grippe awoke his room-mate at 3 o'clock A.M., to inform him he could not sleep. What consistency!

Little C. when requested by one of the Greek professors to give Greek word for necessity, replied thus: "I cannot pronounce it, but I will spell it." "Well, proceed," said the professor. Little C. says: "Alpha—Nu—Alpha—g—e—n."

Quite an amusing incident occurred a few nights ago. Father M.—noted for his fearlessness—was in his room reading. A rodent appeared on the scene, and Father M., with a hop, skip and jump, left Mr. R. master of the situation.

We kindly advise the student who boarded the train Xmas carrying violin, cornet and banjo, to be less musical in the future.

Judging from the movements of a certain Edw., one is inclined to think that eye-glasses are to be worn to and from chapel only.

Formerly Latin scholars were unable to compare "duplex," but the bright boy from Lawrence supplied the needed forms a few days ago, as follows: Duplex, duplicior, duplicimus.

Our friends evidently did not practice economy, when they elected one of the Seniors for a mascot, as without a doubt they will have to pay full fare for him.

In the year of '93
We were happy, gay and free,
But now in '94
From La Grippe we're sad and sore.
—A Sufferer.

BILL'S PINCH OF SNUFF.

With a great desire to be a tough
He quickly took the proffered snuff,
Ten minutes gone, he heaves a sigh
And quietly cries, "I'll die, I'll die."

Kind Jim leads him unto the bed
"We cannot spare you, Bill," he said,
"Lie down and in ten minutes more,
I think the feeling will pass o'er."

"Oh Tom! oh Tom! you see the state
That Billy's in, just feel his pate,
Put up your box, put up your snuff,
He never will again be tough."

PERSONALS.

Rev. Andrew Slattery, O.S.F., of Winsted, Conn., was the guest of Rev. J. F. Medina, O.S.A., on the 5th.

Mr. José Dolores Salaverria, of Philadelphia, called on his brother Eduardo on the 28th.

L. H. Buffington, M. D., of Philadelphia, paid his son Lee a pleasant visit on February 1st.

Rev. Bernard Kelly, a former student, who has been on the Dakota Missions but is now Secretary of the Indian Bureau, at Washington, D. C., spent a few days with the Faculty.

Mrs. and Miss Florence South, of Berwyn, Pa., recently visited Rev. Fathers C. J. McFadden and R. F. Harris.

Andrew Whitely, of the Junior Department, was pleasantly surprised on February 1st by a visit from his mother and sister, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Andrew Ongley, of Troy Seminary, N. Y., recently made a short stay at the College with his friend Thomas Holton, while on his way South where he intends to spend his vacation.

George N. South, Jr., of Berwyn, recently visited some of his former class-mates.

Mr. Jeremiah Donovan, leading actor in Moore's company, spent a few hours with his friends Mr. F. Commings, O.S.A., and Mr. J. McCarthy on February 1st.

Among the recent visitors to the faculty were the Very Rev. Father Waldron, O.S.A., and Rev. Fathers N. J. Murphy, O.S.A., of Philadelphia, Pa., J. J. Fedigan, O.S.A., of Atlantic City, N. J., D. Reagan, O.S.A., of Mechanicville, N. Y., H. A. Gallagher, O.S.A., Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. Edward McKeough, who was one of the many unfortunates to fall victim to "La Grippe" during vacation, has resumed his studies. We are glad to note that he is as pleasant as ever.

While taking a brief survey of the College grounds on Sunday 19th, we beheld the familiar faces of J. J. Finnegan, J. A. Murphy and M. J. Mullen, C. D's of '92, all of Philadelphia, Pa.

It was with feelings of the deepest sorrow that we heard of the death of George W. Childs, publisher, editor and philanthropist. He was a model for all whose occupations chiefly belong to the world. His was the life of a man who, by his own exertions, raised himself from poverty to affluence. Although he had obtained a world-wide reputation as a philanthropist, nevertheless, it was especially pleasing to him to minister privately to the wants of the poor. The people of Philadelphia, consequently, mourn for him as for some dear departed friend.

THE SOCIETIES.

V. L. I. The semi-annual election of officers of the Villanova Literary Institute occurred Sunday afternoon, February 4th, when the following were elected:

President, Mr. J. J. Farrell, O.S.A.; 1st Vice-President, James F. O'Leary; 2d Vice-President, Frank E. Tourcher; Recording Secretary, William J. Mahon; Financial Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. John J. Farrell; Sergeant-at-Arms, John J. Dolan, and Directors, J. O'Malley, E. Dohan, J. McCarthy, J. Hughes.

The officers of the retiring board are to be complimented for the efficient service they have rendered during their term of office. It is hoped that the newly-elected officers will endeavor to emulate their predecessors in discharging their duties.

V. A. A. Feb. 7. At the regular monthly meeting of the Athletic Association officers were elected for the ensuing term. They are as follows:

President, Mr. Chas. McKenna, O.S.A.; Vice-President, Jas. F. O'Leary; Treasurer, Martin T. Field; Financial Secretary, Edward J. Wade; Recording Secretary, J. Stanley Smith; Sergeant-at-Arms, Chas. Medina; Scorer, John J. Dolan; Field Manager, Mr. McKenna, O.S.A.; Assistants, Messrs. A. J. Hart, B. J. O'Donnell, E. T. Wade, M. Field and J. E. O'Donnell. The prospects of the Association are brighter this year than ever. The base-ball team will soon organize, and from present indications will excel last year's team. Nearly all our old players are with us again, and many of the new-comers have already displayed considerable skill in handling the sphere.

The candidates are very numerous and are busily engaged training in the gymnasium.

The Association intends to present a play in the near future for the benefit of the base-ball club, and we hope it will meet with decided success.

V. D. S. Feb. 10. The Debating Society held a meeting this evening to elect the officers for the present term. Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., was elected President; John J. Ryle, Vice-President; John J. Dolan, Secretary; S. T. Kenney, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The members of this society have been somewhat inactive since their return from the Christmas holidays, owing to the fact that they have been preparing for examinations. But now as that ordeal is over an active interest is once more being displayed. It has just completed a most prosperous term and many of the debaters have acquired a facility of expression and a fluency of language that they did not possess in the beginning.

On Saturday evening, the 24th, Messrs. E. Dohan, A. Plunkett, T. Condin and W. Mahon will debate the question, Resolved, That Hawaii should be annexed.

EXCHANGES.

Though the *Fordham Monthly* has been an irregular visitor to our sanctum, yet we trust that in the future it will be found there regularly in its accustomed place. The Christmas number of said monthly, though somewhat changed in appearance—the change by no means an improvement—is replete with articles interesting, appropriate and well written. The masterly way in which the writer treats of “The Sublime and Ancient Classics,” and the thorough knowledge he shows of ancient authors, alone demand a perusal of this article. It is also pleasing to note the happy way Mr. K, '95, has reviewed that interesting of all novels, David Copperfield. The lack of editorials in this journal is quite noticeable.

The articles of the Christmas number of the *Owl* are well worthy of perusal for their high literary merit. On the title sheet of this magazine is the announcement “Published by the Students of the University of Ottawa.” In an issue of seventy-nine pages we notice only three contributions by undergraduates, which hardly warrants the use of the above statement.

We welcome with pleasure the *Stylus* rejuvenated. 'Tis a matter of regret that this journal ever fell into a state of “innocuous desuetude,” but we congratulate its editors on its reappearance and wish it a long lease of life.

The *Mountaineer* of December, '93, we took up with pleasant anticipations, and laid it down feeling well repaid for the time spent in perusing it. We found the essay “Legend of Indian Lookout,” especially interesting and instructive.

The *Sunbeam* again illumines our sanctum. This is a pleasing little journal hailing from the Dominion and abounding in miscellaneous literature. The editorials especially, are very spicy and evince a happy blending of good taste and common sense in a degree that reflects much credit upon the writer.

We are in receipt of the following journals: *The Collegium*, *Queen's University Journal*, *St. John's University Record*, *The Highlander*, *Agnesian Monthly*, *The Mirror*, *Oak Forest Student*, *The Athenaeum*, *Earlhamite*, *Niagara Index*, *The Eatonian*, *Catholic High School Journal*, (Philadelphia), *Santa Maria*, *The Collegium Toreuse*, *Notre Dame*, *Scholastic*, *Georgetown Journal*, *The Franklin Academy Mirror*, *The Facts*, *Carmelite Review*, etc.

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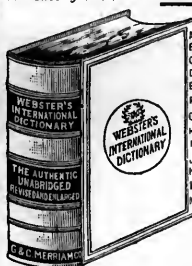
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The Children's Evening Prayer.

"Ma fille! va prier. La nuit est venue."—Victor Hugo.

O, children, pray ; the night is here ;
Its shadows rest on hill and plain ;
The wind from grove and woodland near
Strikes gently on the list'ning ear
Like a soft and low refrain.

The golden stars are gleaming bright ;
Those sad, mysterious, dreamy eyes
That seem to mock man's brief delight,
So steadily they gaze all night
From the silence of the skies.

Go, children, pray ; on bended knees,
With folded hands and heartfelt love,
In childhood's lisping melodies
Breathe words that waiting angels seize
And waft to heaven above.

God loveth best your young hearts' prayer
In which such faith and reverence blend ;
Distrust nor doubt may enter there,
Nor worldly thought nor worldly care,
Nor sin its sorrows lend.

Yes, children, pray ; words cannot tell
How much we need the prayers ye say ;
Bewildered by earth's potent spell
In mind and heart—we know too well
How hard it is to pray.

For friends and loved ones far and near
Or strong or weak, their sins despite,
For all whose lives are sad and drear,
By sin or sorrow void of cheer,
Offer up your prayer to-night.

Then, children, sleep ; let sweetest dreams
Your slumbering eyes in peace enfold ;
Such blissful dreams, that to me it seems
In the crimson and golden sunset's beams
They were born of joys untold.

Oh ! children's prayer ! Oh ! children's sleep !
Of minds so free and hearts so light ;
Come back from childhood's grave so deep !
And o'er our souls your vigil keep
Through life's long, weary night.

R. A. G.

The Advantages of Physical Culture.

"To the strong hand and strong head, the capacious lungs and vigorous frame, fall, and will always fall, the heavy burdens; and where the heavy burdens fall, the great prizes fall, too."—*Laws of Life*.

The first element of success necessary for each and every one of us in our various avocations of life is constitutional talent. By constitutional talent is understood that fervency and energy imparted to man's thoughts and ideas by a superior bodily stamina, by a vigorous physical constitution. Till within a recent period physical culture has, in a great measure, been neglected; in fact, almost despised as something "unworthy of attention. Throughout the country our books have lauded the midnight oil, our oracles of education have advocated incessant study, and "*Nocturna manu versate, versate diurna*," has been the favorite motto in our colleges and institutions.

But within recent years a thorough revolution has taken place in the public sentiment in regard to the subject of physical culture; and it is now generally understood that the body, as well as the mind, has certain rights which must be respected by all. We are learning by bitter experience that if the mind, which is the master of the body, ever tramples on the rights of its slave, the slave will not forget the injury done, but will rise up and smite its oppressor. We are fast discovering that although the pale, sickly student may win the most prizes in college, yet it is the one who is possessed of vigor and strength that will win the most prizes in the more extensive school of life; and in every profession, *ceteris paribus*, he will be the most successful whose sleep is refreshing and who is able to digest his food with the least difficulty. The doctrine of Pascal, that "disease is the natural state of Christians," has now few believers. To intelligent people it does not appear plausible that God thinks so; else health would be the exception, and disease the rule. It is now conceded by all that the mind is not justified in developing itself at the expense of the body; that it is no more reasonable for it to abandon itself excessively to its cravings than the body to sensual gratification. Those stimulants, the mental drams, which produce unnatural activity or overgrowth of the intellect, are as contrary to the laws of nature as the coarser stimulants that unduly excite the body. The mind, it has been well said, should be a strong, healthy feeder, but not a glutton; when unduly stimulated it wears the mechanism of the body like friction upon a machine not lubricated, and the growing weakness of the physical frame nullifies the power it incloses.

To perform his work successfully and well every man needs a working constitution, and this can only

be acquired by daily exercise in the open air. The atmosphere we breathe is an exhalation of all the minerals of the globe, and draughts of this are the true stimulants and are the most potent and healthful of all that earth affords. The thorough aeration of the blood by deep inhalations of air, so as to bring it in contact with the whole breathing surface of the lungs, is indispensable to him who would maintain that full vital power on which the vigorous working power of the brain so largely depends. Sydney Smith tells public speakers that if they would walk twelve miles before speaking they would seldom break down. The English students understand this, and hence at their University boat races ten-mile walks form a part of their educational course. The English lawyers and members of Parliament acquire vigor of body and clearness of perception by hunting with the hounds, by shooting grouse on the Scottish moors, or by climbing the Alpine cliffs; Peel, Brougham, Sydney, Campbell, Gladstone, nearly all the great political and legal leaders, prodigious workers at the bar and in the senate, have been men of strength and vigor, who have been as sedulous to train their bodies as to train their intellects. If our American leaders accomplish less, and die earlier, it is because they neglect the care of the body, and supply will power in the place of physical strength.

It is no exaggeration to say that health is a large ingredient in what the world calls talent; without it a man may be a giant in intellect, but his deeds will be the deeds of a dwarf. On the contrary, let him have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk and sinews of a man, and the unthinking confidence and alacrity inspired by these, and, though having but a thimbleful of brains, he will either blunder upon success or set failure at defiance. It is true that the number of Centaurs in every community is very small—men in whom a heroic intellect is allied with a strong constitution. In general, a man thinks himself well off in the lottery of life if he draws a healthy body without much brains, or a fine intellect with a sickly body. But of the two a weak mind in a herculean frame is better than a giant mind in a puny body. In any of the learned professions a vigorous constitution is equal to at least fifty per cent. more brain. Wit, judgment, imagination, eloquence, all the qualities of the mind, attain thereby a force and splendor to which they never could approach without it. A mechanic may have tools of the sharpest edge and brightest polish, but what will these avail him without a vigorous arm and hand? Of what use is it that our minds have become a vast storehouse of knowledge if we have not the strength to turn the key? The effects of the

culture of the body are strikingly seen in the nations of antiquity, with whom gymnastics and calisthenics were a part of the regular school education. Ancient philosophy, instead of despising the body as a mere husk, regarded it as a true part of the man, the contempt or neglect of which would prove a fearful retaliation upon the whole being. The gymnastics of the Greeks were not practiced by the boxers and wrestlers only, but went under the solemn sanction of sages. The orators, philosophers, poets, warriors and statesmen of Greece and Rome gained strength of mind as well as of muscle by the systematic drill of the palaestra. The brain was filled thereby with a quick-pulsing blood, the nerves made healthy, and the whole physical man, as the statues of antiquity show, developed into fullest health and vigor. It is related of Cicero that he became at one period of his life the victim of that train of maladies expressed by the word *dyspepsia*; the orator hurried, not to the physicians, who might have hastened his death, but to Greece; here he underwent a systematic mode of training, submitted to its regimen for two entire years, and returned to his struggles of the forum as vigorous as the peasants that tilled his farm. Who can doubt that by this means his periods were rounded out to a more majestic cadence, and his crushing arguments clinched with a tighter grasp? Had he remained a dyspeptic he might have written beautiful essays on old age and friendship, but he never would have humbled Cataline or blasted Antony with his lightnings. So the intellectual power of those giants of antiquity, Aristotle and Plato, was owing in a large degree to the harmonious education in which the body shared as well as the mind.

The success of men gifted apparently with nothing but constitutional talent, and the frequency with which men endowed with the finest intellectual powers, but powers supported by a weak body, have disappointed the expectations of their admirers have also led some persons almost to regard the stomach as the seat of the intellect, and genius and eupepsy as convertible terms. Ridiculous as this may seem, it is certain that the brain is often credited with achievements that belong to digestion; everything demonstrates that the greatness of our eminent men is as much a bodily affair as a mental one. Nature presented our Websters, Clays and Calhouns not only with extraordinary minds, but also with wonderful bodies; and again our Grants, Shermans and Sheridans, what would they have been without their nerves of steel and frames of iron? Let Napoleon answer. The tortures of hereditary disease united with the pangs of fever wrung from him, in one of the most critical days

in history, the exclamation that the first requisite of good generalship is good health. The efficiency of the common soldier, too, he knew depended, first upon his being in perfect health, and hence he tried to bring his troops to the best possible condition. This was the secret of their prodigious efforts, their endurance of fatigue that would have killed ordinary men. Even in literature a robust frame has become absolutely necessary to great and lasting success; time was when an author wrote only with his head—with the superior and intellectual part—the essence of his being. But to-day, owing to the enormous labor which he imposes on himself, or which society imposes on him at short notice, owing also to the necessity he is under of striking quick telling blows, he has no time to be platonic and delicate. A writer's works in this nineteenth century are the offspring not merely of his brain, but of his blood and muscles; his physiology and hygiene, his entire organization have become an indispensable chapter in every analysis of his talent. It is true there have been men who, despite frail, miserable health, have done immortal things; great and heroic were the achievements of blind Milton, of Pascal, a confirmed invalid at eighteen; of Johnson, brave by carrying through life the weight of a diseased and tortured body; of Channing, with his frail clayey tabernacle. It is true that Julius Caesar was troubled with epilepsy, and could not plan a great battle without going into fits; that Pope was a hunchback and invalid, and that Aristotle was a pygmy in body although a giant in intellect. But these are brilliant exceptions which only prove the rule; the general fact is that it is the man of tough and enduring fibre, of elastic nerves who does the greatest works of life. It is Scott with his manly form; it is Brougham with his superhuman powers of physical endurance; it is Napoleon, sleeping four hours and in the saddle twenty.

There is no calling in which men do not require that sturdy vigor, that bodily strength and agility without which mental culture is but a preparation for disappointment and mortification. But in the learned professions a good constitution is doubly indispensable; there is nothing else taxes, tries and exhausts the life force as much as mental effort. Instead of being pale, delicate, feeble and sickly the thinker, whether in the law-office, the pulpit, the editorial room, the counting-room or the hall of legislation, needs to be stalwart and hardy. Is it not an immense advantage to be possessed of such a constitution as to be able, if a professional man, to endure for a whole week a perpetual strain on your brain, and amid confinement and close air with confused heaps of papers, law books and

books of reference to examine, to go on daily and nightly extracting therefrom liquid and transparent results, and find yourself, when you arise, as vigorous as when you sat down? Is not a lawyer doubly sure of success who, after a fortnight's laborious attention to a suit, can rise up to address a jury with all his faculties as vigorous and eager for the contest as on the first day of the term, while his opponent has become wilted and exhausted? On the other hand, of what avail are brilliant talents and a splendid education to a young man just entering manhood who has a feeble constitution? It is Ulysses' bow in the hands of the suitors; he brings into the arena of life to meet its fierce contests, to bear its hard shocks, to persevere in its long continued enterprises, and to subdue its impetuous oppositions, a puny body and limbs trembling with weakness and pain. His feeble system is borne down to the bed of sickness even by the operations of his own over-cultivated mind; the spirit is too strong for its tenement. He hears the trumpet sound and the busy hum of preparation, his soul is "up in arms and eager for the fray," but he cannot arise and equip himself for the battle. Opportunities of usefulness and of winning an honorable reputation crowd thick upon him, but he feels a prostrating weakness which, like an invisible enemy, creeps through his veins and drinks the life-blood from his heart; he languishes in pain and wretchedness like Ivanhoe in the castle of Front de Boeuf, unable to perform a solitary act in the fray on whose results hang all his most cherished hopes.

Let, then, the young man who is stripping for the race of life account no time or money as wasted that contributes in any way to his physical health or to the development of his muscles. The life of the present day is lived so often at fever heat, is so swift and restless that the mental wear and tear is enormous. Never before were men devoured by so insatiable an ambition, or scourged by so merciless an activity as in this latter half of the nineteenth century; it is the pace that kills. We need, therefore, all the vigor, all the ruggedness that can be drawn from exercise to strengthen us for the struggle; it is true the professional man needs health rather than strength. He need not boast the brawn of the gladiator, he need not be a Sandow or a Spartacus; he need not be able to lift a thousand pounds, or walk a hundred miles in twenty-four hours. It is a sound constitution that most men want, in order to do their work, in short that condition of body and that amount of vital power which shall enable them to pursue their callings with the greatest amount of comfort to themselves and usefulness to

others. It is true also that physical ability is required more in some callings than in others; but in all it is indispensable to leadership, and he who lacks it, though he may live a useful and reputable life, may even become an eminent man, must not think to command.

M. H. McDONNELL, '95.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

SIXTH PAPER.

Such then as described in the previous Paper was the condition of the Roman State in Augustine's day. Such were the errors and evil doctrines that had rooted themselves in the intellect of man, and such the vices that, fastening themselves on his heart, were turning men into voluptuaries and unbelievers, and these in turn by their disedification were fast laying waste one of the fairest communities of God's Church.

Yet was this perversion of man in heart and mind and conscience, this most deplorable moral and social backsliding of the Faithful, nothing new in the history of the world. In all ages among believers and unbelievers, among Jews, and Christians and Gentiles, had there been at times this same ignoring of the natural and divine truths and maxims of life, this same struggle between the graces of the Most High and the pride and passions of men. Always had there been errors, always temptations and weakness as well as heroic virtue. Thus did it happen that Adam—the father of mankind, the most gifted and the holiest of men, had through his wilful disregard for conscience, his wilful disobedience to the laws of God as well as the clearest dictates of his innermost soul, fallen away from the standard of natural and divine righteousness, and had broken that command of the Most High, which bid him honor his Creator. Thus did it happen that Cain, his son, the offspring (with his brother Abel,) of the holiest parents, the world has ever known, by yielding to hatred, became the murderer of his brother. He too dishonored God. And thus did it happen that Solomon the Wise, the wisest among the sons of men, became through his lusts the worshiper of false gods, and he too broke another of the God-given commands the one that proclaims "Thou shalt have no other God but me." With the defection of the leaders was undermined all discipline in the ranks.

Nor in any rank or class of human brotherhood, in no community of churchmen or laymen, of the denizens of the hermitage or cloister, or the frequenters of the busy scenes of life, has experience ever shown any different origin of the troubles and miseries and heartburnings that at times have

wrecked or imperiled the peace and welfare of the most promising and flourishing communities in Church or State. Did not Judas by his lying and treachery dishonor the Apostolic body of which he was so unworthy a member? Did not Arius—the patriarch of the Church of Constantinople—by his vanity and pride disedify and ruin that fair province of the Eastern Empire? and can any one deny that all the fallings away of men from the path of uprightness, that all social evils, as wars, scandals, schisms, infidelities, heresies, family brawls, and every form of community ruin, is directly traceable to one man's personal and individual fault, to his wilful ignorance, or his criminal negligence, or the sheer malice of his heart?

To assert that all social crimes and wrongs spring from individual selfishness and evil-mindedness is simply to repeat what is told in story, and what each thinking man knows from his own experience is the truth.

For since human nature with all its good and evil bents changes not in saint or sinner, except that in the good man virtue predominates while in the bad evil holds its sway, since from birth to death man always has been the same and so will remain till the end of time, so does all moral evil in man,—call him Adam, or Judas, or Arius,—issue from the very same roots or sources of moral action in our being. These are pride which is the fruitful mother of disobedience, covetousness the mother of self-will, and the lusts of the flesh, the mother of lechery. Thus in striving to recall his people, his religious, his clergy, his laity, back to the venerable teachings of God and nature, Augustine pointed out no other way to virtuous and exemplary life than had been pointed out to man from the beginning of time. The plain-speaking voice of each one's conscience bade him know himself, recognize the limitations of his nature, his evil inclinations and his many moral shortcomings, and then trust to God, to the mercy of a Supreme Being, from whom only could one expect and hope the graces needed whereby to tread the paths of charity and justice, and so secure his spiritual welfare, which after all is the *summum bonum* of life. For with peace of mind and the consciousness of one's having done his part, life (no matter what its burdens) is easy, pleasant and blessed, but without this happiness of soul it is not worth living. So clear are these truisms relating to the beauty and excellence of the moral order and the necessity of conforming one's outer as well as inner self to the will of the Most High, that besides being taught by the sages of antiquity, the prophets of old, and by the Redeemer of the world, they were admitted and inculcated by even heathen philosophers.

Here brief reference may be made to only a few of the leaders among the pagan sages of the world, namely, Plato the founder of an ethical school, Soerates known as the father of philosophy, and Cicero the greatest of Roman orators and lawyers. These three taught in many places in their works the excellence and necessity of moral virtue, of inner discipline of the heart, of training oneself to good habits, truthfulness, bravery, chastity, moderation, prudence, religion and conforming one's life to the will of heaven.

In his works St. Augustine extols the wisdom of Plato and Aristotle; he praises the love of purity among the Vestal Virgins; he refers to the many instances of true virtue in pagan households and individual practice as so many proofs that by the mere light of reason, by merely one's own inner powers, man, if so he desired, could lead a good moral life, not however, (the idea is repugnant to Christian belief,) that he could thereby rise to the lofty standard of Gospel morality, but that for the most part he certainly could shun the grosser forms of vicious immorality. St. Augustine insisted that while such a man, deprived of the light of Faith and the grace of Christ, might not be a saint in the fullness of the term, he would by no means be on a level with the thief, extortioner, drunkard, idolater and murderer. Natural ethics recognizes the highest forms of virtuous asceticism, and natural theology the most sublime teachings relating to monotheism. The fundamental axioms that, like so many truisms of the politico-moral order, seem to underlie all Augustine's efforts to reform his people, were as follows: first, that no society, whether a mighty people or a petty community, whether a nation, state, diocese or religious monastery, is any better or worse than the individual members composing it. It is a principle in mechanics that a structure is no stronger than its weakest part; and the same holds relatively true of the social fabric. Second, that all moral evils which disturb and disfigure any social body, are invariably traceable to the fault of some one or other individual member of that body, namely, to either his ignorance, weakheartedness, or malice, so that no social or political reform in matters of ethical discipline (at least on a large and stable scale) can be effected, or even hoped for, unless the ethical conversion of the individual first be secured. The evil doer must first be brought back to the plain fulfilment of his duties, to respect the self-evident principles of natural and revealed law and order, principles on which by both pagan and Christian teaching has been based the welfare of states as well as of the individual man himself. And, thirdly (—it follows as a corollary from the two

foregoing principles), that in all ethical reform of society, the starting-point of reform is the individual, first the chief, then the subject; first the leader, then the led. For as all social perfection is correlative and dependent on the probabilities of securing individual perfection, so must the maxims of holy life find a home in the hearts of individual men and women, the units as it were of society, before that society can be termed exemplary.

(To be continued.)

T. C. M.

In Memory of Sister Mary Marcella.

Late Assistant-Mother at Mount St. Joseph's Convent, Chestnut Hill, Pa., who died after a short illness, at Westernport, Md., on February 25, 1894.*

Brave heart, strong heart, so quickly stilled
At Azrael's supreme command!
Warm heart, true heart, so swiftly chilled
Under his icy hand!

Pansies should spring where thou art laid.
Sweet purple pansies from thy clay—
For thou wert Mother's thoughtful aid,
Her heart's-ease, night and day!

Well may she mourn thy going hence
Into the veiled eternity;
Thy empty place, with eloquence,
Speaks her, each hour, of thee!

Speaks her (as sounds thro' strange dreams come),
Thy parting words of anguish brief;
" 'Tis lonesome—dying—far—from—home!"
Melteth her heart in grief.

But when those other burning words
Portray thy bliss, thy glad content,
In welcoming thy Hidden Lord
In His great Sacrament—

When tender messages they breathe
Thy farewell to the dear old "Hill,"
With: "Tell our Mother not to grieve;
It is God's holy will!

"And tell her, if He grant it me.
In yonder peaceful Paradise.
Her helper I will gladly be,
And aid her from the skies!"

"Fiat!" the Mother softly says;
"Praise Him who set our dear one free!"
Then, with uplifted eyes, she prays:
"Marcella! peace to thee!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

*Sister Marcella went to Westernport, Md., on

February 20th, to bring back a sick Sister to Chestnut Hill, when she was siezed with her fatal attack of pneumonia.—*The Catholic Standard.*

The Rise and Progress of Language.

During the present century the human mind has undergone a great alteration, its investigations are carried on in a broader scale and its inventions are almost unlimited; to it, the arts pay homage and science reveals hitherto well kept secrets. But in nothing do we notice more this change than in the impetus it has given to the study of language. Heretofore the literary world has received blindly the theories concerning language, which have come down from remote ages, enveloped as they were in the mists of fable. This new era has expelled, to a great extent, the clouds of error surrounding our old-fashioned ideas by introducing a new science called Linguistics, which has led men back to the source of language, whence step by step they follow its development until they find it to day in a state of perfection. The result of all these investigations is that many new theories are brought forward concerning its origin. Some of them are at their best but idle talk, others have some semblance of reason. Among the latter the most plausible and the most generally accepted is that "God endowed man with the power of speech and of making a language suitable to his wants." That this formation was a difficult task, however, is hard to believe, for we must remember that the first man, Adam, was not a child, neither was he a savage; he was, at his creation, a man with an intellect superior to that of any human being since born. And we read in the Book of Genesis (chap. ii, 19 and 23) that Adam possessed a language even before Eve was formed.

The method of communicating thought before the Fall was limited to man's immediate wants, so that, after the expulsion from the garden, so vast was the change in himself and his surroundings that an entirely new vocabulary became necessary. Hence, he set about forming for himself words by which to make known his thoughts. The first thing necessary was to supply names for the objects which, on all sides, met his sight. What, then, would be more natural than that he should imitate in the name some quality of the object? Many words in various languages traced back to a common root prove this to have been the case. Where such imitation was impossible, men agreed among themselves as to the name whereby different objects were to be known. In like manner words indicative of action and passion and epithets were added to the language.

We may easily imagine that in the early times, the vocabulary was not remarkable for a superabundance of words. Hence, oftentimes suitable names were wanting by which to convey new thoughts or ideas as they arose. The first speakers endeavored to supply this deficiency by using one name for many objects; this gave rise to metaphors, comparisons and other figurative expressions, which, while no longer of necessity, are continued in speech for the sake of ornament. This poetical style of the early ages shows us that our forefathers, while wanting in words, were not lacking in vivid imagination. Evidences of this are likewise to be found in their arrangement of the various parts of speech in sentences. In these, the object to which the mind is most strongly attached is placed first, themselves who are to be the recipients next, and lastly comes the word expressive of action. This inverted order is the outcome of a lively though natural fancy. But as time wore on and understanding gained ground, men became less easily influenced by this sprightly faculty and have guided the structure of their sentences by the dictates of reason. While this improvement was being made, language was increasing and with this increase the harsh sounds hitherto prevailing were gradually polished by intermixing vowels and consonants; hence arose the *prosody of language*.

We have sought the origin of language and we found it in God. We look for its object and we see it in man, for he is social being. When we contemplate its progress, we are astonished at its prodigious strides. The little seed planted in the Garden of Eden, sprang up quickly; its roots extended from land to land and its boughs spread over all the earth and beneath the shadow of its branches the whole world comes to dwell.

In this wonderful progress we have another mark of man's genius. How well has he cared for his charge; how carefully has he fostered its growth, how watchful that nothing be wanting to its welfare! He has brought through the ages an art than which none greater need be sought.

E. G. DOHAN, '96.

CIRCULAR.

TO THE ALUMNI, STUDENTS, FRIENDS AND
PATRONS OF VILLANOVA COLLEGE.

DEAR SIRs:—With unbounded pleasure we announce to you that the present attendance of students at our College exceeds that of any previous year. Among this number are many possessed of excellent physical qualities, for the exercising of which financial assistance only is required. Cognizant of the kind interest you have

always displayed toward the elevation and promotion of everything pertaining to the general welfare of our institution and your Alma Mater, we now appeal to you in the name of the Athletic Association. Hoping you will aid us by a donation expressive of your appreciation of our efforts, we remain, as ever,

Yours fraternally,

W. J. A. MAHON, *Secretary.*

Please make Remittances to

Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A.

The Old Schoolmaster.

BY LEE O. HARRIS.

He sat at his desk at the close of day,
For he felt the weight of his many years—
His form was bent and his hair was gray
And his eyes were dim with the falling tears.
The school was out and his task was done,
And the house seemed now so strangely still,
As the red beam of the setting sun
Stole silently over the window-sill,
Stole silently into the twilight gloom,
And the deepening shadows fell athwart
The vacant seats and vacant room,
And the vacant place in the old man's heart—
For his school had been all in all to him,
Who had no wife, no children, no land, no gold;
But his frame was weak and his eyes were dim,
And the fiat was issued at last, "Too old."
He bowed his head on his trembling hands
A moment, as one might bend to pray;
"Too old, they say, and the school demands
A wiser and younger head to-day.
Too old! too old! these men forget
It was I who guided their tender years;
Their hearts were hard, and they pitied not
My trembling lips and my falling tears.
"Too old! too old! it was all they said,
I looked in their faces one by one,
But they turned away, and my heart was lead!
Dear Lord, it is hard, but Thy will be done."
The night stole on, and a blacker gloom
Was over the vacant benches cast;
The master sat in the silent room,
But his mind was back in the days long past.
And the shadows took, to his tear-dimmed sight,
Dear well-known forms; his heart was thrilled
With the ble-sed sense of its own delight,
For the benches all again were filled;
And he slowly rose at his desk, and took
His well-worn Bible that lay within,
He said, as he lightly tapped the book,
"It is the hour—let school begin."
And he smiled as his kindly glances fell
On the well-beloved faces there—
John, Rob, and Will, and laughing Nell,
And blue-eyed Bess, with the golden hair,
And Tom, and Charley and Ben, and Paul,
Who stood at the head of the spelling-class—
All in their places—and yet they all
Were lying under the grave, and grass.
He read the book, and he knelt to pray,
And he called the classes to recite,
For the darkness all had rolled away
From a soul that saw from an inward light,
With words of praise for a work of care,
With a kind reproof for a broken rule,
The old man tottered, now here, now there,
Through the spectral ranks of his shadow school.
Thus all night long, till the morning came,
And darkness folded her robe of gloom,
And the sun looked in with his eye of flame,
On the vacant seats of the silent room.
The wind stole over the window-sill,
And swept through the aisles in a merry rout;
But the face of the master was white and still,
His work was finished, and his school was out.

The Villanova Monthly,

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
VILLANOVA COLLEGE.

VILLANOVA, PA.

MARCH, 1894.

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 Literary contributions and letters not of a business nature should be addressed

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EDITORIALS.

THE time comes in the lives of most men when looking back at their youth, with the many advantages it afforded them, they pause to think whether or not their life work has been in that sphere for which God and nature intended it. In fact there is hardly one individual in this great world of ours who can bring the past in brief survey before him without at least some regret to darken the sunshine of his days. Time wasted, chances lost, a mistaken notion of his calling—all serve to bring most forcibly before his mind the past error of his ways. Certainly when years shall have come upon him no memories can be more painful than these, that the golden opportunities of youth have been lost forever, and that his life has been a failure; either on account of his own inability to judge rightly of his calling or the lack of some one to judge for him. If the young, therefore, would spare themselves great sorrow in their declining years, they must make an effort, a supreme one, if necessary, to

ascertain those duties in life for which they are best fitted. This matter settled, let them look to the end; swerving neither to the right nor the left; permitting no obstacle, however great, to lie in their way; ever striving diligently, faithfully, and conscientiously to better or perfect themselves in their respective callings. Herein is the only sure way to success. Herein, the only course which, if followed, will spare them at some period of their lives, the almost inexpressible sorrow conveyed in the words of Whittier,—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these it might have been"

WE note with pleasure the strenuous efforts of the Athletic Association to promote the interests of athletics for the coming year. With this end in view, the society has addressed a circular to the many patrons, friends and former students of the college, hoping thereby, that when the attention of the latter is drawn to the urgent need of funds, so necessary for carrying on college games and sports with any degree of success, help will be forthcoming. While we hope that the appeal of the association will meet with a generous response from those who received it, yet we feel that there are many subscribers to the MONTHLY who are interested in Villanova and its welfare, and who, not having received the above-mentioned circular, yet by this brief notice may be induced to help a little in the good work. The action of the association is somewhat in the nature of an innovation. Heretofore it has relied for support on the immediate members of the institution. While these have always contributed liberally, yet their subscriptions were but sufficient for carrying on athletics in a very limited way. This year, however, the scope of athletic sports will be extended and additional expense thereby incurred by necessary improvements in gymnasium, extra material for field sports, guarantees for base-ball teams, etc. It is with commendable zeal, therefore, that the association is striving to establish itself on a sound financial basis, so that it may compete with similar organizations of other colleges. We all understand the important part athletics play in the educational institutions of today, and how young men intending to pursue a collegiate course are biased toward the one wherein this branch of education receives proper attention. We feel, therefore, that the many friends of the college will fully understand the position of the Athletic Association, appreciate its efforts, and lend it their generous co-operation in making the coming season a red letter one in the history of its athletics.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

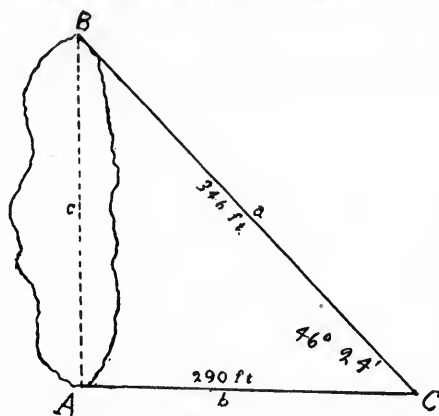
To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

48.—The length of a lake subtends, at a certain point, an angle of $46^{\circ} 24'$, and the distance from this point to the two extremities of the lake are 346 and 290 feet. Find the length of the lake.

Solution by Thos. J. Ronayne, '95.



$$a + b = 636$$

$$a - b = 56$$

$$a + b = 133^{\circ} 36'$$

$$\frac{1}{2}(A + B) = 66^{\circ} 48'$$

$$\frac{a - b}{a + b} = \frac{\tan \frac{1}{2}(A - B)}{\tan \frac{1}{2}(A + B)} \therefore$$

$$\tan \frac{1}{2}(A - B) = \tan \frac{1}{2}(A + B) \times \frac{a - b}{a + b}$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2}(A - B) = \log \tan \frac{1}{2}(A + B) + \log (a - b) + \text{colog } (a + b)$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2}(A - B) = \log \tan 66^{\circ} 48' + \log 56 + \text{colog } 636.$$

$$\log 56 = 1.74819$$

$$\text{colog } 636 = 7.19654 - 10$$

$$\log \tan 64^{\circ} 48' = 10.36795$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2}(A - B) = 9.31268$$

$$\frac{1}{2}(A - B) = 11^{\circ} 36' 33''$$

$$\frac{1}{2}(A + B) = 66^{\circ} 48'$$

If to $\frac{1}{2}$ sum you add $\frac{1}{2}$ difference you get the greater, and if from $\frac{1}{2}$ sum you subtract $\frac{1}{2}$ difference you get the less \therefore

$66^{\circ} 48' + 11^{\circ} 36' 33'' = 78^{\circ} 24' 33'' = A$ the greater

$66^{\circ} 48' - 11^{\circ} 36' 33'' = 55^{\circ} 11' 27'' = B$ the less

$$\frac{a}{c} = \frac{\sin A}{\sin C}$$

$$c = \frac{a \sin C}{\sin A}$$

$$\log c = \log a + \log \sin C + \log \sin A$$

$$\log c = \log 346 + \log \sin 46^{\circ} 24' + \text{colog } \sin 78^{\circ} 24' 33''$$

$$\log 346 = 2.53908$$

$$\log \sin 46^{\circ} 24' = 9.85984 - 10$$

$$\text{colog } \sin 78^{\circ} 24' 33'' = 0.00895$$

$$\log c = 2.40787$$

$$c = 256 \text{ feet} = \text{length of lake}$$

49.—(a). The base of a regular pyramid is a hexagon, of which the side measures 3 feet. Find the height of the pyramid, if the lateral area is equal to 10 times the area of the base.

Solution by Thos. J. Lee, '95.

Let a = apothem, and

x = altitude of pyramid.

$$a = \sqrt{3^2 - 1\frac{1}{2}^2} = \sqrt{9 - 3.25} = \sqrt{6.75}$$

$$x = \sqrt{(10\sqrt{6.75})^2 - (1\sqrt{6.75})^2} = \sqrt{675 - 6.75}$$

$$x = \sqrt{668.25} = 25.85 \text{ feet.}$$

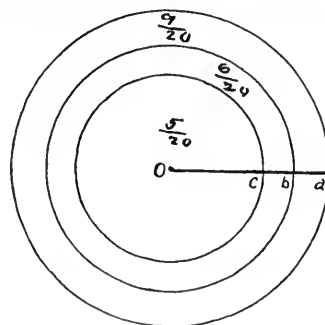
49.—(b). If the edge of a tetrahedron is a , find the homologous edge of a similar tetrahedron twice as large.

$$V : V^1 = a^3 : 2a^3$$

$$\text{Edge of } V^1 = a\sqrt[3]{2}$$

53.—Three men bought a grinding-stone of 40 inches diameter, which cost £1, of which the first man paid 9s., the second 6s., and the third 5s.; how much of the stone must each man grind down, proportionately to the money paid?

Solution by J. F. O'Leary, '94.



The areas ground will evidently be $\frac{9}{20}$, $\frac{6}{20}$ and $\frac{5}{20}$ of the whole stone.

Let the $\frac{9}{20}$ ths ground by the first man be represented by the outer ring whose width is $A B$. The part ground by the second man be the next ring whose width is $B C$, and the third man grinds the rest.

As circles are to each other as the squares of their radii:

$$\frac{5}{20} : \frac{9}{20} = x^2 : 20^2$$

$$5 \times 20^2 = 20 x^2$$

$$2000 = 20 x^2$$

$$100 = x^2$$

$$10 = x$$

Again $\frac{5}{10} : \frac{11}{10} = 10^2 : x^2$

$$5x^2 = 11 \times 10^2$$

$$5x^2 = 1100$$

$$x^2 = 220$$

$$x = 14.83$$

Therefore—:

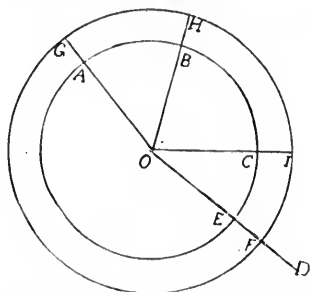
the first man grinds $20 - 14.83 = 5.17$ inches.

second " $14.83 - 10 = 4.83$ "

third " $= 10.$ "

54.—Given four points, no three of which are collinear, describe a circle which shall be equidistant from them.

Solution by John J. Walsh, '95.



Let A, B, C, D be four points, no three of which are collinear. It is required to describe a circle which shall be equidistant from them.

Describe a circle passing through A, B, C . Let O , be its center. Join OD , cutting the circle in E . Bisect ED in F . With O , as center, and OF , as radius describe a circle GHI . This is the circle required.

Proof.—Join OA, OB, OC , and produce them to meet the circle GHI . Because $OF = OI$, and $OE = OC$; $\therefore EF = CI$; but $EF = DF$, $\therefore CI = DF$.

In like manner BH and AG are equal to DF . Hence the circle through G, H, I, F is equally distant from the points A, B, C, D .

New Problems.

55.—Solve the quadrantal triangle:—

$$a = 174^\circ 12' 49.1'', b = 94^\circ 8' 20'', c = 90^\circ$$

56.—Clear of radicals the equation:—

$$\sqrt{y-z} + \sqrt{z-x} + \sqrt{x-y} = 0$$

57.—The sum of three numbers in geometrical progression is 39, and the sum of their squares 819; find the numbers.

58.—In turning a one-horse chaise within a ring of a certain diameter, it was observed that the outer wheel made two turns while the inner made but one; the wheels were both 4 feet high and fixed 5 feet from each other on the axle-tree. What was the circumference of the track described by the outer wheel?

59.—Prove that the square of a diagonal of a rectangular parallelepiped is equal to the sum of the squares of its three dimensions.

60.—A ladder standing erect against a wall slides down on a horizontal floor; find the locus of the center of the ladder.

SPLINTERS.

Spoons.

Easter.

Trolley.

Base-Ball.

The Politician.

Police Inspection.

Sulphur Springs.

Me and Jim—See!

Meditations are over.

Who took the poison?

"That don't cut any ice."

"Look out for number nine."

What luck S plays in.

How do you like my pony?

Even a snow-ball leaves a mark. Eh, Fat?

When you go walking do not go driving.

'Twas a dead "cinch" when he rang the bell.

Oh! indeed I would not do a thing to you.

Who were the four distinguished and conspicuous sight-seers at the Isle?

Owen More left town one day,
Owen More than he could pay;
Owen More returned one day
Owen More.—*Ex.*

J. S. says he will be doubly careful hereafter in his translations.

The Crows say they have been jugged time and time without caws.

You will please pardon the question, but tell me is it raining without?

A message to home. Kindly hasten the Easter eggs and let them be golden.

The B. B. M'gr. has secured the services of T. C. and T. R. as poles for the foul flags.

He was solicitous for our welfare when he urged us to be more attentive to the belles.

Dennis appears smaller and has much less to say since John Y. McKane took the trip.

The next time you go to the providential cross-roads, linger not too long and take only one of them.

The "Sun" no longer appears in the library. It distributes its rays of knowledge in the library annex, second door, right, in Philosopher's Hall.

It happened on two days—Xmas Eve and the day before Xmas.

Chocolate and peaches,
Napkins and speeches.

What time is it? Well my mother told me to take a pill.

We've been "Herron" queer things lately from St. Dennis'.—You should hear me sing.

"Have you seen any Chameleons?" "No, I've never eaten any of that dish."

A precocious, impulsive young Mr.
Was in love with a girl and he Kr.

Said she, "Sir go slow

For I'll have you know

I'm to you nothing more than a Sr."—*Ex.*

One of the boys on Philosopher's flat says he is obliged to raise the window when he wishes to look out.

Upon inquiring why the gas was burning at midnight, we learned that the usual twenty-five page letter from Winona had arrived.

It has just reached our ears that Richard and Martin practised during the holidays, six hours daily, for the Evening Entertainments. What a blessing we were absent.

Andrew W. has received the latest work on batting. We will look forward to some great hit of his in the near future.

Tommy has no Holt—on his hair now, for the tonsorial artist relieved him of it. The boys showed their appreciation of Tom's act by giving him a rousing reception on his entrance to the refectory.

He started from Philly one dreary dark night;
Arriving at Bryn Mawr he chose to alight
For he was a new one just thirsting for knowledge
And thought he could cut 'cross the lots to our
College.

When upon learning that he was mistaken,
His faith in his brother was quite rudely shaken,
For the latter in talk always spoke of Bryn Mawr
Which Martin believed could not be very far.

No train did he take for not one did he see,
"And how did I know that one went up?" said he.
Then hiring a carriage, he came bag and baggage,
And thus did he enter the doors of our College.

PERSONALS

Rev. T. A. Field, O.S.A., of Greenwich N. Y., paid us a short visit a few days since.

The many friends of Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., will be pleased to learn that, after a severe illness, he is at his old post again.

Rev. Father McGlynn, of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, called on Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., on March 5th.

Messrs. Dennis Kelly and John Sweeney of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., were entertained by Richard Kerr, of the Senior Dept., on February 11th.

During the present month, the Forty Hours' Devotion at the Churches of St. James and St. Paul, Philadelphia, will be conducted by the Augustinian Fathers.

Rev. Fathers Jones, O.S.A., of St. Augustine's, Philadelphia, and Nugent, O.S.A., of Our Mother of Good Counsel, Bryn Mawr, visited Rev. L. A. Delurey, O. S. A., during his recent illness.

Mr. Thomas J. Fitzgerald, A. B., '93, was welcomed at the institution by numerous old time friends on the 11th of February. We only regret that his visit was of such brief duration.

Mr. J. J. Wade, Sr., of Chicago, Ill., and J. J. Morrissey, M.D., M.A., '93, of Hartford, Conn., called on us, February 28th, and spent a few pleasant hours with E. T. Wade, Jr. who is, we are pleased to say, recovering from his recent illness.

It was with feelings of deep sorrow that we heard of the death of Mr. William Hayden of Bryn Mawr. We extend our warmest sympathy to the family in its great bereavement.

Messrs. Ed. Harley, J. Fox, and J. Donnelly of Norristown, Pa., and Richard Harley of the Georgetown University, were visitors to Chas. McEvoy, on February 28th.

Among the number of clergy that assembled at the consecration of Rev. M. A. Tierney as Bishop of the Diocese of Hartford, Conn., was our respected President, Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A.

We sincerely regret that sickness necessitated the removal of M. T. Kennedy and Charles McBride to their homes. We look forward with pleasure to the time when they will be among us again.

The Lenten course of sermons at the Church of St. Thomas of Villanova, has thus far been preached by Rev. C. A. McEvoy, J. A. McErlain, J. B. Leonard, F. M. Sheeran, J. F. Medina. The rest will be preached by Rev. R. F. Harris, W. A. Coar.

THE SOCIETIES.

V. D. S. On Wednesday evening, March 4, occurred the debate which was announced to take place Saturday evening, February 24. The affirmative side of the subject, Resolved, That Hawaii should be annexed, was argued by Mr. E. G. Dohan alone, owing to the unavoidable absence of his colleague, Mr. A. Plunkett. Mr. Dohan opened the debate and demonstrated by strong arguments that annexation should be the policy of our Government; that it is the wish of the Hawaiian people; and that it would be advantageous both to them and to us. He showed that by annexing Hawaii our Government would not be acting without a precedent. Mr. W. J. Mahon the first negative, then followed, showing in various ways, how undesirable annexation would be. He replied very thoroughly and impressively to many of his opponent's arguments. Mr. Dohan again spoke and developed more fully the divisions of his subject. Many arguments and facts were produced by Mr. N. A. Dugan, the second negative. Throughout the debate the three aforesaid gentlemen argued in a clear and able manner. Messrs. J. Dohan, J. E. Donnell, J. O'Leary, and J. Hughes discussed the subject when it was open to the house. The judge decided in favor of the affirmative.

The subject for next debate, on March 21, to be discussed by Messrs. McCarthy, Vasey, Hughes and McKeough is: Resolved, That

V. A. A. The base-ball management has been busily engaged for the last few weeks in arranging the schedule for the coming season. The care and active interest which our respected secretary has taken in doing this have evoked great praise from the students and reflect much credit upon himself.

The boys are hard at work practising; no sluggishness whatever appears on the part of any one of the many candidates, but each one goes into the work with a vim that is indeed pleasing.

Our principal battery Herron and McDonnell, to whom we will intrust most of our important games, are in good form. Herron has perfect control of the ball and appears to be even more speedy and effective than last year.

The prospects of having a good team this year are very encouraging, so that with the financial assistance of the many patrons and friends of the institution, we hope to make this year a marked one in the base-ball annals of Villanova.

EXCHANGES.

The *Fordham Monthly* for February is, as far as literary merit is concerned, excellent. We liked very much, "A Legend" by Claude Perin '96. The picture of the foot-ball eleven must be admired by every true lover of the sport.

Do you not devote altogether too much space to local items? For instance, in the above number there are nine columns, devoted to as many divisions, which could be condensed considerably. If every little event, that happens in your ranks be chronicled, you can very easily fill up space, but with matter interesting to none, save those immediately concerned.

Although we find it not a very pleasant task to criticize, especially our "fair exchanges," yet we feel it incumbent upon us to say something in regard to what we call the fickleness of the *Agnesian Monthly*. Why not keep a uniform color for your title page, instead of changing it in almost every edition? One would be led to believe that you wished the changing of color to be a characteristic. Last January a column called "Our Sunday Evening Visitors—Exchange," was inserted, and in February we looked for it in vain. Now "Sunday Evening Visitors" were too interesting to cut their acquaintances so quickly. What say you?

The different editions of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* during the past month have won our admiration. In one is an article entitled "The Evolution of the English Novel," manifesting profundity of knowledge and simplicity of style, and at the same time, emitting the "steady blaze of the genius" of that *litterateur*, Maurice Francis Egan. Many other articles therein contained, are well worthy of perusal.

That inter-collegiate debates are stepping stones to higher aspirations, that they are useful, instructive and necessary, the account of the Columbia-Georgetown debate, published in the *Georgetown College Journal*, clearly illustrates. The orations of the debaters on the negative, in particular that of Mr. John J. Dolan, were cogent, and convincing. This journal we are pleased to note has attained its former standard of excellence.

St. Mary's Sentinel, a small beautifully printed and well bound journal, is a collection of brief sketches of some literary excellence. Although its matter is obscure in parts, it, nevertheless, abounds in simple and suggestive thoughts.

Looking over our Exchanges we note that *The Stylus* informs its friends of what others think of it, and as it is praised by all, we trust that the Editors will not become vain and careless, but that they will endeavor to keep up the reputation of their journal.

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Villanova Monthly

Vol. II.

Villanova College, April, 1894.

No. 4.



In Memory of Rev'd. A. A. Leonard, O.S.A.

N this Easter morn, sweet Spouse of Christ,
Thou art called to mourn thy much-loved priest:
So young, so brave, and so pure of heart;
Who chose, for thy glory, "the better part" !

Ere the lilies drooped on thine incensed breast,
He was borne away to his last, long rest;
Ere thine Alleluias of joy had ceased,
Thy chant went up for thy dear dead priest !

Oh ! joy and sorrow, how close allied,
Like the warning hush on the sparkling tide !
To-day, our chalice of joy how clear ;
To-morrow mourns the loved and dear !

Pale are those lips, and cold, and mute;
Like the vanished chords of a shattered lute !
And those eyes whose gleam on the good reposed
Are rayless now and forever closed !

On that calm, still face, so white, and cold :
Where friendship sparkled like sheen of gold !
Sweet resignation, and peace, and love
Are Heaven's bright imprints of bliss above !

Ineffable rest, so sweet, and calm,
Which steals through the breast like the Vesper psalm !
Oh ! who would mourn a form so fair,
E'en though the silence of Death be there !

Another branch from the fecund stem,
Ere Nature fashioned her diadem !
Blasted and torn ere yet her song
Through her sunny bowers was heard among !

Another rod with its bud and bloom,
Laid 'mid the silence which fills the tomb !
A Levite's rod, with its burgeoned worth,
Forever set in the humid earth !

Then chant thy requiem sad and lone,
Like Rachel wailing her children gone !
But, oh ! the comfort, her heart refused
On thy breast fair Spouse like the gold is fused !

We mourn as one who hath known him long ;
Who hath drunk the strains of his life's sweet song !
We pray as one of his kind and ken
For the sweetest hope of his soul's amen !

PATRICK CAREY.

Gladstone's Retirement.

For the fourth and last time, Mr Gladstone, on March 3, delivered to his sovereign the privy seal, next to the crown, the highest emblem of authority in Great Britain, and laying aside all honors of position and title, stepped back into the ranks of the people.

So ends one of the longest and one of the greatest political careers which modern England has seen. The affectionate admiration of friends and opponents follows him in his retreat, and it is likely to grow stronger, not weaker, with time. Never again will English public life be what it was under his stately leadership. Nor is there anybody to exert in the House of Commons that influence which he has wielded beneficently, or to impress upon its deliberations that authority which comes from long service, lofty character and intellectual supremacy all combined.

History will have to record that he was the first British Minister to win the love and respect of the Irish people. He himself believes that the work in which he has been engaged for the last eight years is the greatest and most beneficent of his life. This time was spent in noble efforts to remove the enmity existing between two nations which, for seven centuries, has been the most bitter known in the world's history. The story of British rule in Ireland—of wrongs, insults and base outrages—is one which has excited the greatest sympathy. Indeed, so great were the grievances of the Irish people that at last, in their desperation, they lost all terror of the law. The midnight raids of the police no longer alarmed them; even the frowning shadow of the country prison did not terrify them as it once did. The fact that so many great and good men were imprisoned, robbed the jail of its odium in the eyes of the people. Of course English laws, on account of their manifest injustice, were never held in respect in Ireland. But now they lost all power of exciting fear. How could it be otherwise when men, highest in the esteem of their fellow-men, of the most pure and self-denying lives—men whose characters were open as the day—were arrested; subjected to the mockery of a trial and clapped into prison, not for deeds or even words of violence, but for words of counsel and encouragement to a grossly wronged and suffering people? If this course, and it is one persistently pursued by the late Government in Ireland, be not exasperating, there is nothing in the history of human justice that is.

Eight years ago Mr. Gladstone realized, that in the great quarrel between the two countries, Ireland was right and England shamefully wrong, and thereupon he began the noblest work of his life,

repairing the wrongs of a suffering people. To him must forever belong the honor, not only of admitting the injustice of his country, but also of setting himself to the task of making it plain to all his countrymen, and exciting in them an enthusiasm almost as great as his own to remove it.

He knew full well what a tremendous task he was about to undertake. He knew also that the struggle would be long and fierce; that he would have to suffer many reverses, and make many sacrifices. Cognizant of this, he took upon himself the defence of the Irish cause, and ever since has made it the one purpose of his political life. How he has struggled for that cause has been the marvel and admiration of the world. Not less marvelous has been his success.

That he, of all British statesmen, was the best equipped for the work, is universally allowed. No other Englishman had such influence over the masses of his country-men. As an orator, foes as well as friends recognized and admitted his superiority, while in knowledge and experience, he stands without a rival. All these great gifts and powers of intellect he has cheerfully placed at the disposal of oppressed Ireland.

That now Mr. Gladstone at the age of 84, threatened with a distressing malady, should feel it is his duty to seek the ease of retirement is not surprising; the wonder rather is that he did not do so sooner. In withdrawing from active leadership, he must feel not a little pride and gratification in the knowledge that he carries with him the gratitude and love of the Irish race and that he achieved what no other statesman of his country ever did. By reason of the services of this eminent man, we here give a short sketch of his life:

William Ewart Gladstone was born in Liverpool, on December 29, 1809. Being the son of Sir John Gladstone, a rich merchant, many opportunities of gratifying his love for study presented themselves to him. In 1829 he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, and graduated there two years later with the highest honors, after which he made an extended tour through the continent. Upon his return, he was urged by the Duke of New Castle to stand for Parliament for Newark. After a most vigorous campaign he was elected. When Parliament again convened, he proved himself a man of no ordinary abilities. Step by step he rose in power, till in 1878 he reached the highest pinnacle of political power that could be aspired to—the premiership of England. Then followed an era of great legislative measures, culminating in the Education Act of 1870. When he came into power again in 1886, he admitted that in his past opinions of Irish affairs, he was grossly wrong, and an-

nounced his plans for Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone was re-elected premier in 1892, from which office he has now resigned. And although he has stepped down from his high position without a regal title, he will be known to succeeding generations by a far more noble and honorary title than any the State could give—the title of the “Grand Old Man.”

MARTIN T. FIELD, '95.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

SEVENTH PAPER.

It followed then in Augustine's view that for the social Christian reform to be thorough,—for it to be efficacious, universal and lasting, the stream of divine grace and virtue had to run and spread through all the ranks of society from the highest to the lowest. And that similarly for all individual reform to be complete, it was needed at the outset that each Christian man for himself should strike at self, and uproot in self the sources of his moral evil,—of the errors in his intellect and of the malice in his heart.

And so with this “purging of intellectual and moral viciousness in the inner and spiritual man, would the *first step* be taken towards perfect union with God, who alone is the beginning and end of all creatures.

Thus would human nature, strengthened by divine grace, return again as of old to the practice of the primitive and fundamental virtues of charity and justice, and to the acknowledgment of the natural and divine truths of God and the future life.

And this would be the *second step* in the purification of human nature, while with the continued and increasing practice of these two virtues would all society of men be chastened, purified and united in mind and will with their Creator; for without the charity of God and man, there can be no true and perfect justice; for justice consists primarily in giving to each one his due; and without justice there can be no domestic, no civic, no social virtues,—no beneficence, no peace, no friendliness, no forgiveness, no sympathy in the minds or actions of the multitude; and without the light of the divine Truth and the love of the divine Being there can be neither true nor perfect happiness in this world or the next.

Charity, then was the dominant in Augustine's scheme of life, the key-note of Augustine's program of true ethical reform; that charity, which is the love of God and of one's neighbor to be proved and displayed in each man's works. But in order to love God, one must know God,—must know

what He is, and what He has done for man. For all sound knowledge of self, all one's sober reflections on the destiny for which he was created, and his many trials and mishaps in life, is based on the truth and the knowledge of God's laws—and of God's truth.

To understand Augustine's theory of holy life, one must needs go back with him in spirit to a consideration of the three chief epochs in the story of man, and the three fundamental facts, the starting-points, as it were, in man's moral life. These are the creation of man, his downfall and his redemption. By the first man knows what he was in the beginning through the omnipotence and bounty of the Most High; by the second he knows into what sad state he has fallen through his sin and malice, and by the third what means have been given him for his recovery from sin and his restoration to the blessed grace of the Most High by the mercy and love of the Redeemer of the world.

For through the wisdom, goodness and power of the Omnipotent Being had man once been perfect;—perfect in all his nature and essence; perfect in his soul with all its faculties and powers of understanding, will and memory, and perfect in his body with all its organs and senses. This is fact number one in the history of mankind. And fact number two is that despite the wholly gratuitous beneficence of the Creator, the creature—man, through his own wholly wilful and uncalled for malice of heart, fell away from divine virtue and the life of the spirit, and doomed himself and his posterity to everlasting misery and woe, had not the fresh bounty of the omnipotence of God preserved him from further evils and restored him again to his destined birthright of heaven. And this is fact number three in the moral life of every man. Thus through the charity of God was man created; thus through the malice of the creature was the Creator's love defeated, and thus through the charity of the Redeemer was the creature again made blessed and happy. Thus do these three great truths—creation, sin, redemption, with their correlatives—religion, reparation and love, underlie the moral fabric of the spiritual edifice in each man's soul. For to recognize the omnipotence of God in His creation, is to honor Him; to atone for one's own guilt is penance, and to praise the Redeemer for His mercies is charity and justice.

Nor really can any one, viewing the history of ages and the story of all moral and social reforms among men, perceive any other course looking to the restoration of true moral life in self or others, than this recognition of the three great truisms of the spiritual and moral order. And hence did Augustine, great reformer as he was in Church and state,

strive continually by spoken and written word, to bring these fundamental facts of the moral life prominently before men, that, with divine grace illuminating their minds and inspiring their wills, they might know what was the better life, and what steps to take to progress therein.

As to creation—the first great fact, or truth, in the life of man, Augustine's teaching was substantially as follows; namely, that in His creation of the world, of the heavens and the earth, and of all therein, the Maker, in order the better to display His own power and goodness, formed the first man and woman perfect in spirit and body; endowed these two most privileged beings with every spiritual and bodily perfection and grace needed for His own divine ends, and, besides, enriched them with every gift of spirit or soul that they—His creatures—needed in order to secure the blessed and everlasting life. In order the better to understand the fulness and richness of the divine bounty in the creation of man, one must not fail to remember that before the creation of Adam, the Lord had already created two other great and noble classes or orders, of beings—the spiritual, or angelic beings, namely, and the material or corporeal beings. The first class of beings—the angels—were wholly simple and spiritual in their nature, and gifted in the highest degree with intellective and appetitive activity towards whatever was true and good. They were created to forever know, praise, and adore the Supreme Being, who in forming them had shared with them, in a measure, His own divine attributes of truth and goodness, of wisdom and love. The latter class of beings—the sensitive, the animal, the vegetable and the inorganic creatures, being soulless, without mind or will, were to be ruled wholly and necessarily by the unchanging laws of their own material nature. They could not know their Creator, yet they could serve Him. If the angelic beings by reason of the spirituality of their nature could not die, brute beings and all classes of creatures lower than they in the visible world would necessarily by reason of their material nature have to perish.

In the angelic beings, who were pure spirits,—immortal and eternal like unto God Himself, dominated in their intellect the wisdom of God,—the virtue of intelligence, and in their will the love of God,—the virtue of charity, the chiefest and noblest gifts the Almighty can impart to His creatures; for God is Wisdom, and God is Charity.

In all material beings, which by their nature are essentially destructible and perishable, dominated necessity, which in brutes is styled instinct, and in the lower classes of the visible world the laws of physical nature.

If in the order of creation, angels by the pure spirituality of their nature were the highest in the invisible world, animals by reason of their perfect sensitive organization were the highest type of creation in the visible world.

For in the visible world of creation, the lowest of God's creatures, the inorganic beings,—minerals, metals, salts and the still lower forms of existence, have merely being; they are without life, feelings, or the power of motion; and because of this want of organic, sensitive and vital power in them, they are wholly and necessarily inert. Because they are lifeless, and neither grow, or increase, they stay where they are put. Yet herein do they serve their Creator.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

Trial by Jury

There is hardly anything so unique in the history of jurisprudence as trial by jury. Whence it came, or by what nation it was first introduced, seems to be involved in great obscurity. The history of antiquity discloses the fact that forms of trial bearing more or less resemblance to this system, are among the features of primitive institutions of all nations. But there can be no reasonable doubt that we owe the development and subsequent perfection of this system to the English people. Whether it originally sprang into existence among them, or was borrowed in an embryonic state from a conquered nation and afterwards perfected, all must acknowledge that its most essential parts are unmistakably marked by many of the distinguishing traits and characteristics of the English people.

Like all other human systems, it has its advantages and its disadvantages. Human justice must be meted out as long as human nature exists, and from the very fact that it is human justice, it must be often imperfect on account of the sway of passions and prejudices over the minds and hearts of men. Thus it is that, theoretically speaking, trial by jury offers to us an excellent method of administering justice, but in practice, as the poet Burns says:

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men

Gang aft agley,

and so what was originally intended to be a means of preserving equality of rights among men, is often employed in the interests of injustice and oppression. Jurors, regardless of their ability to weigh close questions of fact, are selected by chance. This, indeed, stands as an obstacle on the very threshold of the jury system. The banker, the

merchant, the farmer and the miller are forced from their respective places into the court room, in order to decide a case upon the evidence given by witnesses. Such men are often capable of rendering impartial and intelligent verdicts, but they cannot give that close attention to the evidence which the case in question requires. Their thoughts must and will wander to their business, and this produces anxiety, irritation and uneasiness. Such dispositions as these are certainly not the proper ones by which men should be animated, in order to bear the responsibility of dealing out justice to mankind.

Some bring forward the argument that these men should be willing to sacrifice their personal advantages and interests for the public good. This argument is very plausible, but in order to be effectual, it must first be proven that all juries are empanelled for the public good. And again, it does not seem reasonable that because one man has injured the public good, another should sacrifice his interests for the purpose of vindicating the public good, especially when such vindication is by no means probable. In almost every case we find men who are really competent selected as jurors, but who plead some excuse for not serving as such; the too frequent result is, that incompetent men are chosen to fill their places.

Trials in their infancy were very brief, scarcely one day being needed for a verdict. At the present time, however, they run into weeks, even into months, for example, the Cronin case of Chicago, which lasted nearly four months. The result of this long delay is, that the jurors necessarily become confused before the case is half over, and have but a vague idea of the proceedings of the whole trial when the time comes for rendering a verdict that oftentimes, as in the case cited, involves a matter of life and death.

Formerly where hundreds were involved, to-day millions figure, and to contend with these conflicting questions requires more than the ordinary training acquired on the farm, in the counting-house, in the store, or in the workshop. It needs men who have above all things the faculty of analyzing the statements of the witnesses, and who can deduct a correct conclusion from them. Such men are not so easily found, and it is highly improbable to expect that they will always be found in a jury chosen by chance.

The loss of time and great expense are of trivial importance, when we take into consideration the chief feature of this system. Twelve men are required to be of the same mind, in order to bring in a verdict. In other words, twelve men are required, legally speaking, to have the same opinion

with regard to the acceptance or rejection of testimony, and the degree of guilt or innocence of the defendant. This cannot but encourage sophistry among lawyers, who only think of gaining the case committed to their charge, and who are only intent upon making this sameness of opinion redound to their success. Sometimes the court is permitted to set the verdict of the jury aside, and this in itself clearly proves that the trial by jury is a very imperfect system for the administration of justice.

Let us hope that ere long there will be some plan by which a premium will no longer be placed on incompetency, one which will allow all to assert their rights speedily, with the least expense and the highest degree of certainty.

J. J. CROWLEY, '94.

The White Scapular of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

In the early part of the current year His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, in order to signify by a new favor his well known devotion to the Most Holy Mother of God and his regard and esteem for the Order of St. Augustine, deigned to institute the Society of the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Good Counsel.

The decree of His Holiness authorizing the use of this Scapular* refers to the urgent need among the Faithful, especially in these days, of the virtue of good counsel, one of the choicest of the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit of God. "*Mine is counsel*," saith the Holy Ghost: "*I dwell in counsel, and am present in learned thoughts.*"

In the eighteenth century was established at Genazzano, with the approval of Pope Benedict XIV, the Society of the Mother of Good Counsel, known as the *Pious Union of Our Lady*.

As the proper vestment or insignia of the brotherhood of the Pious Union, this Scapular has been instituted.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCAPULAR.

The Scapular of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Good Counsel is made (as usual) of two woolen pieces, (of white color,) joined together by two cords or ribbons. One of them is covered with the likeness, stamped on silk or other material, of the picture of the Blessed Mary, as honored in her sanctuary at Genazzano, with these words: *Mater Boni Consilii*, i. e., Mother of Good Counsel; the other bears (similarly on silk or otherwise,) the Pontifical insignia, namely, the triple crown with the keys, and this inscription in Latin or the ver-

* The decree—*De Beata Virgine Genitrice*, issued through the Congregation of Rites, was signed on January 21, 1894.

macular: *Fili acquiesce consiliis ejus, i. e.,* Son, hearken unto her counsels.—Leo XIII.

The Indulgences accorded by the Supreme Pontiff to those who are enrolled in the Society, are as follows:

PLENARY INDULGENCES.

A Plenary Indulgence, applicable to the souls in purgatory, may be gained by all the Faithful of either sex, provided they have been rightly confessed and have received the Holy Eucharist worthily, on the following days:

1. On the day of their enrollment in the Society of the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Good Counsel; or on the Sunday or any Feast Day immediately following it.

2. On the 26th of April, Feast of the Mother of Good Counsel; or any day within its Octave.

3. In the article of death; provided, that being rightly confessed and refreshed with the Most Holy Eucharist, they invoke the Most Holy Name of Jesus with their lips, or at least in their hearts.

4. On the Feasts of (a) the Immaculate Conception, (b) the Nativity, (c) the Annunciation, (d) the Purification, and (e) the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and (f) on the Feast of St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church.

PARTIAL INDULGENCES.

1. An Indulgence of seven years and of as many quarantines, applicable also the souls in purgatory, may be gained by the Faithful of either sex on the Feasts of (a) the Presentation and (b) the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary; provided with contrite heart they visit a church or public oratory, and there for some time piously pray to God according to the intention of the Supreme Pontiff.

2. An Indulgence of one hundred days as often as they invoke the Counsel of the Virgin Mother of God in their heart or with their lips.

3. Also an Indulgence of one hundred days as often as with contrite heart they do some good work in order to secure the conversion of sinners.

For enrollment in the Society of the Scapular of Our Lady of Good Counsel one may apply to any Augustinian Father.

Beauties and Teachings of Nature.

Nature resplendent with all its beauty, and robed in variegated garments of brilliant or quiet hues, eloquently testifies to the glory and goodness of God.

The tall and lofty mountain, clad in its verdant mantle, and rising so grandly and majestically

above its surroundings, until to our delighted eyes it appears cloud-capped, seems to point out, according to our vivid imaginations, a safe though tedious journey to those realms that canopy earth.

The irregular stretch of green-carpeted valley, bathed with purling streams, dotted with many-colored flowers, and interspersed with trees of wide-spreading and animated branches delights the eye of the beholder and invites the weary traveler to a seat 'neath some stately oak, to be regaled by the odor of sweet smelling flowers, pleased with the melodious notes of tireless warblers, quieted and lulled to sleep by the gentle zephyrs that fan his cheeks.

The loud and boisterous cataract, tumbling over rocks and precipitating itself with the utmost haste and violence to the depths below; the hoarse interminably vast ocean; the extensive and gloomy forest, aroused by the howls of some beast of prey from its perennial slumbers; the magnificently proportioned beasts; the many birds of brilliant plumage; and, lastly, man made to His image and likeness, reflect, each in its own way, the beauty, grandeur and unspeakable majesty of the Creator, and excite in us feelings of wonder, admiration and love.

But how powerless would all these objects be to produce such feelings if light were wanting! And how indescribably beautiful is the sun itself, which produces this light that gives tone to all things, especially at its rising and setting. As a great poet has sung:

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistening with dew."

The heavy sable draperies of night seem thrust aside by an invisible hand as slowly, majestically, and with unclouded splendor, the precursor of God's goodness for that day rises in the east, suffuses all with its radiance, and awakens to blooming joy the countless plants and flowers that had bent their sleepy heads under the narcotic influence of dewy night.

Nevertheless the millions of plants and flowers destroyed by the intense heat of the noon-day sun teach us the important lesson that too much prosperity can be as baleful and injurious as the most chilling blasts of adversity.

But previous to the gloaming is the beauty and splendor of "the glorious king of the day" most pronounced. And the indescribable tints with which he colors the clouds following in his train long remain to enchant and ravish the minds of observers.

Then the silent twilight steals softly on, followed by gloomy night relieved of utter darkness by the pearly light of the moon, with its myriads of accompanying lesser lights, each symbolical of the mercy of the Most High.

But nature at all times does not wear this charming aspect. Periodically it exchanges its warm garments of youth for the cold and uninviting one of hoary old age.

Often, moreover, the brilliancy and brightness of the sun is obscured by the warring elements that disturb the calmness and serenity of the sky.

During these disturbances all things appear to wear a mournful look, grieving doubtless over the concealment of that vivifier to which they are so greatly indebted.

But the brief duration of such conflicts which must and do eventually end, serves to show that our own troubles and trials are not permanent, and that

"There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest
But joy shall come with earthly light."

J. F. O'LEARY, '94.

In Memoriam.

Rev. Augustine Ambrose Leonard, O.S.A., who fell asleep at Cambridge, N. Y., March 22, 1894.

Asleep in Passiontide—on that blest feast
When Jesus gave His own the Living Bread!
Asleep in Death! O can we call thee dead,
Who livest in the Lord, His own dear priest?
The shades of Holy Week have almost ceased
'To cast their gloom upon Golgotha's tryst,—
We sit in darkness, but *thou* art released,
To keep thine Easter with the Risen Christ!

"*I am the Resurrection and the Life.*"

O Son of Saint Augustine, here we find
Our hope and solace. Nevermore earth's strife
Or woe can wound thy heart with thorns unkind.
Heaven's eternal rest and bliss be thine,
And may perpetual light upon thee shine!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Good Friday, 1894.

The Wanderer.

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,
The old, old love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand at the open door,
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling
He fain would lie as he lay before;
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,
The old, old love that we knew of yore!

Ah! who shall help us from over-telling
The sweet forgotten, forbidden lore!
E'en as we doubt in our heart once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.

W. WORDSWORTH.

The following is our Base-ball Schedule for the season:

Villanova	vs.		
Montgomery A. A., at Villanova,		April 14.	
Ardmore	" "	" 21.	
Lanford	" "	" 25.	
Montgomery A. A. " Ardmore,		" 28.	
Farmers' Alliance " Villanova,		May 2.	
West Chester N. S. " "		" 5.	
Rosewood	" "	" 9.	
West Chester N. S. " West Chester		" 10.	
Wenonah	" Villanova	" 12.	
Farmers' Alliance	" "	" 16.	
Gladwyne	" "	" 17.	
Open		" 19.	
Chester M. C.	" Chester	" 24.	
Wenonah	" Villanova	" 26.	
Cheltenham M. C.	" "	" 30.	
West Chester Normal		June 2.	
Gladwyn	" Gladwyn	" 7.	
Wenonah	" Villanova	" 9.	
Gladwyne	" "	" 14.	
National	" "	" 16.	

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.
READ THE COUPONS AND SEE
THE GRAND OFFERS THAT ARE MADE.

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VILLANOVA COLLEGE.

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APRIL, 1894.

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EDITORIALS.

IT IS natural for all men when they hear of a person renowned either for moral or intellectual greatness to desire to emulate him. But how many put this wish into practice? How many allow the spiritual to transcend the material or suffer their minds to pursue the same rugged road of thought travelled over by those who have so deeply and favorably impressed them? Many urge that the relative conditions of mankind preclude, not the possibility, but the probability of such a course, owing to its inconvenience and difficulty. But this view arises from the erroneous notion they possess respecting that which constitutes moral or intellectual greatness. While every individual cannot become a Washington or a Gladstone, still the principles of thought and action that guided the former and still regulate the conduct of the latter can be adopted by all, no matter what may be their position or state of life. It is in the power of each and every one to strive to follow with perseverance the right and just course; to bear cheerfully misfortunes and trials; to resist temptations of all kinds; to love and do good to one's neighbor; briefly, to temper with mercy, justice and honesty the various duties of life. Having fol-

lowed such a course, although one may not have attained international prominence, or even any reputation in the estimation of men, yet he will have in his character greatness in the true and strict sense of the word.

A GOOD practical education should be the aim of each and every one of us. For the attainment of this end many and different studies are requisite, the most essential of which are those which tend to make us thoroughly conversant with our mother tongue, as the proper understanding and expression of one's own vernacular is altogether indispensable to a well educated man. While a knowledge of foreign languages cannot be considered absolutely necessary for a good education, still the many advantages derived from a study of the same, will amply repay us for our time and trouble. The satisfaction of being able to understand the many foreign phrases met with in the books of standard authors; the ability to appreciate the beauties of thought and expression that abound in the works, especially, of French, German and Italian writers; the benefits accruing to public, private and professional men in understanding and being understood by those with whom, on account of business relations, they are brought into close contact, evince some of the reasons why studies of this kind should not be neglected. Hence, while we have the time and opportunity, let us take advantage of them and become familiar with the foreign languages, for such knowledge, though not considered necessary is, however, one of the most useful features of a good, practical education.

NOR the least encouraging sign of the spirit of the times is the growing number of Catholic publications. While there are very many that, by their merit, interest all lovers of good literature, we feel that the one entitled *Our Lady of Good Counsel*, which will appear for the first time during the present month, will be welcomed by thousands. This little magazine will be under the auspices of the Augustinian Fathers. The editorial management will be in the competent hands of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, the gifted poetess of Philadelphia. Very Rev. T. C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A., will contribute the Augustinian matter. Its columns will be open for items pertaining to *Our Lady of Good Counsel* or her shrines throughout the world. We wish it success.

IN accordance with our views already expressed regarding the Athletic Association, we now ask each and every student to make the play for its benefit a great success.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

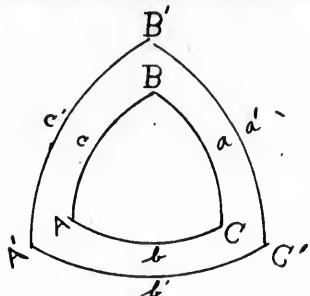
To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to
D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

55.—Solve the quadrantal triangle:—

$$a = 174^\circ 12' 49.1'', b = 94^\circ 8' 20'', c = 90^\circ$$

Solution by J. S. Smith, '96.



Let A', B', C, a', b', c' represent the corresponding angles and sides of the polar triangle,

$$\text{Then } A' = (180^\circ - 175^\circ 12' 49.1'') = 5^\circ 47' 10.9''$$

$$B' = (180^\circ - 94^\circ 8' 20'') = 85^\circ 51' 40''$$

$$C' = (180^\circ - 90^\circ) = 90^\circ$$

$$\tan \frac{1}{2} c' = -\cos (B' + A') \sec (B' - A')$$

$$B' + A' = 91^\circ 38' 50.9''$$

$$B' - A' = 80^\circ 4' 29.1''$$

$$\log \cos (B' + A') = 8.45863$$

$$\log \sec (B' - A') = 0.76356$$

$$2 \overline{9.22219}$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2} c' = 9.611095$$

$$\frac{1}{2} c' = 22^\circ 12' 56\frac{2}{3}''$$

$$c' = 44^\circ 25' 53''$$

$$C = 135^\circ 34' 7''$$

$$\tan \frac{1}{2} b' = \tan [\frac{1}{2} (B' + A') - 45^\circ] \tan [45^\circ - \frac{1}{2} (B' - A')]$$

$$\frac{1}{2} (B' + A') - 45^\circ = 0^\circ 49' 25.5''$$

$$45^\circ - \frac{1}{2} (B' - A') = 85^\circ 2' 14.6''$$

$$\log \tan 0^\circ 49' 25.5'' = 8.15770$$

$$\log \tan 85^\circ 2' 14.6'' = 11.06133$$

$$2 \overline{9.21903}$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2} b' = 9.609515$$

$$\frac{1}{2} b' = 22^\circ 8' 35''$$

$$b' = 44^\circ 17' 10''$$

$$B = 135^\circ 42' 50''$$

$$\tan \frac{1}{2} a' = \tan [\frac{1}{2} (B' + A') - 45^\circ] \tan [45^\circ - \frac{1}{2} (B' - A')]$$

$$\frac{1}{2} (B' + A') - 45^\circ = 0^\circ 49' 25.5''$$

$$45^\circ - \frac{1}{2} (B' - A') = 4^\circ 57' 45.4''$$

$$\log \tan 0^\circ 49' 25.5'' = 8.15770$$

$$\log \tan 4^\circ 57' 45.4'' = 8.93867$$

$$2 \overline{7.09637}$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2} a' = 8.54819$$

$$\frac{1}{2} a' = 2^\circ 1' 25''$$

$$a' = 4^\circ 2' 50''$$

$$A = 175^\circ 57' 10''$$

56.—Clear of radicals the equation:

$$\sqrt{y-z} + \sqrt{z-x} + \sqrt{x-y} = 0.$$

Solution by T. J. Condon, '96.

$$\sqrt{y-z} + \sqrt{z-x} + \sqrt{x-y} = 0.$$

$$\sqrt{y-z} + \sqrt{z-x} = -\sqrt{x-y}. \text{ Squaring.}$$

$$y-z+z-x+2\sqrt{(y-z)(z-x)} = x-y$$

$$2\sqrt{(y-z)(z-x)} = 2x-2y. \text{ Dividing by 2}$$

$$\sqrt{(y-z)(z-x)} = x-y. \text{ Squaring.}$$

$$(y-z)(z-x) = (x-y)^2$$

$$yz-z^2-xy+xz = x^2+y^2+2xy$$

$$x^2+y^2+z^2 = xy+xz+yz$$

57.—The sum of three numbers in geometrical progression is 39, and the sum of their squares 819; find the numbers.

Solution by Thos. J. Ronayne, '95.

Let x = the first, and y the third. The mean = \sqrt{xy} .

$$x + \sqrt{xy} + y = 39 \quad (1)$$

$$x^2 + xy + y^2 = 819 \quad (2)$$

$$\text{Dividing (2) by (1)} \quad x - \sqrt{xy} + y = 21 \quad (3)$$

Adding and subtracting (1) (3)

$$x + y = 30 \quad (4)$$

$$2\sqrt{xy} = 18 \quad (5)$$

$$\text{Square (4)} \quad x^2 + y^2 + 2xy = 900$$

$$\text{" (5)} \quad 4xy = 324.$$

$$\text{Subtract (5) from (4)} \quad x^2 + y^2 - 2xy = 576$$

$$\therefore x - y = \pm 24$$

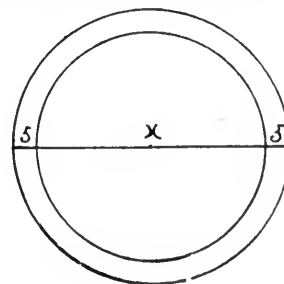
$$x + y = 30$$

$$\therefore x = 3 \text{ or } 27$$

$$y = 27 \text{ or } 3 \text{ and the numbers are } 3, 9, 27.$$

56.—In turning a one-horse chaise within a ring of a certain diameter it was observed that the outer wheel made two turns while the inner made but one; the wheels were both 4 feet high and fixed 5 feet from each on the axle-tree. What was the circumference of the track described by the outer wheel?

Solution by M. J. Vesey, '96.



Let x = diameter of inner circle

$$x + 10 = \text{diameter of outer circle}$$

The circumference described by the outer wheel

is twice the length of that described by the inner ; therefore

$$2 : 1 = x + 10 : x$$

$$x + 10 = 2x$$

$$x = 10$$

$$x + 10 = 20$$

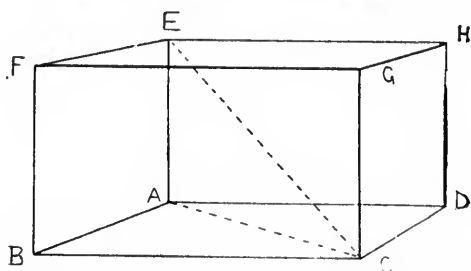
$$20 = \text{diameter of outer circle}$$

$$20 \times 3.1416 = 62.836 \text{ feet}$$

$$62.836 \text{ feet} = \text{circumference of outer circle.}$$

59.—Prove that the square of a diagonal of a rectangular parallelopiped is equal to the sum of the squares of its three dimensions.

Solution by J. Stanly Smith, '96.



Let CE be a diagonal and CD , CB and CG the dimensions of the rectangular parallelopiped $E-ABCD$.

To prove $\overline{CE}^2 = \overline{CD}^2 + \overline{CB}^2 + \overline{CG}^2$

Proof. Draw CA ; then the triangles ACD and ACE are rgt \triangle

$$\text{Hence } \overline{CA}^2 = \overline{CD}^2 + \overline{AD}^2 = \overline{CD}^2 + \overline{CB}^2$$

$$\overline{CE}^2 = \overline{CA}^2 + \overline{AE}^2 = \overline{CA}^2 + \overline{CG}^2$$

$$\therefore \overline{CE}^2 = \overline{CD}^2 + \overline{CB}^2 + \overline{CG}^2$$

New Problems.

61.—Given $a = 20^\circ 16' 38''$, $b = 50^\circ 19' 40''$, $c = 66^\circ 20' 44''$; find A , B , C .

62.—Construct a triangle, being given—

1. The radius of the inscribed circle, the vertical angle, and the perpendicular from the vertical angle on the base.

2. The base, the sum or difference of the other sides and the radius of the inscribed circle, or of one of the escribed circles.

3. The centres of the escribed circles.

63.—A gentleman has a garden 100 feet long and 80 feet broad. Now, a gravel walk is to be made of an equal width all around it; what must be the breadth of the walk to take up just half the ground?

64.—If I purchase at \$130 a bond of \$100 bearing 8 per cent. interest, and having 50 years to run, interest payable semi-annually; what rate of interest per annum do I realize on my investment if held to maturity, and if money is worth 5 per cent.?

SPLINTERS.

Vive

L'empereur !

Johnny.

Chewsday.

Dead Ball.

Tickets for one.

A pretty red rose.

Chic-chicky-chicken.

Room to rent, third floor, right.

Always take Grandma's advice.

I meant to do what was right.

You see I'm far away from home.

Martin's rolling was a feature of the game.

Who can account for Johnny's early return.

"And there is my brother home working."

Are you really going home to-morrow?

Oh ! Ed, did you hear what a "break" I made.

He had a severe cold and almost lost his breath.

Indeed I go regularly every Sunday afternoon.

I expect to capture first prize in the spring races.

Ah ! now I'll read. Does not that inspire you ?

A base fiddle would have been a welcome visitor in our last game.

You would need four eagle eyes to be on the watch.

Wanted.—Five more juniors for the upper left hand table.

—— has a beautiful voice for a parlor, but of course I don't know.

"They asked me to make the concluding remarks and I'm glad to so do."

We advise the boys who mailed the postal cards during the Easter holidays to beware.

We were laboring under the impression that Eddie was lost, but a bad penny always turns up.

The rays of the sun no longer penetrate the flat since the gentle reminder by Biz.

What a smiling countenance D—— assumes when he thinks how soon the "loads" will begin.

We don't "Kerr" to receive any more such attempts at versification from —— . You had better consign them to the flames.

How about that, Steve? Do you not think it is your turn to purchase the weed?

Neil was gratified to learn that it was growing pains with which he was troubled. And he is willing to have them continue.

I want free life and I want fresh air,
 I long for another year down there,
 I sigh for a canter down Lancaster Pike
 With Billy and John and my old friend Mike
 And Tommy trotting along by my side,
 Speaking of naught save his pretty bride,
 And how few people there who knew
 Of my escapades with Mon—

Nick says it makes no difference whether you are born in Hong Kong or America. Well, we're not "cue" rious.

Our friend Dennis, from Brooklyn, is constantly in the Gym. swinging on the rings. He is evidently trying to stretch himself. 'Tis in vain, Dennis.

For the benefit of those anxious to hear how many days of school remain Dave has arranged a very accurate account of them, both of study and recreation.

The manner in which J. M. hit the ball is sufficient proof that he has listened attentively to the instructions given by his pal, Andy.

"You do not give me credit, boys,
 For knowing half I do," he said.
 And then leaned back and looked so wise
 While cig'rette smoke curled round his head.

I half believed him when he spoke ;
 But then I thought it was a joke,
 One of his old ones, rich and rare,
 Which he prepares with so much care.

He wants to speak, 'tis plain to see,
 He cannot keep it, no, not *he*.
 He faintly smiles and says the word,
 Oh how I wish it ne'er occurred !

But list awhile and you will know ;
 He spoke too fast you'll say I trow.
 The next day's sun had not yet set,
 When he his smartness did regret.

Now list again, my noble friend,
 For after this Gra-apes I'll send ;
 And if perchance something you hear,
 Ne'er let it reach the victim's ear.

The following is an address copied from a letter that made its appearance a few days ago. It found the owner.

To a youth named *Kerr*,
 Otherwise called *Dick*,
 In *Villanova*, sir,
 Be pleased to take me quick ;
 In *Pennsylvania*, sir,
County Delaware,
 'Tis the best breed of "*Kerr*"
 To be found anywhere.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Thomas Kennedy called to see her son Michael on the 5th instant.

Rev. Father Brehony, of Manayunk, Pa., called recently on Rev. M. J. Locke, O.S.A.

Rev. N. J. Murphy, O.S.A., of Philadelphia, paid us a hurried visit a few days since.

Among our recent visitors was the Rev. P. F. McClean, of the Catholic University.

Our Very Rev. President, C. A. McEvoy, attended the funeral of Rt. Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, at Trenton, on April 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Bridgman spent the greater part of Easter Sunday with their son, Francis, of the Junior department.

Messrs. Donnelly, Maloney, O'Brien and McNamara, of Pittston, former students, paid a visit on April 8th.

Messrs. Melley and Wheeler, of St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., spent a few pleasant hours with their friend, J. M. Walsh, March 20th.

Mrs. J. J. Wade, of Chicago, spent two weeks at the College with her son, E. T., who has been suffering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism but is at present improving very rapidly.

Rev. E. P. Flynn, O.S.A., formerly of Lawrence, Mass., but at present at Chestnut Hill, Pa., where he will remain until Father Geraghty's return, called to see us.

Rev. R. A. Gleeson and W. A. Coar, O.S.A., of our College attended the funeral of Rev. Augustine Leonard, O.S.A., at Cambridge, N. Y., March 26th.

Our Very Rev. President, C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., attended the dedication ceremonies at St. John's Church, Manayunk, Pa.

The following Augustinian Fathers, Rev. P. J. Fahey, J. A. Wheelan, J. M. Fleming and M. J. Geraghty commenced, on April 8, a two weeks' mission at Randolph, Mass. The same Fathers will immediately after conduct a four-weeks' mission at Lynn, Mass.

We sympathize with the people of the Diocese of Trenton in the loss of their great and good Bishop, Right Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, D.D.

That he stood high in the affection and respect of his religious and secular friends was evidenced by the immense number that assembled at his funeral to pay their last tribute of love to their departed friend.

SOCIETIES.

V.D.S. Saturday evening, April 7. The subject for debate was, "Resolved, That vessels used on water are more serviceable than land vehicles." The affirmative was championed by Messrs. McCarthy and McKeough; Messrs. Vasey and Hughes were the negative's strong supporters.

Mr. McCarthy's arguments were interspersed with frequent outbursts of humor. Mr. Vasey was quite conversant with his subject and made some telling points. The most convincing speaker of the evening was Mr. McKeough, who is a thinker and a sarcastic debater. Mr. Hughes discussed the question at length and in a forcible manner.

The negative succeeded in convincing the judge that "land vehicles are more serviceable than vessels used on water."

At 9.15 the audience retired, expressing gratification for having been present at so entertaining a debate.

V.D.A. On the evening of Wednesday, April 18th, the Villanova Dramatic Association will present Dion Boucicault's well known play, "The Colleen Bawn," for the benefit of the Athletic Association. As this is the first play we have presented this term our efforts will be untiring to make it a great success. The Glee Club and Orchestra have kindly volunteered their assistance for the occasion.

As the proceeds of this play are in particular for the base-ball team, and in general for the Athletic Association, we earnestly solicit the patronage of everybody, and hope to see the same interest that has been displayed at our plays on former occasions.

V.A.A. The regular monthly meeting of this society was held on Wednesday evening, March 7. After the regular monthly business had been transacted, the committee to arrange for the play reported that the proceeds would be for the use of this association. From present indications the base-ball team of '94 will excel that of '93, as the new members have strengthened it wonderfully and the daily practice under the supervision of Captain Carey is already producing encouraging results. The first game will be on Saturday, April 14, when we will open the season with the Montgomery A. A. Base-ball Club.

No better opportunity could be offered to the lovers of the national game to witness first-class base-ball games than is offered at present. We cordially invite everybody interested to come and witness these games, and ample provision will be made for the accommodation of all. All games commence at 4 o'clock.

EXCHANGES.

The April number of the *Niagara Index* has been studiously and wisely directed, both in matter and arrangement. The essay on Longfellow, showing on the part of the writer an intimate acquaintance with the works of this great American poet, is well written. While the field of knowledge is open to all, and the choice of an author rests with the reader, yet we should not overlook the writers of our own age and clime "lest," as the writer remarks, "it be hereafter said that others have found a jewel unknown in our age." The conclusion of "Shakespeare and Duty," brought with it regret that such an able article had come to an end. We trust that others equally as good will follow.

For the first time it is our pleasure to greet from the sunny South *The Collegian*, of Belmont, N.C., as an exchange. The Ex-man saw this journal in its infancy, and to say that it has greatly improved in appearance and literary merit, would be saying but little. We were not surprised to note the hesitancy of the staff in the adoption of an exchange column, for the choice of an Ex-man is oftentimes a difficult task. The selection being made, the man so honored finds the office no sinecure, for he must ever be an able and friendly critic, and always ready to give and take, and both in the proper way. But we see he has steered his vessel in the right direction and we wish him "bon voyage."

On the arrival of the *Earlhamite* we experienced much pleasure and interest in that excellent article "The Reign of Justice." The sentiments and thoughts therein contained are of a high and noble order. The subject, "Evolution and the Human Conflict," has been completely and felicitously presented. The standard of this journal is, in our opinion, somewhat lowered by the sickly appearance of the "Exchanges." Ye editors, infuse life into your shadow of an exchange column, and the change will be appreciated by all.

The *Viatorian* clothed in its vernal robe betokens especial care and preparation in its miscellaneous matter. The poem, "He is Risen," embraces "truth in its Sunday clothes." The essay on A. P. A'ism, "a by-word among all people," is a scathing denunciation of this association, pernicious alike to society and republic. The ingenious manner with which the author treats the subject makes the composition one very instructive and entertaining.

It is ever with pleasure that we receive and read the *Athenaeum* of West Virginia University.

We heartily enjoyed that treatise on the dude—almost as much as though we were reading Twain or Bill Nye.

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Villanova College, May, 1894.

No. 5.

THE ASCENSION.

From the Spanish of Fra Luis Ponce De Leon, O.S.A.



AND thou hast left, oh pastor saint
Thy flock to wander in this vale obscure,
In solitude and plaint,
Whilst thou, most high and pure,
Dost cleave the air immortal and secure.

And those who erst were happiest
Are full of sorrow, sadness, weeping sore ;
Nurtured upon thy breast
Thy loss we now deplore—
Where shall they turn for comfort, where adore ?

That object now shall glad those eyes
That basked in sunshine of thy beauteous face ?
What should they not despise
Who heard thy voice's grace ?
All other sounds must leave an evil trace.

Since now thou'rt hidden from our view,
What hand shall rule the billowing ocean's might ?
Who'll curb its rage anew
When storm winds take their flight ?
What compass guide the bark through starless night ?

Ah, envious clouds that hence convey
Our earthly joy, of but a moment's span !
Whence speed they with such prey ?
How rich they sail away,—
And what a poor blind erring thing is man !

Self-Reliance.

"Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others; and one, more important, which he gives himself."—*Gibbon*.

Of all the elements of success none is of more vital importance than self-reliance—that is a determination to be one's own helper, and not to look to others for support. It is the secret of all individual growth and vigor, the master-key that unlocks all difficulties in every profession or calling. *Aide-toi et le ciel t'aidera*, as the French have it—Help yourself, and Heaven will help you—should be the motto of every man who would make himself useful in the world or carve his way to riches or honors.

The direst curse that can befall a young man is to be the recipient of charity; to lean, while his character is forming, on others for support. Help from within always strengthens, but help from without invariably enfeebles its recipient; it is not in the sheltered garden or in the hot-house, but on the rugged pine cliffs, where the storms beat most violently, that the toughest plants are reared. It is not by the use of corks, bladders and life-preservers that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging courageously into the waves and buffeting them, like Cassius and Cæsar, "with lusty sinews." The man who dares not follow his own judgment, but runs perpetually to others for advice, becomes finally a moral weakling and an intellectual dwarf; such a man has no self within him, and believes in no self within him, but goes as a suppliant to others and entreats them, one after another, to lend theirs. God never intended that strong, independent beings should be reared by clinging to others, like the ivy to the oak, for support; the difficulties, hardships and trials of life—the obstacles one encounters on the road to fortune—are positive blessings. They knit his muscles more firmly and teach him self-reliance, just as by wrestling with an athlete who is superior to us, we increase our own strength and learn the secret of his skill.

All difficulties come to us, as Bunyan says of temptation, like the lion which met Sampson. The first time we encounter them they roar and gnash their teeth, but once subdued, we find a nest of honey in them.

Peril is the very element in which power is developed. "Ability and necessity dwell near each other," said Pythagoras. "He who has battled," says Carlyle, "were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found to be stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision-wagons, or even rest unwatchfully abiding by the stuff."

Burke, repelling the Duke of Bedford's attack

upon his pension, says of himself: "I was not rocked and swaddled and dandled into a legislator. *Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me." Great statesmen in all countries have owed their sagacity, tact and foresight more to failure than success. The diplomatist becomes master of his art by being baffled, thwarted and defeated, quite as much as by winning his points. Every time that he is checkmated he acquires a more profound knowledge of the political game, and makes his next combination with increased skill and with increased chances of success.

It is told of Lord Thurlow, a Chancellor of England, that on being consulted by a parent as to the best means his son could adopt to secure success at the bar, he thus replied: "Let your son spend his own fortune, marry and spend his wife's, and then go to the bar; there will be no fear of his failure." Why this recommendation? Plainly because Thurlow's observation had taught him that the man who has a sure means of support has not the inducement to put his shoulder to the wheel which stimulates and urges him who feels the pressure of the *res angustiae domi*.

"Ibit eo quo vult, qui zonam perdidit."

Who are they that

"Pluck bright glory from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
When fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks?"
The scions of noble blood? The sons of the rich who were dandled in the lap of luxury, whose path was smoothed for them at every step, who were never for an instant compelled to fight against the armed resistance of misfortune, penury and wrong? No! they are men of humble parentage—men whose cradles were never rocked in lordly mansions, and who buffeted the billows of fate without dependence save upon the mercy of God and their own energies; nature's noblemen, who have trodden under foot the painted lizards of society, and worked out their own distinction with an ardor that could not be quenched and a perseverance that considered nothing as done while anything yet remained to be done.

The are many persons who are always looking to government, to institutions, to workingmen's or other associations, to anything and everything but their own hands and brains to better their own condition and make their life-journey easy. But even the best institutions can give a man no active help; laws wisely administered will secure to men the fruits of their industry, but no laws which the wit of man can devise can make the idle, industrious; the thriftless, provident; or the drunken, sober. Nine-tenths of the great social evils which

reformers denounce are but the outgrowth of individual life, and no legislation can extirpate them, unless the axe is also laid at the root.

The great art of education, it has been wisely said, is "to teach others to teach themselves." Nor is there any contradiction to the aphorism in the saying so often quoted that "a self-taught man had a very ignorant fellow for his master," for by "self-taught" is here meant one who, ignorant of all that others have accomplished makes no use of others' labors in any department of art, science or learning, and is therefore limited to the result of his own discoveries. It has been well said that "in mind as well as body, we are children first only that we may afterwards become men; dependent upon others in order that we may learn from them such lessons as may tend eventually to our edification on an independent basis of our own."

It cannot be too often repeated that it is not help but obstacles, not facilities but difficulties that make men. Shelly tells us of certain poets that they

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong;

They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

And it would seem that as flowers need to be crushed before they will give forth all their perfumes, and as the goldfinch is said to sing the most sweetly when a hot needle is thrust into its eye, so pain and anguish are the conditions of some men's success, without which it is impossible to evoke the most brilliant displays of genius. The moral feebleness of the time is equalled by the intellectual; men are gradually ceasing to think, they have their thinking done for them. "As the native in some parts of the world carries the traveller in a chair on his back over the mountains, so the teacher carries the pupil up the Alpine peaks of knowledge; as the priest in Siberia puts his devotions into a mill and grinds out prayers so we expect our preachers to do our praying for us; as the steam engine whisks us, asleep or awake, to the city or capital, so we expect the books over which we doze to bear us to the metropolis of science." While it is true that all men cannot be Raphaels or Shakespeares, that the number of Miltons and Newtons who have *Paradise Losts* and *Principias* stored away in their brains is far smaller than is generally supposed—it is equally true that every individual mind may contain some germ, some seed or latent principle, the development of which may sooner or later, exert an important influence over the whole widespread world.

Do you complain of your difficulties? In answer to this question it may be said that neither power nor capacity is to be measured by the capacity of

the recipient. Were not the oak forests of the earth once contained in a single acorn? Was it not a camel-driver that founded a new religion and changed the faces of empires? Was not Pope Gregory VII a carpenter's son, Sixtus V a shepherd and Adrian VI a bargeman? Did not Cobden, a manufacturer with no brilliancy of parts, by his stubborn perseverance overthrow in a few years the long established and deeply rooted commercial system of the British Empire? And was it not Arkwright, the barber's apprentice, who, although receiving a little more than a barber's education, bore the English nation triumphantly through the wars of the French Revolution, by the splendid achievements of his mechanical genius, which are now declared to be of greater value than all her colonies from Hindostan to Labrador?

History teems with such examples, showing that giant deeds may be performed by apparent pygmies, and that, if engaged in a noble cause, there is no social dwarf who may not become a moral Hercules. There are some men who instead of making the best use of the faculties which they have, are continually telling of what they might do "under happier circumstances." Under happier circumstances!—as if the very seal and sign of greatness were not precisely the regal superiority to circumstances which makes them aids and ministers to success instead of becoming their slave. The truth is, that the "circumstances" upon which so many faint-hearted men dwell with lugubrious eloquence should be regarded as the very tools with which one is to work, the stepping-stones by which he is to mount to the pinnacle of honor and fame.

It is said that when John C. Calhoun was in Yale College, he was ridiculed by his fellow-students for his intense application to study. "Why, sir," he replied, "I am forced to make the most of my time, that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress." A laugh followed, when he exclaimed: "Do you doubt it? I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the National capital as a representative within the next three years, I would leave college this very day."

Let every young man thus have faith in himself and earnestly take hold of life, scorning all props and buttresses. Instead of wielding the rusted sword of his valorous ancestors, let him forge his own weapons, and, conscious of the God in him and the Providence over him, let him fight his own battles with his own good lance. Instead of sighing for capital or friends and declaring that, "if he only had these he would be somebody," let him remember that, as Horace Greely

says, he is looking through the wrong end of the telescope, that if he only were somebody, he would speedily have all the boons whose absence he is bewailing. Instead of being one of the foiled potentialities, of which the world is so full—one of the subjunctive heroes, who always might, could, would or should do great things, but whose not doing great things is what nobody can understand—let him be in the imperative mood, and do that of which his talents are indicative. If this lesson of self-reliance be once learned and acted on, every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of usefulness and honor.

M. H. McDONNELL, '95.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

EIGHTH PAPER.

But creatures of the vegetable world, of the order of plants and trees, while gifted with being, have also life, and the power of development, which comes from life; but being soulless, they have not the power of sense, or feeling, or instinct. Yet the vegetable world is not wholly inert. Plants live, though they cannot change their place, nor feel pleasure, or pain. Like inorganic substances, plants stay where they are put, and by their increase and fruit-bearing serve their Creator.

Yet higher in the order of creation and far more gifted than vegetables are the creatures of the animal kingdom, of the world of brutes, beasts, birds, fishes, and the like. Ranking higher than all other creatures of the visible world, brutes share with these lower orders of things the perfection wherewith they are endowed. With inorganic substances, brutes have existence, being; with vegetables, life, growth and the power of increase; while unlike the orders of the inorganic and vegetable kingdoms, brutes alone, because of their immeasurable superiority, have the power of sense, feeling, instinct, motion. At will brutes change their domicile; when they feel like it, they eat, drink, sleep; and, so closely do they imitate man—their master, that in a certain crude way they even go through many of the forms of domestic, social and political life. Brutes have their families, which they nourish, protect, instruct and rule; they have their societies, and assemblies, their leaders and their guides.

For in the marvellous order of God's creation each class of beings, while partaking in a more or less eminent manner of all the graces, attributes and perfections of the beings of the various kingdoms inferior to it, reflect in a certain way the graces, attributes and perfections of the kingdom

of beings next superior to it in the scale of creation.

Yet between the two great classes of beings hitherto created, the purely spiritual and the purely material, the wholly immortal and the wholly perishable, the invisible angels and the visible bodies, had been ranged all the marvels of the divine creative power. In the creation of angels with their powers of intelligence, and free-will, and in the creation of animate bodies with their senses, instincts, feelings, it would seem that the Supreme Maker of all things designed to display the furthest limits, as it were, of His divine omnipotence and skill.

Yet the cycle of the creative power of God was not yet complete. In the order of creation a being was wanting that by its resemblance to spiritual beings, and its resemblance to corporeal beings, should at least in part combine, or unite, in itself,—in one being, all the manifold, varied and almost contradictory gifts and excellences of both the spiritual and the material worlds.

For all classes or orders of things so far created, and each individual being thereof, had been made by an All-wise and powerful Being to reflect in their several characteristics His wisdom, His goodness and His skill.

If the angelic beings—pure and immortal spirits—had been created to proclaim the greatness of their Maker, by the intensity of their intellectual faculties, and the ardor of their loving wills; if all other creatures of the visible and perishable world of animals, vegetables, and the inanimate and inorganic substances, were formed in order that by their dumb yet unwavering compliance with the fixed and unchanging laws of their purely physical and material nature, they might show forth the handiwork of the Lord; brutes by their industry, strength, swiftness, agility; vegetables by the multiplicity of their uses; and the lower order of inanimate things by their wonderful variations in size, shape, color, texture and proportion; if all these beings of either class, so cunningly fashioned, so richly endowed, so nobly gifted with almost every conceivable power and attribute of spirit and matter, declare the perfect work of an infinite intelligence, an infinite goodness, and an infinite power, then was it no more than fitting, (so far at least as human ingenuity can perceive,) that God, the Creator of all these things, should as a final and almost exhaustive test of His divine omnipotence, form still one other creature, in which should be harmonized, blended, moulded, all the marvellous and seemingly most contradictory graces, properties, powers and varieties of spirit and matter.

Were this creature, this composite being, this microcosm of the universe, in its resemblance to both orders of creation, to be gifted with both the spiritual power of the angels, and the material power of animals, then might the Lord rest from His work. For thus would the spirit of the Most High, which He had already conferred on the angels, be joined also to matter; and with heaven thus linked to earth would the virtue of the Infinite and All-perfect God become as it were incarnate.

And if, (to pursue this train of thought still further,) if in virtue of the semi-spiritual nature of this being, it could know and love its Maker, then would it resemble the angels; if in virtue of its bodily nature it could live, move, grow, and increase, then would it resemble animate or sensitive beings; if in virtue of the utter freedom of its will, it could live forever, therein resembling angels, and yet if it chose could die, therein resembling brutes; if because of the holiness of its spirit it could remain as pure and innocent as an angel, and yet have it within itself if so it chose, to lead the life of a brute; if, in a word, this being with the spirit of God working in it could produce the works of God, and yet because of the tendency of its earthly nature could elicit the works of the world, of the flesh, of the beast of the field, then would this creature, with such an amazing potency for good or evil, for holiness or malice, all the better display the marvellously varied creative ingenuity and skill of the divine Artificer.

And at the word of God, this creature, this semi-heavenly, semi-divine, semi-animal, semi-earthly, being was formed. God breathed His spirit—the spirit of Life, of Truth, of infinite holiness, on the base clay of the earth, and the clay took to itself shape and form after the image and likeness of God Himself. And this being was man.

T. C. M.

(To be Continued.)

Success.

"Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who WILL conquer? That kind of a man never fails."

JOHN HUNTER.

If we look among the circle of our acquaintances, we will be surprised to see how few have successfully made the voyage of life, how few, even with minds susceptible of the highest improvement, and generally recognized as endowed with brilliant parts, ever reach any great distinction among their fellow men.

There are exceptions, it is true, for at times we

are attracted by the stately form and intelligent face of some kindly old man, and a review of his life tells us that, in youth he was the pride of his home, the center of society, and that his whole life has been a continuation of successes; again we may meet an octogenarian who affords no particular attraction, but yet has a something in his face which leads us to inquire about him, and we are told that his life has been a most peculiar one, in youth the laughing stock of his class, the buffoon of society, whose abilities were deemed inconsiderable, but who seemed, after having gone out into the world, to have always measured the scope of his faculties, and unnoticed, to have attained a prominence which everyone considered far above his reach.

It is not my purpose to endeavor to define that trite expression, "success in life," nor yet to mark down the royal road which leads to it. It will be enough, perhaps, to look upon it as the accomplishment of the laudable life purpose of a man of natural or cultivated parts, who has found an object in life worth living and working for, and has honestly and perseveringly labored to attain it.

Viewing success in this light, there are three essentials which every young person should consider well; *viz.*: The choice of his life work, self reliance, and perseverance. College is an excellent place to digest mentally this former, which is an all important problem, and to educate, if not perfect ourselves in the two latter. Each of us is, as a rule, ordained for some special position in life; the natural bent of our minds and our talents sometimes suggest, not only to ourselves, but to our associates, the particular sphere for which we are adapted; but there are comparatively few whose characteristics are so obvious as to suggest an unmistakable bias to some peculiar profession, for in most cases there is no particular preference, and a wise decision is not reached before many considerations have been carefully weighed.

A socially ambitious father or mother often checks the ardor of a son to become a merchant, and sends him to college, and makes a textless preacher or a briefless barrister out of the material which might have been moulded into an efficient business man. And again, many a boy whose soul yearned for the higher walks of intellectual culture, has been doomed by injudicious advisers, to become the slave of the counting room desk or drudge out his life in agricultural pursuits. Such lives have indeed been utterly ruined, and as the damask hue fades from the maiden's cheek who mourns for her absent lover, or the silvering hair betokens the sadness of the youth's once amorous heart, so such lives but too plainly tell the story of their thwarted ambition.

The natural inclination may be hard to find but the discovery will well repay the search. We cannot all expect to be as fortunate as the character portrayed in the "Story" of the "Poet Priest," and into whose mouth he puts these words ;

"My heart was born with priestly vestments on,
And at Dream-Altars I have oftentimes stood,
And said such sweet Dream-Masses in my sleep--
And when I lifted up a white Dream-Host,
A silver Dream-Bell rang and angels knelt,
Or seemed to kneel, in worship."

This favor will certainly not be shown to us all, we must enter into and study ourselves, and determine for ourselves the state for which we are best adapted.

If we believe ourselves to have discovered our bent, we must then beware of the danger which lies in fickleness of purpose, for whatever the calling there will be toil and trials for its follower, and perchance some slight rebuff or trivial reverse will lead us in a moment of unguarded despondency to suppose that we have chosen unwisely, and that another field offers to us the allurements of unbounded success. Practically it is the repetition of the old story of the sailor who sighed for the quiet and pleasures of rural life, while the farmer gazing longingly upon the proud ship, dreams of the enjoyable excitements of a life on the ocean wave.

If you have deliberately chosen a profession, *stick to it*. It is the early days which bring weariness and pain, for after a little stay, we become expert, our recompense more lucrative, and our work easier. Perhaps the most essential mental qualification to success in life is self reliance, and truer words were never spoken, embodying in so small a compass the results of vast human experience, as the old and well tried maxim, "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

The spirit of self confidence is the germ of all genuine growth within us, and constitutes the principal source not alone of individual but of national vigor and strength.

If we have not the will nor the confidence in our abilities to accomplish a certain end, we will never accomplish it ; but with shattered hopes we will at once seek help from without, a practice which is most enfeebling in its effects, for it takes away the stimulus and necessity of doing for ourselves and renders us comparatively helpless.

There are two kinds of education—the one we get from books and the other from experience. The former is that theoretical kind, which gives us an extended vocabulary, a beauty of language, and sends us out to battle with the world with a refined and polished exterior ; the latter is that prac-

tical kind, which neither makes of us a circulating lexicon nor a shining litterateur, but fits us for a proper performance of the duties of life, and, as has been aptly remarked, nine-tenths of the force and thought which moves the world is the fruit of this latter education. But although we may choose wisely and be implicitly confident, if we have not perseverance we can never be eminently successful. The extraordinary results affected by dint of sheer industry have led many people to doubt whether genius be so exceptional an endowment as is generally supposed ; one definition of genius is patience, and although this may appear to be exaggerated, it hardly seems so when the accomplishments of patience are considered. It will not be necessary to furnish trite examples, nor to heap encomiums upon the achievements of persevering men ; we have only to make a cursory review of our own lives, and we will see that whatever we have efficiently accomplished was the outcome of patient perseverance. Be not then disheartened. Choose your life work. Have confidence in your ability to conquer, and let nothing betide you until you have reached the end ; remembering what the poet Lytton has said, that, "In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as—FAIL."

BROSIE, '93.

A Night on the Hudson.

Oh ! wondrous, beauteous Hudson, juvenile Rhine of America ; inexhaustible mine of tradition and legend, whilom the habitation of the Indian, the scene of revolutionary strife and object of universal admiration, thy peaceful repose was ne'er rudely awakened save by the canoe, before that period which marked the adventurer's path. Oh ! thrice rewarded and blessed is he, thy discoverer, whose name thou bearest ! How oft I love to stroll in the moonlight's silvery rays upon thy mossy banks ; to watch the mountain streams, rushing delightedly down and glittering like so many precious gems, joyous at mingling their fresh crystal waters with thine ; to visit thy numerous coves and there to meditate on the romances* of the early Knickerbockers ; to walk thro' the pathless woods where the stillness inspires reverie which is occasionally interrupted by the chirping of a bird or the slight rustle of leaves.

Oh ! wild romantic Catskills whose noble outlines can be distinctly discerned from the banks of the Hudson ; with what feelings of pleasure have I often roamed upon your summits embrowned by

* "Sleepy Hollow" "Wolfert Roost," etc.

the scorching skies ; upon your peaks from which —when the storm is present—torrents leap down to the valleys and the thunder re-echoes from the neighboring mountains ! How often I love to visit your caves which were once the companions of exiled chiefs and hermits around whose lives cluster romance as ivy about the ruins of an ancient castle, but now only wild flowers linger there which tell the curious visitor that he treads on hallowed ground ?

Thus communing with myself on the historic scenes and places of note which disclosed themselves to my view, whereon our forefathers fought and died for liberty and their blood became the dew that strengthened the seed of independence, I silently glided down the river in the calm summer evening. It was the twilight hour ! The sun, that bounteous philanthropist had completed his round of charity and benevolence and had disappeared behind the mountains, going westward to continue the performance of his good works to the nations of that clime. An intense stillness pervaded the woods save occasionally when there issued the low soft refrain of the vespers from an old church whose tumbling turrets towered still high above the oak, and the sweet melodious notes of the shepherd's lute as he drove his flock homeward. Such is the twilight hour on the Hudson. The scene is here beautifully described in these words :

"It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded
Circling all nature hushed and dim and still."

The spell was suddenly but not rudely broken by the serenading of an impassioned lover. His rich tenor voice rang out clearly in the night air. He sang with emotion the following :

"When the stars are in the quiet skies"
Then most I pine for thee ;
Bend on me, then, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea." Etc.

About midnight I reached a portion of the river which is indented by numerous coves. On one of these coves there is situated in the midst of a broad expanse a beautiful villa surrounded by a well kept lawn which gradually slopes toward the river. This lawn is artistically arranged with beds of flowers and a long winding path shaded by the overhanging branches of elm and maple trees which leads to the house. In the middle of the lawn is placed a fountain of Gothic architecture ; its form is very symmetrical but is ornamented with quaint

carvings ; in one figure a lion is represented ; in another a saint, from whose mouths the water issues and sparkles into basins.

"Where it spent its little torrents into a thousand bubbles

Like man's vainglory, and vainer troubles."

Before the villa runs a rivulet upon whose waters the swan nestles contentedly. The woods descended to the banks of the Hudson and stood, as pickets, guarding the current. It was the villa of a wealthy banker who had retired from the anxieties and troubles of a life spent in the metropolis to enjoy the solitude of the country and to lull his cares to rest by the smooth and delightful melody of myriads of birds.

Too soon indeed, the journey came to end, but the beautiful scenery of the river left a deep impression on my mind. The subtle machinations and busy turmoil of the world have never been able to efface it from my memory, and in the midst of these my imagination often delights to dwell on the reminiscences of that calm summer evening on the Hudson.

M. J. MURPHY, '95.

The Drama.

On Wednesday evening, April 18th, the students produced in College Hall the drama entitled "The Colleen Bawn." All the careful preparation given to it was fully manifested on that evening. The success achieved by our society last year was evidently not forgotten. Long before the time specified for the performance to commence the hall was literally packed, and nearly one hundred that could not secure even standing room were obliged to leave. It was, beyond a doubt, the largest audience that ever assembled here on an occasion of the kind, and never allowed an opportunity to pass to show its appreciation of the students' efforts. The drama was interspersed with many topical songs and dancing, which were loudly applauded. The music for the occasion was furnished by the College orchestra, which was likewise very much appreciated. Owing to the satisfaction given, it was the intention to repeat the entertainment two weeks hence, but certain circumstances arose later on which prevented us from carrying out our intention.

PATRONIZE

OUR

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EDITORIAL.

THE unsettled condition of public affairs at the present time is too evident to escape observation. This state of things did not become manifest within the past week or month, but rather with the business depression first felt toward the close of last year. From that time it has continued under different phases becoming very prominent during the agitation for the free coinage of silver, and still more so later while the tariff bill was under discussion. Although the disquietude originated with the suspension of business at the time above mentioned, nevertheless, that industrial inactivity cannot rightly be considered its course. Trade at that time, as is well known, was depressed, pending a revision and acceptance of the tariff bill. It must be evident, therefore, that the uncertainty as to tariff rates has been the cause of the present unsettled financial state of the country. Recognizing this fact it should be the duty of our legislators to lay aside all petty and personal interests, and frame immediately a tariff bill which, in its provisions, will best serve the interests of the nation. We cannot help thinking that it might be still better if party lines were erased and platforms abandoned in regard to the question of tariff, and

a compromise effected in the shape of a bill that would be permanent in its existence, general in its beneficial effects and warranted to settle once and forever this troublesome question that like a malignant fever periodically makes its appearance. We trust such a time is not far distant, and until then, we can only expect that those whose duty it is to attend to such matters will meet the issue fairly and squarely, shirk no responsibility and arrive at some speedy but judicious adjustment of the matter.

THE time that is to elapse until the closing exercises of the present school year is comparatively brief and so should be employed to the best advantage. But since the advent of warm weather we cannot help noticing a growing tendency among some to engage in study carelessly or indifferently. This is all the more evident when contrasted with their former diligence and, on the part of many, eagerness to advance in their studies. It is a matter of regret to see idle habits thus developed and so many precious moments lost. If those to whom these words apply would but pause and consider the duty they owe to themselves, to their teachers, and to their parents, we are confident a change would immediately follow.

LAST month we gave notice of the little magazine *Our Lady of Good Counsel* about to be published under the auspices of the Augustinian Fathers, and the editorial management of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. Since then two numbers have appeared and we are pleased to say that all our expectations concerning it have been realized. Judging from the names of the contributors to its columns, we predict for it an enviable place in Catholic devotional literature.

THE echoes of A. P. A.ism still continue to be heard throughout the land. Surely it is but a small recommendation for those who flatter themselves in the belief that they constitute an intelligent American audience to listen to the rabid harangues of still more rabid ranters against the most peaceful and law abiding citizens of the community. Sooner or later the eyes of all intelligent men will be opened to the injustice of the present agitation, directed, as it is, against a people by whose spirit and enterprise this land was discovered, by whose zeal it was christianized, and with whose blood it purchased that dearest of all blessings, liberty.

This mark (X) on the wrapper signifies that your subscription is due.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to
D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

61.—Given $a = 20^\circ 16' 38''$, $b = 56^\circ 19' 40''$, $c = 66^\circ 20' 44''$; find A, B, C .

Solution by John J. Ryle, '94.

$$a = 20^\circ 16' 38''$$

$$b = 56^\circ 19' 40''$$

$$c = 66^\circ 20' 44''$$

$$2s = 142^\circ 57' 2''$$

$$s = 71^\circ 28' 31''$$

$$s - a = 51^\circ 11' 53''$$

$$s - b = 15^\circ 8' 51''$$

$$s - c = 5^\circ 7' 47''$$

$$\tan r = \sqrt{\csc s \csc(s-a) \sin(s-b) \sin(s-c)}$$

$$\log \tan^2 r = \log \csc 71^\circ 28' 31'' + \log \csc 51^\circ 11' 53'' + \log \sin 15^\circ 8' 51'' + \log \sin 5^\circ 7' 47''$$

$$\log \csc 71^\circ 28' 31'' = 0.02311$$

$$\log \sin 5^\circ 7' 47'' = 8.95139$$

$$\log \sin 15^\circ 8' 51'' = 9.41715$$

$$\log \sin 51^\circ 11' 53'' = 9.89172$$

$$\log \tan^2 r = 8.28337$$

$$r = 9.14168$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2}A = 9.24996$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2}B = 9.72453$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2}C = 10.19029$$

$$\frac{1}{2}A = 10^\circ 4' 56.8''$$

$$\frac{1}{2}B = 27^\circ 56' 15.5''$$

$$\frac{1}{2}C = 57^\circ 10' 8.6''$$

$$A = 20^\circ 9' 54''$$

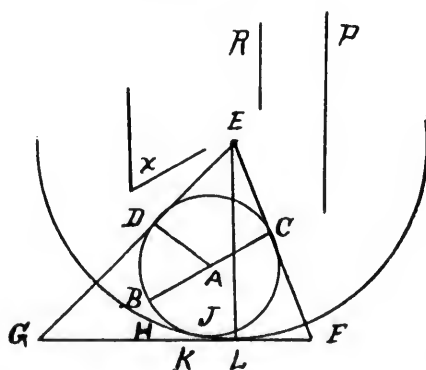
$$B = 55^\circ 52' 31''$$

$$C = 114^\circ 20' 17''$$

62.—Construct a triangle, being given:

1. The radius of the inscribed circle, the vertical angle, and the perpendicular from the vertical angle on the base.

Solution by O'S.



Let R be the radius of the inscribed circle, x the vertical angle, and P the perpendicular from the ver-

tical \angle on the base. It is required to construct the triangle.

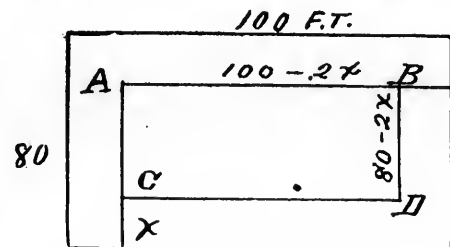
Solution.—With any point A as centre, and a radius $=$ to R , describe a circle; draw BC a diameter, and at the point A in AB make the $\angle BAD = x$. Through C, D , draw EF, EG , tangents to the circle. With E as centre, and a radius $=$ to P , describe a circle; draw FG a common tangent, touching the circles in K, L . EFG is the required triangle.

Proof.—Join EL . The $\angle ELF$ is right; EL is the perpendicular from the vertical \angle on the base, and it is equal to P ; and AD the radius of the inscribed circle is $=$ to R . Again, each of the \angle s ACE, ADE is a right \angle . $\therefore \angle$ s CAD, CED are together $=$ to two right \angle s; and the \angle s CAD, BAD are together $=$ to two right \angle s. $\therefore CED = BAD = x$.

Q. E. D.

63.—A gentleman has a garden 100 feet long and 80 feet broad. A gravel walk is to be made of an equal width all round it; what must be the breadth of the walk to take up just half the ground?

Solution by Walter D. Riordan, '95.



Area of garden $= 100 \times 80 = 8,000$ square feet.

Let x = width of walk; therefore, the dimensions of garden $ABCD$ are,

$$AB = 100 - 2x, \text{ and } AC = 80 - 2x.$$

Therefore $(100 - 2x)(80 - 2x) = 4,000 = \frac{1}{2}$ area of whole.

$$4x^2 - 360x + 8,000 = 4,000.$$

$$x^2 - 90x + 2,000 = 1,000.$$

$$x^2 - 90x = -1000; \text{ complete square.}$$

$$x^2 - () + (45)^2 = -1,000 + (45)^2.$$

$$x^2 - () + (45)^2 = 1,025; \text{ extract root.}$$

$$x - 45 = \pm 32.015.$$

$$x = \pm 32.014 + 45.$$

$$x = 12.985 \text{ feet} = \text{width of walk.}$$

64.—If I purchase at \$130 a bond of \$100 bearing 8 per cent. interest, and having 50 years to run, interest payable semi-annually; what rate of interest per annum do I realize on my investment if held to maturity, and if money is worth 5 per cent.?

Solution by Thos. J. Ronayne, '95.

If P denotes the price of a bond that has n years to run, and bears r per cent. interest, S the face of the bond, and q the current rate of interest, what interest on his investment will a purchaser of such a bond receive?

Let x denote the rate of interest on the investment. Then $P(1+x)^n =$ value of purchase money at the end of n years.

$Sr(1+q)^{n-1} + Sr(1+q)^{n-2} + \dots + Sr + S =$ the amount of money received on the bond if the interest received is put immediately at compound interest at q per cent.

But $Sr(1+q)^{n-1} + Sr(1+q)^{n-2} + \dots + Sr + S = S + \frac{Sr[(1+q)^n - 1]}{q}$

$\therefore P(1+x)^n = S + \frac{Sr[(1+q)^n - 1]}{q}$ Dividing equation by P and extracting n^{th} root, we obtain

$$1+x = \left(\frac{S}{P} + \frac{Sr[(1+q)^n - 1]}{Pq} \right)^{\frac{1}{n}}$$

$$1+x = \left(\frac{Sq + Sr[(1+q)^n - 1]}{Pq} \right)^{\frac{1}{n}}$$

To illustrate:

Let $S = \$100$, $P = \$130$, $n = 50$ years, $r = 8$ per cent, $q = 5$ per cent.

$$\text{Then } 1+x = \left(\frac{2.5 + 4(1.025)^{100} - 4}{130 \times .025} \right)^{\frac{1}{100}}$$

From which equation the value of x (rate of interest realized) can be easily found by the use of logs.

Note.—The above solution is of very great value to all requiring to know the rate per cent. a bond is yielding.

NEW PROBLEMS.

65.—The vertices of a rectangle are the points (a,b) , $(-a,b)$, $(-a,-b)$, and $(a,-b)$. Find the lengths of its sides, the lengths of its diagonals, and show that the vertices are equi-distant from the origin.

66.—The inside of a wash basin is in the shape of a segment of a sphere; the distance across the top is 16 inches, and its greatest depth is 6 inches; find how many pints of water it will hold, reckoning $7\frac{1}{2}$ gallons to the cubic foot.

67.—From the end of a tangent 20 inches long a secant is drawn through the centre of the circle. If the exterior segment of this secant is 8 inches, find the radius of the circle.

$$68.—\text{Solve: } 18x^4 + 24x^3 - 7x^2 - 10x - 88 = 0.$$

69.—What is the area of a field in acres, perches, etc., whose south side is 2740 links; east side, 35.75 chains; north side, 3,755, links; west side, 41.05 chains; and the diagonal from south-west to north-east, 48.35 chains.

SPLINTERS.

Col.

Baby.

Walter.

Slide!

You're out.

Pocohontas.

The climax.

Unknown, S.

"Steady boys."

New prefects.

Quit your winking.

Don't thumb the ball.

M. Speaks in whispers.

I'd make markers of them.

Foul tips are all the rage.

Get off! get off!! get off!!!

Is that S—— in his lights?

They couldn't hit a shower of tea bunnies.

Be watchful lest you be discovered.

John got a "splinter" in his foot.

Why, Jack is in Philadelphia, John.

Pop was down there in abundance.

Be careful lest you be not "unknown."

How many errors did I make in to-day's game?

"If I can't find them, I must do with him."

He got a "Ryle" send off and left the class.

Why that person sang so much I went to bed.

There they are, Jerry, now keep your promise.

Somebody kick me. I met five "officials."

When are you going to resume classes?

Ticket please. Don't think Annie can slide in.

How many buildings ought the college picture contain?

John, secundum se, must have eaten a calendar lately.

What position do you play? Oh! I play almost any position.

Take a friend's advice and do not wear straw hats in the evening.

They recognized Eddie when they saw him in his true role.

"Mud" is now the happy possessor of a collar and chain.

His song on the lake this summer will be: "She was the idol of my heart."

The colored catcher covered a great amount of ground for "fowls." The old failing.

Has it ever occurred to you how nicely little Billy parts his hair in the centre?

A bright smile o'erspreads his countenance as he is no longer "Sticky" Eddie.

"If you mention my name again in that column I'll pack my trunk and vacate."

We have our optics on the young man who awaits the 3:11 on Friday afternoons.

Wanted—Three small boys as companions for E. McK., Geo. B. and J. O'M., until their "windows" are re-paired.

Joe is out-doing himself in good behavior at present. He evidently will not forget the trip to West Chester this year.

It was amusing to note the diffidence of J. S. after calling for Pocohontas at one of our recent games.

Our friend occupying the east room facing south is obliged to keep his head under cover for fear of having his "pate" tanned.

That sad look has not departed from the countenance of the manager of the Junior nine since his team was taken in tow by the Bryn Mawr twirlers.

T. R. was a candidate for the position of short-stop on the ball team, but the captain thought he would be too far from his work on ground balls.

The usual custom in regard to photographs is to exchange. One of our boys, however, is passing his around promiscuously. Now, dear Eddie, your phiz, on or off paper, is not an object of admiration, and for your own good discontinue this practice. Remember, we are for your good.

A good suggestion was offered by one who knows that is, that we should have eleven on our nine.

If you should be so fortunate as to procure the turnout for a ride, you should be careful and not turn up the road after passing the drug store or you may have to explain your reason for doing so to one who is at present keeping an eye on the boys—practising, doubtless, the duties of the position which some day he will occupy.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Medina spent a few happy hours with her sons.

Mr. John Barr, of Philadelphia, recently spent a Sunday with his friend, J. A. McAleer.

Rev. B. J. Conway, of our Mother of Sorrows, West Philadelphia, paid a short visit to Rev. C. J. McFadden, May 2.

Mr. Edward NeEvoy, accompanied by his daughter, called to see his son, Eddie, April 22.

Brother Elwarn and a companion from the Cathedral spent a very pleasant afternoon at the college with some of their friends.

Doctor Lynch, while returning home from Johns Hopkins University, from which he recently graduated, called to see his friend and former class-mate, James F. O'Leary.

Messrs. J. J. Farrell, J. F. Kennedy, and C. G. McKenna, on May 4, the feast of St. Monica, made their solemn profession of vows, Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., officiating. The ceremonies were witnessed by a large number of their friends and relatives. We extend our best wishes for their success and happiness in the life they have chosen.

The Very Rev. D. I. McDermott, of St. Mary's, Philadelphia, spent a few pleasant hours with the Faculty, May 2, previous to his going to Rosemont, where he delivered his lecture, "Catholicism and Caesar," for the benefit of St. Thomas of Villanova Literary Association. He is a convincing and entertaining speaker.

Many of our Reverend Faculty attended the first entertainment given by the above mentioned association on May 2. The committee on arrangements spared neither time nor labor to make its first attempt a grand success, and such it was. The programme was largely a musical one, and the proficiency of the participants was the subject of comment.

We are pleased to see that so many of our readers have accepted the kind invitation of our associate society editors to attend the games played on the college campus. The attendance thus far has been very flattering and evidences a remarkable interest in the players shown by the patrons of the national game.

ATHLETICS.

On April 14 the Villanova Base-Ball Club opened the season on the home grounds with the Montgomery A. A. in a ten innings contest, resulting in a victory for the home team. The day, though somewhat early in the season, was an ideal one for base-ball, and the diamond was in perfect condition, the snow which had fallen a few days previous being cleared away. The manner in which both teams played was admirable, and spoke highly of the training they had received. The game, from start to finish, was very close and exciting, made more so by the spirit of rivalry existing between the two nines. The score stood wavering, now in favor of one, now of the other, until the ninth inning, when it was 9 to 9. Then it was that the excitement became intense. How our boys did yell! which fact of itself gave every indication that the Villanova boys are not, at least, afflicted with consumption. The tenth inning saw the visitors without a run. Our boys came in for their half with determination imprinted on their countenances. Brown made a safe hit, stole second and came home on errors, thus bringing in the winning run. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R.	H.	E.
Villanova	4	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	1	10	12	13
Montgomery A. A.	1	0	1	2	0	3	1	0	0	0	9	7	13

Earned runs: Villanova 2—Two base hits, O'Leary, Herron, Hart. Left on bases: Villanova 9; M. A. A. 13. Struck out by Herron 5, Barr 4.

April 21. The Villanovians defeated the Ardmore Base-ball team, before a large crowd of spectators, without much apparent effort. The contest throughout was rather tame and unexciting, as there was no doubt, from the very start, which side would be victorious. However, the adherents of both nines created some enthusiasm by cheering whenever a brilliant play was made. Toward the last, the home team began to play very loosely, and were reminded several times by the captain to "play ball." The batting, base-running and fielding of Kenny were the features of the game. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R.	H.	E.
Villanova	2	0	4	0	0	0	0	3	x	9	11	3	
Ardmore	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	6	2	4	5	

Earned runs: Villanova 3—Two base hits, Smith, O'Leary, McDonnell, Kenny. Three base hits, Kenny. Struck out by McKenna, 11.

On Wednesday, April 25, the Villanova boys met defeat at the hands of the Lanfords, a strong team from Philadelphia. The game was hotly contested throughout, although the home team seemingly clinched victory in the sixth inning by piling up nine runs. The visitors, however, succeeded in overcoming the lead attained by their

opponents, and by steady up-hill work, assisted by the costly errors of Brown and Kavanagh, won the game. The features were the all around playing of Leary, McDonnell and McKenna of the home team, and the phenomenal work of O'Brien at short for the visitors. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Villanova	1	0	2	0	0	9	0	0	2	14	12	4
Lanford	1	4	0	0	0	2	3	3	2	15	8	4

Earned runs: Sanford 3, Villanova 5—Two base hits, Claxton, Murphy, O'Leary, Carey: Fields, McDonnell. Base hits: O'Brien, Lauer. Double plays, Gibb to Dougherty; Dougherty to Lauer. Struck out by McKenna, 5.

A one-sided and uninteresting game of ball took on Wednesday, May 2, between the Villanova B. B. C. and the Farmer's Alliance team from Philadelphia. The pitching of Herron, who held the visitors down to two hits was the only remarkable feature. Not a man reached first base until the seventh inning. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	C.
Villanova	2	0	6	0	4	0	6	0	x	18	10	1
Farmers' Alliance	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	2	2	13

Earned runs: Villanova, 5. Bases stolen: Villanova, 6. Double plays: Carey, Brown, O'Leary. Struck out by Herron, 6 by Stokes, 4.

The Normal Greys of West Chester, Pa., journeyed to Villanova, Saturday, May 5, with a firm determination of regaining their lost laurels of the season of '93, but, as has been customary, were again unable to down the home team owing to the latter's terrific batting in the early part of the game. Conley was knocked out of the box and was replaced by Farrell who pitched good ball in all save the sixth inning. The features were the battery work, playing of O'Leary and Kavanagh of the home team and the all around playing of Gildersleeve of the visitors. Score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Villanova	5	3	1	0	0	4	0	0	x	13	10	3
Normal Greys	1	0	0	0	0	0	4	2	3	10	12	5

Earned runs: Normal Greys, 4. Villanova, 5. Two base hits: Slocum, O'Leary, Carey. Three base hit, O'Leary. Struck out by Nolan, 9.

An exceedingly large crowd congregated to witness the second game between the Villanova's and Montgomery A. A., Saturday, April 28, on the rather unfavorable grounds of the latter in Ardmore, Pa. The contest lasted but seven innings owing to the last of many unjust decisions of the umpire, the game being forfeited by the Villanovas who rightly considered that imposition was being practised upon them. The umpire even acknowledged in the presence of spectators that he did not see the play in question. The decision disputed occurred in the seventh inning when with one out and two men on bases the ball was knocked to right field and Walsh safely reaching home base the umpire declared him out.

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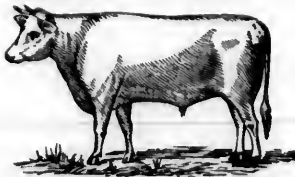
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Villanova Monthly

Vol. II.

Villanova College, June, 1894.

No. 6.

Invocation to Our Lady of Good Counsel.

"Partim velle, partim nolle aegritudo animi est."—St. Aug.
Conf. Lib. ix 2.

To will in part, and still unwilling be,
Augustine terms a mental malady;
To cure this ill his sons recur to thee,
Our Mother of Good Counsel—dear to me.

Physician wise, empower'd from high to heal
Perplexing doubts which human hearts reveal,
With confidence before thy face I kneel
To pray: On all our councils set thy seal.

At Genazzano rests thy holy shrine,
Our heritage both sacred and sublime.
Through it impart that counsel which is thine
To all thy Clients true in every clime.

W. A. J. '86.

Pleasure.

(A Sonnet from the Spanish of Fr. F. B. Garcia, O.S.A.)

HAPPINESS! bright dream that never stays!
A light, whose splendor casts illusion far,
To cloud past thoughts and future hopes to mar,
The heart delights in thy enchanting blaze.
In my desire to follow your swift rays
I traced in books of history your star,
Perchance, if wisdom's power guides glory's car
In pleasure's abiding ways. Athwart my gaze
On every page is writ in truth the fate
Of Pleiades, on whom blind fortune poured
The best and choicest gifts of her rich hoard;
And when methinks that happiness though late
Is found, a voice, "Take care, it palls," does sound
Whose echo knells, "'Tis gone, behold! the cloud,"

Decision.

It is a truism to say that there can be no success in life without decision of character. John Foster in his celebrated essay did not exaggerate the importance of this quality; though it may be admitted that it is not strictly a moral power and that the most inexorable decision is much more closely connected with physical differences of temperament than with any superiority of mind. Indeed Foster himself expresses the opinion that, could the histories of all persons remarkable for decisive character be known, it would be found that the majority of them possessed great constitutional firmness. By this is not meant an exemption from disease and pain, nor any certain measure of mechanical strength, but a tone of vigor, the opposite to lassitude, and adapted to great exertion and endurance.

Decision of mind, like vigor of body, is a gift of God. It cannot be created by human effort; it can only be cultivated.

It has been truly said that as resolution or strength of will is a primary power in man, there is no higher power which can give birth to it, for this higher power would necessarily involve the existence of the lower that was to be produced. But every man has the germ of this quality which can be cultivated by favorable circumstances and motives presented to the mind, and by method and order in the prosecution of his duties or tasks, he may by habit greatly augment his will power, or beget a frame of mind so nearly resembling resolution that it would be difficult to distinguish between the two.

Fichte has well observed that nothing is more destructive of character than for a man to lose all faith in his own resolutions, because he has so often determined and again determined to do that which, nevertheless, he has never done. Here, as elsewhere, success is attained only by slow gradations of travail, study, effort and patience. But, whether born or acquired, decision is a quality vitally important to him who would be successful in this world. Even brains are secondary in importance to will; the intellect is but half the man; the will is the driving wheel, the spring of motive power. A vacillating man, no matter what are his abilities, is invariably pushed aside in the race of life by the man of determined will. It is he who resolves to succeed, and at every fresh rebuff begins resolutely again, that reaches the goal. The shores of fortune are covered with the stranded wrecks of men of brilliant ability, but who have wanted courage, faith and decision, and have therefore perished in sight of more resolute but less capable adventurers, who succeeded in

making port. Hundreds of men go to their graves in obscurity, who have been obscure only because they lacked pluck to make a first effort, and who, could they only resolve to begin, would have astonished the world by their achievements and successes. The world was not made for slow, squeamish, fastidious men, but for those who act instantaneously and with power; obstacles and perplexities every man must meet, and he must promptly conquer them, or they will conquer him. It is better to decide wrong occasionally than to be forever wavering and hesitating now veering to this side, and then to that, with all the misery and disaster that follow from continual doubt.

It has been wisely said that the great moral victories and defeats of the world often turn on minutes. Fortune is proverbially a fickle jade and there is nothing like promptness of action, the turning of things in the lucky moment, to force her to surrender her favors. Crises come, the seizure of which is triumph, the neglect of which is ruin;—this is particularly true on the field of battle. Nearly every battle turns on one or two rapid movements executed amid whirl of smoke and thunder of guns that jar the solid earth.

It was at such moments that the genius of Napoleon shone forth with the highest lustre. His mind acted like lightning, and never with more promptness and decision than in moments of the greatest confusion and danger; what confounded others only stimulated him. He was accustomed to say that one of the principal requisites of a general is an accurate calculation of time; for if your adversary can bring a powerful force to attack a certain post ten minutes sooner than you can bring up a sufficient supporting force, you are defeated, even though all the rest of your plans be the most perfect that can be devised.

At Arcola he saw that the battle was becoming unfavorable to him, and at once called up twenty-five horsemen, gave them each a trumpet and made a dashing charge that won the victory. So at Montebello he computed the distance of the Austrian cavalry, saw that it would require a quarter of an hour for them to come up, and in those fifteen minutes executed a manoeuvre that saved the day. The reason, he said, why he defeated the Austrians was that they did not know the value of five minutes.

At the celebrated battle of Rivoli, the day seemed on the point of being decided against him; he saw the critical state of affairs and instantly formed his resolution. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian head-quarters, with proposals for an armistice; he seized the precious moments, and while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, rearranged his

line of battle, changed his front, and in a few moments was able to renounce the farce of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result.

Certainly there are occasions when caution and delay are necessary; when to act without long and anxious deliberation would be folly; for all wisdom is a system of balances in which it is well enough to be careful and wary to a certain point; but beyond that a hesitating policy is as ruinous as direct rashness.

Thousands of men owe their failures in life simply to procrastination; they never know their own minds but like Coleridge debate with themselves the whole journey, and meanwhile keep winding from one side of the road to the other. Many a business man has made his fortune by promptly deciding at some nice juncture to expose himself to considerable risk. To know when to sacrifice a little to win a great deal, when to abandon important minor objects to accomplish a great end, exacts the soundest judgment.

"There are two moments" says Browning, "in a diver's life," (and the same is applicable to every man's career)

"One when a beggar he prepares to plunge;
One when a prince he rises with his pearl."

The battle of life is constantly presenting new phases; and he only can expect to be victorious who is ready to present a new front as often as the situation presents a new peril. A sword that breaks in the very crisis of a duel—a horse killed in the moment of collision with the enemy—a bridge carried away by a freshet at the moment of commencing a retreat—are events which are paralleled in every man's career and call for instant decision. They confound and benumb the feeble mind, but rouse a terrific reaction of haughty self-assertion in that order of men which matches and measures itself against difficulty and danger.

There is a race of narrow wits that never succeed for want of courage; their understanding is of that halting, balancing kind which gives a man just enough light to see difficulties and start doubts, but not enough to surmount the one or renounce the other. They do not know what force of character means. Always brooding over their plans but never executing them, they remind one of Voltaire's sarcasm upon La Harpe whom he called an oven that was always heating up, but which never cooked anything. They never advance an inch because they are always hugging some cowardly maxim which they can only interpret literally. "Never change a certainty for an uncertainty." "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," are some of their favorite saws; and very good

ones they are, too, but not to be followed too slavishly. Of what use is it to be sawing about a set of maxims to which there is a complete set of antagonistic ones? Proverbs, it has been well said, should be sold in pairs, a single one being but half a truth.

Literary men are more apt to lack decision than those who have to deal with practical matters. A melancholy example of this is afforded by the life of Sir James Mackintosh whom Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer in his "Historical Characters" terms the "Man of Promise."

The career of Sir James was a perpetual struggle between that which he desired to be and that for which his talents fitted him. At the University of Aberdeen he was alike remarkable for his zeal in politics and love for metaphysics; at Edinburgh, and, also, when he went to study medicine, it was the same thing. Spending his mornings at a "spouting club" he gave little attention to the study of medicine, till absolute necessity compelled him. He then applied himself with a start to that which he was obliged to know, but his diligence was not of that resolute and steady kind which insures success as the consequence of a certain period of application; and after rushing into the novelties of the Brunonian system which promised a knowledge of medicine with little labor, and then rushing back again he endeavored to establish himself as a practitioner at Salisbury and at Weymouth in England, but receiving no patients, retired disgusted and wearied to Brussels. He next dabbled in politics, wrote the famous pamphlet "Vindiciae Gallicae" in reply to Burke's lectures on Public Law which was received with great enthusiasm; defended M. Petier in a speech at the bar, which was read with admiration not only in England but on the continent. Although he lost his cause, he was considered no less promising as a pleader than after the "Vindiciae Gallicae" he had been considered as a pamphleteer; he then became Recorder of Bombay, returned to England and feeling that it was time to be something, "decided, resolved to exert himself to the utmost;" he entered the House of Commons and made several remarkable speeches, accepted at the same time a professorship at Haileyburgh College; planned a great historical work which like his projected works on Morals was "always to be projected." At length a short time before his death, galled by the thought that the season of action was almost passed, and he had not accomplished anything worthy of his great powers; he made a start and crowded into the last few years of his life the most ambitious of his works—works, however, of a third rate character, neither worthy of his

abilities nor justifying even in a moderate degree the expectation of his friends. The fatal defect in his character was lack of decision, of concentration of power to choose some one object to be accomplished and to sacrifice to its attainment all interfering inclinations. From the beginning of his life to the very end he ever remained the "Man of Promise" until amidst hopes which his vast and various information, his wonderful memory, his copious elocution, and his transitory fits of energy still nourished, he died in the sixty-seventh year of his age universally admired and regretted, though without a high reputation for any one thing, or the ardent attachment of any particular set of persons.

Let then every man who would avoid a life so abortive as this, decide early what he wishes and for what his talents fit him; and having determined upon some end to be attained, let him give his whole soul to its attainment without swerving to the right or to the left. "I respect a man" says Goethe, "who knows distinctly what he wishes; the greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims; they have undertaken to build a tower and spend no more labor on the foundation that would be necessary to build a hut."

M. H. McDONNELL, '95.

Worth the While.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
While life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it is only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who hath no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day;
They make up the items of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

NINTH PAPER.

In this being—man, the masterpiece of creation, the crowning work of God's wisdom and skill, did the Maker duplicate and unite in one sole subject all the powers and gifts, which were proper to the two classes of beings hitherto created.

Man being in part of his nature like an angel was a spiritual being; in part like an animal, a brute, an earthly being. For in the spiritual part of this wonderfully composite creature God had infused a pure, and noble soul, endowed with the spirit of truth and righteousness; (even yet is the love of truthfulness and goodness recognizable in man;) and in his earthly or material part, He had breathed an undying, a never-ending, life.

With his soul like unto an angelic spirit, man was endowed with intelligence, understanding, will and memory, since these powers are necessary to intellective and appetitive perfection. By creation man was a perfect reasoning being.

With his body like an animal's, man was endowed with members, organs, senses, instincts, only in a far more perfect and eminent degree than was enjoyed by mere brutes. For the power of perceiving, appreciating and enjoying objects which present themselves to the sense, is necessary to sensitive perfection. And man was also a perfect animal.

Moreover, with his soul immortal, like an angelic spirit, man had also an immortal, though perishable, body. Though in his lower or animal nature man could eat, drink, grow and, if so he wished, could even die in the flesh, yet because of the nobility of his reasoning and spiritual nature, because of the sublimity of his eternal destiny, and finally because of the exalted and divine part he was to play in the mystery of the Redemption—such, by God's will, was the power of man's will over matter—over his earthly frame, that, had he so wished, he might have preserved the corruptible nature of his body—the envelope of his spirit, incorruptible; man might have preserved this flesh from decay, and transfigured in the body like unto Christ, glorified in the flesh, as have been and will be the saints of God in the resurrection, man might never have died, but have lived forever. The immortality of primitive man, lost by sin, was regained by grace.

Physical death, which in mere animals and beings of the lower order is a necessary condition of their composite and material nature, is for man a penalty of his primal sin. Had the first man—Adam—not sinned against the laws of his nature; had he preserved himself in the spiritual and

physical integrity of soul and body, wherein by divine bounty he was formed, neither he nor his posterity would have died.

Endowed moreover with spiritual life and health, as were the pure spirits of heaven, primitive man could perceive, recognize and know moral truth and goodness under all its varied forms. For Adam, being eminently reasonable in all things, as became one who was fashioned after the image and likeness of God, was also a moral man.

As regards the very singular blending in human nature of the leading characteristics of the invisible and the material worlds of creation, wherein by his spirit life, his sensitive life, and his vegetative life, man so intimately and yet so curiously resembles angels, beasts, and even the still lower forms of animate and inanimate nature, it is interesting to note how, in his bodily or material organization, man (veritably the microcosm of creation) enshrines within himself also the treasures of the inorganic kingdoms of the physical world.

By chemical analysis it is shown that in the corporeal elements—the solids and liquids—the bones, blood, muscles, flesh, humors, etc., of the human body (herein unlike the corporeal elements in brute bodies), enter as component parts, in one form or another, very many substances of inanimate and inorganic nature, as metals, minerals, salts, gases, alkalies, etc.*

So fully does God's work in His creation of spirits, men, beasts, vegetables, and the lower orders of the visible world, disclose the immense and almost inconceivable variety and reach of created perfection, that the human mind, unable in its feebleness to grasp the marvels of creation in anything like their entirety, is naturally amazed at their grandeur.

Moreover so complete, so admirable, so perfect are the works of the Lord, that human ingenuity, while always recognizing the self-evident truth that there is and can be no limitation to the infinite

*The following list names the chief elements which are found in the human body, viz.:

Oxygen,	} (compressed)	Iron,	} = metals
Hydrogen,		(ditto)	
Nitrogen,	} = gases	Magnesium,	}
Chlorine,		Potassium,	
Fluorine,	} = non-metals	Sodium,	}
Carbon,			
Phosphorus,			
Sulphur,			

Besides these are minute quantities of silicon, manganese and copper.

The oxygen, which in a man weighing 148 lbs., equals 92.4 lbs., would at ordinary temperature be of the volume of 975 cubic feet; and the hydrogen, weighing 14.6 lbs., would be of the volume of 2,800 cubic feet.

operative power in God, can yet perceive nothing wanting in the creation of the world; can suggest no improvement in what God has done so well.

On the contrary to go even a step further in our consideration of the magnitude and excellence of divine creation. Had God not created this triple class, or order, of beings,—the spiritual, belonging to the invisible world, and the human, the brute, etc., belonging to the visible world, so different and so varied are all three classes in their natural endowments, and yet so completely furnished with all desirable powers and habits, His work, (we repeat, speaking according to our human weakness,) could not well be conceived as final and finished.

For apart from each class of beings reflecting in itself the manifold gifts and excellences of its fellows; and above all the infinite attributes and perfections of the Supreme Designer, each individual, (marvellous to behold,) by its own special characteristics and powers makes up, or complements, as it were, the deficiency or lack of these in the other and lower species.

And thus from every point of view all three classes serve to render the picture of creation, with its varying and delicate lines, and tints, and shades, of spirit and matter, finished and in every respect complete.

And truly. For without the beings of the spirit world, without the angels, so closely do these participate in the divine attributes of the Author of all things, there would have been none to imitate His wisdom, His power, His goodness. For of all His creatures, (man only accepted,) angels alone see and know Him who is Truth Eternal; they alone love and adore Him who is infinite Goodness.

For the creatures of the animate world—brutes, while manifesting in their ways and habits a certain wonderful yet imperfect degree of intellective and appetitive excellence—of sagacity, foresight, cunning, and of the passions of love and hatred, yet being really devoid of spiritual prerogatives can neither reason nor understand. And though, especially in the construction of their homes—their nests, cells, burrows, they display marvelous architectural and economic skill, though by training or by nature they readily obey and imitate man, yet they are not capable of progress or self-improvement; they can neither teach or guide others; and, not knowing the difference between moral right and wrong, they are guided by no other law but instinct.

And instinct is not reason.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

Second Annual Banquet.

One of the most enjoyable events of the season was the second annual banquet given to the members of our editorial staff, Wednesday evening, May 30th. This occasion will always be numbered among the many pleasantries of '94.

The staff, accompanied by several friends, left the college in a Tally-ho about 4.30 P. M., and after a pleasant drive through Fairmount Park, in which the beautiful scenery was much enjoyed, arrived at the Hotel Richardson where a bounteous repast was prepared. After half an hour's sociability in the reception room the party was ushered into the banquet hall which was profusely and tastefully decorated for the occasion with the college colors "white and blue," and altogether made a very pleasing appearance.

Our genial editor-in-chief, Mr. James F. O'Leary, presided and responded to the first toast "The MONTHLY."

While partaking of the luscious delicacies many other toasts were proposed and responded to.

The banquet lasted about two hours and judging from the manner in which everybody enjoyed it, this occasion will long be looked forward to with much pleasure.

Invitations were extended to several very interested parties, but they failed to appear, some being prevented by ill-health and others by engagements. After wishing the MONTHLY many more prosperous years the party returned to the College.

How We Must Read so as to Profit by Our Reading.

Reading is the art of conveying to our mind the thoughts of the author, and its object to make his thoughts our own. The advice of Roscommon to a reader is: "Choose an author as you would choose a friend."

If we wish to make a confidant of a person, we rarely make known to him on our first meeting some great secret of our life; we naturally make inquiries concerning him, what manner of life he leads, who are his associates, and so on until we feel that we can trust him; let it then be the same with our books.

To profit by our reading we must enter into the feelings and sentiments of the writer; this we can do only inasmuch as we understand every word and expression, reading continuously and with attention.

The advice of an eminent teacher to those who read was: "Read with an object, and let all your reading be on one subject until you attain the end you have in view." This is the only reading to be remembered. In many instances the book or essay

may not interest us in some particular, and may require great effort on our part to continue, but by perseverance we can overcome all obstacles.

As has been wisely remarked, this is an age of reading; everyone who is able to read does so; some give the preference to one class of literature, others to another and so on throughout the world. While you wait for a train at a railroad station you will be surprised at the number of people of all ages and classes who are reading books or papers of various kinds. Take your place among the passengers and the same thing is noticeable. No matter where we travel, this tendency is visible and from the eagerness of all to read, it would seem as if they were anxious to store their minds with useful knowledge. But is this the case?

If we were to inquire into what was being read I believe we would be surprised to learn, that the matter thus perused is very seldom of high literary merit; and even the good matter is often hurried over in a careless manner. Such methods are almost as detrimental to those who accustom themselves to them, as would be the neglect of all kinds of literature. "Reading makes a man full," says the profound Bacon. But reading of this kind never yet made a man full of knowledge of men, history or current topics. The works of the old masters are valuable sources of information, but still we see many who cast them aside to make way for frivolous matter from which they can derive no benefit.

Historical reading is beneficial as it increases our stock of knowledge, and gives us models of personal imitation, while current literature is the greatest dispenser of useful knowledge. The pages of our magazines and periodicals abound in topics of a profitable nature, in the words and thoughts of able writers and their opinions on those leading subjects which are of supreme interest to the public.

At the present day, the newspaper wields a great influence, as it is within the reach of all; although they may contain some things which do not suit the views of all, yet we can always find in them something instructive and interesting.

The field of reading matter is so vast, that all persons may find sufficient to suit their tastes on any subject with which they may wish to become familiar. In reading, our pencil and note book should be our constant companions, since the very fact of reading with pencil in hand stimulates thought. We may, perchance, come across some nice form of expression or some disputed fact which will be of use to us in the future; we should then note it, and on some future occasion we will discover the utility of such a course.

J. HUGHES, '96.

Annual May and Sacred Heart Sodality Celebrations.

The annual procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which took place this year on Sunday afternoon, May 27, was one of the largest that has ever been held at Villanova. Not only the students but also the Sunday school children, and the societies and sodalities connected with the parish participated in it. The decorations on this festive occasion were most beautiful. Here and there, throughout the whole extent of the college grounds, potted plants in abundance, of variegated colors harmoniously blending with the azure canopy above, and nature's choicest bloom below, verily formed a picture on which the eye delighted to dwell.

Promptly at 3.30 P. M. the procession started; and while wending its way along the broad avenues of the college grounds to the church, it was viewed by the people of the surrounding towns whom the celebration and the favorable weather attracted in large numbers. The exercises in the church, consisting of recitations by the Sunday school children, and hymns well rendered by the college choir, were performed in a very impressive manner.

The sermon for the occasion was delivered by Rev. J. A. McErlain, O.S.A. He clearly showed that the Blessed Virgin, from the earliest ages of the Church down to the present time, has always been an object of veneration and love among all Christians throughout the civilized world. In conclusion he exhorted the parents who were present to cherish a devotion to Mary, to instil into the tender young hearts of their children a true and solid love for their Virgin Mother.

The celebration was fittingly brought to a close with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy officiating as celebrant, Rev. L. A. Delurey as deacon, and Mr. J. J. Farrell as sub-deacon.

On the following Sunday the Sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus had its annual celebration. Large numbers were in attendance. The decorations were tasteful and beautiful. Especially were they noticeable in the college chapel around the altar of the Sacred Heart which, resplendent with its glittering tapers and decked with the choicest flowers, certainly presented a pleasing sight.

Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A., delivered an excellent and instructive sermon on the origin, and the progress of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the abundant graces to be derived therefrom. Benediction was then given after which a large number was enrolled in the Sodality of the Sacred Heart.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

Exchanges.

It is always a pleasure for us to receive the *Carmelite Review*. We have watched with interest the constant growth of this magazine from its infancy to the present, and now reckon it among the best of our many exchanges. "The Life and Catholic Journalism of the late James A. McMaster," coming from the fluent pen of the Rev. Mark S. Gross, should command the interest of its readers. Too much cannot be said in favor of that leader among Catholic writers, that martyr to journalism, and his self-sacrifice in behalf of his faith.

The pleasing appearance of the May number of the *Agnesian Monthly* would in itself be sufficient to draw from us a few words of commendation, but when within its lily-white dress are enclosed essays of great merit, we cannot refrain from speaking well of this journal. On its initial page in a poem entitled "A Thought," by Miss M. R. Willson, which fills the reader with a longing for that home where "joy is infinite and life eternal." "An Echo from the Sea," is an article which, once read, cannot easily be forgotten. We would like to see the young ladies manifest a greater interest in mathematics.

The *Catholic High School Journal* comes to us later than it is wont. The literary matter of this issue is an improvement over that of previous months. "Exercise and Training," an article by James F. Prendergast, M.D., giving advice for a "healthy and vigorous living," is a most practical contribution, and one whose suggestions should be acted upon if we would have a sound mind in a sound body. The intense interest shown in the mathematical department highly pleases us.

How gratified the students of Earlham College must be when they realize the great honors which a useful life of twenty years has brought to their journal, the *Earlhamite*. We congratulate both the students and the staff on this occasion. "Ad multos annos."

The "Praises of Mary" is both fitting and beautiful offering to our Lady in the May edition of *St. John's University Record*.

A well-named journal, *Acta Diurna*, is a new and welcome arrival in our sanctum.

Note.

His Excellency, Most Rev. Mgr. Satolli, will preside at our Commencement exercises, June 27th.

The Villanova Monthly,

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EDITORIAL.

As vacation is near at hand a few words pertinent to the subject will be appropriate. Doubtless the majority of us anticipate in this time a total cessation from study and the utter abandonment of directed mental effort. While absolute mental relaxation is thoroughly proper for men weighed down with business cares and seldom requiring more than two weeks for recuperation, yet for students having over two months at their disposal, we would urge them to make a more profitable use of their vacation. Nor need we go to extremes, and by continual application to books, exclude all pleasure and enjoyment. Some of us have a penchant for a particular branch. Such should each day follow this tendency. Others, while not attracted toward any particular study, are naturally ambitious. Let these devote an hour or more of every day to their different studies while another hour or two might be spent profitably in reading the standard authors. In this manner much time that would otherwise hang heavily upon our hands

could be spent pleasantly and well, while the benefit derived would amply repay and satisfy our efforts.

THE many deeds of violence that have lately occurred during the progress of strikes and which have been so frequently and graphically described in the newspapers, illustrate, but too well, the intensity of the struggle between capital and labor. In centuries past the strife was not so pronounced as at present, but with the development of trade and extension of commerce during the present century, disagreements between the employer and employee have constantly arisen. The causes of such disagreements can be attributed sometimes to the former and at other times to the latter. While it is only reasonable to suppose that an individual should have sole and absolute control in the management of his own affairs, yet, if in the conduct of business he is wholly unacquainted with all human sympathies or steels his heart against them, which occurs very frequently, legislation should step in and remedy the evil. Again the employed should not allow themselves to be influenced by demagogues, or the shiftless and lazy who, imagining the State owes them a living, would appeal to it every day for support. Capital in its superb organization is undoubtedly stronger than labor. Hence, it should be the object of the latter to follow the advice of those political reformers who advocate labor unions as the best means for promoting the interests of the working man. "In union there is strength" and when by their union labor organizations become as powerful as the capitalists who would crush them, then, in all fairness, should differences arise, they should be submitted to an able and impartial tribunal. This ultimately must be the solution of this troublesome question.

WITH this issue the staff of ninety-three and four severs its connection with THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY. We unhesitatingly say that we are pleased with the year's work, and although we assumed our charge with considerable fear and diffidence, yet we have endeavored to discharge our duty faithfully and well. We are indeed very grateful to all who have in any way assisted us in our work. Hoping that this journal will have a permanent existence, and that its present standard will be upheld and improved, we say farewell.

This (X) mark on the wrapper signifies that subscriptions are due. Please examine yours, and if it bears that mark we will be pleased to hear from you very soon, so that we may balance our accounts before vacation.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

65.—The vertices of a rectangle are the points (a, b) , $(-a, b)$, $(-a, -b)$, and $(a, -b)$. Find the lengths of its sides, the lengths of its diagonals, and show that the vertices are equi-distant from the origin.

Solution by J. J. Crowley, '94.

Since the ordinates of the vertices (a, b) and $(-a, b)$ are each b , the side between these vertices is parallel to the axis of x at the distance b above it, and the length of this side is $a - (-a)$, or $2a$.

For like reason, the side between the vertices $(-a, -b)$ and $(a, -b)$ is parallel to the axis of x at the distance b below it, and the length of the side is $2a$.

Since the abscissas of the vertices $(-a, b)$ and $(-a, -b)$ are each $-a$, the side between them is parallel to the axis of y at the distance a to the left, and the length of the side is $b - (-b)$, or $2b$.

For like reason, the side between the vertices $(a, -b)$ and (a, b) is parallel to the axis of y at the distance a to the right, and the length of the side is $2b$.

The opposite sides being parallel to the rectangular axes, the figure is a rectangle whose opposite sides are $2a$ and $2b$, respectively.

Now, by (1), the length of the diagonal between the vertices (a, b) and $(-a, -b)$ is $\sqrt{(a+a)^2 + (b+b)^2} = 2\sqrt{a^2 + b^2}$.

We obtain the same expression for the distance between the vertices $(-a, b)$ and $(a, -b)$.

Again, by (1) the distance from $(0, 0)$ to either of the vertices is $\sqrt{a^2 + b^2}$.

66.—The inside of a wash-basin is in the shape of a segment of a sphere; the distance across the top is 16 inches, and its greatest depth is 6 inches; find how many pints of water it will hold, reckoning $7\frac{1}{2}$ gallons to the cubic foot.

Solution by John E. O'Donnell, '96.

Altitude of segment = 6 inches = a

Radius of circular section = 8 inches = r

Volume of segment = $\frac{1}{2} \pi r^2 a + \frac{1}{6} \pi a^3$

Taking the value of $\pi = \frac{22}{7}$ we obtain

$$\text{Volume} = \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{22}{7} \times 64 \times 6 + \frac{1}{6} \times \frac{22}{7} \times 216$$

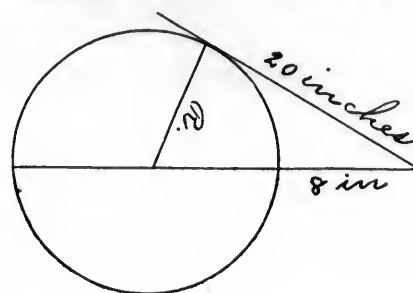
$$= \frac{4224}{7} + \frac{792}{7} = \frac{5016}{7} \text{ cubic inches}$$

$$= \frac{5016}{7} \times \frac{1}{1728} = \frac{5016}{12096} \text{ cubic feet.}$$

$$= \frac{5016}{12096} \times 7\frac{1}{2} \times 8 = \frac{1045}{42} = 24\frac{37}{42} \text{ pints.}$$

67.—From the end of a tangent 20 inches long a secant is drawn through the centre of the circle. If the exterior segment of this secant is 8 inches, find the radius of the circle.

Solution by W. J. Mahon, '96.



$$\left. \begin{array}{l} CD = 20 \text{ inches} \\ CB = 8 \text{ " } \end{array} \right\} \text{To find } OB \text{ radius of circle.}$$

Solution.—Tangent is a mean proportional between the whole secant and the external segment; therefore

$$AC : CD = CD : CB$$

$$AC : 20 = 20 : 8$$

$$8 AC = 400$$

$$AC = 50$$

$$50 - 8 = 42 = \text{Diameter of circle}$$

$$42 \div 2 = 21 = \text{Radius.}$$

68.—Solve: $18x^4 + 24x^3 - 7x^2 - 10x - 88 = 0$.

Solution by John E. O'Donnell, '96.

Multiply the equation by 2.

$$36x^4 + 48x^3 - 14x^2 - 20x - 176 = 0.$$

Attempt to extract square root $\sqrt{6x^2 + 4x}$

$$\begin{array}{r} 6x^2 \quad | \quad 36x^4 + 48x^3 - 14x^2 - 20x - 176 \\ \quad \quad \quad 36x^4 \\ \hline \quad \quad \quad 48x^3 - 14x^2 \\ 12x^2 + 4x \quad | \quad 48x^3 + 16x^2 \\ \quad \quad \quad 48x^3 + 16x^2 \\ \hline \quad \quad \quad -30x^2 - 20x - 176 \\ \therefore 36x^4 + 48x^3 - 14x^2 - 20x - 176 \\ = (6x^2 + 4x)^2 - 30x^2 - 20x - 176 \\ \therefore (6x^2 + 4x)^2 - 30x^2 - 20x - 176 = 0 \\ (6x^2 + 4x)^2 - 5(6x^2 + 4x) - 176 = 0 \end{array}$$

Let $6x^2 + 4x = y$. Then by substitution we obtain

$$y^2 - 5y - 176 = 0$$

$$(y - 16)(y + 11) = 0$$

$$y = 16, \text{ or } -11$$

$$6x^2 + 4x = 16$$

$$6x^2 + 4x - 16 = 0$$

$$(3x - 4)(2x + 4) = 0$$

$$\therefore x = -2, \text{ or } \frac{4}{3}$$

$$6x^2 + 4x = -11. \text{ Complete square}$$

$$36x^2 + 24x + 4 = -62$$

$$6x + 2 = \pm \sqrt{-62}$$

$$6x = -2 \pm \sqrt{-62}$$

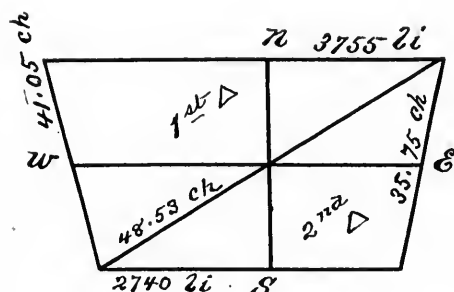
$$x = \frac{-2 \pm \sqrt{-62}}{6}$$

$$\therefore x = -2, \frac{1}{3}, \text{ or } \frac{-2 \pm \sqrt{-62}}{6}$$

69.—What is the area of a field in acres, perches, etc., whose south side is 2740 links; east side 35.75 chains; north side 3755 links; west side 41.05 chains, and the diagonal from south-west to north-east 48.35 chains?

Solution by E. J. Murtaugh, '96.

Fig 69.



$$\begin{aligned} 3755 \text{ links} &= 150.2 \text{ rods} \\ 4105 \text{ " } &= 164.2 \text{ " } \\ 4853 \text{ " } &= 193.4 \text{ " } \\ \hline &2 \overline{) 507.8} \\ &253.9 = \frac{1}{2} \text{ sum} \\ 253.9 - 150.2 &= 103.7 = 1^{\text{st}} \text{ remainder} \\ 253.9 - 164.2 &= 89.7 = 2^{\text{d}} \text{ " } \\ 253.9 - 193.4 &= 60.5 = 3^{\text{d}} \text{ " } \\ \text{Area of 1st } \Delta &= \sqrt[1]{253.9 \times 103.7 \times 89.7 \times 60.5} \\ &= 11953.5 \text{ perches} \\ 4853 \text{ links} &= 193.4 \text{ rods} \\ 3575 \text{ " } &= 143. \text{ " } \\ 2740 \text{ " } &= 109.6 \text{ " } \\ \hline &2 \overline{) 446.} \\ &223. = \frac{1}{2} \text{ sum.} \\ 223. = 193.4 &= 29.6 = 1^{\text{st}} \text{ remainder.} \\ 223. = 143. &= 80. = 2^{\text{d}} \text{ " } \\ 223. = 109.6 &= 113.4 = 3^{\text{d}} \text{ " } \\ \text{Area of 2d } \Delta &= \sqrt[1]{223 \times 29.6 \times 80 \times 113.4} = \\ &7734.44. \\ \text{Area of 1st } \Delta &= 11953.5 \text{ perches} \\ \text{" 2d } \Delta &= 7734.44 \text{ " } \\ \hline &19691.94 \text{ " } \\ 19691.94 \div 160 &= 123 \text{ acres } 12 \text{ perches.} \end{aligned}$$

NOTE.—It was extra labor converting the links to rods. The area of each triangle should be found in square chains, which divided by 10 will give the answer in acres.

SPLINTERS.

Two.

Exams.

Misfit.

The banquet.

That hammock.

Peerless maids.

Ha! Ha! Ha-a-a!

No extra gas burned last month.

"Gee around the mud puddle."

"There's John roasting 'Billy' again."

Demo, Demere, Dempsey, Duque.

Signor Falsetto is quite a character.

Can you tell who holds first mortgage?

You can have oats if you wish.

Henrietta, Henrietta. Who is that?

The "Ryle" jewels are out again.

The cigarette fiend is Eddy-ing round again.

We advise Mellin's for the boy, Steve.

Here comes Mike, 'tis time to call the game.

Frank, the crack short-stop of the "Greens," says they are ready to play.

(AIRY BUFF.)

Oh, could I now the day foresee

When I a graduate would be!

Return would I in ninety-five.

To reach that distant goal I'd strive.

Conundrum:—How many hay-makers have we at the University?

"Let me thank you for that ticket." "Oh! never mind; keep the change."

The boys have a hard crust after eating so many eggs at West Chester.

It is amusing to watch the boys, who visit the truck farm, dodge the Prefects after onionating.

Barney is sadly depressed since that rumor concerning a certain sojourner to Atlantic City reached his ears.

Who are the four princes who hired the tandem to convey them to the swamp to gather water cress?

Most of the boys are preparing for vacation while "the few," now that their vacation is at an end, are preparing for work.

Will you kind sir, explain to me

Why I such happy students see?

The jug room's closed and nevermore

Will opened be in ninety four.

The manner in which Mc. defends the property of the library is sufficient proof that he is the right man in the right place.

The Dago who has been supplying some of the boys with bananas and oranges is considering the advisability of bringing the sheriff with him the next trip.

The feature of one of the recent games of baseball was the manner in which "Fatty" held down second base. For allowing grounders to pass and making wild throws he excels all.

Maggie had a little lamb,
She bought it cheap for cash;
She had it baked, stewed, hot and cold,
And then four days in hash.

J. S. went, saw and was conquered. He found Pocahontas far beyond his expectations and in her discovered his beau ideal. His heart is shattered, not by an Indian arrow, but by those of famed cupid darting from the shining orbs of "Poca."

Judging from the number of visitors frequenting the "glass house" an observer would be misled as to the popularity of its inmates. They keep the cigarette box filled to overflowing, and the lid never falls on the "Cornell mixture." This accounts for their wide circle of friends.

John was not a little surprised when he saw the picture. He vainly endeavored to convince us he had no freckles. Well, granting this point for his benefit, we will add that the absence of freckles does not make a beauty.

We are anxiously awaiting the next performance by——. Having no previous knowledge of the last one we were wholly at a disadvantage. However, recognizing the celerity with which they sprung such thinks, we will endeavor to be amply supplied with —— for the next one.—Beware and play low.

The story of the Philosophers' photographs is sad, to say the least. The artist produced them and because he did not flatter, the photos were rejected. He then disposed of them at the low price of ten cents each, and their friends, prompted by charity, purchased the lot. They are now fully aware of the fact that they are not as handsome as they one time foolishly imagined, and probably their recent experience will save them from Narcissus' fate.

So you like sweet peppermint drops, John,
For a nice little game of "swops," John;
But handle with care,
She is *Young* and so fair—
Look out for Paoli "pops," John.

PERSONALS.

Mr. James Connie of Philadelphia, was a visitor to B. J. Corr on June 2.

Miss Margaret Vasey of Philadelphia, spent Sunday, May 27, with her brother Nicholas.

Mrs. Catharine O'Connor of Jersey City, called to see her son Thomas and spent the day with him.

Mark J. Mullin, '92, accompanied by his mother and aunt, Miss Annie Crane, were entertained by their friends June 3.

Mr. James Nolan, of Reading, accompanied by Rev. J. T. Cleary, called to see his sons, Eddie and Bernard, previous to his trip to Europe.

Mr. Joseph Kelly of Harrisburgh, surprised his two sons, Charles and Joseph, at quite an early hour Wednesday, May 30, and took them to Philadelphia to spend the day.

Mr. Matthew Erhardt of Philadelphia, in company with Charles R. Medina, attended the baseball game at West Chester, June 2, between the College boys and the Normal Greys.

The students in general and particularly those appointed to take part in the annual Sodality and College commencements are busy, preparing for the final examinations which will commence in a few days.

The Very Rev. Michael Moore, O.C.C., Assistant General of the Order, who is in this country on business pertaining to his order, was the guest of the Faculty on Monday, May 14.

Rev. Charles R. Hennon, a former student and at present the Chancellor of the diocese of Manchester, N. H., spent a very pleasant evening a short time ago with some of his classmates who are among our esteemed Professors.

It was with feelings of deep sorrow that we heard of the death at Washington, D. C., of Rev. Albert Skinner, C.S.P., a graduate of '86. Rev. R. A. Gleeson, O.S.A., attended his funeral from St. Paul's Church, New York City. His remains were taken to his home at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., for interment. We extend our sincere sympathies to the family and friends in their bereavement.

Rev. Frs. J. P. Fahey and J. A. Wheelan, O.S.A., have just finished an extremely successful mission at the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Bryn Mawr, Pa. Their reputation as successful missionaries is long established. That their efforts were well appreciated is confirmed by the large numbers that attended the devotions during the entire week.

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Villanova Monthly

Vol. II.

Villanova College, July, 1894.

No. 7.



Fifty-first Anniversary of Villanova College.

DEAR Alma Mater on thy queenly brow
The One and Fiftieth wreath of worth is set ;
More grandly now than in the years ago,
When Love and Faith enwove thy coronet !
To thee, equipped, the Levite bids farewell ;
And eke to them who watched with tenderest care,
His Rod's fruition into blossom swell—
His life-dream shaping an eternal prayer !
From thee he parts with more than filial love ;
Thy teachings graven on his inmost soul ;
The fire of Heaven descending from above
To make his faith all-perfect, and all-whole !
Down through the years how oft will memory's glance
Bear back his thoughts to scenes of College days ;
When flashing wit, incisive as a lance,
Aroused his mind to anger, or to praise !
On Life's wide sea in cloud, or storm, or sun,
He now embarks, to battle, and to save ;
The wrecked and lorn, the treasures to be won ;
The shore to reach, the land beyond the grave !
Benignant Mother, from thy cultured halls
Thy priest goes forth, with burning zeal and love ;
To spread God's light where deepest shadow falls,
And in His name admonish, or reprove !
Not void his hand, where poverty is found,
Nor cold his heart, when raised its piteous cry ;
Within his soul it wakes a chord profound—
The sweetest chord by angels touch'd on high !
The pitying heart which feels another's pain,
With words of comfort soothes its wild unrest ;
To him four-fold the blessings and the gain,
Who brings sweet joy to some benighted breast !
May many wreaths more glorious than this one,
Thy brow encircle like a zone of light !
Till in the splendor of thy setting sun
Thy deeds shall glow before the Infinite !

PATRICK CAREY.



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Fifty-first Annual Commencement of Villanova College.

Scarcely less imposing than the golden jubilee of the college, celebrated a year ago, was this year's Commencement, which, though not attended by so many priests, was honored with the presence of the Pope's representative in the United States, the Delegate Apostolic, as he is officially called, His Excellency Francis, Archbishop Satolli, who presided, and His Grace Archbishop Ryan. The event took place on Wednesday afternoon, June 27th, and attracted an unusually large attendance, most of whom arriving early, had an opportunity of inspecting and admiring the rare beauty of the surroundings as well as enjoying the healthful breezes among the trees on the summit of one of the highest hills in Delaware county.

At the time announced for the exercises to begin, the college hall, in which they were to take place, was filled to overflowing. There were profuse, handsome and artistically arranged decorations on and around the stage, and American flags waved all along the college building. To the strains of music by the college orchestra the dignitaries and the other clergy entered. Mgr. Satolli took the seat of honor. Near the middle of the stage had been erected a dais, on which was a large chair under a canopy of the Pontifical colors of yellow and white, which was surmounted by a shield on which were emblazoned the Papal emblems. On each side were gonfalons containing the Papal colors. A large oil painting of St. Augustine occupied the background of the throne. The college colors of blue and white and the red, white and blue were conspicuous about the room. As the distinguished prelates entered the audience arose and gave hearty applause. Archbishop Ryan took the seat to the right of the Apostolic Delegate, and the President of the College, Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, to the left.

Among the other priests present were Very Rev. James D. Waldron, Provincial O.S.A., St. Augustine's; Very Rev. T. C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A., Director of the Augustinian Seminary; Revs. John Scully, S.J., St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia; P. J. Dooley, S.J.; James S. Bric, S.J., and W. A. Stanton, S.J., Gesu; J. T. Landry, C.M., and A. Krabler, C.M., Germantown; W. Kieran, D.D., St. Patrick's; M. J. Lawler, St. Thomas Aquinas'; J. A. Brehony and Eugene Murphy, Manayunk; P. J. Dailey, Annunciation; John J. Ward, Sacred Heart; F. J. Fitzmaurice, St. Joachim's; James P. Sinnott, St. Charles Borromeo's; John J. Rogers, Cathedral; James O'Reilly, Mt. Carmel, Pa.; Joseph A. Winters, Lansdale; D. P. O'Connor, West Conshohocken; Heffernan, St. Anthony's, Greenpoint, L. I.; William J. Rich-

mond, Bergen Heights, N. J.; John J. Fedigan, O.S.A., Atlantic City, N. J.; N. J. Murphy, O.S.A.; J. P. Gilmore, O.S.A., and W. A. Jones, O.S.A., St. Augustine's, Philadelphia; F. J. McShane, O.S.A.; M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., and E. P. Flynn, O.S.A., Chestnut Hill; John J. O'Brien, O.S.A., and J. A. Nugent, O.S.A., Bryn Mawr; James T. O'Reilly, O.S.A., and J. M. Fleming, O.S.A., Lawrence, Mass.; J. J. Ryan, O.S.A., Andover, Mass.; F. R. McGowan, O.S.A., Lansingburgh, N. Y.; P. J. O'Connell, O.S.A., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; John T. Emmet, O.S.A., Waterford, N. Y.; T. F. Kenna, D.D., O.S.A., collecting for the St. Patrick's Basilica in Rome, and staying at St. Anthony's Church, Greenpoint, L. I.; M. J. Locke, O.S.A., and F. M. Sheeran, O.S.A., of the Villanova Scholasticate; L. A. Delurey, O.S.A.; C. J. McFadden, O.S.A.; R. A. Gleason, O.S.A.; J. B. Leonard, O.S.A.; R. F. Harris, O.S.A.; F. Medina, O.S.A., and W. A. Coar, O.S.A., of the College faculty, P. M. Arnu, A. M. Distinguished members of the laity from a distance were John T. Lenahan, Esq., of Wilkesbarre, and Captain Blake, and Rev. A. B. Conger, Rosemont, Pa., John McMenamin, Philadelphia.

To the strains of the overture the graduates marched upon the stage and took their places to the right. One of them, advancing, presented to Mgr. Satolli a handsome vari-colored bouquet.

Degrees were conferred and medals awarded as follows:

Degree of Bachelor of Arts—James F. O'Leary, Hartford, Conn.; John J. Ryle, Stamford, Conn.; Jeremiah J. Crowley, Whitman, Mass.; John J. Dolan, New York City.

Degree of Bachelor of Science—Walter D. Rior-dan, Lawrence Mass.; Edward J. Wade, Lawrence, Mass.; Stephen A. Kenney, Millville, Mass.; Thomas J. Condon, Waterbury, Conn.; Edward G. Dohan, Troy, N. Y.; Nicholas J. Vasey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Edward P. McKeough, Hartford, Conn.; William J. Mahon, Hartford, Conn.; Daniel A. Herron, Freeland, Pa.; Bernard J. Corr, Philadelphia, Pa.

Commercial Diplomas—Harry U. Strong, Villanova, Pa.; Harry T. Nelson, Oakford, Pa.; Roger J. O'Donnell, Drifton, Pa.; Chas. R. Medina, Philadelphia, Pa.

AWARDING OF MEDALS.

The gold medal for gentlemanly conduct was awarded to Nicholas J. Vasey, presented by the president and faculty.

The gold medal for Christian Doctrine was awarded to Edward G. Dohan, presented by the Very Rev. J. D. Waldron, O.S.A., Philadelphia, Pa.

The gold medals for Logic were awarded *ex æquo* to James F. O'Leary, John J. Ryle, presented by Very Rev. P. F. McSweeney, D.D., New York City, and Rev. J. J. Fedigan, Atlantic City, N. J.

The gold medal for Classics was awarded to Martin T. Field, presented by the Alumni.

The gold medal for English literature was awarded to John J. Dolan, presented by J. T. Lenahan, Esq., Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The gold medal for Mathematics was awarded to Thomas J. Lee, presented by Rev. J. J. Keegan, Randolph, Mass.

The gold medal for General History was awarded to Thomas J. Condon, presented by Rev. James H. O'Neill, Middleboro, Mass.

The gold medal for French was awarded to Thomas J. Ronayne, presented by Rev. C. Hennon, Manchester, N. H.

The gold medal for German was awarded to William J. Kavanagh, presented by Rev. John J. O'Brien, O.S.A., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

SALUTATORY.

J. J. RYLE, '94, STAMFORD, CT.

*Your Excellency, Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate,
Your Grace Most Rev. Archbishop, Very Rev.
and Rev. Fathers, Respected Faculty, Mem-
bers of the Alumni, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

To be the recipient of such an honor on this, an ever memorable occasion in the History of Villanova's glorious career, thrills me with feelings of pride, and fills my soul with fond aspirations. To-day, Alma Mater throws open her portals, and bids you one and all a hearty welcome to her hallowed precincts. To-day she sends more of her representatives into the world, there to fight the good fight, and she has called you to bid them God-speed on their journey through life. And to-day she is signally honored by the presence of our Most Reverend Prelates, "divines that follow their own instruction," and men whose names have become revered and cherished in every household.

Your appearance here to-day, Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate, overspreads her countenance with the beam of happiness, and the smile of welcome. Her arms are ever outstretched to any representative of our holy Mother, the Church, but she feels especially honored and signally favored in extending a welcome to one the especial choice of our Holy Father, Leo XIII. The success with which your labors have been crowned; your name, synonymous with Catholicity; your eminent talents, your profound knowledge, and your accurate judgment give brilliant presage for your future.

That to-day one of her chairs is occupied by you, our own Most Rev. Archbishop, Prince of Pulpit Orators, adds one more proof of your affection for her and the deep interest you take in whatever pertains to her welfare and advancement. Be assured that she tenders you her heart-felt thanks and expresses the hope that you may long continue her guardian, and like Aeneas of old, watch over her interests with a paternal eye.

And you, members of the Alumni, the children of her hope, you who have drunk from her hands the cup of nourishment for the bivouac of life, she summons here to-day that she may clasp you in her welcoming and affectionate embrace, here to meet in friendly consolidation; here to tighten the chains of friendship and love, loosened by the hand of time. Just as the heart sends the blood coursing through our veins, that our bodies may preserve their vitality and animation, and perform their due functions, so Alma Mater, the *Principium Vitae* of your society, gathers you here to-day, to circulate in you the blood of her early training, and dispatch you again into the world to labor with renewed energy and improved faculties, in the cause of truth and justice.

She bids me welcome you, her friends and benefactors, some of whom have watched her growth with increasing years, sharing alike her prosperity and happiness, sympathizing with her in her misfortunes and afflictions, and ever offering a helping hand in time of necessity.

For more than fifty years has Villanova been a commanding figure in the development and perfection of her grand undertaking, the moral, intellectual, and physical education of American youth. She has been the nursery of religion and education, a centre of piety and learning, never faltering or wavering, but by unremitting and long continued toil, overcoming obstacles the most obstinate, that beset her path. Year after year she has graduated into the university of the world bands of devoted souls, and anticipating the popular mandate of our Most Rev. Delegate, she has commanded them: "Go forward, in one hand bearing the Book of Christian truth, and in the other the constitution of the United States."

Her bark has ever been piloted by men of spotless integrity, and remarkably blessed by God in their zeal and piety, and by men imbued with the spirit of educational missionaries. And to-day she stands as a monument bearing witness to their lives of untiring labor, self-sacrificing devotion and indomitable trust in God, a lasting memento of those whose souls have taken their flight and an inspiration for those that remain.

At no time during her career has Astrea more

lavishly bestowed her gifts than during the year just passed. And to-day, the ark of dear old Villanova, guided by the patronal hand of Isis on her voyage over the sea of time, discharges her cargo of good works at the port of eternity, there to await judgment when our dear patron, St. Thomas of Villanova, will offer them to his Maker in testimony of the labors of his faithful clients.

In conclusion Alma Mater again bids me, from the superabundant affection of her heart, in the name of the Very Rev. President and Faculty and my fellow-students, to extend you all a most cordial welcome to this, her fifty-first annual commencement, trusting that when years shall have rolled by, and your imagination summons from oblivion the memories of the past, you will recall the few hours spent to-day, within her shrines, as among the happiest moments of a well spent life.

Salutatio ad Excellentiam suam, Reverendissimum Apostolicum Delegatum Franciscum Archiepiscopum Satolli.

REV. L. A. DELUREY, O. S. A.

Excellentissime Domine : Te salvere jubemus. Hic dies nobis plerumque laetus, te praesente, fit laetissimus. Jamdudum nos, Sancti Augustini filii nostrum respectum tibi, delegato Sanctissimi Patris ejusque Angelici Doctoris approbato explicatori ostendere exoptarunt, quia in te tuisque operibus spiritualium filiorum Statibus in Foederatis ejusdemque curam, dilectionem, zelumque videmus. Res, quas regere non potuimus, pro tempore nobis obstiterunt quominus tibi observantiam nostram et reverentiam ostenderemus, sed illae nunc victae sunt.

Quare hodie votis nostris completis gaudemus et exultamus. Igitur nobismetipsis congratulamur et tibi veras atque sinceras gratias agimus pro honore quem nobis confert tua praesentia. Nosmetipsos inprimis honoratos sentimus propter factum, quod casu in nostro, etsi in manu tua fuit diem seligendi, tu valde benigne nobis facultatem dedisti ponendi diem pro exercitiis nostris academicis.

Iterum tibi gratias agimus quia hoc nobis persuasum habemus quod Villanova patronorum amicorum et alumnorum amor respectusque, tua praesentia confirmati, creverint et tu in corda juvenum te hodie circumstantium resolutionem virtutemque infuseris. Non est necessarium te admonere ut adolescentibus medio nostro proficiscentibus facta foeventia expectemus, facta quae ad gloriam Dei et Alma Matris redundabunt. Omnia haec sentimus et rationabiliter arbitramur hunc diem faustum diem omnibus praesentibus in memoria longe retinendum. Igitur semel in perpetuum te salvere jubemus.

In te honores regios conferre non possumus sed tibi liberalitatem nostram offerrimus et extendimus confidentes conatus nostros tibi placituros esse et te Sanctitatae suae, Leoni decimo tertio nostras simplices autem sinceras optationes esse laturum et nos tuos inter amicos devotissimos numeraturum.

Le beau et l'utile.

THOMAS J. RONAYNE, '95, NEWPORT, R. I.

Kant, en séparant le beau de l'utile, prouve clairement qu'il n'est point du tout dans la nature des arts de donner des leçons. Sans doute, tout ce qui est beau doit faire naître des sentiments généreux, et ces sentiments excitent à la vertu ; mais des qu'on a pour objet de mettre en évidence un précepte de morale, la libre impression que produisent les chefs d'oeuvre de l'art est nécessairement détruite ; car le but, quel qu'il soit, quand il est connu, borne et gêne l'imagination.

La nature déploie ses magnificences souvent sans but, souvent avec un luxe que les partisans de l'utilité appelleraient prodigue. Elle semble se plaire à donner plus d'éclat aux fleurs, aux arbres des forêts, qu'aux végétaux qui servent d'aliment à l'homme.

Si l'utile avait le premier rang dans la nature, ne revêtirait-elle pas de plus de charmes les plantes nutritives que les roses qui ne sont que belles ? Et d'où vient cependant que, pour parer les autels de la divinité, l'on chercherait plutôt les inutiles fleurs que les productions nécessaires ? D'où vient que ce qui sert au maintien de notre vie a moins de dignité que les beautés sans but ? C'est que le beau nous rappelle une existence immortelle et divine dont le souvenir et le regret vivent à la fois dans notre cœur.

Ce n'est certainement pas pour méconnaître la valeur morale de ce qui est utile que Kant en a séparé le beau ; c'est pour fonder l'admiration en tout genre sur un désintéressement absolu ; c'est pour donner aux sentiments qui rendent la vie impossible la préférence sur les leçons qui servent à la corriger.

Rarement les fables mythologiques des anciens ont été dirigées dans le sens des exhortations de morale ou des exemples édifiants ; et ce n'est pas du tout parce que les modernes valent mieux qu'eux, qu'ils cherchent souvent à donner à leurs fictions un résultat utile ; c'est plutôt parce qu'ils ont moins d'imagination, et qu'ils transportent dans la littérature l'habitude que donnent les affaires, de tendre toujours à un but.

Les événements tels qu'ils existent dans la réalité, ne sont pas calculés comme une fiction dont le dévouement est moral. La vie elle-même est

conçue d'une manière tout à fait poétique ; car ce n'est point, d'ordinaire, parce que le coupable est puni et l'homme vertueux récompensé qu'elle produit sur nous une impression morale, c'est parce qu'elle développe dans notre cœur l'indignation contre le coupable et l'enthousiasme pour l'homme vertueux.

Das Loos des Menschen.

WILLIAM J. KAVANAGH, BROOLYN, N. Y.

Wir erblicken ausser uns eine Verbindung, in welcher Keiner für sich selbst arbeiten kann, ohne für alle Andere zu arbeiten, oder für den Anderen arbeiten, ohne zugleich für sich selbst zu arbeiten, indem der glückliche Fortgang eines Mitgliedes glücklicher Fortgang für alle ist ; ein Anblick, der schon durch die Harmonie, die wir in dem Allermannigfaltigsten erblicken, innig wohlthut, und unsern Geist mächtigst erhebt. Das Interesse steigt, wenn man einen Blick auf sich selbst thut und sich als Mitglied dieser grossen innigen Verbindung betrachtet. Das Gefühl unserer Würde und unserer Kraft steigt, wenn wir uns sagen, was Jeder unter uns sich sagen kann: Mein Dasein ist nicht vergebens und zwecklos ; ich bin ein nothwendiges Glied der grossen Kette, die von der Entwicklung des ersten Menschen zum vollen Bewusstsein seines Daseins bis in die Ewigkeit hinausgeht.

Alles, was jemals gross und weise und edel unter den Menschen war, diejenigen Wohlthäter des Menschengeschlechtes, deren Namen ich in der Weltgeschichte ausgezeichnet finde, und die mehren, deren Verdienste ohne ihre Namen vorhanden sind,—sie alle haben für mich gearbeitet ; ich betrete auf der Erde, die sie bewohnten, ihre Segen verbreitenden Fussstapfen. Ich kann, sobald ich will, die erhabene Aufgabe, die sie sich aufgegeben hatten, ergreifen, unser gemeinsames Brudergeschlecht immer weiser und glücklicher zu machen ; ich kann da fortbauen, wo sie aufhören müssten ; ich kann den herrlichen Tempel, den sie unvollendet lassen mussten, seiner Vollendung näher bringen. Aber ich werde aufhören müssen, wie sie, dürfte sich Jemand sagen. O, es ist der erhabenste Gedanke unter allen ; ich werde, wenn ich jene erhabene Aufgabe übernehme, nie vollendet haben ; ich kann also, so gewiss die Uebernehmung derselben meine Bestimmung ist, ich kann nie aufhören zu wirken, und mithin nie aufhören zu sein.

Das, was man Tod nennt, kann mein Werk nicht abbrechen ; denn mein Werk soll vollendet werden, mithin ist meinem Dasein keine Zeit bestimmt—und ich bin ewig. Ich habe mit der Unternehmung jener grossen Aufgabe die Ewigkeit an mich geris-

sen. Ich hebe mein Haupt kühn empor zu dem drohenden Felsengebirge, und zu dem tobenden Wasserstürze und zu den krachenden, in einem Feuermeer schwimmenden Wolken, und sage : Ich bin ewig, und ich trotze eurer Macht ! Brecht alle herab auf mich ; und du Himmel, vermische euch im wilden Tumulte ! und ihr Elemente alle, schäumet und tobet, und zerreibet im wilden Kampfe das letzte Sonnenstäubchen des Körpers, den ich mein nenne ! mein Wille allein mit seinem festen Plane soll kühn und triumphirend über den Trümmern des Weltalls schweben, denn ich habe meine Bestimmung ergriffen, und die ist dauernder als ihr ; sie ist ewig, und ich bin ewig, wie sie.

ORATION.

JOHN J. DOLAN, '94, NEW YORK, N. Y.

There has never been a time when so much interest was manifested in the education of youth as at the present and when the necessity of a liberal education was more evident. Among all nations of the civilized world the subject of education has received the highest consideration.

Let us go back in thought to ancient Greece and Rome, those two stars, that glimmered, blazed, became dim, and finally faded, which gave to the world works of all kinds, that have not yet been equalled, which have given to posterity so much food for thought and reflection—education was to them a serious question. From those days to the present it has been agitated in pulpit, rostrum and press, so upon this occasion before an assembly, within the walls of an institution whose sole object is education in the true sense, a few words upon the question will not be amiss.

Plato defines education thus : "To give to the body and the soul all the perfections of which they are susceptible." What can this mean but that the object of education, is to render to man all the means whereby he may bring himself out as it were, that he may make the best use of all the talents that the Dispenser of good has given him and so become developed morally and physically—healthful, intelligent, virtuous. What a beautiful and comprehensive meaning this grand old philosopher has given to education.

The necessity of some education is self-evident ; the necessity of a liberal education is almost equally patent. A liberal education fits us for the turmoils of this life, and prepares us for our ultimate end. The culture of the mind, the moulding of the behavior, the tempering of the affections, the quickening of the observation, practical judgment and a combination of all, the early instilling of conscientious principles and seeds of religion,

these are the results of a liberal education. What could do more for us?

It was once thought, and many seem to be of the same opinion at present, that a mechanic or tradesman had and has no use, certainly no need, of a liberal education. But we have become so familiar with results never dreamed of by our sires (so great has been the advancement of science on her onward march, so completely has mind triumphed over matter,) that this idea is now an idle dream; and we perceive that a mechanic or a tradesman who has received a liberal education, is not a worse mechanic or tradesman on this account; they realize that "knowledge is power" and practical power. It is not my purpose to dwell any longer on the necessity of a liberal education, for necessary it is, yes, almost a sacred obligation, but I stand here before you as an humble defender of the Higher Education, to offer a refutation to the many times heard and unjust, narrow-minded remark that the man who is graduated from the university or college is unfit, as a rule, for work in a world which is no respecter of persons, and which judges each according to his own personal merit. How can this be so? Daily proofs of benefits derived through graduation from the higher educational institutions, are constantly brought into prominence. Educated men are bound to forge ahead. In war they are generals; in politics, statesmen and party leaders; in the professions they command the largest incomes; in journalism they control public opinion; they can start in business with little or no capital, but with their well trained minds they rise to be mine owners, merchants, millionaires. If it be true that the training received at our higher educational institutions, incapacitates a man for the battles of life; if it be true that theory and development of the mind be null and void; then would it not be a serious question whether or not our government should charter universities, and support military schools?

But note the men whom our military academies have graduated. In the last war, for instance, was not the destiny of our nation placed in the hands of these men, and do we not all know how well they performed their sacred duties?

See the physician with his surgical instruments saving the life of a fond mother, sparing her to her loving and beloved ones: behold him again on the battle-field healing poor unfortunates whom bloody swords and cruel bullets have brought to death's door. With what untiring energy does he make scientific researches, and for what purpose? For himself? No. The physical amelioration of mankind is his object.

And the lawyer, the man who is the "adviser of the people and the architect of the state." What has he done? Haughty barons brought King John to the field of Runnymede and at the point of their swords forced from him the renowned Magna Charta, but the pen of the lawyer framed it and so wisely that it now needs no amendment.

The lawyer compelled Elizabeth, "proudest of queens" to surrender monopolies threatening the kingdom of Britain with ruin. He brought on the Revolution, in consequence of which we to-day are enjoying liberty, in the freest land under the heavens. The lawyer is charged with the gravest public responsibilities and from his ranks the chief ruler of our glorious country is generally selected, for of twenty-three presidents of the United States nineteen have been lawyers. They were foremost among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and among the framers of the constitution of our glorious country, which constitution has attracted here millions of immigrants from European shores, notwithstanding the superior advantages of soil and climate of our sister Republic, Mexico, and equal material advantages in Canada.

But what shall we say of the lives and deeds of those, to whom are entrusted the care and spiritual welfare of a world, the influence of whose works, good as it is widespread, proclaims emphatically the usefulness of our theological seminaries? When our hearts are crushed with weight of woe to them we go, to receive the highest consolation, consolation coming from Heaven itself. Their duty for God's glory, man's salvation and the country's good is ever before their eyes, written in letters of gold. Our greatest orators, orators who move the soul as well as the mind, come from their exalted ranks. In many instances they are the motive power of educational work, but their particular functions are deeds, charitable and moral, especially the moral, for morality is the foundation stone of nations, and are not these men guardians of the stone?

For actions whose effects are not hampered with the idea of self-advancement but which send rays of never-failing sunshine to their less fortunate brothers; for deeds that glow with fraternal charity in advancing mankind intellectually and morally; for purposes that are as lofty and as broad as the very dome of Heaven itself, increasing the pleasures and joys and diminishing the cares of mankind for these and many more are we indebted to the college graduate—and no truer words were ever spoken than those uttered by the Hon. Chauncy M. Depew—"Every college is an insurance company against anarchy and socialism."

In conclusion allow me to say a few words relative to the one true Church and her representatives, as promoters of education and especially of the higher kind. She has always been the promoter of a liberal education but as the champion of Higher Education she has always stood foremost. The task of maintaining a knowledge of the sciences and liberal arts was upheld chiefly by monastic institutions. The clash of arms broke upon the humble monk's ear, while cultivating the "arts of peace."

From the time of Charlemagne, who rendered great service to literature and the higher studies, scarcely any great educational development has been inaugurated that cannot be traced to the Church.

Paris, Bologna, Oxford, making their appearances as universities came under the maternal wing of the Church, receiving privileges, assistance and rules from her. The number of universities founded by the Popes in the Middle Ages, is forty-five, the majority of which are to-day world renowned. Among these are not counted the Propaganda, Roman College, "Collegio Pio," and the very many institutions of France.

The Popes have always willingly and ardently co-operated in everything that pertained to enlightenment. We need not go any farther for proof of their interest in Higher Education than to our own "Catholic University at Washington." Although young in years, it has men at its head eminent in learning, and wise in experience.

From these considerations is it not evident that the time has come, when the voices that have been raised against Higher Education should be forever silenced? The best minds of the day have been moulded and developed within the university and college walls.

Let the nation therefore give every encouragement to youth in its effort to scale the loftier cliffs of knowledge; let the progress of the college and university keep pace with the progress of the nation, and may the progress of the nation know no limit.

VALEDICTORY.

JAMES F. O'LEARY, '94, HARTFORD, CT.

Oftentimes whilst reading a book which, by its interesting plan, its excellent and natural scenic descriptions, its striking and consistent portrayal of character, contributes greatly to our entertainment and instruction, we are eager to finish it in order that all mystery and uncertainty may be cleared away and the whole plot with its denouement may lie open to our minds. So it happened

that while turning the leaves in the book of our college life and enjoying all the beautiful scenes and pleasant associations contained therein we were keenly desirous to behold the last page, emblematic of the day that would witness expectations realized and efforts crowned with success. And now the goal of our collegiate aspirations has been reached, already the topmost rung in the ladder of our hopes has been attained, and the day which we anticipated with feelings of exultation and happiness as the end of our labors has arrived. But with its advent how different are realizations from expectations? Instead of enjoying that unalloyed pleasure and satisfaction usually associated with the thought of duties faithfully performed, we are experiencing sensations of a gloomier and more sombre nature. Until now we did not realize how strong is our love for Alma Mater, nor what an effort it costs to loosen our bark from its fastenings, preparatory to making the voyage over the troublesome and tempestuous sea of life.

Hence our spirits are depressed and our hearts made heavy by the sad thought that we are about to leave the halls which will never again re-echo with our happy voices, and bid adieu to our Reverend Faculty and Professors who have guided us, and to our fellow-students who have trodden with us the path of virtue and of labor. But now these paths must diverge; we must go forth into the world, each relying upon the power that is in him and using it honestly, nobly and perseveringly until the end. This is one of nature's laws. For in this broad universe, of which we form an integral part, activity, motion, increment and decrement are everywhere apparent. In each individual ens is found an animating principle possessing perfection proportionate to the grade of life with which it is associated. The disparity of order and merit in the actions attributable to rational or irrational animals and the respective changes effected by vegetative, sensitive and intellectual life, leave no doubts in our minds as to the pre-eminence of man over the rest of created nature. This superiority of human beings is directly traceable to the powers and faculties radiated in human nature and which only require objects for the display and exercise of their virtue. For an individual may possess talent the most eminent, ability and skill the most pronounced, all vested in the high order of intellection which he enjoys, but these qualities will be unknown and of no material benefit to himself or to others if he allows his faculties to lie dormant and deprives them of the exercise necessary for the development of their power. Hence the primary matter for our

consideration is the object or end looked upon by us as the acme of our ambitions and around which our hopes and expectations should cluster.

Then, by throwing the physical, intellectual and moral strength we possess into our work, let us concentrate all our energies to the attainment of this end; let no obstacles impede our progress, let no disappointments discourage us, but let us perform conscientiously, faithfully and well, all the duties relative to the profession or business in life which we have determined to adopt.

Reverend Faculty and Professors:—The moral and intellectual education of youth, the noble work to which you have devoted your time and talents, is immortalized in the number of illustrious men who have been nurtured within the walls of this institution. Therefore any dissertation by us on your untiring devotion and earnest care for those entrusted to your charge would be as rain drops upon the polished surface of so many monuments to your zeal. But it is the consciousness of your unremitting efforts, of your kindness and watchfulness which now saddens us, about to be forever deprived of your guiding and protecting hand. Ever present in our minds are the consolation you administered in our sorrows, the counsel you gave in our doubts and perplexities, the assistance you rendered in our labors, the diversion you furnished as relaxations from continual mental application. It is now necessary to make use of the implements with which you supplied us for working the future's mine with its countless bright and sparkling potentialities. But before we descend into its uncertain and treacherous depths, we stand at the entrance and extend our hands to clasp yours in a last farewell, with the hope and earnest wish that you may long be preserved to guide the destinies of our college and that it may long continue to propagate its principles of morality, of religion and of education. We are now about to feel the sadness of a separation from those who were our companions in college life, in whom our joys produced pleasure and to whom our sorrows were a source of pain. Fellow-students, the class of '94 bids you farewell. To-day, perhaps, many of us will look upon each other for the last time. But if any of you should never again greet and delight our mortal gaze, your images will always remain engraved upon our hearts.

For deep indeed should be the draughts from the waters of Lethe to make us forget the acts of kindness, generosity and self-denial which you performed whenever the occasion required them, thus forging links in the chain of friendship and love that binds us so closely to you. Even now fancy depicts you as of yore, when you stood shoulder

to shoulder with us in the contests during which the white and blue struggled for the supremacy, ably assisting in the preservation of our established prestige and the elevation of the insignia of our college high above those of its competitors. But all this is past, and the old life, in which we were fellow-students, is at an end. Yet, if we can no longer live it again in reality, at least in spirit we will be ever with you, and our hearts shall always rejoice or sadden, according to the varying fortunes that attend your struggles.

And, if inevitable fate decrees that we are never again destined to meet, either within these walls or in the broad world outside, let us look forward to the reunion in the great hereafter, where hands are never clasped in partings nor lips ever framed in farewells.

Address to the Graduates, V. Rev. P. F. McSweeney, D.D.,
Rector St. Brigid's Church, N. Y. City.

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class—Brought up, as you have been, by the sons of St Augustine, so famed for learning and piety, I conceive that, on this occasion especially, when you have just graduated and are about to go out into the world as their representatives, bearing in your hands the certificates of their approval, such a thing as advice on my part would be superfluous. Doubly honored, as we are on this occasion, by the illustrious presence of the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop of Philadelphia, I think I cannot do better than to use the beautiful and paternal words of our Holy Father: "*Dum vos gratulamur simul animum addimus ut in inceptis vestris proficis camini.*"—"While we congratulate you we wish at the same to encourage you to go on as you have begun."

KEEP THE FAITH AND THE FAITH WILL KEEP YOU.

A mother, whose son was about to leave his home for distant lands, gave him this advice: "My son, remember that you have a mother who never dies, and that she has a house in every city; when you enter the gates, first of all inquire for the Catholic church and you will be nowhere a stranger."

Be always mindful, then, that you are Catholics. If I may be permitted to make a slight change in an old apothegm: "*Servate ordinem et ordo servabit vos,*" I will put it thus: "*Servate Fidem et Fides servabit vos.*"—"Preserve the Faith and the Faith will preserve you."

PLENTY OF ROOM FOR GOOD YOUNG MEN.

A great many changes have come over this country in the last forty-five years, since I was myself a student of your college. The walks of



MOST REV. SEBASTIAN MARTINELLI,
Prior General of the Augustinian Order.

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Don Sebastian

life not yet occupied have diminished in number, and we hear it said continually that there is now no opening for many of the youth. That may be so in some cases, even when it is not the fault of the young man himself, but I hazard the statement that it occurs but seldom. As far as I have been able to observe in the thirty-two years of my ministry, in a great city, the reliable and trustworthy young man is in good demand still. If he enters into commercial pursuits or into the professions he has only to wait a little, and too soon, I say regretfully, will the defect of religious training in the education of his rivals make a vacancy for him in the higher ranks of them. Indeed, honesty, sobriety and good morals are so valuable that I have often seen men of comparatively poor ability supplant others who were in every other respect far their superiors.

The good young men, I am sorry to think, are not as plentiful as the good young women, and so they are apt to become even a sort of luxury in the market.

THEY ARE ALWAYS AND BY ALL, HELD IN
HIGH ESTEEM.

One of the questions which is now looming up is Woman Suffrage. Many of us have doubts as to the value of this political change, but who does not believe that it would be altogether desirable for the good Catholic young man who is ambitious of public office? The sex which the Church has honored with the title of "devout" would be sure to be on his side. Woman has suffered too much from the irreligious man to allow any beautiful traits of intellect or comeliness of appearance to outweigh in her estimation purity and solidity of character.

But your Alma Mater bestows on you also all the knowledge which these worldly young men possess and more. Like St. Peter (Acts iii, 6), she addresses you: "Silver and gold have I none, but what I have I give to you." She gives you that what your wise parents deliberately chose in preference to silver and gold when they made sacrifices to keep you at college to this happy day, when, tempted by the prospect of present gain, they might have withdrawn you years ago. "For wisdom is better than all the most precious things; and whatever may be desired cannot be compared to it." (Prov. viii, 11.) They made the same choice as Solomon, the wisest of men, and no doubt, they will also receive from the Lord the blessings of Solomon. "Because thou hast asked for this thing and hast not asked for thyself long life and riches . . . but hast asked for thyself wisdom. . . . Behold I have done for thee

according to thy words and have given thee a wise and understanding heart . . . Yea, and the things also which thou didst not ask I have given thee, to wit, riches and glory." (III Kings, iii, 11, 13.)

ITS GREAT AND UNIQUE ADVANTAGES.

You are about to begin the world with the richest of patrimonies; one which is in itself the fountain of all prosperity, a legacy of which you cannot be deprived either by the vicissitudes of fortune, by the rapacity of the usurer or by the violence of the highwayman; a treasure of which you may be generous even to prodigality not only to your fond relations, but even to the stranger at your gates, without ever diminishing it; nay, its very bestowal but increases it still more.

It is an endowment, an heirloom, which will give you true nobility, which all must respect, whether monarchical or democratic in their political leanings. To-day you hold in your hands the patent of an aristocracy which springs not from ancestry of wealth or of power, but which nevertheless will make you honored by the proudest of such aristocrats and feared by those who are incapable of doing honor.

ESPECIALLY WHEN UNITED WITH RELIGIOUS
TRAINING.

This valuable inheritance is education—education of the head and of the heart—sound Christian education, which, flowing from the fountain-head of truth, the Catholic Church takes up and purifies and makes its own whatever is true and good and beautiful in secular learning and gives it all to you together with "wisdom to discern judgment." (III Kings, iii, 11.) So that you leave these halls really educated men.

WITHOUT WHICH ONE IS NOT REALLY EDUCATED.

There are, of course, other colleges and schools conducted on a different principle in which knowledge of science, of language and any amount of erudition can be acquired; but one may possess all this and yet be poorly educated. We may call him a literary man, but to lay claim to the title of learned he must have fixed and well founded principles and a correct judgment, so that he may use his erudition to advantage. He must be able to observe without being deceived, to reason without arriving at false conclusions, to value without over-estimation, to honor what is truly honorable, to seek what is really desirable, and, on the other hand, to reject and scorn what is false or immoral, no matter how adorned to deceive the unwary and no matter what sacrifice may be called for.

BECAUSE HE IS NOT ABLE TO USE HIS LEARNING
WITH JUDGMENT NOR TO CONTROL HIMSELF.

Now what is this but sound philosophy, to be found only in such retreats as Villanova, under the shadow of the Church. Human reasoning must be impregnated with the salt of Divine Revelation or it is liable to lead us into "the ditch" of the blind man. The true philosopher must be also something of a theologian, the good citizen a good deal of a Christian, the true patriot must love the altar, the wise statesman must wish well to the Church. What reliance can be placed on a man who does not believe firmly in a future life? But philosophy not directed and helped by revelation cannot even give us a firm belief in that. What a difference, then, is there not between him who has received an education such as yours and the man who has acquired a mere secular training? *Summa philosophia est cognitio sui*. "Knowledge of self is the height of wisdom," and "he that can overcome himself is a greater general than the conqueror of many cities." And so we see around us the wrecks of men of the greatest ability and of the highest position in life—able financiers, prosperous business men, congressmen, senators, cabinet officers, even vice-presidents of the United States—because, knowing how to manage others, they could not control themselves. When we contemplate these men we are reminded of the old proverb, "A live ass is better than a dead philosopher." No doubt the man who coined this proverb had reference, not to the humble and unaggressive quadruped, but rather to the biped, and, if we may give it a new and opportune interpretation, we will put it, "Better is a bad scholar who has the faith than a philosopher who has it not," for the latter is a dead philosopher indeed.

THE YOUNG LOVE LIFE, BUT IT DOES NOT CONSIST
IN MERE LENGTH OF DAYS, BUT IN
WELL-SPENT TIME.

Young gentlemen, it only remains for me to express the hope that you may live long to enjoy "the glory and the riches" which are promised to the wise man. But, as we read in the Book of Wisdom, "Venerable old age is not that of long time nor counted by the number of years, but the understanding of a man is gray hairs and a spotless life is old age." (Wisdom iv., 8, 9.)

TWENTY YEARS OF OUR AGE WORTH MORE THAN
TWENTY DECADES OF OLD TIMES.

The intelligent man who does good works lives more in a week than the unintelligent drone in a year. In fact, the latter may be said to exist rather than to live. So that the young man who lives long enough to receive his well-deserved diploma

is already older than many of the bipeds whom the maker of that proverb had in his mind, and even if he should then die out of these scenes he would not be a dead philosopher by any means. In fact he would begin a life that knows not death. We live in an age when twenty years are practically more than twenty decades of years of the olden times. More history is now made in that short period than was made before in two centuries. Methusaleh, as we are told in the Bible, saw nine hundred and sixty-nine years, but we might say that there are men now alive who are older than Methusaleh. Let us now look back even fifty years to the day when this college was founded. What a change has taken place! What with the telegraph, steam power, electricity, the wonderful development of the printing press, etc., why we can see and know and travel more in a day than the ancients could in a century.

In fact, it is now that the full force of the prophecies of the Bible is realized. *In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum et in fines orbis terræ verba eorum*—"Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." (Psalm xxviii, 5.)

THE AGE AND THE CHURCH HAVE MADE YOU OLD,
YET YOUNG.

When was that so well fulfilled as when a few months ago Pope Leo gave out his Encyclical on Labor and within twenty-four hours it was in the power of every woman and child in every civilized country on the globe to get a copy of it. Then consider for a moment how rapidly public opinion is now changed, and public opinion is now the emperor of the world. Since the accession of Pope Leo, for instance, how different is the attitude of powers and peoples toward the Holy See from what it was previously, and how quickly the Holy See has responded to the change. So, my young friends, your lot is cast in wonderful times, and if, as we trust, you live up to the teachings which you have received here, your influence for good will be much greater than it would have been in earlier times and your lives practically much longer. The Church has prepared you for the work by giving you part in her own inheritance, an undying inheritance. How men would wonder if she could restore his youth and vigor to the aged man, but she does that which is quite as wonderful. When we see men like Gladstone, for instance, so full of learning and knowledge of men, it makes us sad to find that mere age and infirmity of body should make it necessary for him to retire so soon, and just when his guiding mind is so important to the people.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY WILL BE YOURS WITH
ITS GREATER PROGRESS, AND THAT, TOO,
WILL BELONG TO THE CHURCH
AND TO THE COLLEGE.

Now, if the Church could work a miracle on him and give him a young and vigorous body like yours, so that he could continue his work, what a blessing that would be. She does not that indeed simply because God does not will it, but by His will and power she does what is equally marvelous and useful, she puts an old and experienced mind into a young and healthy body. The youngest of her children, if he be her docile son, is a wiser man than Plato himself, and yet has a long life of years before him. Dear friends, we will soon be at the threshold of the twentieth century, over which many of us, who have passed the meridian of life, will never step. That century will be yours to work in. If the nineteenth has been so full of events and wonders, the imagination even must fail to grasp the progress of the next hundred years. It is a sort of geometrical progression.

But there is one thing which will be always the same in doctrine, though always as young as her children in adaptability, and that is your Mother Church. And if you should come back to Villanova, as I have done, after forty-five years—in 1939—the college will be here, and Augustinians, perhaps yet unborn, will be here, too, worthily carrying on the same noble mission, and Peter will still speak from his chair on the Vatican Hill, and his Apostolic Delegate will be in Washington to speak words of peace and of charity to the children of the Church; and, as we said, it is now so easy to spread the truth and to transform the thought of mankind, may we not also hope and even believe that the progress of the Church and the College will more than correspond to that which we have beheld with our own eyes during the past half century, and that the graduates of Villanova will be reckoned by the hundreds.

MGR. SATOLLI'S ADDRESS.

At the close of Dr. McSweeney's address there followed so spontaneous a call for the Apostolic Delegate that His Excellency arose, and, the applause having subsided, stepping to the front of the platform, spoke briefly, first in English and then in Latin:

"I have received," he began, "so pressing an invitation to speak to you that I cannot well refuse. I have been both pleased and gratified in what I have seen this afternoon. The efficiency shown by the graduating class has afforded me great satisfaction, and I look forward to great

advancements and a bright future for every member of the class. But, as I speak English with great difficulty, and am somewhat of a novice in your language—a very little boy—I will take the liberty of addressing you in the language to which I am most accustomed."

Mgr. Satolli then finished his remarks in Latin, congratulating the class upon its progress and bestowing a glowing eulogy on the Catholic Church for its efforts in the line of solid education. He spoke eulogistically of the Constitution of the United States, and contended that the principles of the Catholic Church underlie those of the American Government, both of which, he said, were in absolute harmony. Catholic philosophy, he declared, acted out and developed the true principles of American liberty.

Archbishop Ryan followed in an eloquent address, in which he referred to the great good accomplished by the Catholic Church by her love for learning. In this country, he said, she taught those great principles which are essential to the perpetuation of this free government. It was only by having the virtue, honesty and self-denial of the Fathers of the Republic that one could perpetuate its principles. All power that was from God was holy, the Archbishop said, and the Church taught men to respect those in office, and that to disobey the law of the land was sin. Here lay the great power of the Catholic Church against Anarchy. "In the certainty and uniformity of Catholic truth," he said in concluding, "these young men go out soldiers of the Republic, defenders, as they are lovers of their country."

ALUMNI MEETING.

On Wednesday evening the meeting of the Alumni took place in the college library at 6.30 P.M. There was a large attendance. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Hon. John Lenahan; vice-presidents, J. Morrissy, M.D., and Mr. J. Oblinger; secretary, Rev. C. J. McFadden, re-elected; treasurer, Rev. L. A. Delurey, re-elected. Mr. E. Dohen was chosen orator for the next annual meeting.

The annual Alumni banquet took place in the College Dramatic Hall at 8.30 P.M. Hon. John Lenahan presided. Toasts were made and responded to by Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A., Rev. C. J. McFadden, O.S.A., Rev. James O'Reilly, O.S.A., Messrs. Crowley, Daily and Fitzgerald.

SPLINTERS.

Spes Ordinis.

"I am a Yankee."

"I *will* annoy you."

Is mother well?

"Didn't I do it?"

Didn't he undo it?

"I am very little boys."

Doesn't he look sweet?

What's in a vote?

Please try and be Discreet.

Benedicamus Domino.

Oh! shades of Horace!

Tully, where art thou?

Will you ever learn to etc.?

Taken from life—a dead man.

Has the V. P. finished his list yet?

It takes a revenue cutter to do the work.

How did you enjoy your trip down the *b-a-y*?

Where is my wandering boy to-night?

J. K. says that his shirt is collared.

Dan says the locomotive has a pull?

Passing away time—pawning a watch.

"O Res humanæ

Quantum est in rebus inane?"

Excuse me, I thought it was the boys.

I had a terrible fall last night—I fell asleep.

I wouldn't mind going to war, if I could come home only half-shot.

Throw him under the bed, while I am asleep.
He will then be under arrest.

Macte vertute, Rosa mea!

Vox præterea nihil.

Our young friend from the far West has visited a tonsorial artist.

A man may have plenty money and yet have no sense.

I called for a Manhattan cocktail, but the man hadn't any.

I went to bed last night about one o'clock in the morning.

J. L. would like to know if he would die by degrees if he swallowed a thermometer.

Remove the Anarchists and Chicago will occupy among other cities a position similar to that of its ball nine.

Watches for sale—two of iron and one of gold—excellent timekeepers. Apply to Fr. L-e.

Brother "Ned" is gone to bed,
He's sleeping so and so.
And in the morning when he wakes
You'll find him quite *de trop*. "Git up."

Break, break, break
On the cold gray stones, O sea.
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"The coon is up above us,
His nest is in the tree,
We know he does not see us
And oh! how fond are we."

PERSONALS.

Most. Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, O.S.A., Prior General of the Augustinian Order, whose picture appears in another part of our MONTHLY, arrived in America, June 29. He was accompanied to this country by Rev. C. M. Driscoll, O.S.A., of this province, who for the past two years has been stationed at the famous shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano, and Rev. G. O'Sullivan, O.S.A., Prior of St. Augustine's, Cork, Ireland. He is at present engaged in visiting the different houses of the Order in this province.

We were very much grieved when the death of J. H. McDevitt, '82, was made known to us. Rev. F. M. Sheeran, S.T.B., O.S.A., preached his funeral sermon.

Rev. J. J. Fedigan, O.S.A., of Atlantic City, N. J., was the guest of the faculty a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinnott, of Rosemont, entertained His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, and a number of friends, on the evening of June 27.

Rev. Mr. Conger, of the Episcopal Church, Rosemont, was not the least interested spectator at the commencement exercises.

The Misses Rose O'Donnell and Mary O'Brien, of Manayunk, visited friends here on Sunday, July 8.

Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy attended the Consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop Burk, at Albany, Sunday, July 1.

Messrs. James and Laurence McCall, of Philadelphia, called on the President during the past week.

The delegates of the T. A. B. Societies held their annual meeting at the new hall of St. Thomas of Villanova, Rosemont, Sunday, July 8. Addresses were made by Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy and Rev. J. J. Ryan, Spiritual Director of St. Thomas of Villanova T. A. B. Society.

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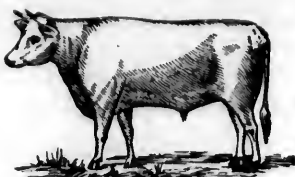
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LIFE.



F AIR was the day, and calm the sea
As the skipper paced the strand,
With all the grace and dignity
A skipper of ten might command.
"Aboard, my lady fair," he cried,
"Aboard for a sail with me."
"He! He!" laughed the lady of eight at his side.
"Ha! Ha!" cried the skipper. "Ha! Ha! He! He!"

"Oh, where away, my sailor brave!"
Cried a skipper old—"To where
"You will find a sailor's grave,
Though calm the wind, and still the wave,
And the sky above be fair!"
But the skipper laughed in scorn, and cried
"Enough, old man. Old man, enough—
Our hearts are made of sterner stuff,"
And the skipper's bosom swelled with pride.
"He! He!" laughed the lady of eight at his side.

The sun sank low. The cruel wind
With wild and exultant glee,
And leaving a trail of foam behind,
Blew over the skippers at sea.
And the waves leaped up with cold embrace,
To kiss the skipper's tear-stained face,
And the face of the lady of eight by his side.
At morning's dawn on the beach they lay,
The lady of eight by the skipper's side.
Together they sailed to their death that day,
Together washed back by the flowing tide.

We all are skippers, this world the sea,
The while so calm. But apace,
The clouds may lower upon us and we
Be lost in the breakers' embrace.

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

TENTH PAPER.

In pursuance then of God's plan of preparing the universal world for His dwelling-place and habitation, wherein He would abide in companionship with His creatures as their guide, support and exemplar, uniting Himself with them as their Way, their Light and their Life; and moreover of embellishing this same universal world with His mementos and likenesses, portrayed in every guise by His infinitely varied skill,—in pursuance of this plan, we repeat, His own infinite attributes and perfections would not have been reproduced in their more perfect form unless He had created the angels, to whom He had imparted so graciously and so lavishly His best and highest gifts in the order of nature and of grace—the gifts of His very Spirit.

As the chief wish and design of the Almighty Power in universal creation was to unite Himself to His creatures in spirit and truth, so that all the works of His hands might be, move and live in Him, so to every reasoning mind three things are very clear and manifest in creation.

First, that in its many glories and excellences the universe is a picture—an imitation—of its Maker, made by Him to proclaim His own glory and excellence.

Second, that by His wisdom, goodness and providence God is continually abiding among His works, quickening them, sustaining them, testing them, and therein perfecting them still more and more in their being, by the constant and unceasing inflow of His divine energy.

And, thirdly, that when in due time the probation of His creatures shall have been ended, the Maker will reward such of them as have been proved faithful imitators of Him, and similarly will discard and reprobate those that have failed to reach the standard of the divine Designer and Artist.

And truly. As regards this intimate and life-giving union of God with His creatures, and their imitation of Him, this is manifest especially in the manifold and lofty endowments and perfections of the beings of the higher and spiritual worlds,—of the worlds of intelligent and reasoning creatures—of angels and men; and the same loving care and watchfulness is manifest in a measure also in the lower and material worlds of beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and even in the still lower classes of merely material and inorganic nature.

For by their wonderful order, variety and splendor do all God's created works—spiritual and material—proclaim the power, wisdom and good-

ness of their living Maker, after whose image and likeness all things have been made.

Thus by the unity of design and distinctness of feature, which characterize each individual class and type of being; by the variety and beauty of their form, size, shape and color; by the order and regularity of their motion, do all the beings of the lowest world—the world of inanimate matter—the mere world of the heavens and the earth—attest the infinite skill and art of the Supreme Architect, and His ever underlying providence, which keeps them all in their allotted bounds and limits.

Thus God's truth and reality, which pre-eminently and in infinite degree are characteristics of the Deity, are participated in by even the lowest of His creatures.

Again by the activity of their powers in living, growing; by their fruitfulness in seed, blossom, fruit and flower, whereby the beings of the vegetative and sensitive worlds reproduce themselves, is displayed the benevolence and beneficence of the Giver of life, and the fruitfulness of His Spirit, who has given to things even devoid of the spiritual sense the power of doing good to others.

Thus is fruitfulness in good works—a characteristic of the Deity the same as Truth and Reality—shared by Him with the creatures of His Love.

And still again,—for this topic of infinite goodness may easily be pursued through all the varying phases of creation,—again the human world,—the world peopled with reasoning and virtuous beings,—with the children of God, all made after His true and living image and likeness, all like to Him in the nature and powers of their soul, in their many spiritual endowments, in their intelligence, in their benevolence and beneficence towards their great Maker as well as themselves and their fellow-men, all these so highly gifted creatures are portraits of the divine conformity which the Son of God bears to His Father. Men are Godlike not only in the perfectness of their merely material and organic nature, but in a far higher and nobler degree, because they know the Infinite Truth of God and love His Infinite Goodness.

While far loftier than men, far nobler than they, in nature and in grace, the angelic world, so greatly superior to all other classes of beings, by the pure spirituality of their nature, by the sublimity of their endowments, by the splendor of their virtues of intelligence and will, by their activity in serving God—their Maker and Sanctifier, by their zeal in rendering Him worship and praise, and in fulfilling His behests, represents chiefly the power and majesty of the Most High, and the

obedience and love, which the Son of God bears to His Father.

Thus all things of the visible and invisible worlds of creation,—of the inorganic, the vegetable, animal, human and angelic kingdoms, each according to the measure of its nature, its capability, its endowments, are symbols and likenesses of God's Being and His infinite attributes and excellences.

We may recapitulate briefly by saying that by the symmetry, regularity and harmony of all beings, is imitated the Unity of the Divine Being; by their exactness and faithfulness in fulfilling the divine laws, which regulate and control their nature, is imitated the Truth of God; and by their activity and fruitfulness in good works is imitated the Goodness of God, to whose image and likeness all things were made, and who as He is the first beginning of all things so is He also their last end.

In creating the worlds of matter and of spirit after His own likeness—the likeness of His divine and infinite attributes and excellences, the Almighty Maker, by further reach of His inexhaustible bounty, reserved for such of His creatures as were worthy of it, a share in eternal companionship with Him,—in the enjoyment of the Vision of His Infinite Truth and of His Infinite Goodness. This beatific union with the Maker is the reward He has promised to those who have kept their likeness to Him undeformed and untarnished to the end. This union with God is Heaven,—the reward of only His intelligent and reasoning creatures.

But it is otherwise with the creatures of God's merely material universe. The visible and merely material world—the world of sense and matter, having been made principally to serve man and aid him in his course through this life to the life hereafter, with his transfer from earth to heaven, from this perishable world to the immortal and glorious life with the saints above,—this world that now has ceased to serve him will naturally cease to exist. And just as naturally, with man's arrival in glory, will cease also to exist with this world all the instruments of his graces, all the symbols of his powers, all the sacraments of divine love and goodness once given to man when on earth whereby he was fitted and fashioned to see God in all His beauty and splendor. For now viewing God in His heavenly abode no longer darkly as in a glass, as he did on earth, but face to face, as He truly is, the regenerated and glorified earthly creature will have put off wholly the corruptible and mortal in exchange for the incorruptible and immortal. In the purview of the Creator Heaven was to be peopled with the chil-

dren of God, and the children of God were to be the sons of man.

But different from the merely visible world of matter the invisible world of spirits and glorified men, made as they originally were to serve God in the closest union of never ending friendship, will just as naturally be everlasting and as imperishable as the Eternal One Himself, who has promised His Saints that they would reign with Him forever.

But the reward of spirits and of men was to depend on and be measured by their fruitfulness in good works. The good tree was to be saved; the barren tree cut down and cast into the fire. For as the test of a picture,—call it image or likeness, it matters little,—consists chiefly in its being a more or less faithful copy or resemblance of its original, obviously the perfectness of God's created likenesses in the visible and the invisible worlds,—we here speak only of angels and men,—will not be so much in their merely material, perishable, physical and outward resemblance to their divine prototype, as in their purely spiritual, immortal and inward conformity to Him, who as He is the supreme exemplar of all beings, is also supereminently the Spirit of truth and goodness, whereby all beings are quickened and preserved.

If then in God's creation of the universe, by His communicating to all His creatures without exception a proportionate share in His own infinite being and excellence, He has reproduced Himself in essence and nature; if herein He has displayed His own infinite perfections of wisdom and goodness under so many varying outward as well as inward likenesses, then does it follow that in His moulding His creatures, in His preserving them, and guiding them, He has constituted each being from the very lowest type in material nature to the loftiest in the spirit-world, a more or less close and perfect imitation of His own infinite unity, reality and excellence. And by like reasoning does it follow from the very fact of God's manifold and wondrous endowments to His creatures, that He requires—exacts—that they keeping not their talents idle—fruitless, employ them according to their powers by making them fruit—some of them—even an hundred fold. For in things human,—and the same is true of the angelical,—the development, display and communication to others, of one's own goodness, usefulness and fruitfulness, is the proof or measure of each one's excellence, and the perfectness of his likeness to his Maker. For so far as God's intelligent and reasoning creatures are concerned, His divine beneficence, or power of doing good to others, is viewed as His chief and most lovable attribute. Man acknowledges the unity of God; he worships His wisdom, but His goodness he loves.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

Reflections on the Reign of Augustus.

The reign of Augustus marks an important epoch in the history of Rome—I had almost said of the world—it demands our best attention, it invites the most careful study. For as a diamond will reflect new and changing beauties according as we present it to the light, so will this brilliant reign present new phases in the light of serious thought.

The history of a country is the story of its kings: and, in reviewing the incidents connected with the early years of the Roman Empire, Augustus will stand out prominently as the one grand figure. To paint the Rome of that time is to portray Augustus. Whether we view it in the light of religion, of morals, of government, or of letters, his reign is memorable, the dividing line between the old and the new regime; and its fame is his fame, as its history is his. But let us consider whether in his case, this was a primary or secondary greatness, let us endeavor to ascertain whether the emperor, as such, became famous, or the empire, but the mirror reflecting the glory of its great leader. Shall we paint the picture of Augustus and call it Rome, or that of Rome and call it Cæsar?

When the transmutation of Octavius into Augustus was consummated, Rome was already mistress of the world. Gaul, Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, all were at her feet. He had not, therefore, helped her to military glory. The rich inheritance was there; his the hand to snatch it. But, having obtained the supreme power, he began to exert an influence for good that made itself felt even after his own day. Whatever the motive, in looking at its effects, his conservative administration of power challenges our admiration. Laws, hitherto inoperative, were made vigorous; or, where they were ineffectual or faulty, were supplanted by others, potent and just. The city and the outlying provinces rejoiced in a sense of quiet and peace never before enjoyed. Private rights were respected even to the detriment of some plan of his own he would have wished to carry out. The fields were cultivated, the arts flourished.

The effects of his reign, as we said before, were good, but, in looking at the cause, undue praise must not be given solely to him. Was he successful in military affairs? To Agrippa then, was a large proportion of that glory due. Was he styled the Patron of Letters? Maecenas did more than himself to secure for him that title. In these men he had two able advisers; and while he possessed, in its entirety, neither the skill of the one nor the keen judgment of the other, he had enough of both to recognize these qualities in them and to avail himself of their assistance. And he was

their superior in this, that he had his feelings under perfect control, skilled in policy and well versed in human nature. In a word, then, he was politic; and he was ambitious. Therein lies the double key to his character, therein we find one reason of his greatness.

"There is," says Hume, "a predominant trait in every man, which, though at times it may slumber, is bound to assert itself." We may safely say that in Augustus this characteristic was ambition. Love of power first prompted him to take the city captive, and then induced him to plot the death of his former dupes. His purpose having been accomplished, there was nothing for him to wish for. He was Emperor of the World,—not in the empty title, but in the surer reality. He had tamed the lion which now fawned at his feet. He may treat it well; nay, may even caress it, but let it not try for freedom again. He subjected Rome to his power, none the less that its citizens knew not to what extent, and then permitted them to thank him for his fatherly care. He was kind, it is true; who will say that a noble beast, so long as it is docile to its keeper, is not treated well by him? For it is too valuable to be neglected, but it is no longer free. Nor was Rome. It was the old ambition asserting itself in a new form. I will make them sing my praises, he said, and did so. Even upon his death-bed, this thought was uppermost in his mind. "Tell me I have played well my part; give me your applause."

As a ruler, he *was* a success, and his name lives after him. His numerous public beneficences and private acts of kindness kept it alive. He had, as he said, transmuted Rome from brick into marble. But let us remember that the brick was already there. The favor that he showed to those great men, Virgil, Horace and Livy, is truly commendable; but ambition swayed him even in this patronage. He permitted them to inscribe their works to him,—a gracious condescension. This was a personal pride. He also wished to make good the loss of Cicero and Sallust, that Rome might contend with Greece in eloquence and letters. This was national pride; but as he was the nation, it was rather another form of his ambition. We know, too, that he could withhold his patronage when he wished, as the case of Ovid bears testimony. Too much praise, however, can not be given him for the benefits he conferred upon the world of letters; and all students of the classics will thank him for the good that he has done, nor seek the reason.

Another incident makes his reign remarkable. He had been the instrument—an unwilling one, of

course—in fulfilling the designs of heaven. He had been reigning for thirty-one years when our Saviour was born into the world. A census of all under his dominion had been ordered, every man registering in his tribal village. In this way, as we know, Joseph and Mary went down into Bethlehem, and there Christ was born. After the same manner, he was, in many ways, fortunate in living at the time he did. He was eminently qualified to exercise supreme power; but who will say that another would not have done so well? He did much for his country, but he was also much indebted to her.

As a man, subject to all our propensities to evil, without a counteracting religious sentiment which we enjoy, who will be his judge? The vices of his early life he more than atoned for in after years. Not that, as Augustus, his was a blameless life; but we must remember the licentiousness of his age, when faults were openly professed and readily condoned. We must then admire his wonderful self-control and strength of character, by which, without need to fear the consequences, he exercised it. An emperor, with the attributes of sovereignty, a man whom men might admire—let us give him our applause.

JOHN J. WHELAN, '95.

To Lydia.

Tell me, Lydia, I pray, by all the gods above,
Why thou art quick poor Sybaris to punish for his
love?
Why does he spurn the sunny camp, who dust and
heat has tried?
Why does he not in martial garb among his equals
ride?
Why fears he now the Gallic steed, with sharpened
bit to tame,
And dreads to breast the Tiber's waves that leap
like yellow flame?
Why, grown more cautious, does he spurn the oil
which serpents ooze?
Why in the contests does his arm no more its
whiteness lose?
Although renowned in former time, in throwing of
the quoit,
By javelin hurled beyond the mark so frequently
made great.
Why does he like, as rumors tell, the sea-nymph,
Thetis' boy,
Who hid in fear before the day that marked the
fall of Troy,
Lest by a chance his manly garb his person should
disclose,
And hurry him to scenes of blood and bonds of
Trojan foes?

Landu and Kilka.

A TALE OF THE MOHAWKS.

Years preceding that epoch which caused an extraordinary revolution in the history of the world,—long before civilization had begun to forsake Europe, and to take up its abode in this country, marking its onward progress by the establishment of colonies and the foundation of cities—before our ancestors had trod these dreaming and peaceful shores, the Indian roamed through the prairies and forests in his primeval simplicity.

About this period, in a fair and luxuriant province whose plains were abundantly watered by the majestic Hudson, dwelt a powerful and warlike tribe of Indians known as the Mohawks.

They were famed afar for their achievements in war over the neighboring tribes, and also for their barbarity on account of their cruel and inhuman treatment of the early settlers. To this tribe belonged Landu, a youthful brave of manly and winsome address, skilled in the art of Indian warfare, foremost in the hunt and a favorite with the chief. From childhood Landu had conceived an affection for Kilka, a dark-eyed maiden of prepossessing countenance and figure, lithe and graceful. A likeness of disposition begot mutual friendship and admiration which soon ripened into ardent love. And this was mutual. Each was delighted with the other's company. The marriage which afterwards took place, gave promise of contentment and happiness. Their felicity, however, was soon rudely disturbed. As on a clear blue summer sky there suddenly appear immense black clouds which sweep swiftly across the horizon and effect a speedy change in nature; so also was it with this happy pair. Leisurely basking in the sunshine of their conjugal happiness, they little dreamed of the storm which was fast brewing and soon to burst with fury on their heads.

Nantuck, a medicine-man, whose profession had secured him respect, had long looked with a jealous eye on the union and resolved to destroy it. His appearance was not of such kind as is wont to inspire the observer with confidence. A cast of features, which Nature bestowed on him and incidentally intended as a warning to all, lent a sinister expression to his countenance; the cunning and cruelty, which distinguished him at a later period, were visibly portrayed in his painted and scarred face. His manner and carriage, too, were arrogant and haughty, but this could be accounted for as arising from the consciousness of his superiority over the rest of the tribe and their readiness to obey his injunctions. Being one of the many aspirants for the hand of Kilka, he was so greatly humiliated and incensed at her preference for

Landu that he conceived an intense hatred for them and determined, whenever the opportunity presented itself, to strike a stealthy and deadly blow. His influence easily enabled him to do so. For the medicine men occupied among the Indians a position similar to that which the Druids are said to have held among the Britons and, like them, were reputed to be well versed in alchemy, astrology and divination.

Nantuck, therefore, had recourse to the following subtle means for the attainment of his end. He told the chief that the Great Spirit was displeased with a certain brave, Landu by name, on account of his treachery, and further added, that unless some punishment were inflicted upon him, the whole tribe would be visited with a terrible pestilence. The severe but good old sachem, whose wrinkled face and tall but stooped form gave evidence of long and efficient service to the nation over which he still ruled, was sorely perplexed. He loved Landu as if he were his own son, and yet, full of fear at this threat, ordered his expulsion from the tribe. In vain did Landu protest his innocence; his protestations served only to give stronger confirmation to the charge. The chief, however, was inexorable, the fiat having been proclaimed, its revocation was impossible. The mingled feelings of sorrow and disgrace which Landu had to endure would, no doubt, have depressed a mind more philosophical and cultured than his. He was excluded from the companionship of those with whom his youth had been spent, and whom he had learned to love and serve. No longer permitted to mingle with his people; no longer a sharer in the games and feats of courage, of his youthful companions, he no longer could rejoice with them in their triumphs or sympathize with them in their defeats, but would be everywhere branded as a traitor. Suspicion and distrust would always follow him. Even the other tribes held such a one in abhorrence. This was, indeed, a punishment to which death itself would have been preferable. He, therefore, like Aristides, went into exile. Should he ask, as did that celebrated statesman, when requested to write his own name upon the shell, "Has that man done you an injury?" The answer which many would give him would doubtless be the same as that which the illiterate burglar returned to Aristides. "No," he replied, "nor do I know him; but I am vexed, I am wearied to hear him everywhere called the just." It is thus, as many other instances will show, that refined and educated nations are just as capricious and inconstant in the treatment of their most illustrious citizens, as the barbarous and unenlightened children of the forests. Landu retired

to the mountains, there to lead a solitary life amidst the shrieks of the wild and hungry denizens, not caring how soon he would become their prey.

In the meantime Kilka continued to plead in his behalf. She employed every means in her power, but all to no avail. She began to lose favor with her tribe. The Indians feared that her perseverance in the belief of Landu's innocence would eventually provoke the Great Spirit to visit them with the threatened punishment. Accordingly, when she interceded for him she was met with scorn. But she bore with patience every rebuff and reproof, which served only to make her the more faithful.

After twelve moons had risen, shone and waned, an accident, or rather an intervention of heaven, occurred, which saved one unhappy, innocent creature from disgrace and infamy. It happened thus. In an engagement with a neighboring tribe, Nantuck was mortally wounded and his band completely routed. He, however, with the aid of two or three companions, escaped and was borne back to his wigwam. Kilka, notwithstanding her natural and just antipathy for him who had ruthlessly blighted her own happiness and that of her husband, felt compassion for him in his distress, carefully dressed his wounds and endeavored by every means in her power to alleviate his pain. He lingered for several days, during which time he suffered intense agony. In this extremity, finding himself growing weaker, he sent for the chief, confessed his guilt and died. Need the sequel be related? Landu was again admitted to his tribe and restored to the happy and faithful Kilka. Nor was this sufficient. Fortune, that fickle dame, wishing to make reparation for the injury which she had inflicted, now smiled most graciously on the joyous lovers. The old chief, being on the point of death, summoned around his couch the whole tribe and solemnly declared Landu his successor.

Thus, these two lives, strengthened by mutual love and supported by virtuous conduct, unconsciously demonstrated to all that goodness shall be rewarded even on this earth, and transmitted to posterity the following inscription, to be carved on their tombstones:—

"That no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

M. J. MURPHY, '95.

PATRONIZE

OUR

ADVERTISERS.

Conversation.

A thought is conceived within the human mind, and, longing to be freed from the confinement wherein it germinated, it breaks open the seal upon the lips, and is born in words. 'This we call speech. What a blessing it is! Have you a secret pang? Disclose it to a friend and find relief. Have you discovered the hidden spring of happiness that makes one's heart grow light, and gives a joyous sparkle to his eye? Then share your secret with those round about you, that they too may drink of this delightful well and lose their sorrows in its rippling overflow.

This intercourse by means of speech is known as Conversation. It is, as the name implies, a turning around and around of the subject under *digest*. Its motive may be readily conceded to be an interchange of thought. If that which is conceived in the mind were allowed to remain there, forever concealed, little good could come of it; for thoughts, as a writer has aptly said, are as plants that die unless exposed to the kindly rays of the sun.

If the idea is a lofty one, the speaker will endeavor to clothe his thought in fitting words; lest for want of proper adornment, its inherent beauty fail of recognition. Even Nature must needs sometimes be "dressed to advantage." Conversation being an art, as such can be perfected.

What a pleasure it is to listen to one who is an adept in the saying of the proper thing at the proper time. What a treasure does society find in a happy conversationalist. To what disadvantage, in comparison, does he appear, who saying nothing for himself, praises the other in monosyllables, or yet more faintly by his sickly smile. Nature has given to all men to speak; well or badly, it rests with themselves. 'Tis true, she seems rather bounteous in her favors to some; to others, she seems saving of her stores. Still, we can improve what little has been given to us, be it *never* so little.

Man, as a component part of society, must accept those obligations that society lays upon him. If invited to a banquet, it is his duty to do more than enjoy the rich viands set before him; he should join hands with his host in affording pleasure to his neighbor. And so it is in every social gathering. It will not be sufficient that he be able to speak fluently upon any one particular subject. If he be a politician, let him not force his views concerning the tariff upon his auditors; or if a divine, he should not make the mistake of supposing that his hearers are being consumed with the anxiety to learn just how many tracts were sent out by the Foreign Missionary Society during the preceding year.

One should be able, at least, to speak on any of the current topics of the day. The newspapers are at his disposal, and the information they give is not dearly bought in the reading. Whose thoughts are buried in antiquity, and who knows but little of the every-day affairs of the world about him, he may not hope to win laurels as an entertaining speaker. He had as lief brought his musty volumes to the parlor, whose mind reverts continually to the dim old library.

A gentleman will not force his own views upon those about him, nor does he express any that he may foresee will give offense. He will never interrupt a conversation by rude questionings, nor attempt to refresh the memory of one narrating an incident with which he may be acquainted. An attentive listener bespeaks a careful hearing when he may wish to express his views. For his will be an apt saying and well timed.

Too long a silence, however, might suggest that you had unfortunately left your organ of speech at home. And as you would avoid offending by your loquacity, go not to the other extreme and let "I think so," or "I don't know," do duty as your sole vocabulary. Try to bear your share of the burden of conversation; and burden it must be if all disclose such poverty of expression.

"Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," uttered softly,
show

Every five minutes, how the minutes go.

And lastly, charity will be found to be an excellent guide to follow. A good heart will do more for a speaker than a brilliant though erratic mind.

What Profit?

What profit, Lord, tho' I might acquire
The gains and the guerdons the earth may hold,
If my soul should miss the refining fire
That purges dross from the purest gold?

What profit, Lord, if my name be writ
In blazing letters on Fame's fair scroll,
If Thou, in the book of the Infinite,
Should enter me a proscribed soul?

What profit, Lord, tho' the lures of love,
And the triumphs of time should all be mine,
If I be banished from heaven above,
And the rights of the ransomed I must resign?

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EDITORIALS.

THE present number of our MONTHLY ushers in many changes made during vacation within the circle of our College. At its provincial chapter, held in July, the very Rev. F. J. McShane, O.S.A. was elected President, a new board of directors chosen, and the number of the Faculty increased. Never in the history of our College has its opening day been so auspicious or its prospects so bright. Under the skillful management of the President and the board of directors many desirable improvements have been made. This is in an especial manner true of the scientific department. Heretofore the course has been, for the most part theoretical, but it is with pleasure we add, that henceforth the many new appliances and improved apparatus will we hope, give an impetus to the students to make a thorough and practical course in this department. Yet, notwithstanding all this there is one circumstance which we must note with a certain amount of regret.

In returning to *Alma Mater*, after a long and pleasant vacation, we missed the cheerful countenance and robust form of the very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, our former revered President. During his administration he had endeared himself to us by his many acts of unwavering kindness. Second only to his gentleness of character and

piety was his ability in the management of business affairs. Through the co-operation of the members of the Faculty he brought our College to its present flourishing condition. Accordingly we, the students, one and all unite in extending to him our congratulations for the prosperous standing in which he left it, and wish him Godspeed in his future work.

THERE is a fact which must not be overlooked, namely, that in these days, the prominence of any institution depends to a great extent, on the successful termination of its athletic contests. This may appear paradoxical at first, yet the truth of this assertion is easily proven. Statistics plainly show the increased matriculation in the leading universities during the last decade. What can be attributed as a reason for this increase? One seldom hears—outside of the college journals—of the questions which are frequently and sometimes very warmly discussed in the debating societies; while how few there are who do not know when and where an important game between two leading universities will take place, and who will not be more or less interested in regard to its result. Since such is the case, why should this spirit of emulation lie dormant in you, fellow-students? Remember, the body as well as the mind needs cultivation. Remember, also, that if you do not take the first step, you cannot expect that the graduates, who were once where you are now and who strove with all their strength to preserve the reputation of their *Alma Mater* will lend their assistance. Therefore, rouse yourselves from this lethargy. Shake off the shackles of indifference; and do not cease in your endeavors until you have raised your College colors to the same proud position that they formerly occupied.

ASTRONOMERS assert that there are some stars which are rapidly advancing, but as yet are so distant from the earth that they are not discernible, and *vice versa*. There will, no doubt, arise geniuses whose bright witticisms will illuminate the world, and whose wonderful inventions will eclipse those of the past centuries. Such is the natural order of things. The name of Oliver Wendell Holmes shall be the bright star which will shine in the horizon of literature at the dawn of the twentieth century. When it has ceased to shed its lustre still his memory and the buoyancy of his youth, retained even to old age and mingled with deep-rooted reverence for religion which characterized all his writings, shall be fondly cherished long after this generation will have passed away.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

Compute by logarithms the value of the following:—

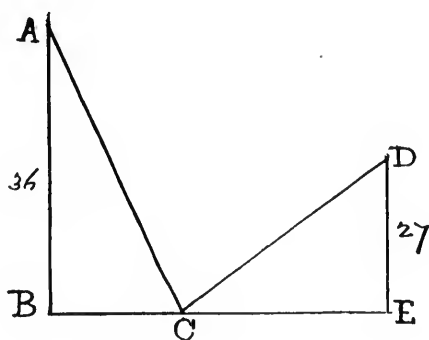
$$\frac{(36.4793)^{\frac{7}{2}} \times \sqrt{(.38961)^3}}{6.7154 \times (.59)^{\frac{2}{3}}}$$

Solution by N. A. Dugan, '96.

$$\begin{aligned}\log (36.4793)^{\frac{7}{2}} &= 3.64476. \\ \log \sqrt{(.38961)^3} &= 9.38595-10. \\ \text{colog } 6.7154 &= 9.17293-10. \\ \text{colog } (.59)^{\frac{2}{3}} &= 0.09821 \\ \log x &= 22.30185-20 \\ \log x &= 2.30185 \\ x &= 200.377.\end{aligned}$$

A ladder, whose foot rests in a given position, just reaches a window on one side of a street, and when turned about its foot just reaches a window on the other side. If the two positions of the ladder be at right angles to each other and the heights of the windows be 36 and 27 feet respectively, find the width of the street and the length of the ladder.

Solution by J. J. Dean, '98.



Let BC and CD be the two positions of the ladder at right angles to each other.

$$\begin{aligned}\angle BCD &= 90^\circ \quad AB = 36 \quad DE = 27 \\ BC &= CD \quad \angle BCE = \angle BAC + \angle ABC \\ \text{But } \angle BAC &= \angle BCD \text{ each being a right angle.} \\ \therefore \angle DCE &= \angle ABC.\end{aligned}$$

Then in right \triangle 's ABC and CDE we have a hypotenuse and an acute \angle of the one = to a hypotenuse and an acute \angle of the other; therefore the two \triangle 's are = in every respect.

enuse and an acute \angle of the other; therefore the two \triangle 's are = in every respect.

$$\begin{aligned}AB &= CE, \text{ and } AC = DE \\ \therefore CE &= 36 \text{ feet} \\ \text{and } AC &= 27 \text{ " } \\ AC + CE &= 63 \text{ " } \\ AE &= \text{breadth of street} = 63 \text{ feet.} \\ \sqrt{36^2 + 27^2} &= 45 \text{ feet.} \\ \text{Length of ladder, } &45 \text{ feet.}\end{aligned}$$

The chimney of a factory has the shape of a frustum of a regular pyramid. Its height is 180 feet, and its upper and lower bases are squares whose sides are 10 feet and 16 feet respectively. The flue is throughout a square whose side is 7 feet. How many cubic feet of material does the chimney contain?

Solution by M. J. Ryle, '96.

Let B = area of lower base, B' = area of upper base, and h = height.

$$\begin{aligned}\text{Volume of frustum} &= \frac{1}{3} h (B + B' + \sqrt{BB'}) \\ &= \frac{1}{3} \times 180 (256 + 100 + 160) \\ &= 60 \times 516 = 30960 \text{ cubic ft.}\end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned}\text{Volume of flue} &= 72 \times 180 = 8820 \text{ cubic feet.} \\ 30960 - 8820 &= 22140 \text{ cubic feet.}\end{aligned}$$

$$\text{Solve } \frac{x-y}{a} = \frac{y-z}{b} = \frac{x+z}{c} = \frac{x-a-b}{a+b+c}$$

Solution by J. R. Whelan, '95.

$$\left. \begin{aligned}\frac{x-y}{a} &= \frac{x-a-b}{a+b+c} \quad (1) \\ \frac{y-z}{b} &= \frac{x-a-b}{a+b+c} \quad (2) \\ \frac{x+z}{c} &= \frac{x-a-b}{a+b+c} \quad (3)\end{aligned} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{Clear the three of frac-} \\ \text{tions.} \end{array}$$

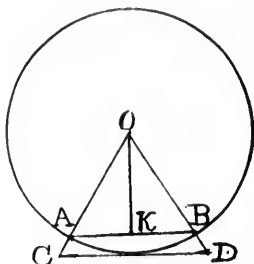
$$\begin{aligned}x(a+b+c) - y(a+b+c) &= ax - a^2 - ab \quad (4) \\ -z(a+b+c) + y(a+b+c) &= bx - b^2 - ab \quad (5) \\ x(a+b+c) + z(a+b+c) &= cx - ac - bc \quad (6) \text{ Add} \\ 2x(a+b+c) &= x(a+b+c) - a^2 - b^2 - 2ab - ac - bc \\ x(a+b+c) &= -(a^2 + b^2 + 2ab + ac + bc) \\ \therefore x &= -(a+b) \text{ From (4)} \\ -(a+b)(a+b+c) - y(a+b+c) &= -2a^2 - 2ab \\ \text{or } -y(a+b+c) &= -a^2 + b^2 + ac - bc \\ \therefore y &= \frac{(a+b)(a-b-c)}{a+b+c}\end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned}\text{From (6)} \\ -(a+b)(a+b+c) + z(a+b+c) &= -2ac - 2bc \\ z(a+b+c) &= a^2 + ab + b^2 - ac - bc \\ \therefore z &= \frac{(a+b-c)(a+b)}{a+b+c}\end{aligned}$$

Chas. McEvoy, '97.

Prove that the area of an inscribed regular hexagon is equal to three-fourths of that of the circumscribed regular hexagon.

Solution by J. J. Reilly, '96.



Let $A B C D E F$ be a regular hexagon inscribed in a circle whose centre is O . Let OK be the apothem. Then $AO = R$, $AB = a$, and $ok = r$.

Proof. $OK^2 = OA^2 - AK^2$, that is

$$r^2 = R^2 - (\frac{1}{2} R)^2 = \frac{3}{4} R^2$$

$$r^2 = \frac{3}{4} R^2$$

$$r = \frac{1}{2} R \sqrt{3} = \text{apothem of inscribed hexagon.}$$

Therefore, $\frac{\text{area of inscribed hexagon}}{\text{area of circumscribed hexagon}}$

$$= \frac{(\frac{1}{2} R \sqrt{3})^2}{R^2} = \frac{3}{4} \frac{R^2}{R^2} = \frac{3}{4} \text{ and } \therefore$$

$$\frac{\text{area of inscribed hexagon}}{\text{area of circumscribed hexagon}} = \frac{3}{4}$$

New Problems.

Find the locus of a point in space, equidistant from three given points not in a straight line.

Transform the quantity

$$\tan^2 A + \cot^2 A - \sin^2 A - \cos^2 A$$

into a form containing only $\cos A$.

The carpeting of a room twice as long as it is broad, at 5 shillings per square yard, cost £1 2s. 6d. and the painting of the walls, at 9d. per square yard, cost £1 6s. 3d. What is the height of the room?

Given the base of a triangle, its area, and the angle at the vertex; construct it.

In a mile race A gives B a start of 100 yards and beats him by 15 seconds. In the second trial A gives B a start of 45 seconds and is beaten by 22 yards. Find the rate of each in miles per hour.

SPLINTERS.

Nit.

Dimples.

Bar-ba-ra.

Bouncers.

Wrinkles.

"Domine Campe."

"Unitate Valeamus."

He speaks in paregorics.

"I am in a foreign territory."

Where is Willie off the yacht?

Hurrah for the green room!

Who will be our "Fatty" now?

He has legs on him like a piano.

Joe K—— is a big man for his size.

"How about de oder fellers on the flat?"

"Meet me on the bulletin board."

He asked for a poached hen on eggs.

Give ear, give ear, the Sage of Salem cries!

"They ain't no more bread!" Oh, Charlie!

Did Day Arbor a thought of having it free?

Do you understand that, now? *Sure*, Father.

He speaks in a manner Bostonese,
Sesqui pedalia verba these.

The favorite Ryle jewel has been returned.

She calls the flimpsey thing *life* because it is a veil of tears.

"There many a slip twixt the cup and lip!"
Eh, Martin?

Did you see Steve's face when they told him all was lost?

"Garlic, garlic. How did they know I liked garlic?"

They say he used bad words when Dick arose and spoke his piece.

Line up. You think we mean Foot-ball. That is a rank mistake.

"They always Hughsed me well when I went, but I cannot go any more."

What has become of the glass house? It has been turned into Wood.

We are not getting in our winter coal the Wood came in September.

We may not go out but we see our Daily friends just the same.

A good one on the infirmary: One of the workmen asked to be shown to the room "they was making a horse-pistol of."

Now doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour;
And the long-haired foot-ball player, he
Is a great big chrysanthemum flower.

What they said about Herron was a *fish* story.
Speaking of fish, one said he liked Lancaster pike.

"Well, John, I see you are in the swim." "Oh!
no; 'I'm in the pool.'" He was in it for twenty-
five cents. Please ex-cue-s.

Time and tide wait for no man. *V. g.* that Daily
accommodation for Haverford.

The younger members of the Debating Society
found the speeches on the opening night "capital
punishment."

Only a little banana peel,
Only a dainty shoe;
Only a stifled feminine squeal—
And then

"Take her, she is yours," said her father; but,
by the way she orders him around, most people
think he is hers.

We have a *rara Avis*: he *flew* into a passion
when he was "jugged." How the other birds did
crow.

When he went through the Wood-s, he blew his
Hor-(a)n, and the Kerr came bounding forth.

One of our local sportsmen, while out hunting
the other day, Tucked a small Crow under his
coat and Wade'd through "Mud" after a Herron.

Two little laddies, ah, so sly!
One little pike when the moonlight broke,
One very big prefect, very good eye,
Two hundred lines, "jugum joke."

AN UNFINISHED SERENADE.

"Star of my heart," the lover cried.
But something his language smothers.
A William-goat that lover spied.
And of stars—well, there were others!

When the corn is waving, Annie dear,
I'd meet you by the stile;
But that the prefect, Annie dear,
Is watching me the while.

"The Kerr's has come upon us," cried
The lady of Shalot.
T' would be a pretty pun, if true,
But, oh! 'tis not.
Two Kerrs there were, that is last year;
Two of a kind.
The Dickey bird has lost his mate,
John stayed behind.

THE SOCIETIES.

V.D.S. At the first meeting of the Villanova
Debating Society, which occurred on Wednesday,
October 3, the following officers were elected:
President, Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A.; vice-presi-
dent, J. I. Whelan; secretary, F. F. Condon;
sergeant-at-arms, E. J. Murtaugh; literary com.,
M. J. Murphy, M. T. Field, E. J. McKeough. It
was decided that the first debate should be open
to the house and the question: Resolved, "That
Capital Punishment is Justifiable," was selected.

On Wednesday, Oct. 17, the society met to
decide this momentous question. Mr. Field
opened for the affirmative by showing that capital
punishment has the sanction of Divine Law, and
the custom of ages, and that the death penalty is
productive of much good since it checks crime.
The next speaker, Mr. Whelan, espoused the nega-
tive side. He laid open in a few words the weak
points in the former speaker's arguments, and
then brought forward against the question, that
capital punishment is inimical to the best interests
of humanity, that it does not promote morality and
that it does not conform to the teachings of the
"Prince of Peace." The force and propriety of
Mr. Whelan's remarks called forth frequent
applause. Mr. Condon, who followed, likewise
favored the negative side. He spoke eloquently
for the abolition of capital punishment but he
wandered somewhat from the point at issue.

The next speakers, Messrs. Reilly and Dohan,
championed the affirmative side, their remarks
were chiefly in refutation of the arguments
advanced by their opponents.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, many, who
were desirous of entering the debate, were unable
to do so, hence no decision was given.

V.L.I. The Villanova Literary Institute was
re-organized Saturday, Sept. 22, with a greater
membership than in any previous year.

The officers for the ensuing term are: President,
F. F. Commins, O.S.A.; first vice-president, E. G.
Dohan; second vice-president, M. T. Field; secre-
tary, E. J. Wade; sergeant-at-arms, H. Reynolds;
directors, J. McCarthy, J. Hughes, E. Murtaugh
and H. Conway.

V.A.A. The Villanova Athletic Association
held its first meeting Thursday, September 20.
The following officers were chosen: President,
Mr. W. W. Donovan, O.S.A.; vice-president, D.
A. Herron; treasurer, E. T. Wade; financial
secretary, S. Kenny; corresponding secretary, E.
J. Wade; field managers, A. J. Hart, J. Maher, W.
Hazel, J. A. Walsh.

EXCHANGES.

We open our exchange column, this month, deprived of our respected Ex-man of last year, who laid down the pen which he wielded so satisfactorily. The burdensome, and, we might say, unpleasant task of criticising, devolves on new and inexperienced shoulders. But inexperienced and incompetent though we be, we will endeavor to deal out fearlessly justice and truth through these columns, ever having before our eyes the motto: "Censure what must be censured; praise what ought to be praised."

On perusing the many and respected journals which come to our sanctum, an essay in the *St. Mary's Sentinel* on "Love of Our Country" is especially worthy of praise, on account of the masterly way in which the writer has treated it. He says, "whether an American is amid the historic ruins of Rome, before the great pyramids of Egypt, gazing on the beautiful scenery of the snow-clad Alps, or drifting on the picturesque waters of the river Rhine, his mind will return to his native shore and his heart will burst into song as did John Howard Payne's when, in Algiers, he composed the words of the immortal song "Home, Sweet Home." He also cites instances of what men have done for this country and exhorts us to follow in their paths. Such a production is indeed worthy of a Catholic and an American journal.

The Notre Dame Scholastic which enjoys the well deserved reputation of publishing choice and well selected matter, is to be praised for a well-written essay on the "Habit of Observation," and an article from the pen of Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., entitled "A French-Canadian Poet."

If we may judge from the October number of the *Fordham Monthly*, the editor for '94-'95, notwithstanding his confession of "evident unfitness," bids fair to compete favorably with his predecessors. In perusing this journal we were pleased to see that the talent of the "Sub-Freshmen" is brought into prominence. We found in "Zola's Lourdes" a very good criticism of M. Zola's *Works*.

We are glad to find *The Owl* once more in our sanctum. Among the many good things contained in this journal we noticed particularly an editorial on "The Art of Living with Others." This article is well worth the reading, both from the nature of the subject and from the fact that the writer evidently "knows whereof he speaks." Another subject which attracted our attention was "Ignorance and Bigotry."

PERSONALS.

Rev. P. J. Monahan, '78, of Philada., visited the Faculty, Oct. 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. Buffington called to see their son Lee, Oct. 28th.

The Misses Kelly of Philada., spent Sunday, Oct. 14th with their brother, Willie.

Rev. Fr. O'Hare, of Brooklyn, N. Y., accompanied by Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, O.S.A., of Philada., called to see Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A., Oct. 25th.

Messrs. E. P. McKeough and T. J. Condon, who for some time have been under the care of an oculist, have so far recovered as to be able to resume their studies.

Rev. George Bradford, a former student, recently of Wilmington, Del., and now pastor of Elkton, Md., brought his nephew, James, to pursue his studies with us. Fr. Bradford made quite a long stay and was entertained by the Faculty and Messrs. J. I. Whelan and A. J. Hart, Jr.

Rev. James F. McGowan, O.S.A., arrived at the College on the 15th inst, having been appointed to fill a vacancy in the Faculty, caused by the illness of Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A. The former has been assigned classes in Latin Literature and History.

During the past month many new students have been registered. The number in attendance this year far exceeds that of any previous year, a result of the great interest taken in them by their professors and prefects.

Of our graduates of '94, Messrs. J. F. O'Leary and J. J. Ryle are pursuing a medical course in Baltimore, W. J. A. Mahon in New York City, and J. Stanley Smith, a course in law at the U. of P., Philada. The two former and the latter paid us a visit en route to their respective institutions.

Of our last year's students the following: Messrs. B. J. O'Donnell, F. E. Tourscher, N. J. Vasey and M. J. McDonnell have entered the Augustinian Novitiate at Villanova. We are pleased to know that they are happy in their new life and wish them a very successful Novitiate. Messrs. W. D. Riordan and T. J. Lee have entered Brighton Seminary, Boston, Mass.

It is with deep sorrow that we are called upon to announce the painful illness to which Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A., has been subjected for the past five weeks. He has suffered intense pain from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. We sincerely trust, however, that his recovery, already commenced, will be exceedingly rapid.

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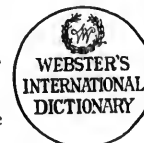
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Villanova College, November, 1894.

No. 9.

LOVE'S LOSS.



HE was a little maiden,
He was an urchin brave ;
She was his fairy princess,
He was her willing slave.

A dainty thing in gingham,
But clad with nature's grace ;
A modest suit of homespun,
An honest, manly face.

Love that was all unspoken,
Perhaps not understood,
A glance from beneath a doubtful hat,
A blush from beneath a hood.

Sweet innocence of childhood,
Bright spot in Life's sad span !—
Oh, heart of woman breaking,
Oh, broken heart of man !

Time made her a woman of fashion,
With lovers by the score,
Not twenty slaves sufficing
Where one had done before.

She laughed at his tearful pleading ;
He saw her drift away,
Into the night of the wanton,
Out of love's bright day !

He had a heart, she crushed it ;
Yet his was the better fate,
For she had a heart, but knew it
With the knowledge, come too late.

A grave in the village churchyard,
A peaceful sleeper there ;
A grave in the heart of one living,
Tears, remorse, despair.

John I. Whelan, '95.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

On October 7th 1894, the English speaking race was called upon to mourn the loss of one of its wisest and wittiest writers; one who, although an American, lived to hear his praises sung not only in the land of his birth, but also beyond the seas where little that is American can elicit commendation. This man was Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was born in the year 1809, at Cambridge, Mass. His early school days were spent at Cambridgeport and at Phillips Academy, Andover, from which he went to Harvard, entering the class of 1829.

For a year after his graduation from college he studied law, but finding this study not congenial to his tastes, he next took a course in medicine, which for the most part he pursued at Paris. It was not, however, in law nor even in medicine, that Holmes was to become famous, but in a literary career than which few greater can be found in our age. While a mere youth at college he displayed the budding poetic genius which before he had passed early manhood had already ripened into maturity.

For nearly three score years and ten, Dr. Holmes has written, unfolding in his numerous and varied writings a character which is in every respect truly admirable.

His was a genial spirit; he laughed because he thought it well to laugh, and he wrote to make others join in that laughter which to him was so natural. How cleverly does he fulfil his object in *The One Hoss Shay*, *The Spectre Pig*, *The Organ Grinders* and others. Yet he has the gift of passing quickly from laughter to tears, showing us in *The Last Leaf* that he can mingle pathos with wit. How purely pathetic are the lines,—

“The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.”

His kindly nature is evinced in his earnest desire to be of service to mankind. He used his writings as a means to reach his fellow-men with whatever good and helpful thoughts had come to him. These, now sad and again joyful, were ever hopeful. He delineated well his own character when he said of Emerson that, “He could no more help taking hopeful views of the universe and its future than Claude could help flooding his landscape with sunshine.” This generous optimism in Holmes made his pen a potent lever for the furtherance of human progress.

His sincere love of country and desire for the Nation's glory have inspired many of his sweetest songs. So dear to him was every least memory of the Nation's triumphs that, at the very beginning of his career, he opposed the breaking up of that precious relic of the Revolution, the old warship *Constitution*. Rather than have her sacred timbers desecrated by the axe he proposed:

* * * “That her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave:
Her thunders shook the mighty deep
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag
Set every threadbare sail
And give her to the god of storms
The lightning and the gale!”

Again when civil strife cast its blight upon our land, his patriotic verses did much toward spreading Union convictions and strengthening many in the struggle in behalf of an undivided Nation.

“Yet if by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword you must draw,
Then, with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to freedom and law!”

Holmes upholds the democratic spirit which is the essence of our Constitution. He recognizes no classes but he is a firm believer in the brotherhood of man. This belief was not a mere sentiment either, appearing here and there on the pages of his works; it was a real, genuine love and sympathy for his fellow-men, inspiring him to assist them by word and work as far as lay in his power.

It is evident that Dr. Holmes was imbued with a profound religious spirit. His poems in *The Poet of the Breakfast Table* and others are exponents of his faith in God which, though somewhat trammelled by the doctrines of Unitarianism, is often chastened by deep Christian sentiments. Occasionally his mind is narrowed by the prejudices of early Puritanic training but as a rule he fails not to see the beauty and truth of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church.

While we cannot but recognize the merit of Holmes' prose, of which he was certainly a master, yet it is chiefly in his poetry that we shall cherish him. Indeed it was ever his ambition to excel in this. In *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* he says: “There is no earthly immortality that I envy so much as the poet's. If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in peoples' hearts than only in their brains.” How nearly he approached his aim was fully recognized by the people. He was not a victim of that “un-

generous silence," which he tells us, "leaves all the fair words of honestly earned praise to the writer of obituary notices and the marble worker." No, his praises have been sung wherever the English language is spoken, and even further, for his works have been widely translated and his wit and wisdom have won appreciation throughout the civilized world.

Now that the Harvester has come and found full ripe the grain, the genuine and widespread mourning shows how deeply the loss is felt. To us Americans is it especially severe. While Oliver Wendell Holmes lived we felt that we were still bound to the Titanic age of American literature, but his death has severed the connection and carried those days of the giants into the irreclaimable past that lies beyond the grave.

E. G. DOHAN, '96.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

Therefore as the angelic beings—pure spirits of God's best and holiest creation—were formed in especial manner to be the noblest and the choicest works of His hands in the universal world of matter and spirit, they were destined to a three-fold honor:

(1) They were to reflect in the closest way possible in themselves, in their inmost being and nature, each one according to his own individual and personal energies, the manifold and infinite powers and excellences of God—the Maker. For according to the decree of the Almighty, the angelic spirits were to be His chief likenesses, and were predestined to bear in their inmost nature the impress of His true and living self—His own divine Image.

(2) The angels, moreover, were to serve God with all the individual and personal powers and faculties of their life—to know Him fully with their minds, to love Him truly with their wills, to have their virtues imitate His divine virtue, their life, His divine and sovereign life. For not only is God truth supreme, goodness unspeakable, holiness immeasurable, but all His works being good and perfect were therefore to be the instruments of His divine glory. Angels were to be the agents of the divine will, the messengers and mouthpieces, as it were, of the Sovereign Ruler.

(3) And, lastly, as a reward of their faithful and loving service, the angels were called to dwell forever with God and in Him, in the closest bonds of most intimate and lasting friendship, as with One, who not only was the source of all their righteous-

ness—their goodness and holiness—but (by nature as well as by grace) the final term of their existence and life—of all the happiness, wherewith their intellective and appetitive energies were to be endowed and blessed. For otherwise with this union of friendship with their Maker and Sanctifier, unless their life and happiness at hand were to be followed by the eternal and never-ending life and happiness to come, then would their present state be but an imperfection, a mockery, a disappointment.

This condition of angelic happiness—this perfection of angelic nature—lies in the holiness or righteousness of their spirit.

Holiness, be it said, (we are speaking chiefly of the angelic constitution,) is a grace of the Almighty, whereby the creature is elevated by His grace and bounty to the higher life, and becomes wholly like the Maker.

This holiness is the outcome of the energy of God—of His most choice endowments, the fruit of the Spirit of the Most High,—whereby all the energies of the creature, each according to its nature and capacity, are co-ordinated to the supreme end—the divine Will, are devoted and dedicated to carry out that Will—the supreme law of all life.

By its search for, and recognition of, the Law of God, is the intelligence of the creature perfected and illumined; by its willing and loving obedience to that Law is its will perfected and strengthened, and by its total conformity to the Spirit of God is the spirit, or soul, of the creature perfected unto all sanctification.

The sanctification, then, of the creature depends on the proper and righteous use, which its intelligence makes of the means—the graces, which the Almighty and All-Bounteous Giver awards to it.

For by the wisdom and generosity of the Most High, is the creature made holy not only at the start of life, that is, it is not only endowed with inner and outer goodness, but afterwards is led by the same Spirit of God to develop this goodness, to exercise its energies, to lead, in a word, a life of utter correspondence with the will of its Maker.

This state of holiness is the primal state of the creature; and this development by the creature of its own personal and virtuous energies is its second and final state. In both ways—by its innate and passive goodness, or holiness, and by its active personal employment of its God-given virtues, does the creature resemble the Supreme Being. This quality of simply being good and virtuous is known as the state of passive holiness, and the employment of its virtuous and saintly energies as developed, or active holiness. In either case this most

saintly condition and life of the creature is chiefly and directly the result of the most blessed gifts and graces awarded to it by the goodness of God.

Again, it may be observed, all true and real goodness, or holiness of life, whether passive or active, is two-fold. There is the holiness, that proceeds naturally from one's own virtuous energies. This results from one's proper and righteous employment of his upright mind and his righteous will, as directed by his own inner lights—the outcome of his gifts by mere creation. And this happy and blessed state of the creature is known as natural goodness, natural saintliness, or natural holiness. And the means or measures by which this holiness is secured are known as the natural virtues of the creature.

And the second state of holiness, similarly either passive or active, which arises from nobler and higher bounties and graces of the Almighty in mind and will, whereby nature is lifted up as it were, to the divine plane of moral and spiritual excellence, is holiness of the supernatural and divine life; and this is known as supernatural and divine sanctification or justification.

For in moulding His creatures of the intelligent and reasoning worlds, in equipping them with full complement of all energies, that might be needed to reach the final term of their happiness and life eternal, there are in the economy of divine Providence, two markedly distinct and different stages, or processes, as we may style them, in the exercise of His sanctifying power over His creatures.

For leaving out all reference to the creatures of the merely material and visible orders of vegetative and sensitive life, to which the Creator has supplied whatever means were needed by them to attain the very limited and wholly material end of their existence, we will speak only of the spirit world of angels and of human souls, as these were by God's creation.

In the divine economy of angelic and human justification, each angel and man was duly endowed at the outset of its created life with a perfect yet limited spiritual constitution, with full furniture of mind, will and spirit,—with the ability to know the truth—the Law of God by his own natural understanding, and with the ability so to mould his life in accordance with that Law as to live righteously, within, however, a narrow, because a mere created range of goodness.

These virtuous powers or energies of mind, will and spirit—the natural endowments of angel and man, constitute its natural perfection, and form the first stage in its sanctification. This stage is known as the natural order, or the order of nature. And in this primal ability of the creature to direct

its life temporal towards the life eternal, lies its primal and natural uprightness. It is God's first gift to angels and men.

And the second stage, closely following the first, begins with God's witnessing the earnest and loving efforts of His creatures to seek and learn His Law fully and in all things do His Sovereign Will. He then by further and loftier display of His goodness awards His creatures fresh and new endowments whereby He illumines their understanding with glimpses of His divine Truth far above and beyond the range of their natural intellectual vision; strengthens their wills with the spirit of His divine righteousness even to search and enjoy the Infinite Goodness itself, and thus by His divine and higher graces,—by the indwelling in their spirits of His Spirit, perfects and completes the sanctification of the creature for all time and eternity. This stage is known as the supernatural order, or the order of divine grace.

In reality all God's gifts to His creatures, all the varied and manifold endowments, that His Goodness has awarded to—nay, lavished on the world physical as well as spiritual, are graces, or favors, of the Most High.

Such are the physical excellences of beings of the inanimate and animate worlds, of the stars and constellations of the heavenly firmament, of the plants, insects, birds, fishes and brutes of the earth; such are their beauty of form and color; their symmetrical size, shape and proportions; such too in man are his gifts of health, strength and youth; his comeliness of form, his shapeliness of body and its members, his neatness and delicacy in action; and such too are the gifts of man's inner being, his learning, talents, skill and genius. They are man's created and natural graces.

In the world of visible creation, the term grace and its derivative—gracefulness—are commonly applied to such qualities of matter, as imply some special beauty or charm in form, motion or action. For example one speaks of the shape and outlines of a flower, or a tree, as graceful; and this characteristic of gracefulness is attributed also to the outward bearing, carriage, or gait of the animal or human being. And so too are the many excellences of the inner man, for example, the varied and charming works and fruits of his intellect, and genius, styled graceful. Poetry is often graceful, so is melody, harmony, music, and in fact all works of art.

All these gifts of the Almighty are truly graces, or favors, of divine goodness, some of them needed for the perfection of the physical and bodily constitution of the creature, others for the perfection of his inner and immaterial nature.

Yet are none of these graces of any real need, except in a remote and indirect way, for the perfection of the moral and spiritual constitution of the creature, in a word, for the sanctification of his spirit, or soul, wherein chiefly the creature resembles the Creator. None of these qualities, admirable and desirable though they be, is needed for one to become saintly. To such gifts then the term grace is applied merely in a broad and figurative sense.

The term grace, as strictly used, is applied only to such means—aids of the Most High, as are given to the creature in direct relationship with its higher vocation, to enable it to tend towards its final end in life, its happiness eternal. For this is the chief perfection of the creature.

The means then that are really needed by the creature to secure this perfection of the inner life, to build up the edifice of its spiritual constitution according to the divine plan and standard, are chiefly the light of the understanding whereby it may know the Law of God, and strength of will to do that Law, or, more briefly, the power to be right-minded and right-willed.

For as in God's wisdom and providence He wished that all his followers by vocation should prove by their works the faith that was in them, and thus further their calling to the higher life—the life eternal, so in His mercy and goodness, He sent forth none of His creatures unequipped for their task. To all angels and men at creation He gave the necessary endowments of righteous mind, will and spirit, so that, if they wished, they might by their development of these virtuous energies, work out their calling towards full and complete sanctification. These useful and helpful endowments of the inner life—of the spirit, or soul, are known as God's natural and created graces. They were the first blessings given by the Creator to His intelligent and reasoning creatures.

No one therefore, should his employment of these graces prove inefficacious and fateful, can plead rightly in excuse for his shortcomings—his wanderings away from the Law of God, the Supreme Ideal of all truth and holiness, either ignorance of that Law, or inability to follow it. In all ages of the world have men of philosophical and reflective bent of mind, nay, even they that knew not God as He wishes to be known, looked upon this righteous of mind and of will as deservedly the chiefest and choicest of the blessings of life, whereby life, if happy, is made still happier, and, if unfortunate, bearable. For to all is the light of the divine Law known by the light of the understanding, and in all is the spirit strengthened by the spirit of God's righteousness. In the course of the creature's

sanctification,—in the pursuit of the natural end of his created life, this is stage number one. It is the natural perfection of the creature.

T. C. M.

(To be Continued.)

Hurry!

After the King of Denmark's Ride—(Some years after.)

Word was brought to the Père one day

(Hurry!)

That the Fire-fiend was holding sway

In a manner brooking no delay;

(O, run for a pail of water!)

Better he loves each rocking chair

In that burning chamber over there

Than his buttered toast; so he rushes where

Destruction raged, and slaughter!

All the Prefects fly in haste;

(Hurry!)

Not a second's time to waste;

In that chase their steps are paced

By a Pater flying!

Hear their labored breathing low;

Up the creaking stairs they go;

A white-robed figure looks below

In fear and trembling sighing!

Call the Brothers!—(Spare the boys!)

(Hurry!)

Smash up things, and make a noise—

Firemen's danger, firemen's joys;

Shout in orotundo!

When the smoke has cleared away,

Paters, Prefects gaze, they say,

On the fragments there in clay,

Of Christopher Colombo!

Battle nobly fought and won;

(Rest ye!)

Bosoms heaving every one,

Tears (from smoke) in rivers run—

Rest, ye fought full well!

Praise for noble men and true;

Praise for Joe McCullough, who—

Well, freedom shrieked, and he did, too!

When Colombo fell!

Grecian Civilization.

The earliest history of Greece is almost wholly lost in the mist of ages, and the little knowledge we have of it is vague and uncertain. The first accounts of any country and its people are, to a certain extent, fabulous because among an unenlightened people, every imposture is likely to take place, for "ignorance is the parent of credulity."

Thus in the early records of Greece, legends of gods and heroes, which constitute her only approach to history, are of that marvellous kind in which a superstitious and ignorant age delights. But how much truth may underlie the stories of Cecrops, Cadmus, Danaus, Theseus, Hercules and many others, it is difficult to say; or to what extent the events of the Argonautic Expedition, Trojan war, hunt of the Calydonian boar, and other similar exploits, may be real, historians can never hope to learn.

But setting aside these events as uncertain, and bringing our attention to bear only on those points history is certain of, it must be admitted that the early story of Greece is the first chapter in the political and intellectual life of Europe. In contrast with nations still in the tribal stage, the Greeks had already the life of cities. In contrast with the despotic monarchies of the East, they recognized the principle that the power of a monarch should be limited. From the first, they appeared as a people obedient to reason and, in the intellectual sphere, they endeavored to ascertain causes, interpret thought and find graceful expression for the social feelings and sympathies.

Thus it may truthfully be said, that of all countries of antiquity none have been so highly celebrated and none have furnished history with so many valuable and illustrious examples as Greece. In whatever light she may be considered, whether in the glory of her arms, the wisdom of her laws, or the study and improvement of the arts and sciences, we must admit that she carried them to the utmost degree of perfection, and in all these respects, she has been, in some measure, the school of mankind.

The literature of Greece is so extensive that it is almost impossible to give any adequate view of it in a small space. Poetry seems to have been the earliest form of composition among the Greeks, as indeed it must of necessity be in all nations. The earliest species of poetry seem to have been hymns in honor of the gods; to these succeeded songs praising the glorious deeds of heroes; but the greatest poem of ancient times, which has come down to us, is the *Iliad* of Homer, detailing the events connected with the siege of Troy, and the warriors who took part in it. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* have been too long and too generally known and admired to need a word of commendation. The remarkable popularity of the Homeric poems produced a host of imitators, and hence we find a great many poets endeavoring to rival the fame of the "blind old man," by narrating in verse the after fate and vicissitudes of the heroes who took part in the war of Troy, or by treating of subjects

allied to that of the *Iliad* and even of mythological stories.

Grecian history may be divided into four periods, which include many memorable epochs, and comprise the space of 2154 years.

The first extends from the foundation of the several petty kingdoms, beginning with that of Sicyon, to the siege of Troy, and embraces about a thousand years, from the year of the world 1820 to the year 2820.

The second begins at the taking of Troy and ends at the reign of Darius, a period of 663 years, from the year of the world 2820 to the year 3483.

The third, which is the most celebrated period in Grecian history, begins at the reign of Darius and extends through 198 years from the year of the world 3483 to the year 3681.

The fourth and last begins at the death of Alexander and includes the period which marked the decline and downfall of the Greeks. This epoch may be dated partly from the taking and the destruction of Corinth and partly from the extinction of the Seleucidae in Asia by Pompey. This last age includes in all 293 years.

The first two epochs, which furnished such remarkable themes for the poets, are wrapped up in a darkness and obscurity which it is very difficult, if not impossible, to penetrate, and may be rightly termed the heroic ages.

But it is the third epoch wherein her glory is established, that comprises the palmiest days of Greece and the most flourishing period of her mental activity. Not only does the perfect development of lyric and the dawn of dramatic poetry occur within this time, but a number of didactic poets began to show signs of awakened energy. Thales, the founder of Grecian philosophy, exerted a powerful influence on the literature of Greece. Prose threw off the iron fetters of a rigorous poetic form. Intellectual freedom as well as the general diffusion of public education in Athens among the higher classes was promoted and rendered enduring by Solon. And this very thing contributed greatly to elevate Athens to the lofty distinction she enjoyed in the sequel—that of becoming the focus from which all Grecian culture radiated.

Soon, tragedy which was afterward so highly regarded by the Greeks, was introduced, and reached its highest point of perfection in the admirable productions of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. The writers who endeavored to follow these three great masters, were of far inferior merit, and with them tragedy degenerated to the effeminacy of lyrical songs and mere rhetorical bombast.

With the decline of tragedy there arose that

philosophical research which became afterward a characteristic of the Greeks and which, with them, reached a high degree of perfection.

Plato and Aristotle, the pupils of the renowned Socrates, mark out at once the whole range of Greek culture, and the extreme height and depth to which Grecian genius ever attained. The works of these two master-spirits have for two thousand years exercised immense influence over the mental activity of Asia and Europe. "Aristotle is marked by the refined elegance that was beginning to characterize his age, whilst Plato was considered an archetype of excellence in language, art and the essence of Grecian, more especially, Attic culture. Aristotle influenced learning, rendered criticism more acute, and developed all the resources of historic science in the most decided and profitable manner."

Meanwhile Grecian power gradually increased until it reached its limit in the mighty person of Alexander the Great, who brought the whole world into subjection. At his death, however, the glory of Greece began to wane, and finally found its setting at the fall of Constantinople.

Looking on Greece as it is to-day, and then drawing aside the curtain of time which conceals the history of its past, it does indeed seem sad that such a mighty nation should so descend from her high estate. Fitly, sadly, truthfully did Byron write:

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.
'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left a poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear."

MARTIN T. FIELD, '95.

Foot-Ball.

VILLANOVA, 24; v. LOGAN A. C., O.

On Thursday, Nov. 22, the Villanova foot-ball team played its first game this year on the grid-iron, having for their opponents the strong Logan Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, Pa. This was the opening game of the season as the course of training began rather late, which necessarily prevented the arrangement of a satisfactory schedule. The day was one to delight the heart of an enthusiast,

and the manner in which the team played together, the strong interference displayed at every opportunity and the individual work of each player, demonstrated very clearly the effects of Captain Murphy's judicious coaching. The names of Hazel and McDonnell are especially worthy of mention, but Rogers was the star of the day. He was down the field on every kick; his tackling was sure, and his great run of sixty yards was the feature of the game. Kenny and Conway also did good work, while Jones and Smith did by far the best playing for those of the opposing team. McDonnell of the home team made the first kick off, which was caught by Thompson, who was promptly tackled by Herron. Then the play became fast and furious, and after about five minutes of hard struggling Kenny carried the ball over the line for the first touchdown. Carey kicked goal. When the ball was again in play but a short time, Rogers started on his brilliant run which, aided by good interference, netted the second touchdown, Carey again kicked goal. On a fumble, after the third kick off, Conway was enabled to cross the line for the third touchdown, and "our little Johnny" succeeded in adding two more points to the score, which now stood, Villanova, 18; Logan A. C., 0. Then the linesman called time and the first half was over. In the second half the visiting team, strengthened by McNab, braced up and the game became more interesting, although Villanova's superiority was ever manifest. By repeatedly bucking the center large gains were made, and when the teams had but six more minutes to play Mahar dashed through an opening made between Ryle and Herron for the last touchdown, Carey kicking goal for the fourth time. Fitzgerald's tackling was a feature of this half. The opponents frequently had the ball, but were unable to gain any advantage on account of the magnificent defence work of the home team.

The teams lined up as follows:—

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Logan A. C.</i>
Mahar . . .	left end . . .	McNab
Fitzgerald . . .	left tackle . . .	Madden
Hazel . . .	left guard . . .	Haggerty
Herron . . .	centre . . .	Stanton
Ryle . . .	right guard . . .	Cook
Conway . . .	right tackle . . .	Gill
Carey . . .	right end . . .	McDevitt
Murphy (capt.) . . .	quarter back . . .	McCormick
Kenney . . .	right half back . . .	Thompson
Rogers . . .	left half back . . .	Jones
McDonnell . . .	full back . . .	Smith

Touchdowns: Rogers, Conway, Kenny, Mahar.
Referee: A. J. Hart. Umpire: E. T. Wade. Linesman: James Hayes.

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EDITORIALS.

WE are now looking forward with much pleasure to Thanksgiving Day. Its coming naturally brings to mind the anticipation of a delightful time, viz.: the excitement arising from the fun and gayety peculiar to the occasion, the field day sports and particularly the game of foot-ball; the "big dinner" prolonged by wit and humor, and lastly, the social happenings in the evening. Such, in fine, is a brief enumeration of the pleasures of college life on this day. There is another reason, however, why we mark this day on our calendar. It is because we consider it the last milestone on the way to Christmas vacation. Yet, notwithstanding all the pleasures in store for us, a feeling of sadness steals over us when the thought of those in whose company we spent last Thanksgiving, but who have since graduated and left us, comes to our minds. With pleasure then, not unmingled with sadness we await its coming and when it has come, let us not forget to give thanks to Him from whom all blessing flow, and who gives us the means to enjoy them.

NUMEROUS and varied are the types of character which college life affords to the students of human nature. Just as one standing on a high eminence can survey the whole surrounding country and behold it in its many aspects; so also can one of a reflective turn of mind from the vantage-ground that college life affords examine the different characters which come under his observation. Here he sees characters which are gradually being formed for great deeds or little, according to the talents of the students and the system of education. Here, too, he may see the rich and the poor, the talented and the ignorant, the persevering and the wavering. The contrast appears striking. Just as vice oftentimes believes that she finds defects in virtue, so too, are there many presumably virtuous young men who delight in noting the faults and delinquencies of their fellows as may be observed on the campus, in the study-hall and class-rooms. In view of this, it is a matter of regret that there are only a few, staunch, true and charitable, to defend them. Would that the example of these few were followed by more, and that loftier aspirations might more generally prevail, then, indeed, life spent at college would lose many of its distasteful features and assume new charms.

IN perusing the newspapers we cannot help noticing the important part which the American Protective Association played in the recent elections throughout the United States. It is with great impatience that we behold the increased membership of the above association and the baneful influence which it has exercised, is exercising and will continue to exercise unless it is suppressed by the good sense of the American people. The principles which it professes are unjust, despicable and un-American. Every fair-minded and unprejudiced citizen cannot do otherwise than look with feelings of contempt on the membership of such an association. The very secrecy of its proceedings affords an easy means to every malignant coward of injuring a religion of which he is jealous and one which he will not or cannot comprehend. It furnishes a safe hiding-place from which he may strike a deadly blow. The comparison which Macaulay institutes between the serpent of Virgil and the Royal Society of Literature holds good here. "The serpents of Virgil," he tersely remarks, "after they had destroyed Laocoön, found an asylum from the vengeance of an enraged people behind the shield of the statue of Minerva. And in the same manner everything that is groveling and venomous, everything that can hiss and everything that can sting would take sanctuary in the recesses of this new temple of wisdom."

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

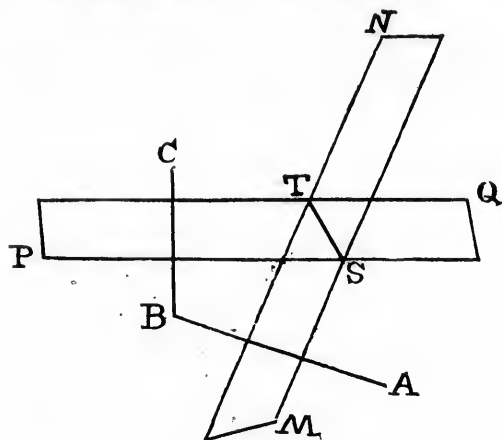
To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

80.—Find the locus of a point in space, equidistant from three points not in a straight line.

Solution by T. J. Condon, '96.



Let A , B , and C , be any three points in space. It is required to find the locus of a point in space equidistant from A , B , and C .

Construction

Draw AC and BC . At the middle point of AB , draw the plane $MN \perp$ to AB , and at the middle point of BC draw the plane $PQ \perp$ to BC .

Let ST be the intersection of the planes MN and PQ : then will ST be the locus required.

Proof. Since ST is in the plane MN any point in ST is equally distant from A and B .

Similarly any point in ST is equally distant from B and C . Hence any point in ST is equally distant from A , B , and C .

Any point without this line is without one or both of the planes MN and PQ , and is therefore not equally distant from the points A , B , and C .

Hence ST is the locus required.

81.—Transform the quantity

$\tan^2 A + \cot^2 A - \sin^2 A - \cos^2 A$
into a form containing only $\cos A$.

Solution by E. G. Dohan, '96.

$$\begin{aligned}\tan^2 A &= \frac{\sin^2 A}{\cos^2 A} = \frac{1 - \cos^2 A}{\cos^2 A} \\ \cot^2 A &= \frac{\cos^2 A}{\sin^2 A} = \frac{\cos^2 A}{1 - \cos^2 A} \\ \frac{1 - \cos^2 A}{\cos^2 A} + \frac{\cos^2 A}{1 - \cos^2 A} &= \\ \frac{1 - 2\cos^2 A + 2\cos^4 A - \cos^2 A + \cos^4 A}{\cos^2 A - \cos^4 A} &= \\ \frac{1 - 3\cos^2 A + 3\cos^4 A}{\cos^2 A - \cos^4 A} &= \end{aligned}$$

82.—The carpeting of a room twice as long as it is broad, at 5 shillings per square yard, cost £6. 2s. 6d., and the painting of the walls, at 9d. per square yard, cost £1. 6s. 3d. What is the height of the room?

Solution by A. X. Dooley, '99.

Let x = breadth of room in yards
 $2x$ = length of room in yards
 $2x \times 5$ = cost of carpet in shillings
 $10x^2 = 122\frac{1}{2}$ shillings
 $20x^2 = 245$
 $4x^2 = 49$
 $\therefore 2x = 7$ yards or 21 feet
 \therefore Breadth = $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet
 Length = 21 feet.

Again $2(\text{length} + \text{breadth}) \times \text{height} \times 9$ = cost of paper in pence.

£1. 6s. 3d. = 315 pence

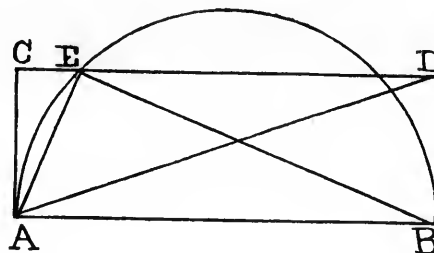
$\therefore \frac{2(21 + 10\frac{1}{2}) \times \text{height} \times 9}{9} = 315$ pence

$63 \times \text{height} \times 9 = 315$

$63 \text{ height} = 315$
 height = 5 feet.

83.—Given the base of a triangle, its area, and the angle at the vertex; to construct it.

Solution by M. F. Rouse '97.



Let AB be the given base and K the vertical angle.

Make the triangle ADB = the given area.

Complete the parallelogram $ACDB$.

On AB describe a segment of a circle which shall contain an angle equal to the given vertical angle K .

At the point E , where the circumference cuts CD , join EA , EB .

Then AEB shall be the triangle required.

For the $\triangle s AEB$ and ADB are upon the same base and between the same parallels, $\therefore \triangle AEB = \triangle ADB$

But $\triangle ADB$ = the given area

$\therefore \triangle AEB$ = the given area

and the $\angle AEB = \angle K$

\therefore the $\triangle AEB$ is equal to the given area, has its vertical angle equal to the given angle, and is on the given base AB .

84.—In a mile race A gives B a start of 100 yards and beats him by 15 seconds. In the second trial A gives B a start of 45 seconds and is beaten by 22 yards. Find the rate of each in miles per hour.

Solution by Geo. A. Buckley, '96.

Let x = number of yards A runs in one second
and y = number of yards B runs in one second.
Since there are 1760 yards in one mile

$\frac{1760}{x}$ and $\frac{1738}{x}$ = number of seconds A ran in
first and second trial respectively

$\frac{1660}{y}$ and $\frac{1760}{y}$ = number of seconds B ran in
first and second trial respectively.

$$\text{Then } \frac{1660}{y} - \frac{1760}{x} = 15 \quad (1)$$

$$\text{and } \frac{1738}{x} - \frac{1760}{y} = -45 \quad (2)$$

$$\text{Multiply (1) by 88 } \frac{146080}{y} - \frac{154880}{x} = 1320$$

$$\text{Multiply (2) by 83 } \frac{146080}{y} + \frac{144254}{x} = -3735$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Add} \\ \hline -\frac{10626}{x} = -2415 \end{array}$$

$$\therefore x = 4 \frac{966}{2415} \text{ yards}$$

Therefore A runs $4 \frac{966}{2415}$ yards, or $\frac{1}{100}$ of a mile
in one second, and in one (= 3600 seconds) 9
miles.

Substitute value of x in (1) $y = 4$

Therefore B runs 4 yards in one second, or $8\frac{1}{2}$
miles in one hour.

New Problems.

85.—In order to find the breadth of a river a distance AB , was measured along the bank, the point A being directly opposite a tree C , on the other side.

The angle ABC , was also measured; if $AB = 96$ feet and $ABC = 21^\circ 14'$, find the breadth of the river.

86.—Divide an angle of an equilateral triangle into five equal parts.

87.—An open cistern 6 feet long and $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide holds 108 cubic feet of water. How many cubic feet of lead will it take to line the sides and bottom if the lead is $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick?

88.—In a regular inscribed decagon, show that $a = \frac{R(\sqrt{5}-1)}{2}$, $r = \frac{1}{4}R\sqrt{10+2\sqrt{5}}$, $A = 144^\circ$, $C = 36^\circ$ (R = radius of a regular inscribed polygon), r = apothem, a = one side, A = interior angle, and C = angle at centre.

89.—A rhombus contains 100 square feet, and the length of one diagonal is 10 feet. Find the length of the other diagonal.

SPLINTERS.

Lu!

Fire!

Cocoa!

Salt River.

Mullet-head.

Visions in pink.

The Night Owl.

Why this delay?

Stu-pe-fa-ca-tion!

201 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.—whew!

"Ay cluster there!"

One o'clock, Cuck-oo!

"I nearly choked him."

The fellow that walks *this way!*

Felix est homo qui pileum amisit.

What color is it? A dark white.

Not on your nine seconds' change.

"She's looking! she's looking!!"

What had I better take now, Tom?

Who fell over the barbed wire fence?

A rain-beau—Chappie in a mackintosh.

"I never spoke before, Father." *Tacuitne?*

After the bawl (of "Fire!")—charcoal splinters!

"You're in the splinter column, Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"The leaves are leaving us." Try again, Tom.

Keep those secrets in your heart, sweet Marie!

A new Richard. Dick-Double-Dick, as it were.

The rhetoricians have a class motto: "Not yet."
We quote Eddie M.

What will Willie and Eddie say, when they read
further on?

The foragings of the Night Owl are still followed
by a banquet in the (Indian-) club room.

An awful temptation. Oh! whom is it by!!!
To be candi(e)d, I cannot tell.

A lady reader remarked that the last *splinters*
were "doggie." Her companion said the same
thing oc-cur-red to her.

"I never liked school till I came here—Father,
may I go to the station?"

What did he mean when he said: "I don't know
who they are, unless they are *niggers?*"

The bird has flown
(The words are deep!)
No more he'll talk
Here in his sleep!

"It won't take me but a minute. I'll be back in two or three."

The old oaken bucket still hangs in the well;
It's been hanging there many a day.
But why it should hang there for ever and aye,
Will the broad-breasted tenor please tell?

The Astronomy class has been started. Star gazing will receive no new impetus, however.

Song was the prompting whisper,
Soft was what he said;
Then, while they shook with laughter,
Eddie's face grew red.

"He didn't know *nothin'* for four weeks after June twenty-seventh."

Please *Wade* in and reorganize
The Bouncer's Club below;
We want to hear our Whitely sing
In whispers soft and low.

Hi: "There was quite a smash-up on the road, I hear."

Lo: "Yes, Tom broke the statue when *she* wasn't near."

Did you ever read the story of a "Stolen Century Plant?" It is illustrated in one of the windows.

Will the Connecticut Choir please say "Au revoir"?
Some songs they can never forget,
They trill them and drum them and whistle them o'er—
Far better they'd never been met.

"Kitty, Kitty, 'tis a pity, listen to my pretty ditty," are the opening words of a song one of our musical youths rendered for the delectation of his fair friend. Pity 'tis, she listened.

A FEMININE OPINION OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

Kenny wouldn't laugh,
Murphy wouldn't smile,
Fields wouldn't giggle,
And it wasn't Whelan's style.
Welsh was as solemn,
As a half a ton of coal;
You couldn't tickle Kerr,
With a ten-foot pole.

Thanksgiving day has come once more,
The gobbler mourns his loss
Of turkey hens, served up galore
In red cranberry sauce.

Slobs: "I feel so sorry for E. Has he rheumatism? He walks quite lame."

Blobs: "Oh, no, dear boy, he takes the cane out of his trousers-leg when he gets out of bounds."

"Charlie is only *half* a heavenly recruit," said the small boy, contemptuously. Probably referring to his propensity for washing his foot instead of his feet.

"Friends, why come ye hither without your masquerade garments?" And they were cast into exterior darkness. The weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth would have followed if the old man had reported them "to the College in the morning."

"Will you walk into our parlor?"

Said the spider to the fly—
A big, long-legged spider,
A small buff-colored fly.
"O, we've mats, and rugs, and pictures,
And many other things
That flies and spiders never owned—
Not on their legs and wings."

ROMANCE AND SHOES.

Two beardless youths, on mashing bent,
With much exchange of compliment,
Escorted the Misses So-and-So
Down past Bryn Mawr, two miles, you know.
'Twas so romantic, but alack!
Fortune, who often has a knack
Of playing pranks, did this time choose
To play them with a pair of shoes—
Not her own, of course, but a brand new pair,
One of the youths made bold to wear.
In vain, he tried sweet things to say,
His thoughts were on his shoes, and they
Were far too full of feet! "So shy,"
She murmured when he said good-bye.
He, then, Dame Fortune's trick to beat,
Homeward walked in his stocking feet.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed
Is not the harp that in these walls
Fills us with sounds so dread;
For Tara's harp is mute and still,
Its pulse is felt no more,
But Michael's harp is heard until
We all are sick and sore.
The "autoharpic" strains we hear
From dawn till late at night;
As Michael "picks" the tones so clear
And plays (?) with all his might;
"Figure" music, too, plays he,
He can be daily seen,
At 1 2 3, that's Sweet Marie,
9-4 that's Mary Green.
Oh! some day we will all unite,
And build a gloomy pyre,
So when you see the blazes bright
You'll know 'tis Michael's lyre;
Then we will all so happy be
As once we were before;
The harp—we'll neither hear nor see
'Till we reach the other shore.

PERSONALS.

Our annual retreat will commence on Sunday, December 2.

On Sunday, November 25, a mission was opened in St. Denis' Church, West Haverford, Pa. It will be conducted by Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., and will continue for one week.

On Sunday, November 18, we were pleased to see the genial countenance of Mr. J. E. O'Donnell, of Heckscherville, Pa., a member of last year's staff. He was entertained by his brothers, Pius and David.

Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., our Vice-president, preached the dedication service of St. Cecilia's Church, Waterbury, Conn., Sunday, Nov. 18. The V. Rev. Dr. F. J. Martin, '83, is pastor of the church.

EXCHANGES.

Of the numerous journals to be found in our sanctum, the *Earlhamite* is perhaps one of the most commendable, both for its bright and attractive appearance and for the choice matter which it contains. In the last month's issue an editorial on "Judgment without due consideration," which the author truthfully declares is very applicable to student-life, is worthy of our notice. The writer says:—"Popularity is too often blind. It goes in a stream. A word may turn the tide to or against some one. This is not right. If students be trained intellectually, why cannot they also become cool-headed enough not to follow unauthenticated rumor, and not to rush like merciless vultures to prey upon a fellow-student's character before justice has rendered her sentence. Let the truth be known and there remains time enough for judgment or praise."

In the October number of *St. John's University Record* there is much of interest. The sketch, *I sotto Da Rimini*, evinces careful research; the articles on "Conversation," and "Oliver Wendell Holmes" are also worthy of perusal. We can hardly agree, however, with a statement made in the last mentioned article to the effect that Dr. Holmes' loss is not appreciated. The genuine mourning heard throughout the land is suggestive of a deep sense of loss.

The Notre Dame *Scholastic* for November contains many spicy and well written articles. An essay on the "Tractarian Movement" and one on "Byron's Graphic Descriptions" show that they are the results of deep thought and much consideration. The latter, however, abounds in lofty descriptions, and reminds us of the redundant writings of Cicero, which, though they are elegant and energetic, generate this thought that *Cicero* and Cicero alone is the author of them.

The *Stylus*, published by the students of Boston College, is a very creditable journal, reflecting much credit on the staff which conducts it. Not only are the respective departments well managed, but there is also evidence of much care in selecting such choice subjects. The principal articles in the November issue are the essays: "Oliver Wendell Holmes," "A Bold Undertaking" and an admirable little poem entitled, "A Dream of Summer."

The *Mirror* stands easily at the head of the high school journals which grace our sanctum. It is a neat, spicy and well edited journal and altogether a credit to the Central High School.

To the latest additions on our exchange list, *Les Annals Térésiennes* and *The Dial* we extend a cordial welcome. We trust that the distance which they travel will not prevent their regular visits.

SOCIETIES.

V.D.S. At the regular meeting of the Debating Society, held Wednesday evening, November 21. The subject: "*Resolved*, That more attention should be given to the rudiments," was presented for debate. That the question was an interesting one was shown by the large number who took part in the debate as well as the strict attention given to each speaker.

Mr. M. J. Murphy opened for the affirmative; in a well-written essay he brought forward some forcible arguments in favor of a more thorough study of the rudiments. Mr. J. J. Reilly, the next speaker, thought Mr. Murphy's argument untenable; he discoursed at length upon the various subjects of our curriculum and he endeavored to prove that little time or attention ought to be given to the rudiments which can be more thoroughly learned in advanced studies.

Messrs. Whelan, Field, Dooley and Dohan and Messrs. Buckley, Condon, Hazel and Plunket upon the affirmative and negative sides respectively, kept up a lively discussion until the time allotted for the debate had expired. The Rev. President, after a few remarks on the arguments *pro* and *con*, gave the decision in favor of the affirmative.

V.A.A. The Villanova Athletic Association held its regular monthly meeting on Wednesday evening, October 31. As the interest in athletics is increasing there was an unusually large attendance, and it is very apparent that '95 will be a successful year for the association. The main object of the meeting was to choose officers in connection with the foot-ball team and to deliberate upon the advisability of producing a play, under the auspices of the association, before Christmas. Messrs. Carey and Hart were chosen as trainers for the eleven, the latter also to officiate as referee, Jas. Hayes as linesman and E. T. Wade as umpire. A committee of three, Messrs. Herron, Walsh and Ryle, was then appointed to call upon our Rev. Vice-President in regard to the selection of a play.

V.D.A. The many patrons of the Villanova Dramatic Association will be glad to learn that it has reorganized and will present "Kathleen Mavourneen" immediately prior to the Christmas holidays. As there are among the new students many disciples of Thespis we predict a brilliant debut for the society of '94-'95. The proceeds of the play will be devoted to the Athletic Association.

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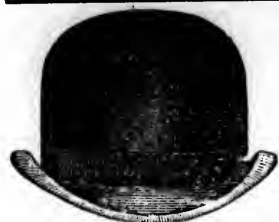
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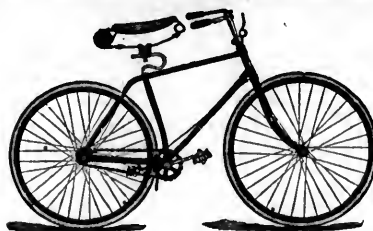
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Villanova Monthly

Vol. II.

Villanova College, December, 1894.

No. 10.

A Song For Christmas Eve.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE VERY REV. P. MORIARTY, O.S.A.

The mighty God, the Prince of Peace,
Took flesh in virgin's womb;
And He, whose name is wonderful,
To this dark world is come.
The government is His, and all
The nations own His sway;
His enemies shall postrate fall,
And vanish soon away.
A brighter star than e'er before
Gilded the sky with light,
To show the Saviour's meek abode,
Cheered the lone hour of night.
The angels tuned their harps of fire,
And, from the deep blue sky,
With songs proclaimed the boundless joy,
That filled the world on high.
In a stable's lowly manger
Was the Infant laid to rest;
But His Virgin Mother near Him,
Soothed and took Him to her breast.
Thus the Eastern Magi found Him,
And, adoring at His feet,
Offered gifts of hidden meaning,
Gold, and myrrh, and incense sweet.
The gold they gave Him as their King,
The myrrh means mortal grief and care;
To God the censor's smoke ascends,
Emblem of faith and prayer.
Adorable Jesus! Blessed Mary!
Shield us with protecting love;
Guard our souls from sin forever,
Take us to the world above!

A. P. A. ISM.

It is strange to see how fanataticism crops up ever and anon in the religious and political world. In most cases it is the reproduction—the *Fata Morgana* of old but awakened objects. The full light of investigation is turned on the scene and the mirage disappears. We see on the plain before us everything in reality—object and color and shade. Fanaticism swoops down on a community like a Scythian onslaught and it snatches up all the cowardly weak-minded and black-hearted victims it may happen to reach. *Crescit Eundo*. Some with more folly in their hearts than wisdom in their souls proffer it a fiduciary obedience; others with knavish craft and fine cunning follow its leadership to the gain that is in it. The latter class forms the mad gathering of fanatical vote because it does what Mahomet did—it makes violence the minister of its designs. According to a

writer—a prominent religious Fanatic, fanaticism is enthusiasm obtained by hatred.

Just here we rest to observe the worst specimen of fanaticism that has been delineated within almost a half century of our age. The general elections are over, and the country breathes freely. In all the trying vicissitudes of these elections a secret and potent factor prevailed—if not so generally in the Eastern States—surely almost absolutely in the Western. This factor—A. P. A. ism was found on discovery so near to the knownothingism of the forties and fifties, that both seemed to be two peas extracted from the same pod. Subjectively they differed somewhat—objectively they were identical. The Fetich of both was what they called Romanism and their explanation of this scheme was the same—to destroy Roman subjection to a foreign ruler, to overthrow Roman opposition to the public school system and to unveil Roman roguery in the local and municipal offices. The phases of A. P. A. ism are too violent to call it a *fin de siecle* mode of fanaticism. The A. P. A. "mixtum gatherum" composed of orangemen, soldisant British Americans and ignorant bigots, should be reprobated by all liberty loving citizens. Its purposes are against the law of God and the law of the country. It is therefore a menace to our civilization. Its unnatural doctrine fortified by solemn oath, that Catholics as such, must be proscribed and driven both from public office and private employment is a travesty on the christianity it professes. It strikes at the very vital powers of our national Constitution. The American people in their native fairness should rise and oust this lessee of public notice from their borders. To-day the West is resonant with paeans of A. P. A. victors, and the Rockies echo the "Io Trumphe" of the victory back to the Alleghenies—Is this American? Is this just? This political proscription of honest, industrious and law abiding Catholics? Have we fallen again into the days of Sylla and Marius and the Triumvirate? We cannot believe it. No, there is too much sense of respect among Americans whose country is the asylum of the oppressed of nations to suffer this stain on the national escutcheon. A. P. A. ism will have its day, it is waning and will die a natural death. A check will be placed upon it and the entire republic will readily contribute the *obolus* that Charon may ferry A. P. A. ism over the Styx where in rage it may regret its existence amid the genial company of the know-nothingism of the forties and fifties. In our charity we may then say "Peace be to its ashes,"

X. '73.

STYLE.

Written for the VILLANOVA MONTHLY by Maurice Francis Egan.

I am anxious not to appear as a pedagogue in these impressions of the art of writing, for that implies a dogmatic attitude which seems to suit ill any words which are merely the result of experience.

To write well, one must think well. "To write well," the young person generally says, in his compositions, "a man must have great thoughts." This, like most platitudes, is only half true, for a good style is not alone the expression of thought. If it were, denotation would be the sole quality to be considered; connotation, which is an important element in style, would not count at all. Clearness, as we all know, is the intellectual quality of style. To be clear, one must not only be able to convey one's thoughts, but to make them plainly understood. Molière knew this when he read his comedies to his housekeeper, an illiterate woman of good sense; she represented the medium opinion, neither the pedantry of the Hotel de Rambouillet nor the grossest lack of knowledge.

Style means more than the mere expression of thought. It means the impression of thought, emotion, temperament. A man who gives merely his thought in letters does not fully express himself. He appeals only to the mind, and the mind often has hard work to get at his thoughts. A good style should fit as a good glove fits a hand; it is not the man, as Buffon says, but the outer covering of the man. It moves with the movements of his hand; it is plastic.

Herbert Spencer has written a turgid book on style—a book in which he contradicts in his own manner of writing every principle he lays down; it is so far the best book written on style in English. It is a truly hard book to read. He says, among other things, that the good writer will adapt his style to his subject. He goes further and says, too, that a man in Goldsmith's mood will write like Goldsmith and in Swift's mood, like Swift. He, going further, makes a mistake. No man is ever entirely in the mood of any other man. The moment he attempts it, he ceases to be quite himself, and then his style must suffer, for although *le style n'est pas l'homme*, it is the personal expression of the man.

All great writers have simply expressed themselves. There is a difference—which Cardinal Newman makes plain—between *scientia* and literature. The Ten Commandments as delivered by Moses are not literature because they are not Moses' personal expression; but the Epistles of St. Paul are literature, as they are the personal expression of great truths. Now the essence of literature is personality.

Every thought, every emotion, every experience put in writing becomes literature. We talk literature every day without knowing it, just as Molière's hero unconsciously spoke prose. Literature, then, to amplify Cardinal Newman's definition, is the personal expression of thought, emotion, experience, impression and mood.

The two faults of beginners are: they are afraid of themselves; they have had no practice. To speak well, a man thinks aloud on his feet; to write well, a man goes on thinking or dreaming with a pen in his hand. It is as easy to write as to talk when one has the knack of it.

Set your student down with a pen in his hand. He determines to write an essay. An essay means to him a composition after the manner of Addison or Macaulay. "I cannot write an essay on Milton," he says, "I must read up on the subject!" And this answer shows that his conception of literature and his relation with it is radically wrong.

The business of his preceptor is to force him to get close to his muse—if one may be Addisonian for a moment. He must not approach her as if he were about to dance a minuet, with a low bow and great formality. One of the much-quoted *bons mots* of the brilliant Archbishop of Philadelphia is that the muses have remained unmarried because no poet could afford to marry any of them. This may be applied to the present subject. The young writer does not write because he is too ceremonious with his ideas or impressions. He looks for outside help; he is afraid to approach his thought without the formula of an introduction.

(To be continued.)

HANS:

A TALE OF THE CHRISTFEST.

When Hans first looked out of his little dormer-window one bright December morning, his big blue eyes lit up with pleasure, and his chubby face suffused with smiles. For the snow, that had come silently during the night, was glistening in the morning sun. Nature had donned her winter dress, and it seemed as though the peace which Christ had promised to earth, were symbolized in this exterior garment of purest white. But Hans entered into no such metaphysical discussions. He was a dreamer, it is true, for his ideas of that other world, which was not bounded by the lines of the hills rising majestically above his humble dwelling, had been formed by the workings of his own precocious mind. And that land beyond the hills! Did not his mother tell him of the wonderful adventures of *Däumelinchen*? In his imagination,

the story was repeated and the scene was laid in that shadowy land. Beyond the hills was the great blue sea, across which the *hässliche junge Entlein* flew; beyond the hills grew the beautiful flowers which *Der Engel* found and carried up to heaven; beyond the hills the *Feuerzeug* disclosed the hidden chests of gold. And there too, the Magi found the Infant King whose feast was fast approaching! Living in this ideal world the boy's mind was fast prepared to form the project which was to touch his innocent faith with melancholy sweetness, to end his young life with tragic haste. Yes, Hans was a dreamer, but a child!

Looking out upon the broad expanse of white, then, the boyish instinct rose supreme, and his sturdy legs bore him quickly down the creaking stairs, while the hills afforded no other thought than of a certain spot in the clearing, where the boys were wont to bring their sleds in winter.

"Mother," he exclaimed, as he rushed in upon her, "the snow! Where is my sled—and (an after-thought) Gretchen?"

What a funny child was Gretchen! A second edition of Hans, as it were, as far as the chubby face and limbs were concerned; but the crowning glory of Gretchen, fit exemplar in this respect of the most dignified of her sex, was her hair. And such hair! Yellow as the marigolds that grew in summer beneath their cottage window, and restrained in its luxuriant profusion into two most wonderful plaits, sticking out, as though in defiance, from the back of her little head. A dress of a nondescript material and a pinafore that *would* slip down from her shoulders. There you have a picture of Gretchen,—comical but lovable, and loving Hans more than the rag-doll she dragged after her in most undignified manner clutched indiscriminately by the arm, leg or head.

Gretchen peeped out from behind her mother at the sound of her name. She and the rag-doll approached Hans.

"Wurst," she said, pointing with her disengaged hand toward the stove. "We're going to have Wurst for breakfast!"

Human little animal, Gretchen, thinking of breakfast when there are possibilities of coasting outside! Hans ignores her.

"Mother," he asks, "may we not go out for a ride? Then, anticipating a refusal, he adds "Just for a little while."

But his mother shakes her head, half sadly, and says, as she points to his shoes that are but half concealing his little feet.

"No my boy, I'm afraid you can't go; see, your feet are almost on the ground."

"But, mother—" he exclaims, but she interrupts him and draws him to her.

"Listen, Hans," she says, "Old Jake has gone to the village to sell the socks and mitts and scarfs I have been knitting; and what do you think he is going to bring back with him?"

Visions of plum-cake and goodies came up before Hans' eyes, but he well knew such luxuries were not to be thought of, and he stifled any incipient desire he might have had for them.

"Not shoes?" he said, pretending not to know.

"Yes, shoes," she answered, smiling that he should thus patronize her.

"Not for me?" he continued, and she kissed him.

Meanwhile, Gretchen, who had paid more attention to the cooking operations, cried out that the wurst was dancing in a merry way up and down in the pan. Then this happy trio sat down to their frugal meal.

Soon old Jake came in and Hans was rejoicing in the possession of his new shoes.

"Everything is lively down at the store," ventured Old Jake when he had taken his seat near the stove. "What! with Christmas a-comin' and evergreens to be brought in, us wood-choppers has got to turn in and hustle."

"Christmas!" echoed the children, "is Christmas a-comin' soon? And Christ-Kindel?" They had recollections of the day as one of feasting and pleasure.

"Christ-Kindel doesn't come to see poor folk," said the mother softly.

Times had changed since the children's father had died, and she knew there could be but little feasting in the house that year. Much as she disliked doing it, she must, however, forestall their anticipations. Hans said nothing, but wondered why the "Christ-Kindel" would not visit them if there was no other reason than that they were poor.

The mother busied herself about the kitchen; but the air of gaiety which she ever tried to assume before the children, she could not this time simulate. Her thoughts were with him, whose last Christmas on earth had been so pleasant for them all. But death had called him, and the widow was left to provide, as best she could, for her orphaned babes. Old Jake used to render them many little assistances, such as the one which introduced him to the reader, but aside from this, the poor mother struggled along, hopefully, alone.

The snow had begun to fall again and Hans' wish to go out was not expressed a second time. He and Gretchen were watching the snow-flakes as

they gently fell from the sky. He was the little dreamer once more.

"Guess," he said at length.

"What?" from the cheerful Gretchen.

"What do the snow-flakes look like?"

"Why," said Gretchen, who had conquered the wurst and was already sighing for other similar worlds to conquer, "It's like somebody like mother 'way up in the sky, a-dustin' down sugar on a big cake!" And she clapped her two fat hands together. The rag doll fell unheeded to the floor.

"No," he replied, "they're the tears of the angels in heaven weeping because the Christ-Kindel doesn't come to visit poor folk!"

On Sunday Hans went to church with his mother and wore his new shoes. He was like most boys of his age, and looked neither with distaste nor pleasure upon the Sunday-morning walks to the village. He went with her as a matter of course. Nor was he particularly devout. He had not yet learned to read; and having whispered his simple prayers, he sat quietly in the pew, observing all that came within his line of vision. It was only when the priest prefaced his remarks with the statement that the Tuesday following was Christmas-day, that Hans showed any particular interest. But that magic word had aroused him.

The priest referred in touching language to the visit of the Magi to the Infant Saviour. He spoke of how the music from the heavenly choirs had burst upon the enraptured ears of the shepherds; how the star had shone forth to guide the Magi to the crib in Bethlehem. Then he referred to the Church which Christ had established upon earth, and of the tabernacle wherein the same Jesus lay, neglected as of old, save by those who were wise beyond earthly wisdom.

"The star is still shining," he continued, "follow its guiding light and it will lead you to Him who will give you everything you wish. Walk in the path lit up by its effulgence and heaven and heaven's treasures are yours."

Hans listened in amazement.

"The star is shining," he whispered to himself, "I will follow the star."

He was very silent on his way home from church, and in fact was quiet all day. Gretchen was forced to devote herself entirely to the rag doll while their mother was engaged about the house. Hans' thoughts were on the words the priests had spoken.

"I will follow the star," he kept repeating.

"I will tell the Christ Kindel we are poor and ask for something for mother and Gretchen and Jake!"

When twilight deepened he was watching the

sky, but all was dark. The moon's face was hid and the stars were not to be seen.

"I fear we will have a storm," said his mother, as she prepared their porridge.

Hans was troubled. If the star did not shine, how would he find the Christ Kindel? He awoke once that night and ran to the window, but all was still dark. The wind howled dismally among the leafless branches of the trees, and Hans, disappointed, crept back to his little bed.

In the morning all was clear and bright. There had been a fresh fall of snow during the night, but the storm had spent itself. Hans and Gretchen helped their mother in many little ways, in arranging the holly and evergreens, which Jake was to take to the village that afternoon, Hans was quiet but cheerful. He was thinking of the star.

"I will follow it," he kept repeating, "and it will lead me to the Christ-Kindel."

When Jake returned from the village there was a whispered conference between him and the mother. She had had him bring some inexpensive toys for the children. She could ill-afford even this slight outlay, but she felt she must make them sharers, to some extent, in the joyous festivities of the day.

When their evening meal was ended, Hans silently stole out into the night. The wind was keen and chill, and the child, for the moment, trembled with fear at his own daring. But he looked above him at the serene blue of the sky, where the stars were shining down encouragingly upon him, and started on his journey. Almost unwillingly he traveled toward the village church. It was there he had learned that the star was shining; it was there he felt he must go again before he should search for it.

There were a number of good people gathered about the confessional, and they seemed to look at him in surprise; but he quietly slipped into one of the pews, and, rather by force of habit than from any thought of what he was doing, murmured a short prayer. The choir was having a final rehearsal of the morrow's music, and Hans closed his eyes in ecstasy, his heated imagination likening the rather mediocre attempts of the singers to the chanting of heavenly bands. Then someone touched him upon the arm and he arose. He seemed to be walking in a flood of light.

"It is, it is the star," he exclaimed, in delight and looked up.

But no. It was the radiance of a most beautiful face looking down in love upon him.

"Come," said a voice of exquisite sweetness, "come with me and you shall find the Infant King."

Trembling with joy, he started to follow the speaker, but a heavier, though not unkindly hand touched him and the celestial light had vanished.

"Run home now, you'll find stars enough on the way."

It was the sexton. The singing had ceased. The choir had gone. All was deserted.

"I came near locking you in," he continued; "run home now, your mother will be looking for you."

Hans rubbed his eyes and departed. Ah, sexton, hadst thou known, thou wouldst have closed the door and left the child to his dream of heaven and kept him from the reality!

Hans was not disconcerted by this little experience, but was more assured than ever that he would find the Christ-Kindel. He looked at the sky. The north-star glistened in the heavens. It was lustrous with a light brighter than that of its fellows.

"It is the star!" he said, with bated breath and prepared to follow it.

The wind blew through the trees, and a snow-flake that had become dislodged from a branch descended and kissed his ruddy cheek. He felt the cold in hands and feet, he thought of Gretchen and his mother, the latter with half a pang that she should worry about him; but he kept bravely on.

"I will follow the star!" he said, "I will follow the star!"

* * * * *

On the night when Hans set out upon his journey through the snow the same star that was guiding him, as he thought, was shining down on a rather pretentious dwelling two miles or so beyond the village we have already mentioned. Within all was mirth and gaiety, and merry expectation of the coming feast. Did I say all? Nay, rather let us point out one, who, mingling in that joyous throng, to all outward appearances partaker of their gladness, was yet concealing in her bosom a secret, silent grief. As she stood fastening some trinket to the tree which had been erected in one corner of the room, the light from the chandelier fell upon her, disclosing the beauties of her face and figure. Invested with the charm of maiden grace and dignity, her regular features gathered new beauty from her lustrous dark-brown eyes that revealed the pure soul within. The smile that parted her lips at the bright sallies of her companion remained only long enough to disclose her teeth, even and white, ere it subsided again in the placid contentment of her face. Her hair was of a chestnut-brown, and, seemingly resisting the confinement of comb or pin, clustered

in natural ringlets about her classic forehead. Her's was a loveable face, yet there was a nameless something about it which seemed to court one's sympathy at the same time that it called forth admiration.

Such was Margaret. Her companion was of quite another type; a laughing, merry face, whose dimples came and went, a face made for smiles; an aureole of yellow curls that shook with each quick motion of her little head. She was petite and altogether lovely, but you would say to her "Don't look sad," for if grim melancholy settled on that face, its beauty fled forever. But if Alice was gay, she was by no means frivolous; and that she could understand and sympathize with another's graver disposition, was evidenced when she quietly approached Margaret and, gently drawing the dark head of the other down to her own, pressed her fairer cheek to hers. Cavillers of woman say that true friendship is not found in her; yet in that living picture we must see that woman's heart goes out to woman suffering, and the intuitive perception of sympathy, offered and accepted, sets the stamp of genuineness upon a friendship that is as true as the love which bound Pythias to Damon.

"Margaret," she whispered, "you know how much your sadness affects me; and you know, too, how much I long to comfort you."

A shadow of a smile played about Margaret's lips, as she listened to this rather serious expression from her lively companion.

"Do not think, Alice," she said, "that because I am not always gay and merry like yourself that I am on the other hand enshrouded in deepest gloom. On the contrary, I am quite happy, although my happiness, like yours, seeks not for expression in laughter or in smiles."

"No, you are *not* happy, dear," from the other. "And I have made up my mind to give you a good talking to to-night."

"Oh, yes," she continued, as Margaret looked surprised, "a regular sermon! Imagine me," and she gave the yellow curls a doleful shake, "imagine me with my hand raised on high, and my admonishing voice saying 'Amen, Amen, I say to you a sinner.'"

They both laughed at this dramatic recital, Margaret with suppressed measure, but Alice's mirth rang out sharp and clear, like the pealing of silver bells.

"Now *that* is better," said the little preacher placidly. "That is more like the Margaret I used to know before she raised a shrine to Henry Heid in her heart, and set him up as a hero to be worshipped."

"Hush," said the other, half in alarm, as the quick color dyed to deepest crimson her olive cheek. "I have known for some time that you have shared my secret, and was satisfied that it should be so, for I knew that your love for me would keep it safe. But—spare me—"

"No," interrupts Alice, "I will speak, for the affection that could penetrate your secret, has discovered that another worthier love is yours only for the asking."

"You mean Jack?" whispered Margaret.

"How well you have guessed it," replied the fairy.

Margaret shakes her head. "It cannot be," she says.

"It shall be," continues Alice warmly, "if true love have power to win a woman's heart."

Margaret was partly annoyed, but she could understand why her friend thus persisted in the conversation, and indeed was grateful for the friendly interest which had prompted it all.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish 'up to date,'" she says with quaint humor.

"No," Alice responds. "I speak but for you. I am no partisan of Jack. I know that he loves you. And I also know that you have an ideal lover enshrined in your heart; that his face is the face of Henry Heid; but that the thousand and one virtues you ascribe to your ideal, man never possessed."

She was waxing eloquent. Margaret stood in silence. Heid was indeed unworthy of the love she had given him unasked. She had never betrayed herself in his presence. Alice alone knew her secret. But her brother and his wife, with whom she lived, wondered why she was so indifferent to Jack, who was everybody's friend, obliging, kind to all. He was the idol of Margaret's little nieces, for he was like a great big brother whom they could command at will. Baby May had startled them all by calling him "Uncle Jack" one day at dinner. Jack's face turned frightfully red. Margaret's face twitched slightly, but otherwise she was composed. The mother's quick wit won looks of gratitude from each of the unfortunates.

"May thinks all of our friends must be her uncles and aunts," she had said. She called Alice her aunt, the other day. "Didn't she?"—To Alice, who was present.

"Yes." The fib was told unblushingly.

This little incident came up in Margaret's mind as Alice spoke. The little preacher had by no means finished.

"I wish Henry had come here oftener," she says. "For I am sure your ideal and the real would have exhibited many discrepancies. As it is, he has sailed for New York and you have given your heart for a dream."

Margaret sighed. She felt that what Alice said would be and probably was true; but she knew that the love in her heart, whether it were centred on an ideal or a real being, had chastened her nature. The affection she could not bestow upon one, she longed to offer to the many. The next words of Alice came startlingly upon her, they seemed to spring so much as a result of her own meditations.

"What are you going to do all your life?" asked practical Alice. "Going to devote yourself to your ideal and die an old maid, worshipping a shadow?"

This time Margaret had to laugh, and Alice was compelled to join her. She had been serious for a long time, but the strain was telling on her.

"I will not answer your question by asking what you yourself intend to do," finally rejoined Margaret, "but tell you what was uppermost in my mind when you spoke."

They had been standing near the tree all this time. Margaret places her arm about Alice and leads her to a sofa.

"I was thinking seriously," she continues, "of those noble women like Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale, who have devoted themselves to a life's work of good: and I feel that if God gave me only some such work to do, I would, indeed, be truly happy, and my life would be not mis-spent."

"Become a Sister of Charity at once, then," from Alice. "In the hospital wards and on the field of battle, your heroic self-sacrifice would find full scope."

"No," says Margaret, "this life is indeed the immolation of self, but the motive which prompts them is higher and nobler than that which gives birth to my desire. I have none of the characteristics which stamp the religious: I have only the selfish motive of satisfaction in doing good."

This was getting too philosophical for Alice, so she remained silent. She thought that to save a man's life was a heroic deed and sought not to know the degree of merit the motive would gain for it.

"This is Christmas eve," continues Margaret, "tomorrow we celebrate the feast of Him who came to give peace to men. You and I shall continue that work in some small measure and make this Christmas-day a happy one to as many of God's own poor as we can."

A tap at the door, and a manly voice crying out, "May I come in?" interrupted them.

"It is Jack," whispered Alice.

Margaret is calm. "Come in," she answers cheerily.

Jack's presence is like balm to the troubled waters of Alice's disturbed soul. She felt as one coming off second best in an argument. She and Jack are great friends. She runs up to him to help him off with his top-coat. She does not quite come up to his shoulders. Strength and weakness personified.

"What *have* you been doing?" finally inquires Jack, looking at the unfinished tree.

"Working our tongues instead of our fingers, of course you wish us to say, but we *won't*!" with emphasis, from Alice.

"No, indeed, we worked both." Margaret's joke. Jack is delighted.

"Well," he says gayly, "as far as woman's own weapon goes, count me out. But if fingers are in it," and he exhibited his big, brown hands, "just give me a trial."

"Fingers may be in it, as you say," quickly rejoined Alice, "but in inverse ratio to their size."

The laugh is on Jack, as it generally is in such encounters. He doesn't mind. He is happy. He glances at Margaret.

"There," she says, handing him a paper fairy, "let me see you hang this *Diana* on that top branch."

He tries to reach the branch, but fails. Alice brings over a stool.

"Stand on that," she says, "and I'll catch you if you fall."

Margaret smiles again and Jack thinks she is

enchanted to-night. He hopes the dressing of the tree will last for an indefinite period. But no, Alice, thinking to place the others as much together as possible, says:

"While you two tall ones are arranging things on high, I suppose I can devote myself to something lower down. By the way, where is the moss? I can begin to make the garden where these wonderful cattle are supposed to be star-gazing!"

Margaret exclaims that she forgot to order the moss. Here was a dilemma.

"We must have it," chimes in Alice. "May will never be satisfied unless those monstrosities are turned out of the Noah's arks to graze."

Margaret calls to her brother. He has been called away on business. The coachman is with him. Poor Jack! Dressing the tree with Margaret was his idea of happiness, but he would go to Jericho for her, and so he offers his services. After some slight demurring on the part of Margaret and a whispered admonition to hurry from Alice, he sets out for the village.

The wind is keen but Jack heeds it not. He is thinking of Margaret. It was she who sent him on the errand. What a sweet bondage to serve her all his life. He looks up the sky. How brightly the stars shine, he thought, but 'twas love lit up the sky that night. Presently he stumbles and falls over something.

"What's this?" he cries out. "Someone has fallen in the snow."

He is bending over the prostrate form. "A child," he exclaims. "Poor little chap!" He chafes the numb little blue hands; he tries to arouse the lad; he places his hand above his heart.

"He lives," says Jack, "but that is about all."

He does not hesitate but lifts the limp form in his arms and at once retraces his steps. The boy's cap falls, unnoticed by Jack, and the wind disturbs the yellow curls that cluster close to his white forehead.

The boy was beautiful. "Angels must look like that," thinks Jack. Arrived at the house, he startles them all by rushing in upon them.

"Who is it?" asks Margaret, when he has briefly recounted his adventure.

"Some poor little wanderer, I know not who," he replies.

They apply simple restoratives and Hans, for it is he, opens his eyes. For an instant only.

"Mother," he exclaims, "the Star!"

"His mind wanders," they say. But they did not understand.

Everything that kindness could suggest was done for our little hero. Margaret felt that now indeed might she play the part of the Fairy Godmother, and she speedily resolved that when the morrow came she would seek out the boy's parents, if parents he had. Perhaps he was one of God's own poor, as she had called them. Then would she gladden his heart with a Christmas he had never dared hope for. Hans was unconscious of all this. He lay perfectly still save that his lips occasionally trembled as though he were striving to speak.

In the midst of their exertions in behalf of the little wanderer, Margaret's brother came in. His surprise was great.

"Why," he said, "this must be the little fellow I heard of as I passed the town-house."

"Who is he?" they all exclaimed.

"That I do not know," he said. "A woman half distracted, with a little girl, had come to the Baillie, inquiring for her little boy, who had wandered away, and they were searching for him as I left."

"Where is the woman?" asked Jack.

"Most likely she is still waiting for the searching-party to return."

Jack needed not Margaret's glance of entreaty. He was putting on his coat.

"The horse is hitched outside," her brother called out after him.

Jack soon returned with the poor mother and Gretchen. There were no dry eyes in the room as she knelt by the side of her boy, calling him her *liebling*, her *schatz*. She made no outcry, no wild lamentation; she was quiet, though her heart was breaking. Her mother-love told her that her darling was dying. She lifted up Gretchen and bade her kiss Hans. Poor little Gretchen wept bitterly, calling piteously to Hans.

"Mother!" he said again, but with no recognition of the sad face bending tenderly over him.

Suddenly he arose. His big blue eyes opened with a new and wondrous lustre. His hands were closely clasped over his heart as though to still its beating.

"I see the Star," he cried joyously.

His mother's arms were about him. His head fell upon her shoulder. He had indeed seen the star. He was with the Christ-Kindel.

What more is there to add? After the little casket had been lowered into the grave, Gretchen and her mother returned for the first time to their desolated home. Here they found many little luxuries which the loving hands of Margaret and Jack had prepared for them. These two had, unknown to each other, resolved to lighten the sorrow of the stricken family. As Alice was the confidant of both, we may be sure that she took a hand in the proceedings, and had so arranged matters that Jack and Margaret should surprise each other in the widow's house. The meeting was indeed unexpected, and the silence which followed it was awkward. But this "one touch of nature" had opened the eyes of Margaret to Jack's sterling worth, and that gentleman blesses the day whereon he visited that humble dwelling. What of Alice? Margaret's children call her "Auntie Alice," and as there is an uncle who seems very fond of her we may believe she too had found a faithful and loving Jack of her own.

So was Hans' mission fulfilled. His mother is nominally housekeeper for Margaret, for she would accept no further gratuitous alms. Gretchen is, of course, with her, while old Jake frequently comes to visit them and talk of old times. And these blessings of Heaven descended upon them all because Hans followed the star.

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

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EDITORIALS.

WE wish all our readers a very "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

IN the light of our modern days, luxury is a something indefinable. Sociologists call it the patron of the arts and sciences, and the minister of national prosperity, and evidence America and Great Britain as examples of this, while moralists, as is too often their wont, deem it the cause of prevalent corruption, the omen of national decline and ruin, and point with assurance to Rome with her *Catiffundia*, and Greece with her un-Spartan excesses as testimonials of their teachings.

So luxury as a denominative may mean something to be admired or censured—a use and ornament to society, or a vice and corruption in it. Horace glorified luxury in Augustus' days, if he did rib-roast Roman indulgences—but Juvenal dipped his pen in vinegar when he scarified Rome with his satirical lancet for her sins and her omissions. Diogenes walked the streets of Athens with a lantern seeking "a man," and with snarling contempt made his dwelling-place in a tub; Cato walked the streets of Rome togaless and shoeless. Both condemned the luxury of their times. Yet the Luculli feasted in the height of Rome's empire, and the appetite of Heliogabalus was keener than a Damascus blade.

What is luxury?

The olden writers gloried when they could say a good man was born of poor and honest parents; the modern scribes tell of his being born in the lap of luxury. Quid?

THERE is noticeable among certain students a tendency to rely too much on their teachers. While the latter are a great, and we might add, a necessary help to us in solving difficult questions, yet too great a dependence on them argues either incapability or a lack of self-confidence. This is a fact which does not escape the observation of a teacher and must be likewise patent to the members of a class. The blessings of a rich mind, a powerful memory and a vivid imagination avail but little comparatively, if the pupil be influenced only by the exhortation and threats of his teacher in the performance of his duties. There must be a higher motive, and that motive is success in life by individual effort. Professors and text-books will not forever be our companions, hence the necessity of self-reliance in as great a measure as possible. Only a short time must needs elapse before we shall have finished our course and be left to our own resources when we will have occasion either to congratulate ourselves on our self-reliance, or condemn ourselves for our unnecessary dependence on others.

CHRISTMAS has come again. That joyous and felicitous season of the year which the whole Christian world celebrates with the greatest festivities. Christmas to which, all through the ages, happiness and good cheer have been as closely united as the ivy to the tree it entwines. Christmas, happy joyous Christmas is again with us. How it affects mankind! Past troubles are lost in present joys, strife ceases and a holy spirit fills the souls of men. The Infant Jesus is on earth again, and again the Christian world resounds with the angelic refrain, "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will."

WE take advantage of this number of the MONTHLY to remind our students, their parents or guardians, that the holiday season will close on January 3. On account of circumstances well known to you, this reminder ought to be sufficient to induce all our students to return on that day. Remember that this time of year, for many reasons, is most suitable for study, and even one day's absence from class is a great and almost irreparable loss.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

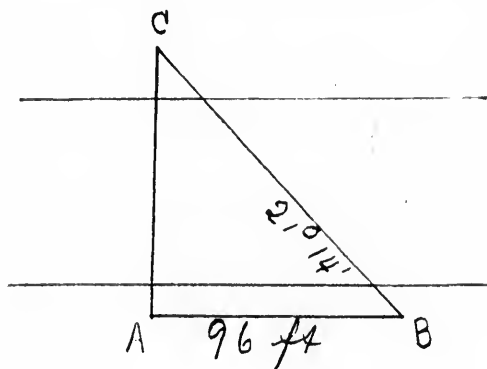
To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

85.—In order to find the breadth of a river a distance AB , was measured along the bank, the point A being directly opposite a tree C on the other side. The angle ABC was also measured; if $AB = 96$ feet, and angle $ABC = 21^\circ 14'$, find the breadth of river.

Solution by J. J. Dean, '97.



$$\begin{aligned}\tan B &= AC \div AB \\ AC &= AB \times \tan B \\ \log AC &= \log AB + \log \tan B \\ \log AB &= 1.98227 \\ \log \tan B &= 9.58944 - 10 \\ \log AC &= 1.57171 \\ AC &= 37.3 \\ 37.3 &= \text{breadth of river.}\end{aligned}$$

86.—Divide an angle of an equilateral triangle into five equal parts.

Solution by E. G. Dohan, '96.

Let ABC be an angle of an equilateral triangle. It is required to divide it into five equal parts.

Proof.—Describe a circle about the triangle ABC , and in it inscribe a regular polygon of fifteen sides; then five of those sides will be in the arc AB .

Let D, E, F, G , be the points of division.

Join CD, CE, CF, CG . Now since the arcs AD, DE, EF, FG, GB , are equal, the angles that subtend are equal.

\therefore the angles ACD, DCE, ECF, FCG, GCB , are equal.

87.—An open cistern 6 feet long and $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide holds 108 cubic feet of water. How many cubic feet of lead will it take to line the sides and bottom, if the lead is $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick?

Solution by J. J. Maher, '97.

$$6 \times 4\frac{1}{2} = 27 \text{ square feet, bottom.}$$

$$\text{Height} = 108 \div 27 = 4 \text{ feet.}$$

$$4 \times 2 (6 + 4\frac{1}{2}) = 4 \times 2 \times 2\frac{1}{2} = 84 \text{ square feet, sides}$$

$$27 + 84 = 111 \text{ square feet}$$

$$111 \times \frac{1}{8 \times 12} = 3\frac{1}{2} \text{ cubic feet}$$

$$3\frac{1}{2} = 13\frac{1}{2} \text{ cubic feet} = 1 \text{ cubic foot } 270 \text{ cubic inches.}$$

88.—In a regular inscribed decagon, show that $A = \frac{R(\sqrt{5}-1)}{2}$, $r = \frac{1}{4} R \sqrt{10 + 2\sqrt{5}}$, $A = 144^\circ$, $C = 36^\circ$

(R = radius of a regular inscribed polygon, r = apothem, a = one side, A = interior angle, and C = angle to centre.)

Solution by J. I. Whelan, '95.

Let AB be one side of a regular inscribed decagon in a circle whose centre is O . Let OK be the apothem.

Then $OA = R$, $OK = r$, and $AB = a$.

$$\text{To prove } a = \frac{R(\sqrt{5}-1)}{2}$$

$$\text{Proof.}—OA : AB = AB : OA - AB$$

$$\text{What is } R : a = a : R - a$$

$$\therefore a = \frac{R(\sqrt{5}-1)}{2}$$

$$\text{II.}—\text{To prove } r = \frac{1}{4} R \sqrt{10 + 2\sqrt{5}}$$

$$\text{Proof } OK^2 = OA^2 - AK^2$$

$$\text{That is } r^2 = R^2 - (\frac{1}{2}a)^2$$

$$= R^2 - \left\{ \frac{R(\sqrt{5}-1)}{4} \right\}^2$$

$$\therefore r = \frac{1}{4} R \sqrt{10 + 2\sqrt{5}}$$

$$\text{III.}—A = 2 \angle OAB$$

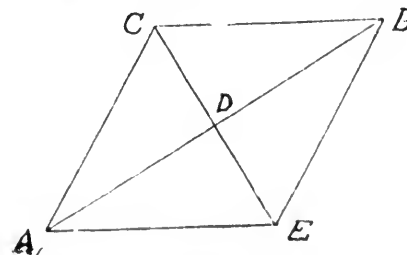
$= 144^\circ$, since it is measured by $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1° of the circumference.

$$\text{IV.}—C = \angle AOB$$

$= 36^\circ$ since it is measured by $\frac{1}{10}$ of the circumference.

89.—A rhombus contains 100 square feet, and the length of one diagonal is 10 feet. Find the length of the other diagonal.

Solution by M. F. Rouse, '07.



The diagonals of a rhombus bisect each other at right angles.

Therefore $CD = \frac{1}{2} CE$ $CD = 5$

$\triangle ABC = 50$ square feet

$5 \times \frac{AB}{2} = \text{area of } \triangle ABC$

$\therefore 5 \times \frac{AB}{2} = 50$

$\frac{AB}{2} = 10$

$AB = 20$

20 feet = length of diagonal AB

90.—A passenger train after travelling an hour, meets with an accident which detains it one-half an hour, after which it proceeds at four-fifths of its usual rate and arrives an hour and a quarter late. If the accident had happened 30 miles farther on, the train would have been only an hour late. Determine the usual rate of the train.

New Problems.

91.—The area of a polygon of 25 sides is equal to 40: find the area of the ring comprised between the circumference of the inscribed and circumscribed circles.

92.—If from a piece of tin, in the form of a sector of a circle, whose radius is 30 inches, and the length of its arc 36 inches, be cut another sector whose radius is 20 inches; and if the then remaining frustum be rolled up so as to form the frustum of a cone; it is required to find its content, supposing one-eighth of an inch to be allowed off its slant height for the bottom, and the same allowance of the circumference, of both top and bottom, for what the sides fold over each other, in order to their being soldered together?

93.—Prove that the line which joins the middle points of the bases of a trapezoid divides the trapezoid into two equivalent parts.

94.—What is the area of a quadrilateral circumscribed about a circle whose radius is 25 feet, if the perimeter of the quadrilateral is 400 feet? What is the area of a hexagon having an equal perimeter and circumscribed about the same circle?

95.—Solve

$$mx^2 - 1 = \frac{x(m^3 - n^2)}{m, n}$$

SPLINTERS.

Gimp.

Letters.

Retreat.

Cynical.

Telegrams.

Tea-leaves.

Shocking!

Quid amplius?

Feminine Freak.

Willie Whiskers.

Get into the game.

"Are you afraid?"

Big Prefect,
Little boy;
Some ———
No joy!

Out of sight—the *i*.

Out of place—the ace.

"Oh, ain't it awful"!

The story runneth thus.

A lion among the ladies.

Romeo and Rooms to Let!

"This is my early week."

"Irishmen don't like tea."

What did Mattie tell them?

The mystery of the corridor.

Bring fruit, lemons or sugar.

Andy wasn't on to his *tic-tacs*.

Smoke McAleer's straight cut.

He sings Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

On time—the fly on the clock.

Punch forgot something, did he?

Ah, did you hear it snow in May?

"Bring out the best in the house."

"Hop-up" from the Berkshire Hills.

It's all a game of *chawnce*, Professor.

She gave him a rose; 'twas Cupid's dart
To one unskilled in Cupid's art.

Joe Loretto cut his hair;
Now he cuts Joe Loretto.

Scissors are flying through the (h)air.

"I'll play the night-mare act on him."

What is the hour by your Limburger?

"What are you going to have, B'yes?"

"Next Sunday it will rain for a week."

Big drop in corn beef the other morning.

How sweetly Dan plays "Annie Laurie!"

Isn't it your turn to buy snuff now, John?

"Lord 'Awke's gone home"—to Scranton.

Will the Health Officer *guarantee* us, Father?

"Don't call me Ike, or you will make me mad."

"Hello, Mack! Are you down for another game?"

Charity doth cover a multitude of sins;

A handkerchief will hide the down on lips and chins.

"Fat" says the doctors were holding a consolation.

"Is Mr. B. the double-breasted tenor?" No, dear.

"Will we catch cold without a cane?" Well, George!

We miss Steve's bright *Sallys*. So say we all of us.

Tautological. Tom said he had lumbago *in his back*.

A NURSE-RY JINGLE.

They are the college colors; yes, 'tis true—
White Caps on Two Little Girls in Blue!

The new war whoop: Ella Lu! Ella Lu! Lu Ella!

"I didn't know outsiders could send in splinters." Really!

It appeareth that Martin took a long time in saying good-bye.

The *Big Wind* wasn't in it with a certain Monday morning.

Do you know Mabel? He *Ott* to *Hunter*. She is out of sight!

Anxious Inquirer: No, dear, I am not raising side-boards. They are razed.—M.

Mac came back; he had his day.

Mac came back; they wouldn't let him stay.

She called one of the twins *Miss* and the other *Fortune*, because they came not singly.

When the swallows homeward fly,

'Tis in the spring they say;

But lads with feathers in their hat

Left on Thanksgiving day!

This is *ad rem*.

An instrument known as the "Gastograph" has been constructed for the purpose of recording the motions in the stomach of a patient under treatment, the movements of the food while it is undergoing chemical action being carefully and minutely recorded by means of electricity.—*Ex*.

We miss the boys, we miss their noise,
That's what we miss when we miss the boys,
But there are other Misses,—heaven's joys,—
Who miss the boys, yes, miss the boys.

A GAME OF CARDS.

We played at Cinch. I knew the game—

At least, I thought I knew it.

I also knew she held the ace,

I had the five, and threw it.

"My only heart, I give to thee,"—

With double meaning,—“win it.”

"It's diamonds I want, my friend;

Your heart—well, isn't in it."

HIGHER MATHEMATICS.

A man who is 45 years old has spent 19 years at school. How old is he now. Ans.—26.

There was a man in our room,
And he was wondrous wise;
He crawled beneath the coverlet,
Hid from the Prefect's eyes.
But when the Prefect had gone out,
With all his might and main,
He crept from out the coverlet,
And played at Cinch again.

Nolans, volans, would fly the coop,—

'Twould be a *coop de-tat!*

Nolans' Auntie saw the group;

They stayed, she flew awa'.

SHAKESPEAREAN QUOTATIONS.

The Philosophers.

A plentiful lack of wit.—*Hamlet*. (S. A. K.)
Crammed with distressful bread.—*Henry V.*

(M. I. F.)

An onion will do well.—*Taming of the Shrew*.

(I. M. N.)

'Dan Cupid, regent of love's rhymes.—*Love's Labor's Lost*. (J. I. W.)

He makes sweet music.—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*. (M. J. M.)

A mere anatomy.—*Comedy of Errors*. (T. J. R.)

Thereby hangs a tail.—*Othello*. (R. G. K.)

The students of the College, with wonder and delight,
Will read in the Splinter column of that famous Wednesday night.

A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

I.

'Tis the last bird from Autumn
Left fatt'ning alone,
All his waddling companions
Have gobbled and gone.
No foul of his kindred,
No gobbler is nigh,
To fight with his lordship
Or blacken his eye.

II.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one,
To perch on the fence;
Since all turkeys have vanished,
Thou, too, must go hence.
In kindness I beg thee
To eat all the more,
For Christmas is coming,
A *roast* we implore.

III.

So, soon may I see thee
On next Christmas Day,
When thou shalt lay sprawling
Thy life ebbd away;
When good things surround thee
And lov'd ones so gay
Thy wish bone are pulling
On next Christmas day.

M. V. G. J.

The *cook* got into an *English* stew—
Big Alice, where art thou?
Oh, wilt thou fly to Cleveland, too,
Whilst the sausage barks bow-wow?
Beside the grave of *Annie*, dear,
O'Neill in anguish great,
While *Sweet Marie* doth shed a tear,
And whistles and waits for *Kate*.
My Muse hath broken a *Trace-y* see,
And *Ag-ony* looms up;
I'll *Sue* for toast, while *Mary D.*
Will read the leaves in my cup!

Jes' 'Fore Christmas.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
 Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me Bill!
 Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy
 Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntle-
 roy!

I love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
 Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!
 Most all the time the hull year roun' there ain't no flies on me.
 But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport—sick 'im on the cat;
 Fust thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
 Got a slipper-sled, an' when us boys goes out to slide
 'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!
 But, sometimes, when the grocery man is worried and cross,
 He reaches at me with his whip, and larrups up his hoss;
 An' then I laff and holler: "Oh, you never teched me!"
 But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
 I'll be a missioner like her oldes' brother Dan,
 As wuz et up by the cannib'ls that lives in Ceylon's isle,
 Where every prospeck pleases an' only man is vile!
 But gran'ma she had never been to see a Wild West show,
 Or read the life uv Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
 That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough f'r me—
 Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

Then ol' Sport he hangs around, so sollum like an' still—
 His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's er matter, little Bill?"
 The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a wonderin' what's
 become
 Uv them two enemies uv hern that use ter make things hum!
 But I am so perlite and stick so earnestlike to biz,
 That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
 But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicious me,
 When jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots uv candies, cakes an' toys,
 Wuz made, they say, f'r proper kids, and not f'r naughty boys!
 So wash yer face, and bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's an' q's,
 An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer
 shoes:

Say yessum to the ladies, an' yessir to the men,
 An' when they's company don't pass per plate f'r pie again;
 But thinkin' uv the things you'd like to see upon that tree,
 Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be!—

—Eugene Field in December *Ladies' Home Journal*.

EXCHANGES.

The November number of the *Wake Forest Student* is very interesting and worthy of much attention. Its columns contain a wide range of history, poetry and fiction. The article entitled "The Sea in old English Poetry," is very pleasing. In this essay, the writer, as he says himself, "attempts to set forth briefly one feature of our Anglo-Saxon literature," viz.: the abundance of

epithets of the sea and the elements which have furnished so grand a theme for poets, both past and present. The author executes the task with a perfection that necessarily involves much labor and research. "Politics in the Palmetto State," and "The Crotans," a historical sketch, are both well written.

We admire the interest the *Student* takes in endeavoring to rouse the schools of the State to realize the fact that too little attention is being directed to the study of State history, and in endeavoring to bring it about that a history of North Carolina be published, which will reflect due honor on her departed heroes.

Among our visitors there is none which receives a more cordial welcome than the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston. Every week it comes to us laden with the choicest bits of wit and wisdom. Its various departments, conducted in a most creditable manner, commend it to the Christian home, where the many useful and happy thoughts gleaned from it, will do incalculable good.

Another of our esteemed weekly journals is the *Monitor* from the Pacific slope. No one who reads this paper can fail to appreciate the zeal of its editor for the furtherance of Catholic truth and fair play! We are sorry, however, that our friend considers the publishing of sermons in the daily papers a "reprehensible practice," since we believe, with a writer in the current issue of Donahoe's *Magazine*, that "the generous secular press of the United States might be made a perennial truth society." Why, then, should not our Catholic clergy avail themselves of this golden opportunity to reach the masses?

We are much gratified to find the Holy Cross *Purple* on our table. This journal, although yet in its infancy, is a magazine of considerable literary merit. The article on "England's Latest Historian," gives a careful and true estimate of Mr. Froude as a historian and the poems are of no mean order.

The *Normal College Echo* is a very creditable college journal, orderly in all its departments, spicy and instructive in its editorials. In fact, the entire paper, although under feminine management, is thoroughly masculine in tone. "The Nineteenth Century Woman," and "Woman and Her Higher Education," although old subjects, are well written.

In addition to the above mentioned journals, we have received during the past month the *Ave Maria*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Queen's University Journal*, *Collegium*, *D. H. H. S. Item*, *R. C. H. S. Journal*, *Mirror*, *Niagara Index*, *Viatorian*, *Carmelite Review*.

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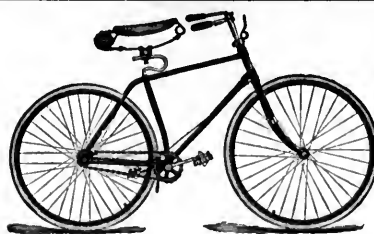
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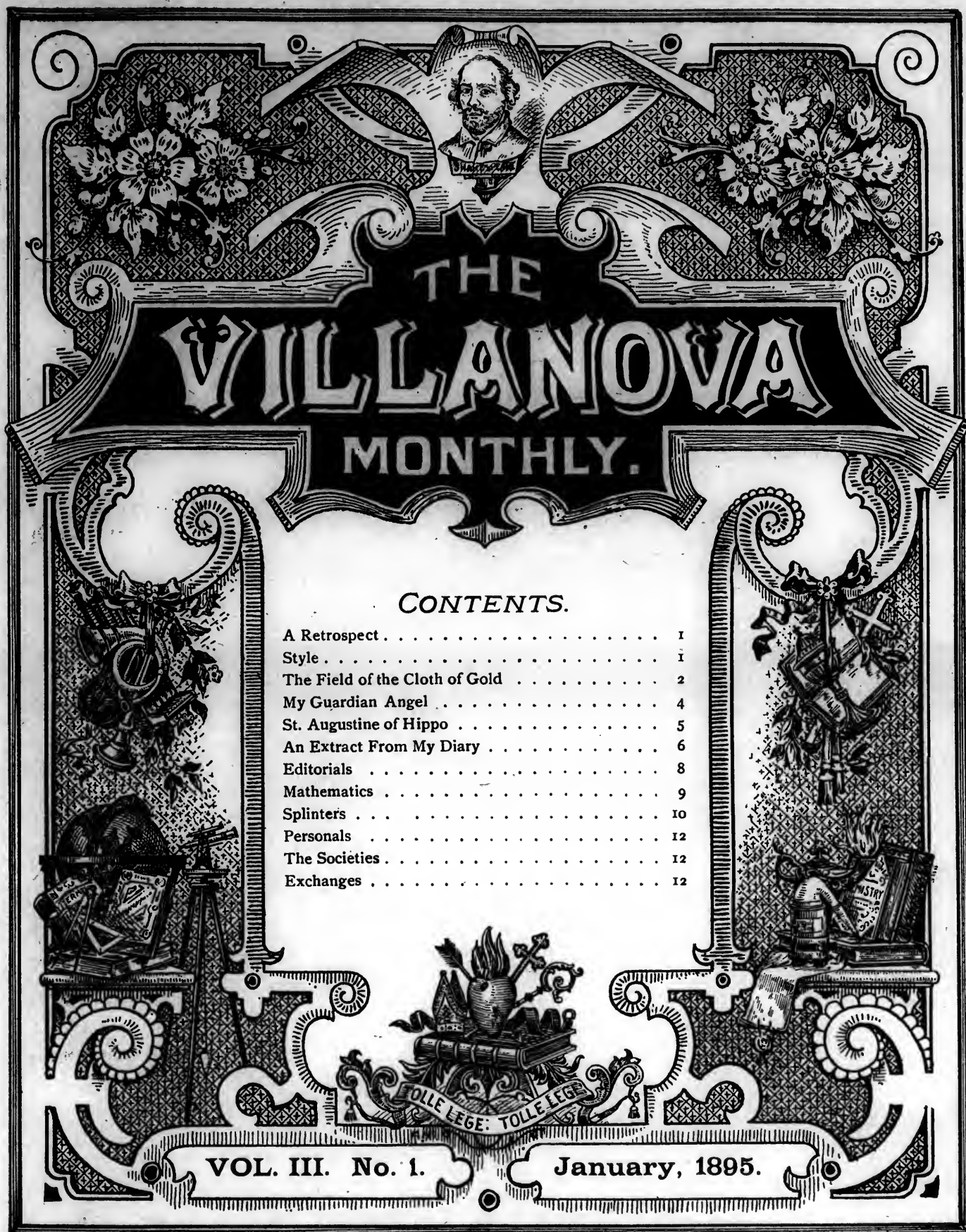
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Tears, only tears?
Hope would not beam so bright
Had we no fears.
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His grace unfurls—
Give them to Him, our tears,
Changed into pearls.

What has the past year brought,—
Sighs heaved in vain?
Flowers of purest joy
Budded in pain.
Drops from the wounded heart,
Chastened from sin,
Rubies of rarer worth,
Give them to Him.

What will the new year bring?
Rest, sweetest rest.
Knowledge, from sorrow sprung,
Lasteth, is best.
Free not from sighs, our hearts;
From tears, our eyes:
Crown us with these, oh, Lord,
In Paradise.

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

STYLE.

Written for the VILLANOVA MONTHLY by Maurice Francis Egan.

SECOND PAPER.

We were formerly taught at school that some great writer—Addison, for example,—should be taken as a model for imitation. Preceptors had even the temerity to recommend Dr. Johnson and the pompous Gibbon. We were expected to imitate these great people,—the idols of the classicists in English literature. We were taught certain rules, out of Blair's *Rhetoric*. These rules were arbitrary. Our essays were blue pencilled when we ended a sentence with a preposition or began a sentence with "however." However, time and a better understanding of this wonderful English language has opened our eyes to the fact that

questions of rhetoric are not matters of bad and good, but of better or worse, and that, in comparison with Greek or Latin, or German or French, English is practically a grammarless tongue. The only rules for style—I mean good style, of course—which we can enforce are rules which are drawn from good usage. Blair's *dictum* does not count; there is no infallible authority on style with us, except good usage, if one can call an authority infallible which is perpetually in evolution.

I hope that nobody will think that I am sneering at Blair's *Rhetoric*. Like old violins and old friends, it becomes more valuable (as a book of reference) each year. It needs to be supplemented by modern experience. Blair's *Rhetoric* alone will retard literary vitality; in the hands of an experienced professor, who can condense it, and cut out for use its definitions, it is unrivalled.

English is the most illogical, the most inconsistent, the most plastic and comprehensive of all modern language. It was a lute in Chancer's time; it is a great organ now with all the stops, except the *vox humana* of the Italian. Analogy will not help us in understanding it; as we do with the genders in French, we must, in English, fall back on usage,—on good usage. They manage this better in France. As the legend goes, Louis XIV, when a child, called for his carriage and misplaced the gender. He said "le carosse" for "la carosse." And it has been "le carrosse" ever since! Whether this be true or not, it is worthy to be written in the annals of a polite nation.

We are not so polite. When Thackeray makes a new word "resurging," we do not adopt it, although he is a good stylist; nor is a word used by Shakespeare,—"facinorous," for instance,—looked on as in good usage; nor is a word in good usage simply because it is "in the dictionary." A word to be of good usage must have been used by at least three writers of high repute. If I found a new word in De Quincey, I should feel that it was on the way to be of good usage,—because I know of no English writer who is more careful than De Quincey. If

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I found it in Goldsmith, De Quincey and Newman, I should use it in spite of all the dictionary makers; I should do the same thing, if I found it in Iving, Hawthorne and Robert Louis Stevenson. I intended, in this paper, to show how a young person of average abilities might become an easy writer; but I have been led to speak of the art of mental revision first. As soon as possible a young writer should be taught to be critical. He should be put through a course of the exercises on Addison's style, in Blair, and the exercises in Brown's false syntax, until life becomes a burden. This is better than all the corrections his preceptor can make in his essays—because the blue pencil of the critic seldom gives the reasons for such corrections and the eye of the learner often neglects them. Let him develop standards of judgment: Richard Grant White's "Words and their uses," Alfred's "Queen's English," Ayer's "The Verbalist," are all good for this. In the art of writing, nothing can be done—as in the art of reading—unless the habit of mental criticism be formed. I hope that some of our young readers "queried" a phrase in the last paper,—“a gross lack of knowledge.” When I wrote, my acquired instinct objected to it. It has been used before by good writers; but it does not seem to me to be good enough for Villanova College. I let it go with a purpose,—that you may do an exercise in mental revision by discovering for yourselves why it does not conform to the better usage.

This habit of mental revision should be practised in one's own work. Do not begin by becoming a jurist in regard to the work of others. Diogenes probably failed to find an honest man because he never thought of flashing his lantern into his own face,—or perhaps he kept it too near his own face and that made the world darker. At any rate, the man who wants to write should not be on the look out for bad writers; he should use all his power of revision on himself. And he ought to remember that criticism means the discovery of beauties even more than the picking out of defect. Let him look for defects in himself and for beauties in others; then he will become an artist.—“Good Heavens!” said a youthful critic before Bouguereau's "Orestes," in the Philadelphia Academy, “how big the man's hands are!” “Any fool could see that!” murmured the artist, Healy, under his breath.

The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

In the vast interminable conflicts which seemed to convulse Europe ere the pride of Lucifer and the licentiousness of Henry VIII had arrested a goodly half of the people from Catholicism to Protestantism, we read the portentous signs of the

political and religious revolutions that were to occur. Enthusiasts were abroad long before the sixteenth century. The Lollards of England had held their secret conventicles at an early period, as anyone that has read Bulwer's "Last of the Barons" well knows, and at even an earlier date Wycliffe had sown seeds of theological and political heresy that boded no advantage to his native land. The Albigenses were doing nefarious work in northern Spain and southern France. Germany was rife for revolt. All Europe rested on the crater of a slumbering volcano that afterwards vomited forth its lava of revolution on the deplorable sixteenth century of the Christian era.

The effect of the wars between Guef and Ghibelline was apparent in Germany and Italy. New prophets arose to keep alive old traditional memories and they spared neither the Church nor kings in the excitement of the times. In vain were treaties made to assure peace among these disturbed nations. Revolts were cropping up at all periods, thick as flies on a summer's day. France kept her eye on fair Italy, and sturdy England desiderated Scotland's hills.

We come now to some antecedent causes that brought about the reality of our subject. At the accession of Henry VIII to the crown of England—peace reigned in Europe. The perceptible rise of all the large monarchies could be noted. When Pius III died, a warrior Pontiff, Julius II, succeeded him. He held much of the same doctrine in regard to Italy that President Monroe held in regard to America: "Italy for the Italians." When, therefore, Louis XII of France and Ferdinand of Spain took possession of Italian provinces, the former of the duchy of Milan, the latter of Naples, the strong-hearted Pontiff conceived the project of driving these foreigners, whom he called contemptuously barbarians, from Italian soil. He seemed to see in their movements, the reality of what we have seen in our days under Pius IX, the sequestration of St. Peter's patrimony to secular and oppressive power. Julius II, soldier without flinching, was withal ambitious of making Italy one great empire under one great ruler whose natural battlements and defences would be mountain, cold and sea. He battled as man never battled before. He humbled the pride of the Venetians, but Italy's independence was still threatened by France, Germany and Spain. The Spaniard withdrew from all hostility to Rome, and the Roman Pontiff hoped to draw the German into a quarrel with the Frenchman. The English monarch of unsavory memory, Henry VIII, young and susceptible to honor, was to be made the ally indirectly of Rome in its project of making Italy Italian. Events one after the

other focused, and Henry in his endeavors to assist the papal designs was badly beaten on land and sea. Later on, England had her revenge, in August 16, 1513, when a few hundred German lancers and British archers put to flight 12,000 of the French cavalry in the famous Battle of Spurs or Battle of Guinegate.

But Henry VIII was soon willing to extend the olive-branch to France. He was abandoned by the Pope, deceived by the German Emperor, betrayed by Ferdinand—it was mere chance that gave him his victory, for the best troops of France were then in Italy—he would come, therefore, to favorable terms with the French. Contrariwise Louis held on till he had to play the diplomat, in spite of himself. He was the outcast of Rome, the hated of the Swiss, the pursued one of England, Spain and Germany. The famous league of the nations against France was broken, and even Leo X after the Council of Pisa besought the allies to cease warfare with Louis XII of France.

Then came the marriage of the French king to Mary, the sister of the English king, brought about by Wolsey, who was speedily to be Lord High Chancellor, and ere three months had passed, the old French monarch, unable to stand the gaities of his new life, was placed in the tomb of his ancestors.

Francis I, Duke of Valois, succeeded Louis XII. Handsome and majestic he was predicted in days to come to be "king of the people, hero of the soldiery, prince of the ladies." The old policy of extending the power of France in Switzerland and Italy, became the sole object of France's efforts, and the French king won what he ambitioned. Peace was declared between all powers in Europe save one, and it was with no uneasy eye that France looked on the unfriendly conduct of England, which, while it did not go into open combat with France, encouraged her enemies and aided them with supplies.

Here we turn our eyes from general history to gaze on the form of a man who directed with masterful energy most of the stirring events of those and future days, who rose like the morning sun and faded after his day was done into the gloom of night itself. Wolsey the Magnificent and Wolsey the Heartbroken. From the humblest circumstances of life, Wolsey had arisen to the highest preferments. From the small revenues of an ordinary clergyman, his wealth and munificence increased to the boundless magnificence of a cardinal of the Roman court. When he went abroad to foreign countries, his attire better befitted a monarch of ancient Rome than a humble servant of Christ. There was a magnetism about him that

captivated all. The abbot that brought him his scarlet hat from Rome was so poorly clad that the people of Dover hooted him, but Wolsey, Cardinal of St. Cecelia's and Legate *a latere*, was resplendent in purple and gold when in St. Peter's Abbey, Westminster, king and noble bowed as slaves before his spendor. His retinue was simply dazzling in its make-up; abbots, earls, bishops and knights formed the long *cortege* that designated to the populace Wolsey was abroad. Erasmus called him the glory of the English kingdom. Richelieu, in the height of his power and glory, was never decked out as Wolsey, and it is no wonder that an historian should term him Alexander the Great in a Scarlet Cassock. Elegant in his manners and generous in his disposition, he soon found Henry VIII accessible and ready for his plans. Fifteen long years he ruled the royal councils, and his fame had so increased that it was not the literati, but the very kings of Europe who recognized his paramount influence and flattered his sense of superiority. He, however, was possessed of a "vaulting ambition,"—he would yet be Pope of Christendom. To this he directed even the success of national interests. To become Spiritual Ruler of Rome—the "Butcher's son," as one historian called him, would subjugate England's prosperity to personal aims.

"How like a mounting devil in the heart,
Rules the unweighed ambition."

WILLIS—*Parrhasius*.

Beneath the controlling power of Wolsey, a reconciliation was effected between Henry VIII and Francis I. Not even the power of Charles V of Austria nor the presents he showered on Wolsey could defeat this proceeding. Francis in his desire to accomplish his design of warding off the enmity of England, sought an interview with the diplomatic Wolsey more than he did with Henry. Mayhap Francis promised the Cardinal the tiara, could peace be procured.

On the frontiers of their kingdom, French and English monarch were to meet. They both had seemed loath to encounter each other, and had even sworn to allow their beards not to grow till such meeting came. Long beards became the fashion at the French court, while Sir Thomas Boleyn had to excuse his royal master that the English queen had a great antipathy to a bushy chin. The Field of the Cloth of Gold was fixed in Picardy, near to the castle of Guisnes. About June 4th, 1520, the monarchs with their large retinues, and surrounded with ladies of noble lineage, encountered each other. For weeks thousands of workmen had been engaged in erecting a large frame structure near the castle. It was quad-

rangular in form, and no expense had been spared interiorly and exteriorly to make it palatial. On one side of the castle were placed the French, and on the other, the English. As each monarch approached, one could see gold on every side. With Francis were the French nobles vested in cloth of gold and bowmen with gold quivers. Last came the king, mounted on a horse of fine mettle, and dressed in cloth of gold with a gold mantle, studded with priceless stones. Heralds and kings-at-arms marched near his majesty with their banners golden in the sheen of the sun.

On the other side was Henry with his dukes and earls and nobles in uniform of gold and green, attended by bowmen with gold quivers. Henry was attired in a cloth-of-silver vest decorated with precious stones and a white plume waving in the air from his cap. The festivities began after the two monarchs had entered into the palace that was hung with cloth of gold. Next day began the tournaments. Challenges had been sent to all foreign courts—declaring that the kings of England and France with fourteen other champions would meet all comers to the plains of Picardy at tilting and other knightly pleasures. An historian says that Wolsey must have had in his eye the two guests; Cæsar Borgia had hanged on the battlements of his castle, so numerous were the sentinels and watchers about their tents. Their meeting was very cordial, at least as far as exterior appearances were concerned. In the midst of a vast arena were the kingly and knightly sports to take place. Two trees (artificial) were erected—a red hawthorn in honor of Henry, and a raspberry in honor of Francis, and around their trunks were entwined damask and green ribbons. Everything about these trees, even to the delicately-cut leaves was so made as to deceive the most skillful eye. For a whole fortnight the tourney continued. When the clarion sounded, the two royal knights entered the lists. With perfect grace they proffered their obeisance to the attendant ladies, and began the combat. At the first pass France was nigh successful, but England was not subdued. In the second joust Henry disarmed Francis, but did not unhorse him. The ladies waved their bannerets for the combat to cease. Meanwhile went on the battles between the French and English knights—battles on foot succeeding their cavalry combats. In exultation Henry boasted of the achievements of his bowmen, and to his taunt Francis vaunted the possible deeds of his Bretons. One word drew another, and bluff Harry challenged his French adversary. Henry was short and stout, while Francis was slender of limb but agile in his movements. The contest had hardly closed before Francis managed to

trip up the English monarch, and Henry rising purple with rage and panting for revenge, wished to continue the combat—but the judges decided otherwise. The chivalric festivities ceased, and other matters were to be attended to.

The Field of Cloth of Gold, after all its splendid environments, was a field of future misery. Henry was pleased to have his greed even further glutted by Francis' promise to pay him annually 100,000 crowns. The lordly incumbent of the French throne would soon be undeceived, for Wolsey was even chancing on his rupture with France as he and his monarch were going to that field. Henry's great joy of these days of the tournament was the flashing glance of Ann Boleyn, who sat by England's queen, gazing on the dexterity of her royal paramour.

Wolsey the Magnificent had by this splendor made a friend of Francis, and he had Charles V of Austria in his favor; with Henry's aid he would now gain the Papal Diadem.

Did he succeed? The poor abbot that gave him hospitality at Leicester could best tell this.

Did Ann Boleyn succeed? Henry's sacrificial block in the Tower of London gives us the answer.

Did Francis succeed? The arms of Henry and Charles V devastated his kingdom.

Did the Lord Harry succeed? Within the portals of the despoiled convent, Sion House, the very dogs lapped up his blood.

"Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise."

POPE.—*Essay on Man*.—Ep. IV. Line 74.

X. '73.

My Guardian Angel.

Guardian of my soul immortal,
Leaving heaven's golden portal,
Sent by love divine.

Guide my steps through every danger,
Turn away God's righteous anger
From these sins of mine.

In the darkness of temptation
Be my soul's secure salvation,
Lest in sin I fall.
I will heed thy gentle warning,
Whispered to my soul each morning,
As on thee I call.

Though I cannot see thee near me,
Yet I know that thou wilt hear me—
Hear my lowly prayer.
And across life's troubled ocean,
Steer my bark in fond devotion,
To a haven fair.

To that shore where joy unending,
Fills the soul with peace transcending,
Speed my spirit free.

Let me anchor in a harbor,
Where there's neither grief nor labor,
For eternity.

J. F. MCG.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

TWELFTH PAPER.

Therefore to reach this perfection of their loftily endowed being,—to have and enjoy these graces of the Most High in all their fulness and richness, to attain to this state of real inner holiness, whence, (for such was the Will of God—their Creator,) was to follow their perennial happiness and beatitude, was the vocation of the angelic spirits.

That such was the purpose of the Most High in His creation of the angels is clearly pointed out by all their endowments, by all the energies of their sublime spiritual nature.

For vocation, be it said, is a sequence of the Divine Goodness, a very clear and distinct proof of this Goodness, and the one grace of God that deserves primarily to be cherished. In general vocation is nothing else than the call, or summons, (we here are speaking of intelligent beings only,) which God addresses to His creatures, according to the measure of their powers to correspond by their individual and personal activity to His most perfect and divine Will,—to so attune their lives to the standard of His divine Life, as to reach that eminence of inner spiritual excellence—of personal holiness, which He of His own free Will, through His own sheer benevolence for His creatures, has set for them as the ultimate goal of their virtuous activity. This is the only real and proper vocation of angels and men.

Moreover in bidding His creatures thus to follow that path in life, which in His divine wisdom He has traced out for them, God not only makes known to them what is His divine purpose, not only bids them what course to follow in life, what to do, how to act, how to live, what to shun, but in His providence has also endowed His creatures with the means—the graces of mind and will, whereby cherishing these behests of the Most High, they may execute them by knowing Him, loving Him, and imitating Him.

For in the attainment of knowledge, that is the possession of truth, (and the higher the better,) in the love of this truth, (and the more ardent the nobler,) consists chiefly one's imitation of the Deity,—the highest possible perfection of the creature.

For God being essentially infinite perfection is therefore infinite Truth and infinite Charity; and this perfection of truth and love in the creature is obtainable only by their intelligence and will.

For though the beings of God's merely material universe,—the merely physical organisms of plant and brute, are marked with manifold signs of His divine Wisdom, goodness, bounty, everywhere dis-

closed in the marvellous order, regularity, variety and beauty, which holds in their organization and adornments, yet these same material organisms are not stamped with the seal of God's inward and spiritual goodness,—with the image of His divine Life, the holiness of His infinite righteousness.

For having no spiritual character, no understanding, no freedom of will, the plant and beast cannot know the Law of God; cannot see the why and wherefore of their creation; cannot, by practising virtue, attain to inward cleanliness—to righteousness of mind and will; cannot recognize His gifts; nor, in brief, freely and meritoriously of themselves imitate His goodness.

For the organisms of the lower world of creation were not made for eternal life. When speaking of plants and beasts the term vocation, or mission, can be taken then in only a loose and figurative sense. For them the perfection of their spiritless and therefore graceless lives consists simply and solely in their unreasoning and unloving fulfilment of the laws of their Creator, who, in moulding them after His fashion, in endowing them with merely vegetative and sensitive nature, designed them solely as the aids, instruments, or servants of man—their nobler fellow creature, and therefore as the unconscious and meritless agents of the Will of God in working out His plan for the justification and happiness of the human world. Such is the mission, or vocation, of the merely material universe.

Frequently in the story of the human world have been recorded instances where the Almighty has made use of His material handiwork in order thereby to work out His divine and mysterious purposes, and thus all the better display His infinite power and wisdom.

Thus, (to mention merely a few instances,) God formed Adam—the first man—of the *clay* of the earth; in order to rebuke the stubbornness of His human servant Balaam, He made use of the voice of His brute servant—an *ass*; to point out His coming to earth to the Wise Men He chose the ministry of a *star*; and with *dust* and *spittle* He healed the sightless orbs of a blind yet trusting believer.

Here we may also note the marvelous and truly divine energy, which, in after ages of the world, God—the Redeemer of mankind—gave to such material substances, as water, wine, bread, oil,—the matter, as it is technically known, of the Sacraments of His Church,—the channels of His divine graces, whereby men are put in close and immediate touch, as it were, with the power and excellence of the Divine Life.

But to return to the real vocation, or mission, of the Most High. This term, as ought to be

clear, when properly and strictly used, implying as it does, natural goodness on the part of the creature,—a reasonable and willing desire to honor, obey and love His Creator, can be predicated only of God's intelligent creatures, who, as is evident from their nature and its endowments, can, in seeking His truth and following His righteousness, not only share in His own inner and divine excellence, but with Him also enjoy the divine Life without end.

For like other blessings of the Most High in the created order of things, this vocation, call, or mission, of God's goodness, when made known to angels and men by merely created agencies—the understanding and will, is styled the natural vocation of the creature. Such vocation is also variously known as the guidance of common sense, the light of reason, the voice of nature, because reason teaches its possessor (though not fully) what he must do to please His Creator. It tells him what is true, right and good, and therefore that God is supreme and infinite Truth; that He is the Giver of all good; that in the love and enjoyment of His friendship alone lies the natural term of all intelligent and virtuous existence; and that apart from Him one's happiness, or beatitude, can be but barren and utterly incomplete.

But it must be observed and just as strongly insisted upon that in His love for His creatures, in view of their higher and really divine destiny, God makes known His Will to His beloved at times in ways that are wholly above the natural reach of the creature,—in ways that in themselves are supernatural, superhuman, superangelical. Such extraordinary manifestation of God's Will is known by the name of divine vocation, or the vocation of God in the order of grace. But of this we will treat more fully further on. Here it is enough to state that the natural vocation of every intelligent being to a life of righteousness is then the chief blessing, or grace, of the Creator,—in fact, the first of all God's gifts, or graces, to the intellectual universe. No one gifted with intellect, or reason, is deprived of this grace. It is a consequence, or corollary, of his intellectual nature, and is given to all at the start of their reasonable and intellectual life.

From this it follows, (and the same may be said with emphasis,) that whoso in hearkening to this most beneficent voice of nature, believes in God, loves God, and seeks to imitate His righteousness, is blessed therein because of his proper use and employment of his understanding and will. For the intellectual creature this is the natural happiness of life.

And as may be said of other gifts of the Most

High, when hearkening to his natural vocation as made known to him by the light of the mind, one enters into this blessed and most natural fellowship with his Creator, he may not unreasonably expect to be made partner with God in His still higher and infinitely nobler blessings; may look forward to the time when he shall be called again by the Most High to the life of divine righteousness, wherein he will partake of the divine and heavenly graces of God's own Spirit, which sanctify unto Life Eternal.

This second vocation of the creature follows the natural vocation, and is styled the supernatural and divine. Unlike the natural vocation, this divine vocation is not given to all. It is a blessing that is given to the upright in mind and will, and is reserved for them that, heedful of the light of their understanding, and loyal to the bidding of their conscience, invite on themselves the higher blessings of their Maker. Thus in after ages of the world, (so we are told in history,) by signal bounty of the Most High, were called by His divine voice to a life of divine righteousness those servants of His, who chiefly were to be instrumental in furthering the salvation and redemption of the human race,—in making known to them the revealed Will of the Maker, in teaching them the beauty, excellence and inexhaustible richness of the after life, to which they had been chosen. Such were the patriarchs and prophets of God in the Old Law, and the apostles, disciples and saints in the New.

These truly were the well beloved of the Master.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

An Extract From My Diary.

One afternoon last week while leisurely engaged in scanning my diary I came to a part that has always been of more than usual interest to me. It was a facsimile of a letter which I received some time ago from a dear friend which contained a description of a storm beautifully contrasted with the state of the weather immediately preceding, and also a thrilling experience of a shipwreck. Being connected with a large and flourishing commercial house the writer was accustomed to visit Europe, Australia and South America to transact business. While on one of these voyages to the last-named place the ship on which he embarked encountered a severe storm and was wrecked. I was so much absorbed in this work that I deemed it sufficiently interesting to present an accurate account of all the principal events and circumstances connected with the wreck as told in his own words.

August 8, 186-.

It was an ideal day in June. The sky was cloudless, save ever and anon there was visible in the blue horizon a thread-like silvery cloud which, however, quickly disappeared. The sun, resplen-

dent in all its glory, had already passed the meridian in its course toward the west. The ocean, as far as the eye could reach, resembled a boundless prairie; so calm and smooth was it that one might be tempted to set out fearlessly in a frail boat on its broad and inviting waters. There was a gentle breeze blowing. The sea birds were flying close to the waters, into which they would occasionally dip their bright wings. The finny tribes, enticed by the warm rays of the sun, were sporting on the ocean's surface. The far-distant mountains, whose white-capped summits were scarcely discernible, lent a fitting background to this picture of Nature's loveliness. Such, in fine, was the day prior to the wreck. We had heretofore enjoyed an extremely pleasant voyage, because of the beautiful weather that had prevailed. The ship was sailing slowly with a light wind. The captain, whose weather-beaten and wrinkled countenance betokened years of exposure to the storms and perils necessarily encountered in a seafaring life, paced restlessly up and down the deck with many an anxious glance cast heavenward. More than once did he pause to examine, by the aid of his telescope, the appearance of the western sky. That a storm was brewing was evident from the tightly drawn lines and nervous twitchings of his mouth, and after each survey his face bore a more troubled expression. Nor were his fears ungrounded. For, lo! far to the west there appeared immense black clouds, each becoming blacker and more terrible to behold, as they approached nearer to the ship. Onward came the storm, fiercely struggling in the sky, hissing and roaring like some furious monster when in pursuit of its prey, fearful lest it should escape. The thunder, almost inaudible at first, and like the far-off cannonading of two large armies in battle, was gradually but surely growing more distinct and more terrifying. As I, in fear, listened to its terrific peals, the recollection of Dickens's words passed vividly before my mind. "If every piece of ordnance that man ever invented and brought into the field of battle had been simultaneously discharged that night, the combined sound would have been as a whisper compared to the roar of heaven's artillery that thundered in the skies."

The darkness was so intense that no object could be seen except at intervals when the bright flashes of lightning would illuminate the heavens. The brave ship plunged forward like a steed untrained to the reins; her gallant prow cut the waters; the topsails were reefed; the sails were furled. She wandered aimlessly over the surging deep, sometimes her bow appeared to be buried in the waves, only to emerge again from her fancied sepulchre and dauntlessly push forward as if conscious of her great responsibility. The wind was blowing from the northwest. The sea was tremendous, and so high was the foam thrown that, at times, the waves seemed to reach the sky.

At this moment a mountain of water of frightful shape, towering high above the ship, advanced threateningly toward her and for a short time she seemed as if lost, but when she rose again to the surface, the two masts, carrying the mate and two of the sailors lashed to them, were swept away.

The ship was soon afterwards discovered to have sprung a leak. The water was fast rushing in. All hands were busy at the pumps, not with the intention of saving the ship—for that was beyond all human power—but for the purpose of keeping her afloat as long as possible. These brave sailors employed every means known to them; but it was too late. It was only a matter of time, the leak was too large. The hold was soon filled; the ship was slowly sinking. Another immense wave, larger than the first, approached and broke with terrific force upon her deck. I, half stunned by the violence of the blow, was washed into the sea; and at this instant grasped at a piece of the debris. A few moments later the ship sank from view carrying all on board, fifteen in number, down into the watery depths.

Let the reader imagine himself withdrawn, for a short space, from intercourse with the living world, and dwell in spirit with me on the wild and furious ocean. After I had witnessed the fate of the vessel, hope abandoned me. It seemed, indeed, as if kind Providence had saved me to be

"Alone on the wave, alone in the dark
To buffet the storm alone."

For, as an author of great prominence truly remarked. "In proportion to the number of sharers in the danger, individual fears diminish." So it was with me, death with the sailors was by far preferable to this one.

Was there ever a prospect so unfavorable? During the whole night the storm waged with unabated fury. Momentarily expecting my doom *viz.* : to be dragged from the spar which I had opportunely seized, or devoured by some huge sea monster, I stood cold, hungry, thirsty and trembling with fear like a criminal awaiting his sentence. For hours (and it seemed ages) I clung to the raft drifting in whatever direction the waves carried me. About daybreak I descried on the horizon a moving object. As this approached I found it to be a sail. I immediately began signaling her, but she returned no salute nor indeed, did she give any sign of recognition. I was plunged into a deeper state of wretchedness than that from which I was aroused by the sight of the ship. My joy knew no bounds when I perceived her turning from her course and steering directly toward me. I was, at length, rescued.

On the day following the rescue, after having sufficiently recovered from the terrible shock of the shipwreck I was standing on deck admiring Nature in her beauty, I could not restrain a shudder at the thought of the treachery hidden in the ocean's breast. The noonday sun was high in the heaven. The breeze had sunk to rest. The ocean gave no sign of the awful tragedy in which it played such a prominent part. The scene, that is presented to my view as I gaze in admiration on the ocean and as I think of the fate of the ship and her crew, is very beautifully portrayed in the following:

"The angry tempest ceased, the winds were hushed to sleep,
And calm and bright the sun shone out upon the deep.
But that gallant ship no more shall roam the ocean free,
She has reached her final haven, beneath the dark blue sea."

M. J. MURPHY, '95.

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EDITORIALS.

WE all admire modesty. We cannot help it. "Modesty is to merit," says La Bruyere, "what shade is to figures in a painting: it gives it boldness and prominence." It seems peculiar that in our days, modesty in a gentleman is considered a failing. How often we hear that such a one is "too modest," "too backward," and "he will assuredly never get on in life." The inference is that he ought to be more bold and more forward. This is not truth. We admire a woman for her modesty, and it seems to add to her beauty. It throws on her countenance a light that is borrowed from her virtue. In England the people call the rosy tint which surmounts the cap of the white rose, "the maiden-blush." This delicate hue is only a symbol of the best ornament of womanly character. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower. We admire modesty, too, in a young man. Who can bear a blustering, talkative, arrogant youth? He talks to his elders so dictatorially that one would believe the law of nature was reversed. A modest youth always gains for himself the esteem and consideration of those who surround him. If he has not yet entered into active life, he obtains good-will, and, afterwards, a generous protection that will give him ample opportunity to rise to distinction in the ranks of life. It is always a pleasure for great men to discover hidden merit—

to make it shine before the world. When Pliny, who was a great lawyer and a beautiful writer, would be importuned to plead a case, he often would accept on condition that some poor modest and timid advocate should be associated with him.

Among the Romans modesty was considered to be a valuable element in oratory. Pliny always liked the hesitative manner, the modest blush in a speaker. The very confusion which overtakes young speakers gains for them the sympathy of an audience. We speak of the circumstance when it is not drawn out too far.

Vain-glory is incompatible with modesty. When we see men, especially young men, inordinately praising themselves, we cannot help laughing at their vanity. Or when we see them gathering up the compliments paid them, and, in their speech, adorning and augmenting them, we feel they have weak heads and narrow minds. Vain-glory is the opposite of modesty. Vain-glory is only a species of pride, and a very low species at that. It is a vile thing, and if often even it is combined with merit, it licks the dust—to use a poet's expression.

We all should strive to be modest, and not run after flattery and glory like children chasing butterflies.

"Modesty is to virtue," says Lord Chesterfield, "what a veil is to beauty." It does not dim the glory of virtue. When old Themistocles wearied his countrymen about the battle of Salamis, they rose up and exiled him. His vanity bored them.

The Orientals have a beautiful apologue about modesty. It is a dew-drop changed by God into a pearl—the reward to that which thought itself the least of Creation.

WITH this issue our MONTHLY enters upon the third year of its existence. We deem it our duty and find it a pleasure to thank all our friends and patrons for the assistance they have given us and our predecessors. Many changes have taken place during the past two years. None of the original staff remain. The most of them have graduated, and are striving for distinction in their various avocations. Although they have ceased to take an active part in the welfare of our MONTHLY, yet it is to their united and untiring efforts that it owes its existence. That they may succeed in their every undertaking and occasionally exert themselves to further the interests of Villanova and its MONTHLY is our sincere and earnest wish.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the ensuing year are now due. Please forward the same to the business manager. Your amount is small, but yet of great assistance.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

91.—The area of a polygon of 25 sides is equal to 40: find the area of the ring comprised between the circumference of the inscribed and circumscribed circles.

Solution by John I. Whelan, '96.

$$\frac{1}{2} ch = \frac{40}{25} = 1.6$$

$$\frac{1}{2} C = 7^{\circ} 12'$$

$$A = \frac{360^{\circ}}{2n} = 7^{\circ} 12'$$

$$\tan \frac{1}{2} C = \frac{\frac{1}{2} c}{h}$$

$$\tan \frac{1}{2} C = \frac{\frac{1}{2} ch}{h^2}$$

$$h^2 = \frac{1.6}{\tan \frac{1}{2} C}$$

$$\log h^2 = \log 1.6 + \operatorname{colog} \tan 7^{\circ} 12'$$

$$\log 1.6 = 0.20412$$

$$\operatorname{colog} \tan 7^{\circ} 12' = 0.89850$$

$$\log h^2 = 1.10262$$

$$\log h = 0.55131$$

$$\cos \frac{1}{2} C = \frac{h}{r}$$

$$r = \frac{h}{\cos \frac{1}{2} C}$$

$$\log r = \log h + \operatorname{colog} \cos \frac{1}{2} C$$

$$\log h = 0.55131$$

$$\operatorname{colog} \cos \frac{1}{2} C = 0.00344$$

$$\log r = 0.55475$$

$$\log r^2 = 1.10950$$

$$\text{Area of circumscribed circle} = \pi r^2$$

$$\log \text{area} = \log \pi + \log r^2$$

$$\log 3.1416 = 0.49715$$

$$\log r^2 = 1.10950$$

$$\log \text{area} = 1.60665$$

$$F = 40.425$$

$$\text{Area of inscribed circle} = \pi h^2$$

$$\log \text{area} = \log \pi + \log h^2$$

$$\log 3.1416 = 0.49715$$

$$\log h^2 = 1.10262$$

$$\log \text{area} = 1.59977$$

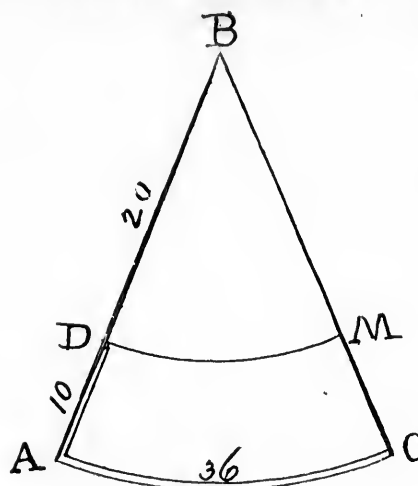
$$\text{area} = 39.790$$

$$\therefore 40.425 - 39.790 = 0.635 \text{ ans.}$$

92.—If from a piece of tin in the form of a sector of a circle, whose radius is 30 inches, and the length of its arc 36 inches, be cut another sector whose radius is 20 inches; and if the then remaining frustum be rolled up so as to form the frustum of a cone; it is required to find its content,

supposing $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch be allowed off its slant height for the bottom, and the same allowance off the circumference of both top and bottom, for what the sides fold over each other, in order to their being soldered together?

Solution by N. A. Dugan, '96.



Let ABC be the sector of a circle

$AB = 30$, $BD = 20$, $AD = 10$ inches

Arc $AC = 36$ inches

When folded over, AC becomes circumference of lower base = 35.875. And as arcs of similar sectors are to each other as their radii.

$$30 : 20 = 36 : \text{arc } DM. \quad DM = 24$$

DM becomes circumference of upper base = $23\frac{7}{8}$

$$(35.875)^2 \times .07958 = 102.4$$

$$(23.875)^2 \times .07958 = 45.4$$

$$\text{Mean proportion} = 68.1$$

$$215.9$$

$$35.875 \div 3.1416 = 11.42 = \text{diameter of lower base}$$

$$23.875 \div 3.1416 = 7.59 = \text{diameter of lower base}$$

If a plane be passed through the centre of the upper and lower base the section will be a trapezoid.

$$\frac{11.42 - 7.59}{2} = 1.915$$

$$V(9.875)^2 - (1.915)^2 = 9.68 = \text{altitude}$$

$$215.9 \times \frac{9.68}{3} = 697.375 \text{ cubic inches}$$

$$697.375 \text{ cubic inches} = \text{volume of frustum.}$$

93.—Prove that the line which joins the middle points of the bases of a trapezoid divides the trapezoid into two equivalent parts.

Solution by George A. Buckley, '96.

Let $ABCD$ be a trapezoid, and $E F$ a line joining the middle points of the bases AB and CD .

Then the trapezoid $A E F D$ is equivalent to the trapezoid $E B C F$.

Proof.—Draw h the altitude of the trapezoid $ABCD$.

SPLINTERS.

The area of the trapezoid $A E F D = \frac{1}{2} h (A E + D F)$

The area of the trapezoid $E B C F = \frac{1}{2} h (E B + F C)$

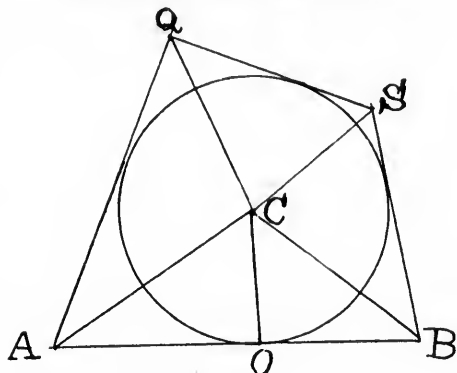
But $A E + D F = E B + F C$

Therefore the trapezoid $A E F D$ is equivalent to the trapezoid $E B C F$.

94.—What is the area of a quadrilateral circumscribed about a circle whose radius is 25 feet, if the perimeter of the quadrilateral is 400 feet?

What is the area of a hexagon having an equal perimeter and circumscribed about the same circle?

Solution by J. J. McCarthy.



Let P represent the perimeter of the circumscribed polygon $A B S Q$ and $O C$ the radius of circle.

Then the area of quadrilateral $A B S Q = \frac{1}{2} (P \times O C)$.

Proof.—Draw $C A, C B, C S, C Q$.

The area of $\triangle A C B = \frac{1}{2} (A B \times O C)$.

In the same way it may be proved that the area of each \triangle equals half the product of $O C$ and its base.

Therefore the area of the quadrilateral which equals the sum of the areas of the triangles is equal to $\frac{1}{2} (P \times O C)$

$$O C = 25 \text{ feet}$$

$$P = 400 \text{ feet}$$

Therefore area of quadrilateral $= \frac{1}{2} (400 \times 25) = 5000 \text{ square feet.}$

The hexagon has the same area.

New Problems.

96.—Compute the value of the following expressions :

(a) $a \sin 0^\circ + b \cos 90^\circ - c \tan 180^\circ$

(b) $(a^2 + b^2) \cos 360^\circ - 4 ab \sin 270^\circ$

97.—The rectangle contained by the segments of the base of a triangle, made by the point of contact of the inscribed circle, is equal to the rectangle contained by the perpendiculars from the extremities of the base on the bisector of the vertical angle.

98.—If R denotes the radius of a circle, and a one side of a regular inscribed polygon, show that

(a) In a regular pentagon, $a = \frac{R}{2} \sqrt{10 - 2\sqrt{5}}$

(b) In a regular octagon, $a = R \sqrt{2 - \sqrt{2}}$

(c) In a regular dodecagon, $a = R \sqrt{2 - \sqrt{3}}$

99.—Solve

$$x^2 - (m+n)x = \frac{1}{4} (p+q+m+n)(p+q-m-n)$$

Our Jim.

Bill Barrè.

Newcomers.

Little Cupid.

The Wizard.

Harbor lights.

The Professor.

Little Brother.

"I'se 'sprised!"

"I. C. its awful."

Motus astrorum.

3.30 A. M. Ghosts.

"Childless mothers."

"Say, Bill, get the key!"

He must be a mind reader.

Who *swiped* the four eggs?

Oh, those Wednesday nights!

"My brother has it."—Maud.

Sour milk is good for sore lips.

Where did *they* get those hats?

Up to date—the man who writes 1895.

Who hurried across the base-ball field?

"I can't play but am willing to learn."

To think that K——y is also a ladies' man!

Boo and Prince had a fight. Boo got *licked*.

All the rail fences in this vicinity are barbed wire.

Getting down to hard facts—crawling into a college bed.

The first night Bill slept in the new glass house he blew out the gas.

Brother J. got off a joke. He asked if the carpenter had sent the *Dore* home yet.

A belated one from the *Nurse-ry*. "If it fell over a little more it would look like the moon."

The rain does fall,
But the sun has set;
Ah Charles have you got
The *crackers* yet?

How many cards have you?
Just four trumps and two.

Six young men went out to skate,
And said they wouldn't be home till late;
They made up their minds they'd have some fun,
But five were told "your're not twenty-one."

"Your face is like a *busted* concertina."

The ingenuous youth, who is "not slept out yet," asked if she played "that violin with two bows."

Oh youthful affection is a touching sight to see,
And John gave up tobacco since he went with me.

"The last time I was measured I weighed four feet."

Sully says when last he saw him, he was seven squares long by two wide.

"I thought it might be a tramp trying to steal the overcoats out of the study hall."

A wedding,
Some feasting,
Late hour to bed;
No breakfast
Next morning,
A big swelled head!

"Are you asleep, father?" "Yes." "Good night."

He came back from the city with a twinkle in his eye.

A *Splinter* fell on the church steps and presented a queer aspect.

The young man may have a wery nice voice, but he told one lie in wa(y)ne.

She says he is too slow to lead around by the hand.

Tom received a Christmas present. Now his friends are asking what he will do with it.

She was a charmer,
He was charmed.
She charmed snakes
That were not fakes;
He saw snakes,
Grew much alarmed,
But she was a charmer,
He was charmed.

He reasoned in psychology,
Expounded sociology,
He studied his philosophy with zeal.
He was a linguist grammatic,
Solved equations, too, quadratic,
But located St. Louis in Mobile.

All of the diminutives are measuring with the new philosopher,—anxious to yield to him their honorable title of "Shorty."

Hip, hurrah! hold your horses
Or they'll get away!
Oh, what pleasure in the country,
Riding in a sleigh!
But the joy intoxicating
Quite upset his mind,
And he asked, "Is that horse coming
Toward us or behind?"

I have learned a pretty story,
It will hardly do to tell,
Yet such a pretty story,
I cannot keep it well.
It's you tickle me
And I'll tickle you!
You tickle, I tickle,
Tickle then we two.

It has been suggested to Andy,
Since the star of his heart has not risen,
That he advertise for a "steady girl,"
Who will promise to be all his'n.

Honi soit qui mal y pense—
A motto old and solemn—
Dear *Owl* and *Earlhamite* please note,
When you read our "Splinter" column.

SHAKESPEAREAN QUOTATIONS.

The Rhetoricians.

Banish Jack and banish all.—*Henry IV.* (J. J. H.)

His nature is too noble.—*Coriolanus.* (A. J. P.)

I know a *trick* worth two.—*Henry IV.* (E. T. W.)

I do remember an apothecary.—*Cary.*—*Romeo and Juliet.* (J. T. C.)

I'll rant as well as thou.—*Hamlet.* (E. J. W.)

Loves to hear himself talk.—*Romeo and Juliet.* (J. J. R.)

Life's but a hollow shadow.—*Macbeth.* (T. J. C.)

Mischief, thou art afoot.—*Julius Cæsar.* (E. P. McK.)

Commend me to thine honorable wife.—*Othello.* (D. A. H.)

Oh, that this too solid flesh.—*Hamlet.* (E. J. M.)

Remember the poor creature, small beer.—*Henry IV.* (M. J. R.)

Saint George, that swung the dragon.—*K. John.* (G. A. B.)

He was, indeed, the glass.—*Henry IV.* (C. E. W.)

BREAK, BREAK, BROKE.

Break, break, break,
On the rocks of my frailty,
For the promises made at New Year's
Will never be kept by me!

Oh well for heroic boasts
And vows that were to endure,
Oh well for the potent No-tobak,
The Fool's gold of the Keely cure!

And the tide of life runs on,
Withersoe'er you will—
But O, for the sight of the leaf that was turned,
That isn't turning still!

Broke, broke, broke,
The green leaf was fair to see,
But the kaleidoscopic tints of old
Have settled again on me!

EXCHANGES.

Indeed it is not our wish to use our column as a medium of aggressive criticism, but when we are confronted with such an article as appeared in the *Lebanon Valley College Forum* of last month, viz.: "Boodleism and Romanism," we will be pardoned for manifesting a little resentment. If we were to follow the thread of the invective step by step, it could easily be shown how thoroughly biased and unreasonable the article is. But we have not space for that, nor indeed would we if we had, as the only way to treat such open bigotry and prejudice is with silent contempt. But the writer traps himself by the line of argumentation which he endeavors to follow out: comparing the strength of the nation to that of Samson which rested in the secret of his hair, and comparing the Catholic Church to Delilah of old, he says, "Like unto the seven locks of hair, we boast of our strength as a nation in that we have seven free institutions, viz.: free thought, free speech, free worship, free press, free shops, free schools, and a free ballot. These seven locks 'Romanism'—'the mother of harlots'—through superstition, bigotry and trickery is trying to sever from us and unless we awake to the true situation, she will succeed." With these and other similar expressions the writer, while he endeavors to prove the desire on the part of the Catholic Church to destroy the "seven powers," to an observant reader will evidently appear as being most eager himself to destroy one of these powers by severing one of the aforementioned locks, viz.: free worship.

The most interesting feature of the last number of the *Holy Cross Purple*, is the article entitled "Fifty Years Ago," illustrated with portraits of the different presidents and several bishops. Pictures of the college buildings as they were some thirty years ago and as they are to-day decorate its pages. We commend the *Purple* for the laudable pride it assumes in behalf of her Alma Mater. The poem "To Alma Mater" is excellent.

In the November and December numbers of the *Sunbeam*, from Ontario Ladies' College, may be found several interesting and instructive essays, among which may be classed, "Advancement in Life" and "The Novel in Literature." The poem, however, entitled "The Little Wanderer," is not of a very high order.

We extend a hearty greeting to our latest exchange, the *De La Salle*. Its first number augers well for a bright career. Stop not, *De La Salle*, till you have equalled or, if possible, excelled your predecessor at "Old De La Salle," whose untimely

death deprived Scholastic Journalism of one of its brightest ornaments.

The *Crimson and Gold* vies in excellence with its sister journal of the Central High School. Its articles are good and its editorials well written. Altogether it presents a very neat appearance.

To the *Owl* we send greetings. Laugh while you may, Brother, life is not all sunshine.

THE SOCIETIES.

V. L. I.—The regular meeting of the Literary Institute, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 16, was well attended. The President was requested to convey the thanks of the society to the Rev. J. T. O'Reilly, O.S.A., of Lawrence, Mass., for his several favors to our reading room, and to the Rev. J. B. Leonard, O.S.A., of the Faculty, through whose kindness thirty-six volumes of the *Ave Maria* were added to our Library. After the admission of several new members, the society adjourned till Wednesday, Jan. 30, when officers for the ensuing term will be chosen. The members are requested to heed the warning of our President, that none but those in good standing will have a voice in the election.

V. A. A.—On January 27, the Athletic Association met to transact the monthly business. As the semi-annual meeting will take place soon, anything of importance was deferred until that meeting.

PERSONALS.

Among those who called at the College during the past month were Rev. Frs. Gleeson and Cunningham, S. J., of Philadelphia; Peter Crane, O. S. A., Lawrence, Mass; the Misses Coar and Condon, Jersey City; Miss Clara Hart, Wilmington, Del.; Miss Constance Simons, Baltimore, Mrs. Thomas Kennedy and Mr. J. Stanley Smith, B. S., '94.

It is with deep sorrow that we are called upon to make mention of the rather sudden death of Mr. Michael Whelan, who died on Dec. 18, at his home in Wilmington, Del. To his son, John, one of our associate editors, and to the family in its present hour of bereavement, we offer our heartfelt sympathy. Among those who attended the funeral were our Very Rev. President L. A. Delurey, who assisted at the Mass, and M. J. Murphy, '95.

Scarcely had we ceased to think of Mr. Whelan's death when the news came that Mrs. J. Parker, of Quincy, Mass., mother of W. J. Parker, A. B., '93, was called to her reward. Although she had been ill for several weeks no fears were entertained as to her ultimate recovery, and the suddenness of her death produced additional sadness in the family on account of the very great loss sustained by her death. We beg to extend our deepest sympathy to the family in this their hour of great sorrow.

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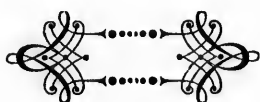
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Villanova Monthly

Vol. III.

Villanova College, February, 1895.

No. 2.



"Tempus Fugit."

"Time flies"—as our old friend Horace sings—
In its swiftness pursuit defying;
To-day we enjoy the laughter of life,
To-morrow 'twill end in sighing.

To-day all is bright with flowers and song,
And the sun o'er the meadows shining;
To-morrow brings darkness and wind and rain—
The birds and the flowers are a-pining.

To-day, looking down through the vista of years,
Our hearts are o'erflowing with gladness;
To-morrow brings sorrow and pain and regret,
Alack! they are weary with sadness.

Our to-days and to-morrows and yesterdays
Are but rain-drops in Time's vast ocean;
The waves roll on in their ebb and flow
And show not a sign of emotion.

But to-days and to-morrows and yesterdays—
Though swiftly coming and going—
Are the sum of a life, be it long or short,
Its pleasures and cares bestowing.

Time flies—we heed not its wild, wild flight,
The years that return—ah! never—
They will seem but as moments when, all too soon,
'Twill have flown from us forever.

R. A. G.

Richard A. Gleason, S. J. A.,

STYLE.

Written for the VILLANOVA MONTHLY by Maurice Francis Egan.

THIRD PAPER.

A critic has said to me: "No man can be a writer who has not sublime thoughts—sublime thoughts will produce a sublime style. And the only rules that govern English should be derived from Aristotle's 'Poetics' or from the study of Cicero. The latter is always elegant and sonorous; you can not write a sublime style unless you think sublimely."

My friend does not understand that I am not writing for men of genius. I am writing for men, who, like myself, are not boiling over with sublime thoughts, men who want simply to express their own thoughts, and any man who expresses his own thoughts in good English makes literature.

Shakspeare and his great predecessor, Sophocles, are not less great because they ignored the rules of Aristotle. And few English-speaking men will admit that Carneille and Racine were made greater by their adherence to their rules. Newman owed as much to the study of Jeremy Taylor and Hooker and the Bible as to Cicero. When one thinks of it, one can not help concluding that Cicero's Latin of the Senate was more colloquial than we, accustomed to associate sonorousness and elegance with long words, have for some time believed. "Apprehend" is a mouth-filling word; but, after all, it is not better, except for its connotation, than "catch on."

To return to the main question: How is the student, not a genius, to learn to write? He is surfeited with rules for expressing what he does not know how to express; he is gorged with rhetorical directions which he cannot apply; he is stunned with philological and historical notes on "the authors" until they become to him as dry as a bit of calculus to the mere unmathematical layman. He hears about "style;" he is told by one man to admire Gibbons, by another to imitate Macaulay, by another to avoid Latin derivatives, by another to be as grandiloquent as De Quincey

at the end of the famous paper on "The Knocking at the Door in Macbeth." He is paralyzed by all this; but, if he happen to be thrust into newspaper work, he forgets it all—and writes. The easiest way to learn to write, is to write. We shall get rid of a great deal in the rhetoric books, and give a few rules:

(I.) No day without a paragraph.

(II.) Never be in a hurry.

But, by way of preface, learn to think consciously! Of course every man who writes well must express much more than his conscious thought; he, himself, is much more than his conscious thought, and he must express himself. How shall the young student be taught to think consciously on any subject for a theme?

(a.) He must gather together all his thoughts or impressions; all the results of his observation or experience.

(b.) He must write them—*pêle mèle*, at first.

The process of logical thinking is another matter. Let us take, for example, a student who has read his local paper and probably a novel or two, and not much else, except his text books. How are we to begin to help him to express thoughts of which he is wholly unconscious? You may say that there is no necessity for his expressing his thoughts at all. Nevertheless, any system of education which does not teach the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, and the blind to see, fails of its object—unless, as is too frequently the case, a school sets out to develop only the clever. Now, the quiet boy, the apparently stupid boy, is often simply lacking in the power of expression. He may be timid, too. He is dumb, because he has not been taught to speak; but experience shows us that this boy rather than the glib and brilliant student is the one who often speaks and writes best and most effectively, when he has found the means of expression. He is worth any amount of trouble; but there is no study so difficult to him as the art of writing. And, in no class are all the faculties of the teacher put under such a strain as that in literature, when such young men form part of it. Their pride will often prevent them from showing an interest in a matter which has no element of hope in it for them; and it is difficult to arouse interest and enthusiasm where both pride and ignorance are aroused against you. No student can learn to write who either "does not care," or "does not want to care"; but any enthusiastic and docile student can learn to write.

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A Double Sacrifice.

By J. I. WHELAN, '95.

CHAPTER I.

MEETING.

Joan had been happy all day. Not that she was generally melancholy and morose; but this day she was particularly joyous, and as she went about her household duties, she filled the house with gladness and song. When she had helped her mother prepare their frugal meal, she took down her shawl, a light thing which she always left hanging back of the door, and said she was going out for a short walk.

"But you have had no supper" said her mother.

"I care for nothing, to-night," she answered. Then, in response to her mother's questioning look, she continued:

"I have been in the house all day, and the fresh air will do me more good than a cup of tea. So, bye-bye, mother dear, I will return before it is dark."

Her mother looked after her affectionately, and followed, with a look of pride, her retreating figure. Joan was well calculated to inspire admiration in one that beheld her. She was not "divinely tall," but divinely fair. The pink and white of her complexion rivaled the delicate coloring of the blossom of the apple. Her hair was of the color which the old masters gave to that of the Virgin, and was bound in one loose knot at the back of her head. Her eyes were a liquid blue, intensified by the long lashes, darker than her hair. The shawl which she had thrown about her shoulders, did not conceal the contour of her figure, which was well developed. She was a perfect picture of youth and beauty; one whom men would madly love, one who would love in passionate return.

Joan was the youngest of three children, the only girl, idolized by her mother and two brothers. She was a posthumous child, and when her father had died, the widow of John Morley resolved that should the child be a boy, she would give him his father's name. But the little stranger that came to do battle with a cruel world, without a father's protection, was a girl, and the mother called her Joan; which was especially akin in sound to the name of her father, when we consider the broad pronunciation of the folk of the north country. For our heroine lived in the quaint old city of Greenock, at the mouth of the river Clyde in Scotland. Her father had been a master-workman in one of the shipyards for which this river has been famed so long. Joan's brothers, sturdy, handsome lads, were now employed in the same place, earning fair wages, and the little family lived as comfortably as most of their neighbors, as happily as any.

Joan's path lay not through the noisy thoroughfare, the main street of the city, where tall stores and warehouses encroached upon the narrow sidewalk. She turned at the corner, and passing through an arch under the railway, came at once upon a narrow stream or burn. For this is the peculiarity of the place, that solidly and compactly built, and covering an area of two square miles, at one place it is not over two hundred yards wide. This is owing to a hill which rises rather precipitately at this point, and through which the railroad tunnels.

She walked more leisurely now, following the burn. She paused by the side of a large rock, hollowed out, by the action of the elements, so as to form a natural seat. Presently she was joined by one whom she had evidently counted upon seeing. Their meeting was simple and unaffected. It was evident that the place had known similar trysts.

"Good evening, Jim," was all she said; but the pleasure was expressed in her beaming countenance.

His hand was to his cap when first he caught sight of her.

"Do you know," he said, "I was thinking of you just as I made the turn in the road." This was only a part of the truth; he had been thinking of her all day.

"Were you?" she asked. "How strange!"

Jim didn't think so, and said that, as the last time he saw her it was at this place, it was only natural that she should be uppermost in his mind as he approached the spot.

This caused the color to deepen on her cheek.

"And I was wishing you would be here as I passed," he continued.

He was as artless as she. Unconsciously they had started to walk together, and their course lay in the direction whence Jim had come, not towards her own home. In life there is "naught so sweet as love's young dream." So the immortal bard has said. And with one shaft cupid has transfixed these two innocent hearts.

Let us study Jim as they pass slowly along the burn. He was tall and well built, evidently of an athletic turn. As is not infrequently the case in his country, he had the dark hair of his more southern brother, which contrasted well with his ruddy complexion and the blue gray of his eyes. A high forehead, from which he had the habit of brushing back his hair, betokened a capacity for mental work. The whole expression of his face was that of one of strong character, yet with a disposition as gentle as a child's, of one who would appreciate a kindly action done, who would grieve over, rather than resent, an injustice done by a friend. He was a clerk in a linen draper's establishment, but the emoluments of his position were by no means large, and he already sighed for a wider and more lucrative field. He was agitated by aspirations as yet vague and undefined. He

felt that there were latent powers within him which he should try to develop. He had studied drawing and music as far as they were taught in the government schools, and had secured a certificate in both. He thought that in either line he could have achieved success, but the consultation with the good minister of the kirk, which had followed the broaching of the subject to his parents, had put an end to Jim's hopes. It was perhaps well for his future happiness that the longing in his soul was not appeased by these softer strains. The all-wise Providence had reserved for him a greater harmony which was to flood upon him.

Our friends now began to retrace their steps. They paused once more, almost involuntarily, at the side of the natural chair. It was here they first had met, and it seemed to Jim that he could never pass by the place without stopping.

"I will cut our names upon this tree, he said, "to remind us, if either should come alone, of our former meetings."

Was Jim getting sentimental or did he feel, as if in the foreshadowing, a coming separation? She stood by his side as he cut her initials in the yielding bark of the tree.

"J. M., that's for Joan Morley" he said. "Now for my own." And he cut, just below them, J. C.—Jim Chrystie.

"Our first initials are the same," she said. Jim gave her a quick look. Was this simplicity or coquetry?

"Perhaps our last initials will be the same one day" he answered.

She colored slightly and they started for her house. It was now nearly nine o'clock, although day-light still lingered. In the north country, in summer, there is almost no night.

Jim left her at the main street. He had never yet called at her home. Not that he was not, in every way, a suitable companion for her, or that he feared his presence there would be distasteful to her people, but there was just a touch of romance in both their natures, and withal a feeling common to both, that a meeting out in the free air of this secluded spot, where one's presence was all sufficient for the other, was more in keeping with their hearts which beat as though they sought to throw off the restraint of their narrow casements and to soar through the unknown regions of love.

Joan returned to her home and retired at once to her room, there to live over in a day-dream the past few hours. She loved Jim Chrystie and acknowledged the truth of what her heart whispered. She had never been vain of her beauty before, but now she stood before the mirror and gazed with satisfaction upon the reflected image. Her breath came fast. She was excited and her cheeks were more than usually bright.

"I am beautiful," she said, "he must love me."

Then half ashamed and almost startled at the vehemence of her own expression, she turned away from the glass.

In the meantime Jim was enjoying his evening meal. His appetites were healthy and, therefore, he deferred thinking of the recent meeting until the natural craving of hunger was satiated. But

he too was quiet all evening. He thought of Joan Morley in a manner somewhat new to him, that of one who has a right to think of and admire another. Why this was so, he could not tell. Did he love her? That he would not acknowledge, for love, in its incipency, affects the youthful lover in a manner different from that in which it touches the heart of the maid. She bows at once to its dominion and owns to a pleasing subjection; he rather resents the admonition that heart not head shall rule him. Jim Chrystie knew that Joan Morley had greater charm for him than any other girl, knew too that he was not indifferent to her, but to what extent he did not seek to inquire. At any rate, he could leave her to-morrow, and would leave her, if chance should discover to him a means of advancement in art or worldly welfare. This was his passion then supreme, that made him the less vulnerable to the shafts of Cupid.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARTING.

A month had passed since Jim had cut his own name and that of Joan Morley upon the tree by the burn. He had been a not infrequent visitor at her home since then. Even in that short time his visits had become to be looked upon as a matter of course by the members of her family. Joan's mother divined at once what had given the new elasticity to her step, the deeper brilliance to her eye. But Jim was a good lad, steady and ambitious, and although she felt a present pang in the prospective parting with Joan, she wisely entered no objection. So it gradually dawned upon Jim that he was looked upon as the accepted suitor for Joan's hand, and indeed she had come to have a place in his day-dreams of the future. And now those dreams were, in his estimation, about to reach their realization. He had engaged a berth in the steamer "Circassia," one of the Anchor Line, sailing from Glasgow. He was to sail for America! Full of ardor and animation, he broached the subject to Joan. A friend of his family was going to sail on the twenty-sixth and his ardent entreaties had won from his parents a reluctant consent to his embarking at the same time. He had two weeks for preparation, more than ample time to arrange his few effects. Youth, ambition, courage were his. The world was before him. He would chisel his name upon the tablets of fame. America, the Elysium to so many daring souls! America, the Charybdis of so many blasted hopes! While the future reveals itself to Jim in such roseate hues, Joan felt that her brief day-dream of happiness was waning. She felt a foreboding that the night of sadness now enshrouding her would know no other sunrise. She was silent.

"Well," Jim said finally, pausing in his breathless recital, "you are silent?"

"Yes," she said simply, "you are going to leave us. How can I rejoice at your departure!"

Then Jim understood. He had been selfishly full of his scheme, and as it was supreme with him, he had not thought that she could do other than share his joy. But as she stood with quivering lip

before him, trying to keep back the tears from her eyes, he saw what the parting would cost her, left behind to wait in silent loneliness till fortune's star should illumine his path. His heart reproved him as he looked upon her and in all sincerity he impetuously exclaimed:

"I will not go! I will cancel my ticket!"

"No," she said calmly, "your heart is set upon going. You say you are willing to give up the project. But that is only a transient emotion, which even to-morrow you will be sorry for. Go, and in your going may God's blessing be with you."

He saw that she was right. He would be unhappy forever, now, within the narrow horizon of their every-day life. But he was struck with the nobility of her character and her womanly foresight which prompted her to say *go*, with her lips, while he knew that with every helpless throb, her heart was saying *stay*. He felt that she was far superior to him; he saw as in a mirror the beauties of her soul; he bowed before her at last. He loved her. And now at once he fears lest another should win her, should steal her from him. He stretched out his hand toward her as though to hold her for himself. Her eyes met his, her soft hand sunk into his palm. His lips were pressed to her cheek. Then her fair head rested upon his shoulder, and as she trembled with emotion, he mingled his tears with hers.

Joan had said that his willingness to forego the journey was a transient emotion. He was swayed by sentiment as are all natures which are finely strung. That this was true of Jim, was no doubt due to the fact to which we have before alluded, namely the undefined longing which was in his breast. And now, when he admitted that he loved Joan, it was because he had seen her sorrowing with the knowledge that he had been the cause of her grief. Was this feeling too, but an emotion whose effects time would efface? The future only could decide. In the midst of her sorrow a feeling of quiet joy came to Joan. She could the better part with Jim as her lover than simply as her friend. And the knowledge that she could stay him with a word elevated her in her own estimation and touched her with romantic heroism.

On the night preceding his departure, our friends went out for a quiet walk along the burn, which had such pleasant memories for both. Little was said as they walked slowly side by side. Jim was naturally excited as the time of his departure drew near. He was in reality thinking more of the land beyond the seas than of the girl who measured steps with him. Joan was sad yet calm. As they drew near the tree whereon he had cut their names, they paused.

"When I return," he said, "I will cut our initials anew."

She knew what he meant. She was wearing a ring upon her finger that had once been his mother's.

"What shall I give you for a keepsake?" she asked him. She was tying a black silk handkerchief about her throat as she spoke.

"Give me the handkerchief," he said. "When our vessel steams down the Clyde to-morrow morn-

ing, and you stand on the Greenock dock, amidst the many indistinguishable white handkerchiefs that will flutter from the deck, this black one shall tell you where I am, waving my last good-bye to you."

Then they started for her home. He had already said farewell to her mother and brothers and did not enter. He knew there would be many at his own home, waiting to wish him Godspeed on his journey. He was to leave by rail for Glasgow early the next morning. Their parting was a sad and almost silent one. He kissed her again and again, he felt her tears upon his cheek; her arms were about his neck; he could feel the heaving of her bosom as he pressed her to his breast. For one brief minute they stood thus together, her fairer hair outlined against his darker locks. At length he gently withdrew her arms from his neck; he held her hands an instant from him.

"Good-bye," he whispered huskily, and dashed down the street.

The next morning he was at the station awaiting the express which was to take him to the city. A friendly crowd had gathered to see him off. There were hand-shakings and whispered words of hope, tears from weeping eyes, wishes that trembling lips could not frame. As the train dashed into the station, his mother flung herself upon him calling him her *bairn*, her *bonnie lad*. Jim's self-possession was completely destroyed. He wept like a child. The bright sun of his future prosperity, as he had often pictured it was hidden behind the cloud of present distress. He could say nothing to cheer his mother. His father led her away. The gong sounded. The guard shouted "all aboard!" Jim leaped into his compartment. The wheels revolved. He had taken the first step on his road to fortune.

Jim was a listless spectator of the bustle and confusion attendant upon the sailing of the huge vessel. He was thinking of his mother and Joan. He saw their faces in the tear-stained faces of those round about him. He had not known the wretched misery of parting until now. His own sorrow was augmented by what suffering he beheld. He sought out the steward and went below. Nor did he reappear on deck until the gentle motion of the steamer told him she had left her moorings. It was nine o'clock. The vessel he knew should pass Greenock about eleven. The passengers were already arranging their chairs on deck, ensconcing themselves in rugs and shawls. He listlessly observed the faces of those with whom he was to live in close contact for the next seven or eight days. Some of them, hitherto unknown to each other, were already engaged in conversation. Nowhere do more lasting friendships spring up than on the deck of an ocean steamer.

At the time he had estimated the steamer passed by Greenock. There was fluttering of handkerchiefs from the long dock. There was a general response from the vessel's side, even by those whose friends had all been left behind in Glasgow. But Joan standing by a bulk-head on the dock, saw amid the fluttering white, a darker speck waving its ominous farewell.

(To be Continued.)

Die Mihi Musa.

Sing, my Muse, of the slaughtered calf,
Not the Prodigal's calf of old,
Nor the golden calf that Moses smashed,
Though 'twas worth its weight in gold,
But an ordinary, every-day calf
Of the Villanova fold!

Three weeks it drained the maternal fount—
It travelled the milky way—
While Kieran watched its growth with pride,
And Fidelis smiled they say.
But the Procurator came along—
Every calf must have its day!

"Kill not the calf," kind Kieran cried,
"Yes, kill," cried the other brother,
Whilst the bloody butcher bared his blade
(He would kill the calf and its mother).
But only the innocent, three-weeks calf
Passed from this world to another.

The boys were fed on fillets of veal;
But the calf's-foot jellies that quiver,
Graced the Prefect's festive board—
Give thanks to that bountiful giver—
While the Fathers sat down to ambrosial feast
Of that poor little calf's little liver!

Shall we meet again, O slaughtered calf
Where the butcher's blade don't flash?
To say that we will, O slaughtered calf,
Is a promise far too rash.
But we *shall* meet thee, slaughtered calf,
Once more in the dish of hash.

"Brave Little Pete."

"Where is that boy Pete?" said Colonel Mortimer as he strode toward the kitchen, where much steaming and baking was going on, presided over by a portly colored dame. "Have you seen him this morning, Annie?"

"Yes sah," she replied, while she stood in the door with her hands on her hips and a red bandanna tied round her head. "He was heah a while ago an' I 'spec you'll find him ober in de peach orchid a readin' ob a ole book or sumfin lek dat."

"Confound him! reading, always reading!" he muttered as he strode in the direction indicated. "Pete! you Pete!"

"Here sir," piped a little voice as a small boy, thinly clad, made his appearance from among the apple trees, a flush mounting his brow at the harsh look bent upon him from the fierce eyes of the Colonel.

"You young dock rat, what do you mean by skulking around like this when there is plenty of work for you to do? I've a mind to give you a good thrashing."

"I've been helping Annie," gasped the boy; "I've not been out here long."

"No back talk you young loafer or I'll flay you within an inch of your life. Take old Bill down to the blacksmith's and have him shod, and don't

let the grass grow under your feet, as one of the wagons must remain idle till you get back."

Pete hastened to the stable and in a few minutes was galloping down the road, perched upon the back of old Bill, every now and then disappearing in a cloud of dust. The Colonel stood and laughed heartily at the sight; and indeed Pete presented a funny spectacle—seated upon the back of the old horse he looked not unlike a monkey. But he heard the derisive laughter of the Colonel and a hot flush mounted his temples as he understood the cause. "Wait till I'm a man and I'll make him change his opinion of me," he said to himself.

At that moment the Colonel was confronted by Pat Doyle, a good-natured Irishman, who often helped Pete. "Your worship," said Pat, "there is wan thing he can do and which you give him no credit for."

"What is it, Pat? If he can do anything besides moping around and reading I might have some patience with him."

"Well, sor, he is a wonder among the horses; there's not wan of thim but knows him, and he can ride Demon as aisy as I can ould Bill."

"What! you don't mean to tell me that he has been fooling with *that* horse." Now Demon was a huge bay horse, beautiful, but untamed and unmanageable, which no one dared to approach without danger of his life.

"Yis, sor, and he handles him as aisy as he would a kitten."

The Colonel stood amazed; his only idea of Pete being a weak, shrinking wretch, trembling and sobbing at every harsh word; but whose large, dark eyes seemed to reproach him, and it was this more than anything else that so often puzzled him and made him cruel.

"Pat," he replied in a harsh voice, "the next time you catch him fooling with that horse tell me and I'll fix him so that he will not want to ride for some time to come; it's a nice bill I'll have to be paying for broken bones."

"All right sor," replied Pat, but the Colonel did not see the twinkle in Pat's eyes, "Ketch Pat Doyle tellin' anything to an old curmudgeon loike you. Indade its the quare bit of a boy he is anyhow, his heart is entoirely too big for his body."

The Colonel often called Pete a, "dock rat" and this indeed had a sting for his little dependant whose earliest recollections were when he sold papers for a living and made his home wherever night overtook him, which was usually under the docks. One cold winter's night an officer found him in one of those holes under the wharves almost frozen to death and took him to the sergeant, who sent him to an asylum for homeless boys. After spending a few months in this place the authorities gave him to the Colonel thinking that they had procured him a very desirable position, but the Colonel was a harsh rough man toward his servants and on this account often made Pete's life unbearable. His wife was dead for many years and all his affection was centred in his daughter, Julia, a beautiful girl of eighteen summers, whom he fairly idolized. She had been educated in a famous Eastern school and had everything

that such a child could desire. But what the Colonel admired most was her horsemanship and he bought her a beautiful grey which she named "Jewel" and when she appeared on his back dashing across the country, neatly attired in her pretty blue riding habit with her dark eyes flashing and her long black hair waving in the breeze she was truly a perfect picture of health and beauty. She took an interest in Pete and saw that he was better clothed and fed, and when her father was unusually harsh with him she made up for it in some way or other. On account of this kindness Pete would have died for her and he often wished that he could do something that would show how much he loved her. He little dreamed how near at hand that time was.

A favorite resort of Julia's was a sort of island about a quarter of a mile from the Colonel house. It was a beautiful spot, covered with rich verdure and wild flowers, in the centre of which grew an old maple tree under which she was accustomed to sit and read when it was warm and sultry elsewhere. She had nearly reached her favorite seat one day, when she heard loud sobbing and going to the spot found little Pete crying as if his heart would break. Upon asking him the cause of this outburst of grief, he told her a pitiful story of a beating which the Colonel gave him for some trifling cause; he, indeed, presented a pitiful sight as his hands and face were bleeding from the kicks and blows that he had received.

"Oh how dreadful!" she exclaimed as the hot tears rolled down her cheeks. "I'll talk to my father about it and it will not happen again."

"No, do not;" the boy pleaded, "he would only beat me more; I intend to go away."

"But where will you go? You will surely starve."

"Oh no I won't, as I can live on nuts and berries" and then he cried passionately, "I would rather starve than live with a tyrant!"

Before Julia could say word he was gone and she hunted for him in vain. She did not sleep much, that night nor many others, as her mind was occupied in thinking of poor little Pete who was perhaps starving in the woods. During the day she saddled "Jewel" and rode through the country endeavoring to find some trace of him but without avail.

The heat of a July afternoon was pouring down upon the dry and dust-laden earth. Not a breath of air was felt and both man and beast sought shelter from the burning rays of the sun.

The Colonel, attired in duster and slippers, threw himself in a hammock, which was hanging on the porch with the intention of reading but he was soon overcome by the heat and fell into a deep slumber from which he was rudely awakened by a sound as of a hundred cannon. He sprang to his feet amazed, only to find that one of those storms so peculiar to the southern climate was upon them. Already the large drops were falling upon the parched earth and in an instant the storm burst in all its fury. He ordered the doors and windows closed. It was none too soon for the next moment the wind like ten furies came rushing; bearing with it, branches torn from trees, roofs and every-

thing movable; the lightning seemed to cut the heavens in two while the crash of thunder sent fear and terror everywhere. The cattle, mad with fear, ran hither and thither looking for shelter whilst inside the cries and groans of the servants were terrifying, but amidst all this the Colonel was calm and collected.

"Where is Julia?" he shouted. But no one knew. He groped his way to the kitchen and found Annie on her knees calling for mercy.

"Where is Julia?" he cried.

The negress arose, rolled her eyes and exclaimed:

"She's gone!"

"Gone where?"

"She went dis mornin' lookin' for Pete."

The Colonel started as if some one gave him a blow and at that moment he heard a yell from Pat, and looking in the direction indicated beheld a sight that confirmed his worst fears; for Jewel came dashing into the yard with Julia's veil tied on the bridle and the saddle falling off.

The Colonel dashed out into the storm and several of the "farm hands" followed. As they hastened down the road there came toward them a figure waving his arms wildly and pointing toward the river. It was old Sam who lived in a hut near the river.

"Did you see Julia, Sam?" gasped the Colonel.

"De big tree on the island," he exclaimed.

The Colonel and those following him hastened to the river only to behold a sight that almost drove him mad. The river which a few hours before was but a small stream had now overflowed its banks and was full of trees, timber and all sorts of debris swept away by it in its mad course, while in the midst of all was Julia clinging to the limbs of the "old maple." The Colonel saw nothing in that vast whirlpool but his child, and shrieking "Julia! Julia!" he dashed into the raging waters, but was pulled out by sturdy Pat. In an instant a calm came over him, and in his old-time manner he ordered the men to get boards, doors; everything suitable for a raft. The men hastened to obey, well knowing that they had nothing strong enough to withstand the force of the waters. They soon returned with doors, boards and all kinds of timber and in haste began to form a raft, but the Colonel soon saw how fruitless were their efforts and again became almost frantic and piteously called his child.

"Be gor," exclaimed Pat, "look at that comin down the road." And indeed it was a sight that would make anyone stand and admire; for down the road came Demon with lightning speed, with head proudly erect, nostrils dilating and his mane and tail floating behind, while on his back was little Pete urging him to his utmost; nor did he stop when he reached the river, but endeavored to force the horse into the water. But Demon, as if he knew the danger into which he was going, reared and tried to avoid it. Those who were watching wondered what Pete would do next, when suddenly he leaned over as if whispering something to the horse, and after gently patting him on the neck, he applied the reins and the noble animal immediately plunged into the river,

and guided by the firm hand of Pete, swam steadily for the tree to which Julia was clinging. She saw him coming and knowing that Pete could not do more than manage the horse, she felt how much depended on her own coolness and presence of mind. She slowly lowered herself till she reached the limb at which he was aiming, and as he passed under it she dropped on the horse's back and grasped the pommel of the saddle. Pete then turned the horse for the shore which appeared oh! so distant.

He had nearly covered half the distance when the old maple gave way and was swept down the stream. He barely escaped this when another agent of destruction, in the shape of a pile of lumber, came rushing toward him, all of which he dexterously avoided except one big log, which cut Demon very severely in the leg. For a time the horse acted wildly and it looked as if he would surely drown his riders, but Pete soon got him under control, and at last the gallant animal reached the bank, where willing hands received Julia and Pete with sobs and tears of joy.

The horse stood for a few moment and then fell to the ground whining with agony. When they approached they saw that he was badly cut on the side and legs, and after being gently led back to the stable the best of care was taken of him.

Meantime the Colonel's carriage had been brought and both Julia and Pete were placed in it and rapidly driven home. They were immediately wrapped in blankets and the doctor summoned from Antoine. He soon appeared, and after looking at Julia, pronounced her all right, but upon examining Pete he became very grave and told the Colonel that it was a serious case of brain fever and that the boy's recovery was doubtful.

Before night he was in the delirium of the fever and once more was driving Demon and living his short life over again. At last the crisis of the fever passed; the doctor said that he would live, but that many weeks would elapse before he would entirely recover. When Pete awoke to consciousness he thought that he was in Paradise, for he never saw anything so pretty as the room in which he was, with its bright carpet, oak furniture and light curtains through which the joyful beams of the sun shone, and it was not till the Colonel and Julia came bringing him some flowers that he realized where he was.

In a short time he was carried to the porch and placed in an invalid's chair, where he spent many a happy hour with Julia and heard from her lips the story of the storm and rescue.

Everybody loved and admired him, especially the Colonel, who left nothing undone to show his appreciation of that noble, heroic deed by which his only and dearly-loved daughter was saved from a horrible death.

He is no longer known as Pete, but Mr. Peter Mortimer, the adopted son and heir of the Colonel. He is now pursuing a course of studies in a college not far from Philadelphia, and here we will leave him, happy and honored by his companions to whom he sometimes tells the story of "brave little Pete."

A. J. PLUNKETT, '96.

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EDITORIALS.

It has long been a subject of discussion among litterateurs whether the "Great American Novel" has appeared or not. The consensus of opinion seems to favor the negative side. For the standard required (which has not yet been reached) is that the novel must be American, written in this country and about this country, an American nature subservient to the human nature and with that it must be consistent. Many obstacles, however, prevent the accomplishment of these ends. The miscellaneous crowds of foreigners who annually migrate to this country and who are allied by ties of consanguinity render it almost impossible for an author to depict a character peculiar to them as a nation. The ancient Arabians were wont to remain in one position for hours in deep contemplation; the Athenians were polished and artistic, whilst the distinguishing feature of the Romans was their patriotism; the modern Jew's ambition is centered in money; the tropical nations are impetuous and passionate; the climate of the north produces an opposite effect on its inhabitants. All these have been and continue to be for writers the "farrago libelli." What must the author do who wishes to aspire to that most coveted title, "the Great American Novelist?" Many eminent Americans have attained enviable distinction as writers both in this country

and on the continent. Irving has pleasantly told of the customs of the Knickerbockers; Cooper stands unrivaled in relating thrilling stories of the Indians; Hawthorne truthfully portrays Puritan life in New England. Yet when these things are told there remain some untold—those of the turgid Westerner and the wealthy Southerner. Hence the task of the novelist, *i. e.*, he who is to write the Great American Novel is difficult. The easiest way out of this enigma is the one shown by a learned authority on this subject, *viz.* "He" (the novelist) "must idealize. The idealizing novelist will be the real novelist. All truth does not lie in facts."

THE foot-ball season is a thing of the past. No longer do we read of the magnificent runs of big Brown, the strong interference of Green and Smith's terrific line bucking, which filled the heart of the enthusiast with delight last fall. Now our ears are filled with questions concerning the make-up of the base-ball team and its prospects. We have no reason to predict anything but success for ours, provided two very necessary conditions are fulfilled, *viz.*: that the committee appointed to select the members of the team perform its duty and exercise good judgment, always keeping before its mind the adage, *justitia fiat ruat cælum*. We thoroughly appreciate the unwelcome task this committee has to perform, and advise its members to weigh well its proceedings before making a final announcement of their selections. The second positive requisite for success is, that there be real unity among the players. They must be submissive to the voice of the Captain; they must act according to his suggestions, at least until these prove to be unreasonable or fruitless. Experience has shown that many defeats have been caused from a want of harmony, rather than by inefficiency to handle the sphere. There must be true friendship among the players, each must work for the benefit of the others. When this is done there will be team work and team work will lead on to victory. Star plays and players, only, are not wanted. Unity is needed: it means victory; victory means gratification. Hence, place yourselves under the *White and Blue*, wave them to the sky and say, Villanova must conquer or be defeated only by superior teams.

It may be pleasing news to many of our subscribers to know that we are having bound the first two years of our MONTHLY. The same will be mailed to any address for the small sum of \$1.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to
D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

95.—Solve

$$m x^2 - 1 = \frac{x(m^3 - n^2)}{m n}$$

Solution by John J. Hughes, '96.

$$m x^2 - 1 = \frac{x(m^3 - n^2)}{m n} \quad \text{clear of fractions}$$

$$m^2 n x^2 - m n = x(m^3 - n^2)$$

$$m^2 n x^2 - x(m^3 - n^2) = m n \quad \text{complete square}$$

$$4 m^4 n^2 x^2 - () + (m^3 - n^2)^2 =$$

$$m^6 + 2 m^3 n^2 + n^4$$

Extract root

$$2 m^2 n x - (m^3 - n^2) = \pm (m^3 + n^2)$$

$$2 m^2 n x = 2 m^3, \text{ or } -2 n^2$$

$$\therefore x = \frac{2 m^3}{2 m^2 n}, \text{ or } -\frac{2 n^2}{2 m^2 n}$$

$$x = \frac{m}{n}, \text{ or } -\frac{n}{m^2}$$

96.—Compute the value of the following expressions:

$$(a) \quad a \sin 0^\circ + b \cos 90^\circ - c \tan 180^\circ$$

$$(b) \quad (a^2 + b^2) \cos 360^\circ - 4 ab \sin 270^\circ$$

Solution by E. J. Murtaugh, '96.

$$(a) \quad a \sin 0^\circ + b \cos 90^\circ - c \tan 180^\circ$$

$$\sin 0^\circ = 0$$

$$\cos 90^\circ = 0$$

$$\tan 180^\circ = 0$$

Substituting

$$a \times 0 + b \times 0 - c \times 0 = 0$$

$$(b) \quad (a^2 + b^2) \cos 360^\circ - 4 ab \sin 270^\circ$$

$$\cos 360^\circ = 1$$

$$\sin 270^\circ = -1$$

Substituting

$$(a^2 + b^2) \times 1 - 4 ab \times -1$$

$$= a^2 + b^2 + 4 ab$$

97.—The rectangle contained by the segments of the base of a triangle, made by the point of contact of the inscribed circle, is equal to the rectangle contained by the perpendiculars from the extremities of the base on the bisector of the vertical angle.

Solution by J. I. Whelan, '95.

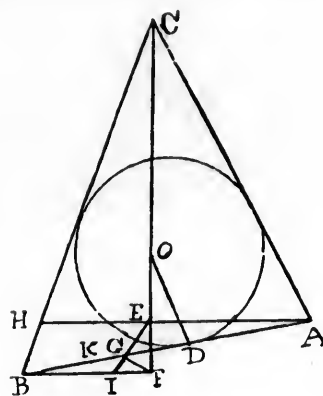
Let ABC be a triangle, O the centre of the inscribed circle and D the point in which the circle touches AB .

Join CO , and produce it.

CO is the bisector of the $\angle ACB$.

From A let fall a $\perp AE$ on CF , and produce it to meet CB , in H , and from B let fall a $\perp BF$ on CF .

It is required to prove that $AD \times DB = AE \times BF$.



Proof.—Join OD . Bisect AB in G . Join EG and produce it to meet BF in I .

Join FG .

Let the sides of the $\triangle ABC$ be denoted by a , b , c , and we have $BD = (s-b)$, $AD = (s-a)$,

$\therefore BD - AD$; that is, $2 GD = (a-b)$.

Now since $\angle ECH = \angle ECA$, and the $rt. \angle CEH = \angle CE A$, and the side EC common, $\therefore CH = CA$, $CB - CA = BH$; that is $(a-b)$ or $2 GD = BH = 2 GE$; $\therefore GD = GE$.

In like manner $GD = GF$, and $GD = GI$; hence the lines GE , GD , GF , GI , are equal, and the circle with G as centre, and GD as radius, will pass through E , F , I . Let it cut BD in K .

Now $BD \times BK = BF \times BI$.

But since $AG = GB$, and $DG = GK$, $AD = KB$.

Also $BI = HE = AE$, and \therefore

$$BD \times AD = BF \times AE.$$

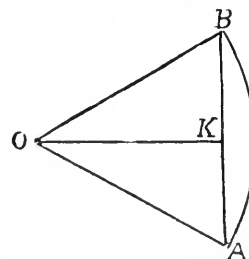
98.—If R denotes the radius of a circle, and a one side of a regular inscribed polygon, show that

$$(a) \quad \text{In a regular pentagon, } a = \frac{R}{2} \sqrt{10 - 2\sqrt{5}}$$

$$(b) \quad \text{In a regular octagon, } a = R \sqrt{2 - \sqrt{2}}$$

$$(c) \quad \text{In a regular dodecagon, } a = R \sqrt{2 - \sqrt{3}}$$

Solution by Monica.



(a) Let AB be one side of a regular decagon inscribed in a circle whose centre is O . Let OK be the apothem.

Then $OA = R$, $OK = r$, and $AB = a$.

$$\text{To prove } a = \frac{R(\sqrt{5} - 1)}{2}$$

Proof.— $OA : AB = AB : OA - AB$.

(See Prop. XIII, Book v, inscription of a regular decagon in a given circle).

That is $R : a = a : R - a$.

$$a^2 = R^2 - aR$$

$$a^2 + aR = R^2$$

Complete square

$$a^2 + () + \left(\frac{R}{2}\right)^2 = R^2 + \frac{R^2}{4}$$

$$a^2 + () + \left(\frac{R}{2}\right)^2 = \frac{5R^2}{4}$$

Extract root

$$a + \frac{R}{2} = \frac{R}{2} \sqrt{5}$$

$$a = \frac{R}{2} \sqrt{5} - \frac{R}{2}$$

$\therefore a = R(\sqrt{5} - 1)/2$ = side of inscribed regular decagon.

99.—Solve

$$x^2 - (m + n)x = \frac{1}{4}(p + q + m + n)(p + q - m - n)$$

Solution by Richard G. Kerr, '95.

Multiply by four times the co-efficient of x^2

$$4x^2 - 4(m + n)x = (p + q + m + n)(p + q - m - n)$$

complete the square

$$4x^2 - () + (m + n)^2 = p^2 + 2pq + q^2$$

extract root

$$2x - (m + n) = \pm(p + q)$$

$$2x = m + n \pm(p + q)$$

$$\therefore x = \frac{m + n \pm(p + q)}{2}$$

NEW PROBLEMS.

100. A cast-iron garden roller is 40 inches long, $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and the iron is $\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick; required its weight, if a cubic inch of iron weighs $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounces.

101.—If A , B , C are the angles of a triangle, prove that: $\cos A + \cos B + \cos C = 1 + 4 \sin \frac{1}{2} A \sin \frac{1}{2} B \sin \frac{1}{2} C$.

102.—From the top of a mountain 3 miles high the angle of depression of the most distant object which is visible on the earth's surface, is found to be $2^\circ 13' 50''$. Find the diameter of the earth.

103.—Prove: If two circles touch externally, their common tangent is a mean proportional between their diameters.

104.—What is the width of the ring between two concentric circumferences whose lengths are 440 feet and 330 feet?

$$105.—\text{Solve } x^2 + y^2 = 7 + xy$$

$$x^3 + y^3 = 6xy - 1.$$

SPLINTERS.

"Yah!"

Mumps.

Wamba.

Valentines.

Tall rooms.

Parlor boarders.

Three o'clock dinners.

"I draws from you."

"Beneath my dignified."

"Who was in that room?"

"The man from Boston."

"Well, Frank, there's no love lost between us."

Who had *information* of the stomach?

"J**n N***y has more than cows!"

Eye-water, bay rum, S. K., by gum!

How well doth Mike remember the coat with the sleevelet torn!

In Iambic tetrameters the rhetoricians spake,

While horrified Melpomene was buried in A LAKE!

How many sheep make a head? Forward answers to A. W.

Quis est homo qui bene aedificatur?

Our "extraordinary man" can distinguish gold from brass.

"As in a looking-glass"—the study of philosophic beauty.

Ask Johnny to tell you the story of the Robbers of the Shawsheen.

"If I knew S——e was in there, I'd burst in the door.

The small boy will observe that Father Mc.'s stick is *splintered*.

"A pint of whiskey with four quinine pills to wash it down."—Ah, John of Gaunt!

"If you advertise in the SPLINTERS, you may get a red head."

"It's my turn to laugh, and I'll laugh with all my might."

"If I had a pistol I'd shoot you thro' the heart." Then Tim showed his perfection in the high kickers' art.

He buys him tobacco, likewise cigarettes,

For Jack loves Skinner, and he's one of Skinner's pets.

Distinctions don't distinguish in the land where baked beans mellers, for "Jack might take the class out, but he couldn't take the fellers!"

Little boy,

Ditto ax,

Ditto tree,

Ditto whacks,

Ditto heart

Pit-a-pats.

No lie?

Oh, Rats!

The "fat" boy hath spoken. "Felix is going to be ordained a Brother soon."

He who has "a great object in life" paid us a visit lately.

It is a great feat to fit feet with T. C.'s rubbers. Eh, Eddie?

FROM THE SPANISH-ENGLISH CLASS.

PROF: What does *muchacho* mean?"

RAPHAEL: "Boy."

PROF: Very good. And *muchacha*?"

RAPHAEL: "Female boy."

"Suppose a man had no eyes?"

Oh, what a brilliant mind!

"Why if a man had no eyes,

The poor man would be blind!"

A NEW VERSION.

When she was good, she was very, very good, but when she was bad—but, then, *she* was never bad!

A DEFINITION.

Some paper lace,

A picture in it,

A Cupid's dart,

A thrush or linnet,

A verse about

Love, love divine,—

A dollar for

A Valentine!

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

The New York girl

On prayer intent,

Begins to talk

Of fasts and Lent.

The soulful maid

Whom Boston owned,

In effete language

Calls it *Loaned*.

He was growing sentimental,
Lapsing into "thee" and "thine,"
And he sighed, with soulful pleading,
"Take me for thy valentine."

She was built on lines prosaic,
Humor, too, was in her line,
So she graciously received him
As her *comic valentine*!

"To Haverhill with poverty"—
Oh, what a wicked wish!—
"To Haverhill with poverty,
Give the cat a fish!"

Sing a song of six cents,
Prefect in a stew,
Ticket good for Bryn Mawr,
Tries to make it do.
Conductor, cruel-hearted,
Wastes no time in talk—
"Pay the other six cents,
Or get out and walk."
Six cents, six cents,
A kindly hand has passed,
Then the panting Prefect
Freely breathes at last.

"I come to bury Caesar"—

"He's buried long ago,"—

"Well, then, I'll bury Cleveland,"

He was gracious, don't ye know.

The thing was said un-*Dooley*,

And *Daily* was it said,

"How can you bury Cleveland,

When Cleveland isn't dead?"

SHAKESPEAREAN-QUOTATIONS FOR THE SOPHS.

Old John of Gaunt, time-honored.—*Richard III.* (J. O'M.)

The Devil can cite Scripture.—*Merchant of Venice.* (E. G. D.)

A hungry, lean-faced villain.—*Comedy of Errors.* (W. J. K.)

One fire *burns*.—*Romeo and Juliet.* (W. A. B.)

Baby figure of the giant mass.—*Tro. and Cres.* (J. J. G.)

Off with his head.—*Richard III.* (J. McC.)

What doth gravity out of his bed?—*Henry IV.* (J. McC.)

Another lean, unwashed artificer.—*King John.* (E. M.)

I have a good eye, uncle.—*Much Ado.* (W. H.)

Where gottest thou that goose-look?—*Hamlet.* (T. J. H.)

Seldom he smiles.—*Julius Caesar.* (M. J. R.)

Divinity, they say, in odd numbers.—*Merry Wives.* (J. J. D.)

Hath a lean and hungry look.—*Julius Caesar.* (H. T. N.)

A deed without a name.—*Macbeth.* (J. H.)

Vile squealing of the wry-necked fife.—*Merchant of Venice.* (W. J. S.)

With all appliances and means to boot.—*Henry IV.* (W. K.)

It will discourse.—*Hamlet.* (J. K.)

THE SOCIETIES.

V.L.I.—At a special meeting of the Villanova Literary Institute held Wednesday evening, Jan. 30, the following officers were chosen: President, Mr. F. Commins, O.S.A.; vice-presidents, J. F. O'Malley and E. G. Dohan; secretary, A. J. Nolan; sergeant-at-arms, C. D. McAvoy; directors, J. Barthouski, W. Kennedy, J. Healy and T. Rogers.

V.A.A.—The Athletic Association held its semi-annual meeting on Saturday, Feb. 2nd, at which an election of officers for the ensuing term was held. The new officers are: President, Mr. W. W. Donovan, O.S.A.; vice-president, J. M. Walsh; recording secretary, J. I. Whelan; financial secretary, W. J. Kavanagh; field officers, W. Shanahan, T. Rogers and J. Maher. The committee appointed to select the base-ball team is busy and we are anxiously waiting for its report.

EXCHANGES.

From what appeared in the exchange column of the January number of the *Collegium*, we understand that our mathematical department is very distasteful to that paper. Speaking of it, the ex-man says: "It is a rather unpleasant engagement after reading an interesting production to be confronted with a list of figures and a mixture of mathematical signs, such as Euclid himself would shrink from encountering." In this strain he continues and advises our professor of mathematics to teach his pupils in a private class-room or if he wished to show the students' abilities to work out problems and puzzles, to do so in a more befitting manner than through the medium of the journal.

Dear *Collegium*, we take all this in good part, seeing that it was probably prompted by the desire of just criticism, but never for a moment did the thought enter our minds that we inserted such preponderous problems as would make poor Euclid tremble. The problems that have appeared thus far have been comparatively simple but if you wait awhile you will see some real hard ones.

In order to avoid all further controversy we will endeavor to give satisfactory reasons for the presence of a mathematical department in our MONTHLY. In the first place since it is almost exclusively for the students and should therefore do everything in its power to promote their interest and welfare. Secondly, as mathematics is one of the important studies in a college course, we consider it no waste of space or time to devote one page at least to such matter. Nor indeed should it be confined to the class-room, any more than composition-work. And finally our mathematical column is open to all whether they belong to the college or not who take an interest in that study. For this class special efforts have been made to have each and every mathematical difficulty solved. For all these reasons we believe that a mathematical department is just as worthy of a place in a college paper, as a personal column, a funny column or even an exchange column.

The *Niagara Index* sends us this month a souvenir of its Silver Jubilee. Among its pleasing features are half-tone portraits of many who, in former years, guided the destinies of the *Index* and its predecessor, the *Tribute*. Happy reminiscences of the old times make interesting reading matter. The *Index* prides herself on "Loyalty to Custom" and well she may for she is still the same "good hand at hauling over the coals" and she still retains that same high opinion of her own excellence which has characterized the *Index* from her infancy.

A diminutive specimen of the school journal bearing the name *Porcupine* made its way to our sanctum from the Pacific coast. We admire the editor's pluck in sending it on such a long journey. We trust that before the *Porcupine's* next visit, it will have increased its size and added to its reading matter.

PERSONALS.

The opening of the new term has brought several new students to crowd our already well-filled college.

During the past month we have been favored with visits from many of the parents of our students. Also the following clergymen called on the community, Rev. Father McDevitt, Philadelphia; Rev. J. T. O'Reilly, Lawrence, Mass.; Rev. D. D. Regan, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; Rev. C. A. McEvoy, our revered ex-President; Rev. P. J. Fahey, Mechanicsville, N. Y.; Rev. Frs. O'Donnell, East Boston, and Curran, Beverly, Mass.

On Friday morning the 22nd, Joseph A. Bramhall died rather suddenly. He had been complaining only a few days, but being rather weak, could not withstand the ravages of "La Grippe," from which the visiting physician said he was suffering. He was taken to his home in Philadelphia, where the students presented to his mother a beautiful floral offering as a token of their affection for their fellow-student. Our Rev. President, L. A. Delurey, sung the Mass and attended the funeral Monday 25th. On Thursday morning, February 28, the students assisted at a Solemn Requiem Mass which was celebrated by the Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., assisted by Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A., as Deacon; Rev. Mr. C. G. McKenna, O.S.A., Sub-Deacon, and Mr. F. S. Riordan, O.S.A., Master of Ceremonies. To his mother and relatives we extend our deepest sympathies.

The many friends and acquaintances of Rev. P. J. O'Connell, O.S.A., Lawrence, Mass., who have not yet heard of his death, may not be surprised at the same, knowing as they do, that he had been very poorly for a long time. He has been for some time relieved from care and active duty. During the past few years he made several trips through the South, which gave him considerable relief and revived him for several months thereafter. His funeral took place from St. Mary's church, Lawrence, Wednesday, 27th. Requiescat in pace.

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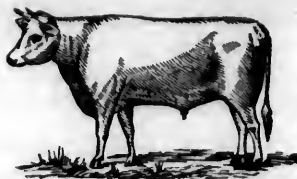
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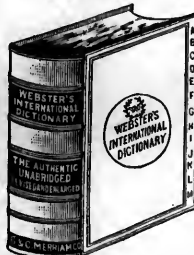
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Regret.

A little bird perched on a cypress tree
That close to my lattice grew,
And warbled its morning prayer for me
When the leaves were wet with the dew.

Again it came, each morn, until
It knew my mild command,
And would sit and sing on my window-sill
And eat from my outstretched hand.

And I learned to love each tender note
Of that rapturous melody,
As it is swelled from out that feathered throat,
For I knew it was all for me.

But I frigh'ened the bird in jest one day,
I touched its heart with pain,
My feathered songster flew away,
And I sigh for its song in vain.

I had a friend whom I loved full well,
His friendship was true to me.—
When friendship dies, O, who can tell
The depth of our misery?

He loved me indeed. Too late I knew
The strength of his loving heart,—
But a word unkind, a thought untrue,
Hath the sting of a venom'd dart!

O, bird come back! O, friend return!
If only that I may say
How the burning tears down my cheeks have run
For the sins of that yesterday.

But the little bird hath a nest to mind,
Far from the jests of men,
And my friend hath found a friend more kind,
I will never see them again.

J. I. WHELAN, '95.

STYLE.

Written for the VILLANOVA MONTHLY, by Maurice Francis Egan.

FOURTH PAPER.—THE PROCESS.

Your student may go through a Class of Literature as a circus rider goes through a hoop—clean and sharp, taking nothing with him. Or, perhaps, a few scraps of thin paper may cling to him in the shape of hazy impressions about Spenser, Shakspeare, Addison and Gibbons. If he does so, the Class of Literature has failed in its purpose, which ought to be to stimulate the student to express himself in the language moulded by the literature of his own country.

There is no use in writing on such a subject as "The Spanish Armada," unless it is for a history class, and the object of the essay is to fix certain facts, or the relation of certain facts to other facts in one's memory. To write on "Julius Cæsar" means that the student will either paraphrase some modern historian or boldly condense Plutarch.

But in a class of the art of literary expression, we do not want facts; we do not want *things*; we need thoughts, observations, impressions; we need the expression, too, of the temperament of the writer. The perfunctory young writer to whom a subject for a theme is given, rushes at once to find a book. "Sir Thomas More! I'm in luck," he says, "there's lots of Sir Thomas More in the library, and I've read his 'Irish Melodies' all through." He finds out his mistake later; but his essay is the result of more or less intelligent copying from old magazines, newspaper files or anything he can find. The production may be polished up by an injudicious and desperate teacher, and at commencement we may find it on the programme as "Sir Thomas More, the Patriot: an original essay." It no more represents the student than I—Hecuba!

Let us take the beginner, who has neither read nor written much. How shall we make him think? By teaching him logic? If the study of logic were absolutely necessary for the art of thinking we should have few thinkers. Besides, we cannot wait until he reaches the Class of Logic;

he must write as soon as he learns to put a noun and a verb together. And from the beginning he ought to make "exercises" of his letters; he ought to be impressed with the thought that the easier and more personal his letters are, the better they are. The danger for the clever writer is that he may be afraid of his thought when he attempts more formal composition. A young man talks well on many subjects; he goes on in the most informal way; he uses "doesn't" and "don't," and perhaps, in a moment of forgetfulness, says "aint." But when you ask him to congeal this stream of bright talk into a new form, he is appalled. The change of form, although it may consist in the substitution of words used more in written style than in colloquial, troubles him. You may say to the letter writer, when he has shown you a more than usually interesting epistle, "Put this into a short essay." He smiles, "Why, it is too personal; it is just what I thought at the time; it is only a letter." The man has been unconsciously making literature. The ever-living work of Madame de Sevigné consists of letters. The letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple were "only" letters, and the sheet of paper on which Voiture's reputation rested was "only a letter!"

When I said "no day without a paragraph," I meant no day without a thought clothed in syllogistic form. I would have liked to say, "No day without a sonnet," but to the careful writer that would mean that the whole day should be occupied in literary work. A sonnet, which, in perfection, is merely a syllogism in music, is the best possible exercise for the beginner in prose. It is the most difficult form of literature; it strains every mental muscle; it is logical or nothing. When the man has written (and burned) twenty-five sonnets, he may be sure that he is capable of editing his own style. And this effect ought to be one of the main objects of early literary training.

The paragraph I recommend, however, is not the paragraph which appeals only to the eye,—as the modern paragraph when a part of a mass of composition does. The daily paragraph should consist of a beginning,—one line, if you like; an argument, in six lines, if you like,—and then an epigram,—a conclusion like the snap of a whip!"

Next to the paragraph the best exercise for beginners is a daily description of the events of the day. This will cultivate the literary spirit, which feeds on observation, and which begins to vitalize the little things of the day after observation, trained by practice, has discovered them. And this

theme should never be written in a hurry. In the beginner, haste is fatal to real progress.

"Nothing happens in my day," your student may say when he is asked for his short daily theme. And yet on that same day the whole landscape has changed. To such a man,—one who seldom notices the subtle movements of nature, I always recommend Hamerton's "Thoughts about Art," and "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands." If there is much in him, these books make him see that no two clouds are alike, and, above all, no two days—even in their external appearance.

To induce a man to put on paper thoughts and impressions which he has never consciously considered as existing is sometimes very hard. I recall one young man of twenty, who had given a great deal of time to Mathematics at a high school, but whose exercises in literary art had been confined to an occasional short essay.

"You must write."

"Why?" he asked. "I only want to learn about authors so that I can talk. I shall have no need to write;—I intend to be a civil engineer."

This is the first rock you strike,—with the Philistine, it is a conclusion that nobody without a "literary turn" should write.

"If you can express your thoughts in spoken words, why not in written words? It is a necessity in our times that a man should defend the truth, or explain himself in written language."

"I have nothing to say," he answered.

"You have too much to say in spoken words."

He laughed.

"Write something,—put your own experience into it."

"Couldn't. All I could do would be to take things out of books."

"What did you do last summer?"

"Oh,—let me see;—dredged for oysters down in Chesapeake Bay."

"Write about oysters."

He laughed again. "That would be foolish."

"Oysters are the same all over the country?"

"Of course not," he said, beginning to be interested, "do you know that the Lynn Haven oysters get their flavor from the beds of wild celery?"

"Write about oysters as you would talk."

He hesitated. Finally he wrote about fourteen hundred words, pell mell, on the American oyster. After that he was induced to arrange the matter in order. He became greatly interested; he even went so far as to hunt some facts from St. George Mivart in corroboration of his own views. And when it had been written for the third time, the only thing I had to cut out was a certain allusion

to the poet Gray's "Gem of purest ray serene," which an essay on anything maritime from the stormy billows to the humble clam seems to suggest to the beginner. But the ice has begun to melt, and my young friend has learned to express his thoughts clearly and with a certain ease;—but, I think, he will always be fond of his first paper, written in the sweat of his brow, on "The American Oyster."

St. Augustine of Hippo.

THIRTEENTH PAPER.

In thus fitting out His earthly and spiritual worlds—proofs of His own divine Being and attributes, God marking them as His agents, filled them with likenesses of Himself—all endowed in greater or less degree with power to display the likeness of their divine Master.

According to the end and purpose for which God had created all things, these were to bear witness to their Archetype, and reflect His glory, who was their Way, their Light and their Life.

And truly do all things, numbered, weighed, measured as they are, correspond to their divine representative character.

The starry world—the heavens with their countless luminaries all rotating in order and unison, reflects the glories of the eternal Heaven; the earthly world, with its times and seasons of unmeasurable variety, proclaims the beneficence of God; the watery world—rivers, lakes, seas and oceans—with its unceasing flow and reflow, betokens the constant, yet ever-changing bounties of the Lord; while the living world of plant, animal and spirit, with its marvellous display of energy of every kind, realizes in certain fashion all the graces and gifts of the Spirit of God.

This symbolic character of divine workmanship which shines forth in all created beings is inherent in their nature. For, as in judging works of art, the design of the maker must ever be kept in view, so in judging the material world, the organic world, the spiritual world—masterpiece of the divine artistic power in creation, there is and can be no other reason conceived for their being than that they were to represent their Maker on the stage of creation,—the material world His greatness, goodness, wisdom in their outward guise, and the spiritual world these self-same perfections in all their formal, inward and personal excellence, saintliness and beauty.

In accordance with this divine representative character in star, plant, beast, man and angel, human philosophy can find nothing wanting, nothing out of place. The deeper it studies the

marvels of creation, the laws of matter, of being, motion, life, the more earnestly must it avow that in this world all is complete; reason can only marvel at the order and harmony wherewith all things are governed and ruled; and must perforce admit that in adorning His creatures with their varied excellences and beauties God has shown His Wisdom; that in giving them laws for their guidance He has proclaimed His Mastership, and in maintaining, developing, perfecting them, He is continually giving proof of His Providence.

That all things in the visible and invisible worlds are according to lines laid down by an Infinite Intelligence, whereon they are to move, act and live in Him, with Him, through Him, is one unchanging, eternal law, that is recognized by all that treat on ethical truth.

This law of imitation that binds all creatures in heaven and earth, that leads all intelligent beings to move ever onward in steady, regular course towards their self-development, self-adornment, self-perfection in God, is the supreme ratio, wherein appears in eminent degree the excellence of all moral and spiritual nature. This law is the standard of all intellective excellence; the norm of all healthful virtue; the end of the creature's saintly energies. By its material imitation of its Creator the intelligent world was being schooled for its subsequent spiritual imitation of Christ.

But while the mere irrational, lifeless and so-called physical world was nothing else than an imitation of God's Sovereign Goodness, divine vocation in its full and proper meaning could be only for living beings,—for them that, knowing the design of their Maker, could understand His Law, and, doing it, could be happy in thus fulfilling His sovereign behests, whose Will is the Light and the Hope and the Joy of the world.

With regard to divine vocation, wherein God makes known to His reasonable creatures their allotted tasks, it must not be forgotten that in all ages of the world, as everywhere appears in its story, men of righteous mind recognizing the Will of God in His Works, and His Law in their hearts, have always applied to Heaven for light to discern this Will and strength and guidance to fulfil it.

And similarly does it appear from this same record of mankind, that whether in their purely inner concerns of spirit,—in their yearnings for health of mind or will, in their search for and recovery of God's friendship, or even in the conduct of their outward life,—in their merely temporal and earthly affairs, in their pursuit of bodily health, of riches, honors, happiness, at no time has this search for the aid and blessing of Heaven,

when honestly made, gone unhearkened and unblest ; at no time has God refused the prayer of the believer ; nor, one may even go so far as to say, at no time have the nations and peoples of earth been wholly deprived of the Light of divine Truth and the directing power of God's merciful Hand.

From this idea of divine vocation two corollaries then flow : (1) that for the creature not to bid and welcome this Light, this Will of God, this voice of reason, nature, grace, betokens in him the utmost disloyalty to every law of reasonable truth—the sovereign Goodness of God, which everywhere shines forth in creation, and at the same time does it betray the most woeful unconcern for the only real and healthful mission of life,—compliance with this Goodness.

And (2) that whoso thus enlightened and guided by this most righteous reason of his mind, much the more by the living grace of Heaven, follows therein the biddings of his intellective nature, pursues his rightful calling to religion—the honor and service of his Maker, and employs (as alone is reasonable) all his energies chiefly to seek and enjoy his share of the divine righteousness, which alone can make his life really worth living.

But the law of divine imitation was not carried out at its best in the creation of merely outward, unfeeling and lifeless beings, as the heavens, the earth and the waters of the earth ; they were merely material likenesses of God's excellence.

The power of imitation in any being is dependent on and limited by its nature. This supposes an assimilating power in it,—a kind of absorptiveness, (that is never found in the inorganic world,) whereby it reproduces in itself the qualities and characteristics of its type, or prototype. This power is life.

Now the inorganic world of God's creation, though very fair to view, was yet without living, moving, self-acting beings ; without agencies that quickened by their own distinct, individual and personal energy, could really imitate by themselves the attributes—the power, majesty and goodness of their Creator. Without these living agencies the excellences of the Divine Life in all their variety and beauty would not have been portrayed as He wished. The Life of God was to be reproduced in the world.

For by the mere inorganic world of solids and liquids,—at best but a dim reflection of God's living, sanctifying energy—could not have been imitated, (except in a figurative way,) the divine quickening power of God, nor the many deeds of His beneficence, mercy, goodness.

Thus the heavens with their radiant, and spark-

ling lights, are only symbols of the scintillations and rays of the divine and glorious light of God's Truth, that beams on and blesses the minds of nations. Earth with its stores of minerals and metals is only a sample of the scientific handiwork of the Divine Artist, that finds its true and perfect realization only in the spiritual edifice,—the tabernacle of His Spirit, that He rears in the hearts of His living creatures. While the waters of the firmament of ceaseless enriching, yet changing, power, are counterparts in the material world of the streams of divine grace in the spiritual world, that bring forth the fruits of God's own Spirit in the souls of His intellective creatures, in adorning whom His Bounty knows no rest. And in this service of the heavens, the earth and its waters, lay the perfection of their Being.

But with these mere dumb witnesses in creation of the possibilities of the Divine Life, with no one to hearken to their story, no one to learn the lessons they were ever teaching, no one to follow whither point all things even the tiniest grain of sand, this would not have been the perfect realization of the divine Truth, of the divine Goodness, of the divine Life. For the Will of God, as made known to His intelligent creatures, was that they should learn of Him, should follow in His footsteps, and should be and move and live in Him as He lived in the Father.

For (as has been said in previous papers) life with God is knowledge—the perfection of the mind ; it is love, which is the perfection of the will ; it is the complete union in the creature of truth and goodness, that perfection of the spirit, wherein only can be shared the eternal and divine life with God.

Such was the vocation—the mission of all intellective life, the ultimate term in the angelic spirits of their ethical state.

As in our preliminary analysis of the world's constitution, we have referred to the final term of each class of beings, among others to the blessed and happy state of the angelic spirits, for which their manifold endowments destined them, so now as is proper we will treat of their endowments in detail, and first of all of the angelic life. For life is the basis of all spiritual as well as all physical health, grace and beauty.

(To be continued.)

T. C. M

Slander

Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world.

—*Cymbeline*, iii. 4.

The Emerald Beetle.

Douglas was not in the habit of arising at four o'clock in the morning, but the closet-like state room on the Niagara River boat was close and stifling, and already the noise and odors of the dock were beginning to force themselves upon his consciousness. He had been spending Sunday with his mother up the river, and he thought happily of his pleasant, airy student apartment in the beauteous site near the Falls of Niagara, and drew a sigh of relief as the boat reached the wharf and the long country Sunday was ended. He did not even take time to bathe his face in the thick steam-boat wash-bowl. He threw his clothes on, and making his way out through the ill ventilated "salon" walked over to the dock and out into the street to wait for a car. Perhaps it was his recent visit to the country that made him glance about at the soggy men and women who were making their way home at this hour, and think of the time when he had turned over a board or a stone long unmolested. In the earthy bugs and worms that had gone scurrying out of sight of the blessed light of day he could see a disgusting similitude of these children of the city's darkness. This Douglas had not one bit of sentimentality about him, or romance, or imagination, and even this ugly thought surprised him. As an open car came along he swung himself on board, taking a back seat and lighting a cigar. He was the only passenger save one, a half drunken sailor, who turned at the scratch of Douglas' match and taking a "T." "D." from his pocket lighted it. The conductor gave him a "Hi!" and called him back to the smokers' seats. He placed himself directly in front of Douglas. The air blew the smoke ahead so that there was no necessity for moving, and they rode along the river front and up through the tenement district, almost touching each other, these two types of worlds as far apart as the planets. Men were still sleeping in the doorways or sitting up rubbing their eyes to begin another day's existence, whose only want was food. The sailor leaned back. "I've done that," he said, jerking his thumb in the direction of the ragged, yawning men, "but I ain't going to do it no more. I've got what!" and he slapped the breast pocket of his jacket. "You've got on a pretty breast-pin there, but it ain't nowhere by the side of mine." Douglas was looking coldly and quietly into the man's eyes. He was simply a spectacle to him, one with which he had no sort of pity, any more than he would have had with any other sort of an unclean beast. The sound of his voice and the look of his coarse person were offensive; but Douglas' nerves were strong. He did not look underneath and see the man that might have been.

That was not his way. But that he noticed him at all was sufficient encouragement to the sailor. He was in the maudlin state when there was nothing to resent short of a blow, and he had some one to talk to. He pushed his fist down into his pocket and brought forth a wad of dirty canvas stained brown. With nervous, awkward fingers he unwound it. Douglas looked on, expecting to see some gaud from a water-front shop, when the last wrapping came off and the man held on the end of his finger a jewel that made him draw his breath. It was a beetle carved from a single emerald, that was a glimmer of pale sea-green light. He knew the form, and he saw that the cloth was a piece of mummy wrapping. The jewel had lain upon the breast of some Egyptian king. Douglas put out his hand, and the sailor let him take it. It seemed to him that there came up his finger and along into his brain a sort of electric shock. As the sailor saw the jewel on Douglas' hand a change passed over his face. New lines came, firmer lines about his mouth, and some of the silly coarseness seemed to melt away. A look of loathing, if that character of face could hold such an expression, was in his eyes as he looked at the emerald.

"Ah! do you want to sell this thing?" Douglas asked.

"Yes, I do," the sailor said firmly. "A mate of mine got it somewhere, and when he died he gave me the thing. There's no luck in it. You may have it for ten dollars."

Douglas reached his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and brought out a little bill book. He felt in a measure ashamed of himself. He knew that the emerald was worth thousands of dollars, and he was not the man to cheat anybody, but this fellow would only throw the thing away. Why should he not have it? Still holding the jewel between his fingers, he drew from his purse a ten-dollar bill, which he placed in the sailor's hand. The man opened his mouth as if to speak, and then, without stopping the car, suddenly swung himself off on one side and disappeared, while Douglas put the emerald in his pocket and rode on. Suddenly it seemed to him that the world looked different. Ideas entered his head that had never been there before. He had a large transaction on hand that morning, one in which all his powers would be exercised to make two men see the justice of their differences and come to an amicable settlement. They were old friends of his, and he had intended to devote all his mind to this one case. But now, suddenly, he saw that by leaving out a certain argument here he could permanently divide them, and thus, by his knowledge of affairs, gather in a large reward for himself. He

shook himself together, sick at his own evil thought. He changed cars for his own part of the town, and with such an impulse as he never experienced before he walked into a hotel and asked for a morning cocktail. As he came out a tiny little brougham passed before him, and for an instant a little, gleaming face, like a cat's, looked at him through the window, the sleep wanting eyes, with darkened lashes, gazing into his. Then a row of white teeth gleamed at him. "Confound it!" he said, savagely. "What was there in my face to call out that?" . . . Three months later Douglas stood one evening on the hearth-rug in his apartment and looked away down into the two burning sticks that his servant had laid on the irons. It was early winter, but the air was chill and bleak, and it was after dark that Douglas was beginning to live. The cozy lawyer apartments had assumed some changes in the past few months, as where there had been a leather-covered lounge upon which he used to fling himself with a new magazine when he came in tired in the evening, there was a broad silken Turkish couch piled with embroidered cushions, and a French novel lay among them. A palm in a great Chinese bowl stood by a fancy draped window, and there was about the whole atmosphere of the room a luxury, a pampering of the fleshy side of life, that made the man coming in at the doorway stop and hold his breath, as though he were entering a strange place. He dropped the curtain that fell over the door and met Douglas in the middle of the room. "My dear fellow," he said heartily, "you are so lapped in luxury here that I hardly knew the place. When did you accomplish all this?" "Oh, piece by piece," Douglas replied carelessly, "the old way seemed bare, somehow. When did you come home?" "Yesterday. How is your mother? I want to go up to-morrow and see her." The words were said carelessly, but Douglas sprang up as though he had been stung. "Now see here, Carston, I know that mother has set you at me just as well as I know anything. I want to say right here, that I am old enough to take care of myself." "She hasn't seen you for three months." "I've been so awfully busy." Carston did not smile at this excuse as his errand was too serious. Douglas was his cousin and his mother was his best friend, and he had come to do what he could. "Your mother thinks, we all think, that where the honor of the name is at stake, your mother, who gave it to you, has some right to speak. They say you are to marry—" Carston hesitated as if he could not utter the name. "Have it all out. They say I am to marry the French dancer at the Casino.

Well?" "I will not believe it. I have known you boy and man, Douglas." "They have also told you, I suppose, that I have advised Melton and Clay out of the Western Land Company and swallowed the company. Indeed! the public prints keep me advised of my doings" At these words the door suddenly opened, and her mouth full of words, a maid ran into the room. "If you please, Mr. Douglas, Mademoiselle said would you send her right away the little box you promised her?" Douglas walked over to his desk, and opening it, took out a dirty piece of cloth and unrolled it. A gleam of green light came to the eyes of the man and woman across the room. He put the gem into a new velvet box, gave it to the maid and pushed her gently from the room. Next he turned around and looked at Carston in a dazed fashion for a moment. Then walking rapidly to the windows, he threw them up so that the crisp evening air came rushing in. He stood by one of them and a fit of trembling seized him. The handkerchief that he passed across his brow was moist. "Carston," he said, "do you believe that in centuries of evil association inanimate things may become so saturated with it that they give out a like poison?" "I am not fanciful," Carston replied, "but there are queer things. People believe in the influence of holy relics. May they not believe that unholy ones have an influence also?" "Let's go out," Douglas said abruptly, "I want fresh air. I will go up home with you to-morrow and stay a month. That will surely relieve my mother's mind." "I knew they were lies," Carston said as he grasped his cousin's hand. "I had known you too long."

E. T. WADE, '96.

To a Child.

(From the German of H. Heine.)

Thou art as some sweet flower
 So pure, so fair, and bright,
 I look on thee, and sorrow
 O'ershadows my heart's delight.

For I feel, as I stoop to bless thee,
 That this should be my prayer—
 That God would take thee and keep thee,
 Forever pure and fair.

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EDITORIALS.

WHETHER a playwright should sacrifice his individuality for the success and emolument of an actor is an important question. It is much mooted at the present time, and should this question become a fixed principle viz ; a playwright should compose for a particular actor, the ambitious writer would soon find himself engaged in an almost impossible work. It would, in fact, affect alike the author and actor and place severe restrictions on both. It would tend to dampen the spirit of emulation existing among actors and reduce to a state of desuetude all those powers that nature has bestowed on them and that art has improved. Whilst to the playwright it would be unjust because it would restrict his faculties of observation, his sometimes perhaps felicitous mode of expressing what he observes, his power of wit or humor, to the talents of the actor—an incongruous portrait of mankind conformable to one individual. Hampered by such conditions the playwright would never rise above mediocrity—"a shapeless pillar crowned with Hermes' head"—he must sacrifice those powers which distinguish him from others. Shakespeare was not affronted with such an obstacle and as a result he developed marvellous power to make realities from that

material which others make into pictures and dreams. If universal, the question would be, indeed, detrimental to the fame of the playwright. Goethe and Schiller would remain the idols of the Germans ; the French would seek in vain for a rival of Molière, Corneille or Racine ; and the departed poet of Stratford-on-Avon would not writhe in his sepulchre with the envious thought that another would usurp his seat in the sphere of dramatic literature. The effect in respect to the actor would be opposed to the principles of modern advancement. It would cause a movement whose tendency would be downward rather than upward and onward. It does not require much ingenuity or versatility for an actor gifted with a graceful carriage, a resonant voice and dramatic talent to interpret a character especially adapted for the display of such qualities. There are many actors whose repertories contain several plays in which the characters are diametrically opposed to one another, yet they portray all skilfully and satisfactorily to thousands. To Forrest, McCollough, Booth and Salvini did the people of a decade or two listen with delight and attention when they rendered their different conceptions of Shakespeare's characters. Hence no playwright should sacrifice his individuality.

MANY students look upon reading as a means to while away time which hangs heavily upon their hands ; a few, as a relaxation from their more tedious pursuits, while others recognize in it a didactic branch. According to this division we may safely judge of the kind of literature that they read. Those in the first class, which unfortunately contains the largest percentage of readers, revel in trivial, specious and fictitious reading, whose influence is rather degrading than elevating. Those included under the second head may, and as a matter of fact do, read standard works, but without advantage, because they do not reflect sufficiently on what they have read. Those of the third and last class are the only ones that obtain any real benefit, because they alone read with care, weigh and consider what they read and make a very careful selection of their authors. Bacon tells us "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested ; that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention." Our advice is simple and easy to remember. Read a few books that are worthy of perusal, but read those few well. For it is more advantageous to read a few books well than a whole library badly.

A Double Sacrifice.

By J. I. WHELAN, '95.

CHAPTER III.**"LEAD KINDLY LIGHT."**

In something less than three weeks after Jim's departure, Joan received a letter from him which she read many times. Those three weeks had been long indeed to Joan; but she knew that such a time must elapse before she could receive news from him. He told her all the little incidents of his voyage, how he and Bob had made a number of friends on the trip. These were all described with characteristic fidelity. Among them was a young man, John Reid, and his sister Lydia, who were just returning from a six-months' visit to Perth. Their parents had been natives of the Scottish town, and the young people were full of enthusiasm for the country and everything Scottish. Jim and his companion, Bob Wylie, soon became great favorites with these ingenuous young people, who delighted in conversing with them on subjects so well known to both. When John learned that the two emigrants intended making their home in Boston, he at once offered his assistance in securing them positions. He himself was engaged in some clerical capacity in a large dry goods store on Washington street, and his influence would, no doubt, be used to good advantage for the two Scotch lads. All of this was detailed enthusiastically to Joan, together with other little happenings on board. Then followed that which Joan most desired to hear; how he had felt so lonesome and so wretched upon leaving home; how he was thinking of them all and longing to see them again; that he would never forget her and knew that she would remember him. Another letter followed soon after this, in which he told her that he had secured a position in the store at a salary, modest enough, but rather good in comparison with what he had been receiving at home. Lydia's name was again mentioned casually in the letter. He was a visitor at the house. That was on John's account, Joan whispered to herself. But she could not keep down the suspicion that was continually insinuating itself into her mind that John's sister might be, nay, was the attraction. What a world of wretchedness and misery and suffering springs from that little seed of suspicion! Joan kept thinking of Lydia, wondering if she were fair, or charming or attractive. In her imagination she saw her in a hundred different aspects, changing, varying, but always lovely, more beautiful than herself. Poor Joan was torturing herself already, and Jim had been gone only three months. He, in the meantime, was moving along smoothly in his appointed groove, winning the affections of those into whose company he was thrown, the favor of his employers. It was but natural that he should frequently visit the Reid family, who had from the first treated him kindly and welcomed him cordially. But although he was impressionable, his parting with Joan and the picture of her tear-stained face were yet too vividly portrayed in memory's glass for him to look upon Lydia with feelings other than those of gratitude and esteem.

Nor did it seem probable that he would engross more of her thought than the many other young men of her acquaintance. If Joan had known this she would have been able to go about her household duties with more cheerful disposition; if Jim had but surmised her thoughts he could have spared her many a dreary hour.

His letters, however, brought with them quiet and contentment. And thus a year went by. Jim's fortune was still in the prospective. The old longing came upon him once more, the yearning for something higher and nobler, for the ideal, the undefinable. His soul was temporarily satiated with music, which he drank in with avidity in the many opportunities afforded in the modern Athens. It was at this time that his letters were mailed less frequently to Joan. The year's separation was having its effect upon him. He was mingling with the young people of his station in life, and, in a manner, enjoying life. But without Joan's presence as an incentive, his love for her soon waned. It was at best but a transitory passion, not the love that would endure. He did not cease to think of her, often with tender regret, but never with passionate longing; and so his letters breathed a different sentiment, which Joan was quick to detect. They gradually degenerated into mere formalities which, to Joan, seemed harder to bear than if they had not come. So finally, without reproaching him at all, she hinted at this in concluding a letter to him. Jim was rather surprised, for, although his disposition toward her had undergone a change, he had not thought that she would so easily give him up. His vanity had received a shock; but it is evident that his heart was little affected by the letter when he could philosophize upon the subject and say it was well. And yet he was not wise enough to read between the lines. He wrote her one more letter in which he referred to what she had said, agreeing with her that their intercourse should end. Nor was this with entire indifference. His love for her, if love it might be called, had, for the time, been a sufficient reason for his plodding life in the store. But that life, too, was now becoming irksome. The incentive was lost. John urged him to try for a scholarship in the Conservatory; but even this required time for preliminary study and an outlay which he could not afford. He had managed to save each month a trifle from his rather meagre earnings, and his resolution of making a regular remittance to his mother was scrupulously kept. The result was, however, that he dressed fairly well, lived fairly well, and had nothing left.

It was at about this time that he became intimate with one of the girls in the store. Her name was Kitty MacDonald, the Mac, as suggestively Scotch, being, no doubt, the first bond of friendship. But Kitty was not Scotch, whatever her name might imply, as she herself said with a merry toss of her head. She was Irish. Jim was not more surprised at this than to learn that she was a Catholic. He had never associated with any of that denomination, and it is likely that had he been previously aware of her religious views his friendship with her would never have been formed. But although he still clung to his Scotch prejudices,

he had been far from faithful in his attendance at the Presbyterian church to which he had at first gone after arriving in the city. In the dissatisfied state into which he had fallen the church service seemed cold and unreal. This fact, together with his already-formed acquaintance with Kitty, broke down all barriers, and he was free to admit that she was as charming a companion as any he might meet. Her disposition was naturally merry, and her bright laughter attracted him, already fast lapsing into cynicism. She lived in the Roxbury district, and he had once or twice called upon her. He called at her house unexpectedly one Sunday evening. She was going to Vespers. He therefore accompanied her. He could not bring himself to enter, and told her he would wait for her outside. They had arrived at the Mission Church of the Redemptorist Fathers. It was during the Lenten season, and the choir was to render the *Inflammatus* from *Rossini's* poetic tragedy, *Stabat Mater*. Kitty had told him of this, and, knowing his passion for music, tried to persuade him to go in with her. But he said he could enjoy it from the outside. He lit a cigar when she had left him and paced the side-walk in front of the church. The deep pealing of the organ was like the roll of distant thunder. They sang *Millard's* Vespers, but it was not until the glorious strain of the *Juravit* greeted him that he showed any interest. He had always loved a baritone voice, and this singer was an artist. He turned almost involuntarily toward the door; and, as though there was something prophetic in the words, at the *et non poenitebit eum*, he thrust aside the shackles of his prejudice and entered the church. He was lost to everything but the music, and it seemed as though upon the wings of harmony his soul took flight. Suddenly the melodious sweetness of the richest voice he had ever heard burst upon him. It was the soprano singing the *De torrente*. He was intoxicated with pleasure. He reasoned vaguely how grand that church must be whose music was so sublime. Then there was a pause. He saw the people round about him on bended knees. He, too, knelt as the choir sang the *Veni*; but this time he acted not unconsciously, he had been moved to reverence. Then followed the sermon, short but graphic. The priest had taken for his subject the words of the noble verse, *Inflammatus*. It was something entirely different to the cold monologues he had been accustomed to hear, appealing at once to the intensity of his feelings and to his poetic imagination. Then followed the hymn itself, tragic, sublime. The prelude of the organ, the burst of harmony from the well-trained chorus, appealed to his cultivated ear, but when he heard once more the voice of the soprano in the difficult cadences of the solo part, and as it soared high and clear above the other voices and the organ, culminating in the *c* of the upper octave, he nearly forgot his surroundings, and the "bravo" in his heart almost found expression upon his lips. He marveled that those around him remained impassive. He felt something warm upon his cheek. He raised his hand to his eyes. They were wet with tears.

The Benediction had not so great an effect upon

him. It seemed to exhibit a sort of mysticism. After the services he waited for Kitty. She had not known that he had entered the church.

"The music was fine," she said, "you should have heard it."

"I did hear it," he said quietly.

"Were you inside?" she asked, pleased.

"Yes," he said. Then he continued:

"I heard them singing and stopped to listen. Before I knew what I was doing I was in the vestibule. An usher came towards me. It was too late to turn back. He showed me to a seat and I enjoyed the greatest treat of my life."

Kitty was naturally delighted. She was light-hearted and perhaps frivolous, but she was a good Catholic and took a Catholic's pride in hearing anything in connection with the Church praised.

That visit of Jim's was the first of many to the Mission Church. He was struck by the devotion of the worshippers, insatuated with the music. Above all he felt within him a peaceful serenity whenever he was in church. If any one told him then that he was in danger of giving up his father's Faith and accepting that of the Church of Rome, he would have strenuously denied it. He had, indeed, no such intention, but he could not analyze his feelings. He was happy; yet his happiness was as it were only in the anticipation. It seemed as though there was about to come to him a realization of his day dreams, but he was perhaps unwilling to admit that it would be through his visits to the Redemptorist Church. He was still a visitor at the Reid house, but to John or to Lydia he said not a word of what was moving him within. But invisible are Thy ways, oh God. Unconsciously the light of faith was illumining his soul. For one Sunday when, through some slight ailment, he was prevented from going out to Roxbury, he was laboring under great mental distress. He felt as though he had missed something. He tried then to analyze his feelings. Was it because he had not seen Kitty? The answer was emphatic. He had enjoyed her company but the deprivation of it would cause him no uneasiness. To what then had he been looking forward on each recurring Sunday night? Fight against it as he would, the conviction forced itself upon him that it was his visits to the church. The thought was repugnant to him at first for the old Adam of intolerance had been strong within him. But constant dwelling upon the thought made his change of sentiment seem less radical.

"Why not," he finally asked himself, "seek happiness where happiness is to be found, instead of deliberately throwing myself upon the dark sea of disappointment and discontent?"

He took down his old Scottish Hymnal from its place on the shelf and turned its pages. His eye chanced upon the beautiful hymn of Cardinal Newman. He had sung it many times in the church choir at home but now it seemed to have a strange and peculiar significance for him. He remembered too, the change that had come over the writer since he had written the lines, and this gave him new courage. He read aloud the lines:

"Lead kindly light amidst the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home.
Lead thou me on!"

"The die is cast" he exclaimed, as he closed the book. "Lead me, O kindly light, from the night and the gloom to where all is bright and fair. Lead thou me on!"

Kitty introduced him to one of the Fathers at the rectory, who, having heard his story, took a great interest in him. Having once determined upon the step he was about to take, he placed himself entirely in the hands of the Father and was as docile and obedient as a child. Those were happy days for him spent in preparing for his first reception of the Sacraments. His progress was great for his soul was in it. Kitty at first used to hear his catechism but he soon excelled his teacher in the knowledge of the Faith he was soon to profess. Finally on the feast of *Corpus Christi*, with all the ardor and love of a Saint Aloysius, he received his first Holy Communion. He was a Catholic and happy. To John and to Lydia he had not yet spoken, but they had surmised the truth and a slight coldness had sprung up between them and him. John finally learned of Jim's action through some of the girls in the store, and their friendship came to an end. To John's inherited bigotry there was added the Puritanic intolerance, and looked upon him as lost.

Jim did not at once acquaint his people of his step, knowing how much sorrow the news would bring to them. As for Joan, if he thought of her at all now, it was with a feeling of satisfaction that all was at an end between them. He always thought that she first had given him up; this opinion, for the time, saved him the pang of conflicting emotions.

One of Kitty's friends asked her one day, when she and her *convert* were to be married. But Kitty was wise in her day.

"I would like to believe that he was *my* convert," she answered; "but his bride will not be an earthly one."

Kitty was right. Jim was following strictly in the footsteps of the great Cardinal, and wished to give himself entirely to the Church. The Divine grace had descended in all its plenitude upon him in his reception of the sacraments. The last shadow of doubt had left him then, and in his soul there was an exstasy almost akin to pain. He saw now the emptiness of earthly fame; he longed to work in the vineyard of the Master, that he might bring others to a knowledge of the peace and restful quiet his heart experienced.

His confessor was delighted with the disposition of his young neophyte, but, wishing to test his ardor and the truth of his vocation, at first gave him no encouragement. Jim was troubled, fearing that the priest deemed him unworthy of so great an honor; but he persevered, and his ardent zeal was finally rewarded.

The following September found him in the preparatory school of the Redemptorist Fathers near Erie, Pa.

EXCHANGES.

How good of the *Index* to say that the VILLANOVA MONTHLY "always contains at least one good article." Is not this, brother Ex-man, a departure from your time-honored custom? Are you not deviating from your path of duty, from that "loyalty to custom" which on your initiation you solemnly swore to respect? It is out of sheer kindness, no doubt, that you point out the "good article" in the February number, and even go to the trouble of giving the name, the occupation and the address of its writer. Are you not aware that lots of people who do not know that such a thing as the *Index* exists, and who are better off for not knowing it, are familiar with the name of Maurice Francis Egan? We feel honored that this worthy author condescends to write for our MONTHLY. We are, indeed, at a loss to know what you mean by signing properly. Please compare the two journals, and see if ours does not contain as many intelligible signatures as your own. An uninterested party, we feel, would decide in our favor. You are indeed very complimentary to our young editor, but you must indeed be very poorly instructed to think that the editorial in question smacks of theology. Have *you* never used the expression "consensus of opinion?" Did *you* not learn in Sunday school the meaning of "consanguinity?"

Perhaps your writer on "Abelard" is a good philosopher or even theologian, although this does not appear; but neither his philosophy nor his theology will justify such an abuse of the English language as "In his labors to theology," "Cardinal Newman of all other writers," and "It was lacking in the three Scriptural essentials—pacifying, chaste and from above."

Your reasons for despising the Mathematical column we are not slow at guessing. Perhaps you found the *pons asinorum* too realistic. We would not for an instant think you guilty of imitating the *Collegium* in attacking this column. If you consult your files you will find that the *Index* was the first to begin the attack; yet in practically the same mail which brought that number of your journal the Mathematical column received very favorable notices from your superiors in college journalism.

You accuse us of praising your jubilee number. Perhaps we did; but such was not our intention. Accept our apologies. When *we* are twenty-five years old we will have better sense. Until then pray bear with us. You bid us "come often;" we bid you "come off."

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to
D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

98.—If R denotes the radius of a circle, and a one side of a regular inscribed polygon, show that

(a) In a regular pentagon, $a = \frac{R}{2} \sqrt{10 - 2\sqrt{5}}$

(b) In a regular octagon, $a = R \sqrt{2 - \sqrt{2}}$

(c) In a regular dodecagon, $a = R \sqrt{2 - \sqrt{3}}$

Solution by Jas. A. Dean, '97.

Problem 98 proves that:

$$a = \frac{R}{2} \sqrt{10 - 2\sqrt{5}}$$

$$a^2 = R^2 + \left\{ \frac{R(\sqrt{5} - 1)}{2} \right\}^2$$

(The square on the side of an inscribed regular pentagon is equal to the sum of the squares of the radius of the circle and the side of the inscribed regular decagon).

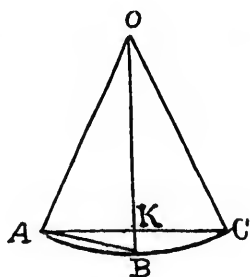
$$\therefore a^2 = 4R^2 + R^2(6 - 2\sqrt{5})$$

$$a^2 = \frac{R^2(10 - 2\sqrt{5})}{4}$$

$$a = \frac{R}{2} \sqrt{10 - 2\sqrt{5}}$$

(b) To prove $a = R \sqrt{2 - \sqrt{2}}$

Let AB be the side of the regular inscribed regular octagon.



Proof.—Draw AC the side of an inscribed square.

$$OK = \frac{R}{2} \sqrt{2}$$

$$BK = OB - OK$$

$$= R - \frac{R}{2} \sqrt{2}$$

$$= \frac{R}{2} (2 - \sqrt{2})$$

Now $AB^2 = AK^2 + BK^2$, or

$$a^2 = \left(\frac{R}{2} \sqrt{2} \right)^2 + \frac{R}{2} (2 - \sqrt{2})^2$$

$$\therefore a = R \sqrt{2 - \sqrt{2}}$$

(c) In the last diagram let AB be the side of a

regular inscribed dodecagon. AC will be the side of a hexagon.

To prove $a = R \sqrt{2 - \sqrt{3}}$

Proof $OK = \frac{1}{2} R \sqrt{3}$

$$BK = OB - OK$$

$$= R - \frac{1}{2} R \sqrt{3}$$

$$= \frac{R}{2} (2 - \sqrt{3})$$

$$AB^2 = AK^2 + BK^2$$

$$a^2 = \left(\frac{1}{2} R \right)^2 + \frac{R}{2} (2 - \sqrt{3})^2$$

$$a = R \sqrt{2 - \sqrt{3}}$$

100.—A cast-iron roller is 40 inches long, $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and the iron is $\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick; required its weight, if a cubic inch of iron weighs $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounces.

Solution by H. Nelson, '97.

40 inches long

22.5 " diameter

$\frac{3}{4}$ " thick

$$22\frac{1}{2} \times 3.1416 \times 40 \times \frac{3}{4} = \text{solidity.}$$

$$3.1416$$

$$22.5$$

$$15708$$

$$62832$$

$$62832$$

$$70.6860 = \text{circumference}$$

$$30 = \frac{1}{2} \text{ of } 40$$

$$2120.58 = \text{no. of cubic inches of iron}$$

$$4\frac{1}{2}$$

$$1060.29$$

$$848232$$

$$169542.61 = \text{no. of ounces}$$

$$596.41 = \text{pounds of iron.}$$

101.—If A, B, C are the angles of a triangle, prove that: $\cos A + \cos B + \cos C = 1 + 4 \sin \frac{1}{2} A \sin \frac{1}{2} B \sin \frac{1}{2} C$.

Solution by J. J. Whelan, '95.

$$\cos C = \cos [180^\circ - (A + B)]$$

$$= -\cos (A + B)$$

$$\therefore \cos A + \cos B + \cos C = \cos A + \cos B - \cos (A + B)$$

$$\text{By (22)} = 2 \cos \frac{1}{2} (A + B) \cos \frac{1}{2} (A - B) - \cos (A + B)$$

$$\text{By (17)} = 2 \cos \frac{1}{2} (A + B) \cos \frac{1}{2} (A - B) - 2 \cos^2 \frac{1}{2} (A + B) + 1$$

$$= [2 \cos \frac{1}{2} (A + B)] \times [\cos \frac{1}{2} (A - B) - \cos \frac{1}{2} (A + B)] + 1$$

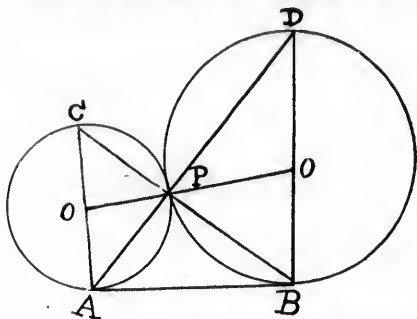
$$\text{By (23)} = [2 \cos \frac{1}{2} (A + B) \times [2 \sin \frac{1}{2} A \sin \frac{1}{2} B]] + 1$$

$$= (2 \sin \frac{1}{2} C) 2 \sin \frac{1}{2} A \sin \frac{1}{2} B + 1$$

$$= 1 + 4 \sin \frac{1}{2} A \sin \frac{1}{2} B \sin \frac{1}{2} C.$$

103.—Prove: If two circles touch externally, their common tangent is a mean proportional between their diameters.

Solution by N. A. Dugan, '96.



Let O and O' be two circles touching at P , and AB their common tangent.

Then $AC : AB = AB : BD$

Proof.—Draw AP , CP , BP , DP , OP , $O'P$

Since AC and BD are \perp to AB , they are \parallel .

$\therefore \angle AOP + \angle BOP = 2 \text{ rt } \angle$ s

But $\angle PAB = \frac{1}{2} \angle AOP$

and $\angle PBA = \frac{1}{2} \angle BOP$

$\therefore \angle PAB + \angle PBA = a \text{ rt } \angle$

$\therefore \angle APB = a \text{ rt } \angle$

Also $\angle APC = a \text{ rt } \angle$

$\therefore CPB$ is a straight line

In like manner DPA is a straight line

Now the rt \triangle s ACB and ADB

$\angle C = \angle DAB$

$\therefore \triangle$ s ACB and ADB are similar

Whence $AC : AB = AB : BD$

104.—What is the width of the ring between two concentric circumferences whose lengths are 440 feet and 330 feet?

Solution by M. F. Rouse, '97.

Solution.

The diameters of the circles are

$\frac{440}{\pi}$ and $\frac{330}{\pi}$

The width of the ring between the two concentric circumferences is one-half the difference between their diameters.

$$\frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{440}{\pi} - \frac{330}{\pi} \right) = \frac{55}{\pi} = 17.5$$

\therefore The width between the circles = 17.5 feet.

NEW PROBLEMS.

106.—Two ships are a mile apart. The angular distance of the first ship from a fort on shore, as observed from the second ship is $35^\circ 14' 10''$, the angular distance of the second ship from the fort, observed from the first ship, is $42^\circ 11' 53''$. Find the distance in feet from each ship to the fort.

105.—The radius of a sphere is 4 inches. From any point on the surface as a pole, a circle is described upon the sphere, with an opening of the compasses equal to 3 inches. Find the area of this circle.

106.—Prove: That the area of a circular ring is equal to that of a circle whose diameter is a chord of the outer circle and a tangent to the inner circle.

107.—Given the side of an equilateral triangle 10. Find the radius of the circumscribing circle.

SPLINTERS.

Maud.

Generative.

Sham-rogues.

Dissipation!

Miss Shakespeare.

A *Daily* Politician!

"Sew buttons on it."

Base causer of effects!

Annie has the mumps!

"Mac, Mum's the word."

"We keep no *table d' hote*."

"Where's the little fellow?"

"Do you love me, Georgie?"

"Who takes the flying leaps?"

"You get good substantial food."

"Say, Brother, were you ever in love?"

"Has Joe got neuralgia of the stomach?"

D*v*tt's new phenomenon, the rolly bolly Alice!

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"—

Paoli Maid.

"I am game till the last drop of blood leaves me."

There's more in *his* Philosophy than Grand-
claude ever knew.

He showed a cheerful willingness, and this is how 'tis
provod:

The motion, *it* was seconded, and K—y, *he* was
moved.

ACCIDENTALLY OVERHEARD.

What became of the cubes?—J. H.

Where is the little fellow?—Fr. Mc.

Don't do the jug, Joe.—J. D.

He's "nutty," he writes poetry.—J. M. W.

J. M. winks at everybody.—S—e.

A lunar eclipse of the moon.—E. J. M.

What of it? Up to home.—L. H.

Three cheers, Ireland's gone Democratic.—J. H.

He makes motions to me with his mouth.—
N—e.

A correspondent sends us the following, and
asks if this can be "our Stanley":

There is a young man attending the University of Pennsylvania upon whom "the turn was called" very cleverly the other day. He came to the University to pursue post-graduate studies, from a college in a small but distinctively college town. While attending that institution he found time to cultivate the acquaintance of a number of the prettiest girls in the village, and the idea took possession of him since he came to Old Penn that the portraits of all his old "flames" of other college days would add much to the adornment of his quarters. So he penned a request to the fair creatures who lingered most in his remembrance for copies of their photographs. He got them all,

too, the other day, but in a form he little expected. The dear girls, on receiving his request, put up a job on him. Eight of them visited a photographer's in a body, and had a group picture taken showing only the backs of their heads and shoulders. One of these pictures was mailed without comment to the fresh University man. He hasn't had the picture framed for his room.

"DO, DO, MY —."

Oh, 'tis the Bostonian knows how to speak,
In language so cultured, and neat, and chaste;
And the following words that I heard last week,
This column will cheerfully give them in haste.

Perhaps you have heard, in lowlier strain,
Of the Devil, his due,—vulgar, very,—
Dress it up *a la Boston*, and read it again,
Give the King of Hades his *huckleberry*!

THE ECLIPSE.

The moon went into mourning one night,
They called it *Eclipse*, no doubt,
And a Lady and Knight, to see the sight,
Into the courtyard went out.

But there was a man in the moon, Boo! hoo!
Like the moon he was out of sight,
But he seemed to be on to that pair, them two,
For I heard his voice in the night:—

"Oh, Lady, what are you *Dohan* there,
Not siren, or sylph, or worse?—
Ah, no! methinks in that Lady fair
'Tis the Nurse I see, 'tis the Nurse!"

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

A little bit of ribbon green,
His left lapel adorning,
On Irish Paddy's coat is seen,
Saint Patrick's day in the morning.

The day wears on (his head goes round),
The green is out of sight
'umop əpɪsɪdn ɹəʊtɪz ɛrɛ sɹuɪtɪ puɹ
Saint Patrick's day in the night!

SOME MOORE.

Once in the stilly night,
When slumber's chains had bound them,
Little shoelets out of sight,
Cast off garments round them,
The kicks, the bumps,
The heavy thumps,
The cries, the words then spoken,
Had but the power
To make Frank sour,
While Michael's heart was broken.
Yes, in that stilly night,

When slumber's chains had bound them,
Rude knockings brought the light
Of horrid Hades round them.

O, in that stilly night,
I may not, dare not word it,—
The story of that wordy fight,
Verbatim, as I heard it,—

For Friendship's chain
Was smote in twain,
The links were burst asunder,
As Martin laughed,
And Nielie chafed,
And all grew mad as thunder,
Thus in that stilly night,
When slumber's chains had bound them,
A cast-off rubber brought the light
Of horrid Hades round them.

ATHLETICS.

The prospects for Villanova's base-ball team are exceedingly bright this year as many of the old players have returned, and with the additional assistance of three new members, we hope to prove as formidable to our opponents as of old. The team has an exceptionally strong list of pitchers and, in fact, the entire nine will undoubtedly prove to be the strongest that Villanova has placed on the diamond for several years. Individually the players are manifesting very good abilities and not many more days will have elapsed ere the team-work will commence to place them in good trim. May "the boys" be as successful as ever, and may the White and Blue wave as triumphantly in '95 as it has during the seasons of the past. The aspirants for the team are: M. T. Fields, J. J. Barthouski, T. Rogers, J. M. Walsh, S. A. Kenny, W. Hazel, D. A. Herron, M. J. Kavanaugh, E. Moynihan, M. J. Murphy, J. J. Carey, J. A. Hannon.

The following is our base-ball schedule thus far arranged for the season:

Villanova

vs.

Clermont A.A., at Villanova	April 20.
Clover A.A., " "	May 1.
West Chester Normal School at Villanova " 4.	
Kensington, at Villanova	" 11.
West Chester Normal School, at W. Chester " 18.	
Manhattan College, at New York	" 25.
Penn Mutual, at Villanova	June 1.
Powells, at Villanova	" 5.
Manhattan College, at Villanova	" 8.
Congregationals, at Villanova	" 15.

PERSONALS.

We are pleased to hear that E. J. Monaghan is rapidly recovering from an attack of rheumatic fever.

On Tuesday, March 5, Rev. G. H. Mahon, of Oxford, N. Y., visited the Faculty and brought with him Mr. John Murphy, whom he left to pursue his studies.

Besides Rev. Frs. Gleeson, Medina and Coar, a large number of the Seniors attended the able lecture delivered by Rev. James Monahan, '79, of Philadelphia, March 17, at Wayne, Pa.

Rev. Frs. F. X. McGowan and M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., delivered lectures St. Patrick's night appropriate to the occasion. The former at St.

Veronica's Church, Philadelphia, and the latter at St. Denis', Ardmore, Pa.

March 17 our Very Rev. President, L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., delivered a lecture on "Ireland, Her Saints and Her Heroes," in St. Patrick's Church, Waterbury, Conn. The papers of that city speak of Fr. Delurey as a forcible and interesting speaker and devote a large share of their columns to a summary of his lecture.

Among those who called at the College during the present month were Rev. James O'Reilly, of Downingtown, Pa.; J. P. Fahey, O.S.A., of Mechanicville, N. Y., and B. B. Schmeckler, O.S.A., of Lawrence, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. McCall, Mr. Charles Kuhne, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Beasley, of Chestnut Hill.



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Villanova Monthly

Vol. III.

Villanova College, April, 1895.

No. 4.



Easter Morning!

Oh, Father, touch the East with light—
Break, blessed day!—
Burst forth ye buds in radiance bright,
Sing birds your roundelay
For Christ is risen in His might,
Earth, sinful, trembles with affright,
An endless day succeeds to night,
Death knows no sway.

When Mary stood beside His tomb,
Stricken with fear,
Weeping, sighing amidst the gloom,
"He is not here!"
'Twas but the whispered word,
"Mary!"—His voice she heard,
With love her soul was stirred,
Jesus was near!

Jesus who died for men,
Thou who didst rise again,
Rise from the dead,
Give us the joy of her,
Joining our words with her—
"Rabboni," she said.

"Master," to Thee we turn,
"Master," from Thee we'll learn—
Bid us arise!
That, freed from Death's dark chain,
We, too, may live again
In Paradise.

Break blessed morn, dawn happy morn,
Rise, King of morning, arise in the sky;
Sing happy birds for me,
Flowers, exhale for me,
All of thy perfume, and waft it on high!

J. I. WHELAN '95.

A Sketch.—An Evening on a Canal Boat.

During the past summer vacation I happened to be visiting friends in New York city, and, in fact, having a real "good" time passing the day in "taking in" the sights of the great city, and the evening in making friendly calls on some former acquaintances. I thus came in contact with many more persons than I really imagined I would, and while it was a pleasure, it was also a suitable opportunity for widening my views in regard to my fellow-men. During one of these evening visits I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Stevenson, and while conversing on various subjects, we came to speak of ships and shipping, my friend being an agent for a canal-boat company of Buffalo, while I, myself, had often, as a boy, made trips with my father, who was a captain on the steamship "Alaska," plying between Baltimore and Boston.

When our company was about to separate to their respective homes, Mr. Stevenson asked me if I would like to visit the company's boats then lying in the East River; saying that if I so desired he would be pleased to conduct me thither the next afternoon.

Now was my chance, for it had been my ardent desire to see what life was like on these awkward looking vessels; as at that time I was engaged in writing for a youth's magazine, I thought that this visit would furnish me with an excellent subject. I therefore told my friend that I would be pleased and at leisure to accompany him at the appointed time.

The next morning when I awoke a heavy fog overhung the city, and I began to fear that my visit to the boats would have to be postponed, but happily by noon there was a clear sky, all was sunshine, and I anxiously awaited the coming of Mr. Stevenson. He called at four o'clock, and after a short delay we started for our destination, which was about a mile from the house, and arrived there toward sunset.

On South street, numberless trucks and wagons began to rumble homeward. With wheels rattling

and drivers cursing and shouting, there was enough noise to satisfy any morbid taste for turmoil.

With one step from this scene of tumult we were in what might be called the repose of a country church-yard. On every side lay an endless jumble of canal-boats of all shapes and sizes. Here and there from many projecting stovepipes arose the thin blue smoke of the supper fires, while the air was sharp with the odor of frying bacon and other savory dishes provided by the frugal canal-boat matrons.

Occasionally, from out the open cabin windows, would float the refrain of some old, old song, and again a young girl's voice could be heard amid the rattle of pots, pans and kettles, singing a romantic ballad.

Being now left to myself, as I told my friend my object in coming, I began to notice every particular; first, it was the great number of dogs of all breeds, ages and sizes; these made themselves conspicuous by their continually barking defiance at each other across the level decks. I learned that they were useful for guarding the boats at night. I was next attracted by two boys sitting on a projection of the pier and holding an animated discussion on some subject, but it immediately ceased as I drew near.

They were typical country boys, from their ragged shoes even to the crownless hats.

"What boat do you work on?" I asked.

"The 'Sallie Waters'," replied the larger of the two. "I drive and Tom there helps round the boat."

"When do you start for the country?"

"Next week, I reckon, leastwise it's 'bout time we was goin'. All our money is spent now."

"What are you eating?"

"Lickerish."

"What do you do while lying here?" I asked.

"Oh there's lots to do. We've got to tend the hosses, keep the deck clean and do chores. Then we're got to stay about, mostly to watch things, I reckon. Once we was away up town, got lost somehow, and didn't get back here till nigh midnight. The old man cussed awful and gave Bill a kick that most lifted him off the boat."

At this moment, from the bow of the boat there came a confused noise of thumps, snorts and a volume of adjectives, "Whoa, like! Whoa! Goldorn fishhooks! Whoa! I'll be Jim whizzled if you haint the all infarnelist mule I ever seen. Take that! Goldorn your buttons."

Then there was the sound of a blow. At the same instant boards, splinters and nails flew from the side of the little stable up in the bow, and a tall young countryman came out scratching his head ruefully.

"What's the matter, Buck?" asked the smaller boy.

"It's that fool mule," replied Buck, "he tried to fetch me one, but I was too smart for him. I'll make him pull the boat back by hisself t'rm here to Buffalo."

There was now a general laugh in which Buck himself joined. Now again all was silent and I judge that they were engaged in attending to the wants of the inner man. In looking around the fleet, I saw a white haired old man sitting in front of a deck house on one of the boats. He sat quietly smoking an old pipe and gazing at the dim orange flare in the west, where the day had lately died, and at the black shadows of the distant towers and spires.

To me he seemed like one of the old patriarchs, Abraham or Moses, who had returned to life. Presently, up through a gangway at his feet, arose the spiritual face and shoulders of a young girl. She was as fair as one of those dreamy water nymphs which we have seen so often painted. Under the smooth brown hair her eyes seemed like pools of darkness. She leaned upon her hands, with only her shoulders above deck, and looked for a long time silently at the city.

The thousand electric lights had begun to glimmer along the streets and now and then a far-off elevated train dashed by with its glimmering windows and its dull roar. Suddenly, clear and sweet through the air, there broke the chimes of old Trinity. The girl sighed. "I'd like to be over there, grandpa," she said.

"Where, child, the church?"

"No, grandpa, the city."

"Don't talk that way, my child; don't! You do not know what you are talking about. You had a sister once. She came to the city with me on this very boat. Where is she now? She did not come back with me."

"But she's married and gone away some place, you said; she lives over there some place, grandpa, and I want to find her. It's funny she doesn't write. I would like to go out there and see what city life is like. I will never forget the night you took me out. There were lights and lights, and oh, such a lot of people and wagons and noise. It was delightful, and all the time I was thinking of sister, and enjoying her. Maybe she is too fine for us now, grandpa; but if I should see her, I would not care. I would just put my arms around her and hug her good."

Then the old man, with something like a hoarse, dry sob in his throat, got up and walked away, leaving the pale-faced girl still leaning on her hands and dreaming of the city. That night there

was music and dancing on one of the boats, young men and women enjoying themselves, but I was dreaming of the beautiful young girl, and as the party broke up, and we were returning to the city, that white face still gleamed from the dark hole in the deck. The girl was still gazing at the city lights, and dreaming of her sister.

J. J. HUGHES, '96.

A Double Sacrifice.

By J. I. WHELAN.

CHAPTER IV.—JOAN OF ARC.

The sun was sinking in the west, tinting with colors of red and gold, the restless waters of the Clyde. The sea-gulls, who had no home, unless, as story told, they hailed from the eyries of Ailsa Craig, lifting its hoary head high up from the waters of the Firth, these were soaring in graceful circles above the white-capped waves. But Joan, standing on the long dock, heeded them not, although their constant motion would seem in keeping with her troubled spirit. Her eyes were fixed upon the sun, dying in the west. Hope had long since died within her breast, but she still thought of him, whose home was in that other land, far across the sea.

"The sun is still shining there," she said, "while here night already approaches."

And she felt that there was something symbolic in it all, of the lightness that his heart must know, of the shadow which enveloped her. It was two years since Jim had left, waving that good-bye to her, standing on the very spot where now she stood, where she often took up her position as evening fell. She loved to hear the waters lashing about the piers, she loved to hear the piercing yells of the flying gulls. Her soul was out of tune and she loved not harmony.

In those two years she had lived a lifetime. She was a woman now, and having grown more womanly, had become more lovely. If her color was of a less pronounced nature now, it was all the better contrasted with the almost pallid whiteness of her throat and brow. And then the magic color of her hair, hesitating between yellow and red! Even now the last ray of the sun fell upon her; the rising wind disturbed the covering of her head; she was crowned with liquid gold.

One of Joan's impressionable and shallow-minded admirers had characterized her as an angel, a dream. She was nothing so ethereal; not an angel, except she were one of mercy, bringing sunshine and gladness into many a poor hovel; not a dream, except she were an ideal realized; but she was a lovely woman, God's noblest work. Let

none of my readers, especially the fairer ones (if I have any), who would be more inclined to censure Jim, blame him that he could not fully appreciate the beauties of her person, the more requisite ones of her ardent soul. Jim has made for himself a higher ideal, though Joan knows it not. Let us rather hope for him that he will never again see this picture of loveliness, that he may never again read in those sad, blue eyes, that he holds the key of her affection. For in that meeting, in that inward looking into each other's souls—but let us hope, I say, for her sake, for his, it may never happen.

Joan returned home, not at all alarmed, though night was fast approaching; for her many acts of charity and kindness had made her revered in this rather disreputable locality. There were protectors all around her in the sailors, whose bed of sickness she had so often cheered. She was thinking of these as she walked home.

"Mother," she said, soon after she entered, "I have found out my mission in life."

"Well," said her mother, smiling at the mock heroism, "I did not know you had lost it."

"Oh, mother, what a joker you are," and she pinched her cheek softly. Then she continued:

"I am serious. It all came to me as I walked home from the quay to-night."

She drew a stool close beside her mother and sat at her feet.

"Do you remember," she asked, "when as a child, I used to sit at your feet and you told me the story of Joan of Arc? How when the inward voice prompted her she left home and kindred to bring succor to the King at Orleans? A voice no less strong urges me now to be up and doing. No stricken city needs my help. No King cries out to me for help: but I am weary of this life of inactivity and there is but one thing that I can do."

"And that?"

Joan seized her mother's hand as though to force from her, consent to what she was about to suggest.

"You know," she said, "that Dr. Lonie told me I was a born nurse. In that, then, you have the cue to what I would ask."

"Oh, not that," sighed her mother, picturing to herself all the trials and dangers to which Joan would be subject.

"And why not?" asked Joan. "I must do something, I can not continue to dream my life away; and—and you know that I have done nothing else lately."

Her mother's arms were about her now and she was sobbing softly. Jim's name was never mentioned between them; but each was thinking of him with different emotions however. The mother

rightly blamed Jim for the sorrow that had come to Joan.

"No, mother," continued she, "I must awake from my dreams. I can not be wedded to a myth."

As they gradually grew calmer, they quietly discussed the question. Mrs. Morley was too wise not to know that if Joan was to be her old self again, it was only to be effected by some such engrossing work as this which she herself proposed. But Joan's idea was to go to Glasgow, there by practice and study in one of the large hospitals to perfect herself in her chosen avocation, and her mother could not bring herself to think of the separation. But Joan finally prevailed upon her to give her consent.

They sat thus side by side until the fire burned low, talking of Joan of Arc, and the siege, and the crowning of the King at Rheims. And so they built about them a rampart of romance and gloried in it in their own delightful way. And they never spoke of the tragic death of the Maid of Orleans, for that was too sad; and besides Joan's mission was not to be restricted to one heroic act. The Maid had been martyred because she continued in the field after her mission had been fulfilled.

The boys came in, and the practical side of the question was again discussed. They were of a thorough-going sort and they thought Joan had chosen wisely and well.

And so it came about that, through the offices of Dr. Lonie, the modern Joan left home and kindred, and was duly established as "Nurse Joan" in the Scottish Royal Infirmary.

CHAPTER V.

DINNA' FORGET.

Letter of James Chrystie, North East, Erie County, Pa., U.S.A., to Andrew Chrystie, Queen's Terrace, Greenock, Scotland:

SEPTEMBER 20, 188-.

My Dear Father:—

My last letter informed you of my change of residence, at which you were no doubt surprised, but it did not prepare you for the reason of that change, which now I must give. It is two years since I left old Scotia's shores to seek my fortune in the New World; and to-night, alone in my little room, with only my thoughts for company, the rest and sweet content that fill my heart tell me that I have succeeded in a manner far beyond my expectations. My fortune is made! But, oh, my father, not in the way I had thought, and I fear, not in the manner that you will approve. For it is because I knew that the peace which has

come as balm to my heart will find no responsive throb in your breast, because I felt that what I have to tell you would give pain in the telling, it is for these reasons that I have been so long silent in regard to the step I have taken.

For this letter is written in a Catholic Seminary which I entered early this month. I was received into this Church in June last. And there, father, briefly and simply, is the key at once to my great happiness and your deep sorrow. I well know your feelings in this matter. I picture to myself you and my dear mother reading this letter. I can see her tear-stained face. I can hear you say that an abyss has suddenly come between you and your boy. I know it all, I feel it all, for my sentiments were similar to yours a year ago. But my dear father, and you my darling mother, believe me when I say that I love you now more than ever. I love you and pray God to bless you; that God, who has told us to leave all and follow Him; that God, who dries the tears of the mourner, who comforts the sad and sorrowing. Think of me then as of old, for in following the path He has illumined for my feet, I have not left you in this that I can never cease to think of you with filial affection, intensified now because I know that I have caused you pain.

I beseech you write to me soon, that I may have your blessing in this step which my whole being tells me is to bring me nearer to that Truth for which we all prayed together in our dear old home.

And now, good-night, and God bless you.

JIM.

Letter of Alexander Chrystie, Greenock, Scotland, to James Chrystie, North East, Pa., U.S.A.:

OCTOBER 18, 188-.

My Dear Brother:—

Your letter reached us in due time. The effect of your disclosures you have in part anticipated; its entirety is known only to us who have witnessed the anguish of our dear parents grieving over your secession from the good old faith which has sufficed for them and for all their kin. I will not reproach you, Jim, for the sorrow you have brought upon us; I will keep down the feelings which rise within me. For they uttered none, and 'tis they suffer most. Father cannot bring himself to answer your letter, and although you have cut yourself off from us, although you have bowed your mother's head with grief and shame, still we will try to be kind to you, and I am deputed to write you in answer to your appeal for a letter. You can surely expect no commendation for the step you have taken. For myself, I cannot imagine what has gotten into you. But if it is

any consolation to you, in that "little room of yours," when "your thoughts are your only company," to know that no word of reproach or complaint has crossed the lip of either parent, then that solace is yours. But if you had committed some dreadful crime father could not feel worse, and mother is sighing continually for her "poor lost bairn." It is as though we had had a funeral in the house.

You were always good to mother, Jim, better than Tom or myself, and this adds a greater sting to the wound you have given her heart. But are you set in your views? Surely you can not be so radical all of a sudden. I can not believe that you will persevere in those outlandish Popish practices you and I were wont to ridicule. What has Bob Wylie been doing all this time not to see you were making a fool of yourself?

But there—I wasn't going to be unkind. I have no news to offer. We are well—in health, at least.

Your brother,
"SANDY."

James Chrystie, North East, Pa., U.S.A., to
Alexander Chrystie, Greenock, Scotland:

OCTOBER 31, 188—.

Dear Sandy:—

What pain your letter gave me. You said you would utter no reproach; but, oh, my dear brother, I read it in every line. Will you not believe that I am suffering agony equal to your own? You, at least, are together in your sorrow; but I, I am alone. Every word you write brings the tears to my eyes in the reading. And were it not that I am upheld by the conviction that I have done right, that I have been guided by the Eternal Light, I could not stand the weight of sadness that has come upon me. I have been the cause of all your sorrow—yes. But it was borne by me in the anticipation long before it came upon you. I kept it from you as long as I could. But it had to be told.

I cannot write more now. My duties call me away; but I felt that I must drop you a line. I will write again soon.

Tell my mother not to look upon me as lost. If she, if you all, only knew—. Ask her and my father to forgive the pain I have caused them. Ah, if she would but write to me, only a line, to tell me that she believes me to be in my affection for you all,

The same old

JIM.

P.S.—Bob Wylie went to New York in May. I had not seen much of him. In my next letter I will try to explain my change of views. Then you can judge for yourself.

J.

Letter of Mrs. Maggie Chrystie, Greenock,

Scotland, to James Chrystie, North East, Pa., U.S.A.:

DECEMBER 1, 188—.

Dear Boy:—

Your two letters to Alexander have both been received. You know I am not a good hand at the pen, but I will do the best I can. Well, dear Jimmie, your father and myself were much put out and saddened by what you wrote, but we will try and bear it all like true Christians, and leave it all in the hands of the Almighty. No doubt you did all for the best, lad, and so we must not judge you. I was never much for those folk, but if you are to be a minister among them, I will try to do kindly to them. I did think there was something atwixt you and that lass o' Morley's, but when she sent me a ring I had one time given you, I guessed it was all over with. She is a fine lass, and a handsome one, and would make a good wife. But I suppose you mustn't think o' such things now.

Well, dear boy, my hand hurts me and I can't write any more. So I will only tell you to remember, as the message I send, the words o' the "auld song" I used to hear you sing, "Dinna forget ye hae a mither lad." And that is the best message I can send. I hope you will always do right, but right or wrong, dinna forget ye hae a mither wha lo'es ye for aye. God bless my poor bairnie.

From your mother,
MAGGIE CHRYSIE.

CHAPTER VI.

"WAS EVER WOMAN IN THIS HUMOR WOO'D?"

Joan had been duly installed in the infirmary one year, when there was brought into her ward a young man of the better class, who was to play an important part in her after life. She had shown much proficiency in her chosen profession and was fast gaining distinction. The head nurse said that there was an ease and gentleness about her that was encouraging to the patients. She was born for the sick room. She gave evidence at once of this upon her entrance into the institution in the very opening and closing of the ward door. Such little things as this passed not by unnoticed by the head nurse, and to such trifles (important trivialities, Dr. Lonie had told her) Joan owed many of her opportunities. The invalids loved to hear her soft foot-fall; and there was such a world of consolation in her bright smile as she arranged their pillows.

And so a year had passed by when John Ramsdell was brought into the ward suffering the incipency of a severe fever. The little tablet at the head of his cot informed Joan of these facts when she came into the infirmary after a short walk one

afternoon. The features though pinched and drawn were classical, the forehead intellectual, his hands were small and shapely, evidently unused to toil. She saw all this at a glance. His linen too was of a superior quality. Every thing about him bespoke the gentleman. How he came to be brought into the common ward instead of into a private room was accounted for by himself after he recovered a little. He had been taken sick suddenly while his people were traveling on the continent. His doctor had advised him to go to the infirmary where he would receive every requisite attention. He had assented but was too weak to enter into any detail of arrangement. When his recovery had justified his removal into a private apartment, he had declined to leave the ward, knowing that he would have to change nurses. Nor was it simply because he appreciated all that Nurse Morley had done for him. It was the old story. She had nursed him back to life and he had fallen in love with his nurse.

One day after she had been arranging the glasses and little necessities upon the table at the head of his bed, she stooped to arrange the coverlet which was slightly awry. He caught her hand as she passed him and held it for an instant. Joan looked upon him with startled surprise. She could not mistake the message that was written in his face. It alarmed and disconcerted her and she hurried from the ward. Nor did she go near him again until duty forced her. Then he was the picture of abject misery and penitence.

"I must speak to you, Nurse," he said.

"No," she said decisively but gently, "your fever has increased. The doctor has strictly commanded that you be kept free from excitement."

She utilized her professional authority and enforced silence. But he evidently took the doctor into his confidence, for on the next day, when she brought him his breakfast, he began abruptly with:

"The doctor says I may speak to you."

Joan had prepared herself for what must come but, in order to gain still a little time, answered:

"The doctor would, I think, advise you to take this cocoa first."

He obeyed her in silence, while she busied herself *doing nothing* about the ward. She knew what he was about to tell her, knew what her answer should be, nay, must be. She had not entirely cast the old idol out of her heart. She still loved Jim Chrystie; otherwise she might have looked upon this invalid lover with feeling deeper, stronger than esteem. He finally asked her to sit down and she complied, taking a position in which he could but partially see her face.

"Would not this chair be more comfortable?" he asked.

"I can hear what you have to say here" she made reply.

"You know what I have to say," he cried impulsively, "even though I should not utter a word. For you must have guessed from that other incident that I love you, Nurse. Tell me that I have not offended you, that I may hope my love is not in vain."

He tried to turn that he might look into her face, but he was yet too weak for such exertion and she had to assist him. She gently placed him in his former position, but this time she took the chair he had previously designated. It was an odd wooing. He had once more seized her hand. She disengaged it and answered quietly:

"I was more surprised than offended, and whatever offence there was, I have already pardoned."

"Then you bid me hope—"

"No," smiling sadly, "but since you have honored me with your love, which a woman might well be proud of, I will at least be frank with you and tell you why I cannot accept it."

Then briefly and simply she told him the story of her love for Jim in all its little details. But he could see that she ever strove to place Jim's actions in the best light. She told him then that, with the pleasure which she always felt in doing her duty in the sick-room, in awaiting upon him, there had been associated another feeling, more akin to esteem than love. But she could not give her heart to one, her hand to another.

He was much affected by her recital. He indeed could see the nobility of her character; was grateful that she had trusted him with this secret which no stranger had shared; and withal loved her more than ever.

"But surely," he said, "you will not thus live ever in the past. The future is before us all. He has long since forgotten you. In being true to a memory, is it just that you should be untrue to yourself?"

So he pleaded with her. Love made him eloquent. He would make her love him, he said, by the very force of his own love. He would not believe that her love for Jim would be long centered upon him who had shown himself unworthy of so great a boon. These and such arguments did he use, and finally obtained from her the promise that if, knowing all these circumstances, he was willing to accept her hand, she would not say him nay.

And so it was that the doctor in making his rounds that afternoon, saw a great change for the better in John.

"The nurse beats the doctor," he said sententiously.

"She does," emphatically from John. Joan colored and moved away.

(To be concluded.)

St. Augustine of Hippo.

FOURTEENTH PAPER.

For as in every living being, so in the angelic spirits was life the chief endowment of their nature, their most characteristic grace, which blending in them all the gifts of God, ensured the most thorough development of all His spiritual excellences and beauties of understanding and will, wherefrom ensued in the angels their fullest imitation of their Maker and Sanctifier and their most complete and lasting union with Him in eternal and holy friendship.

Such is the end, or term of life in its noblest and highest sense.

In the works of the visible and invisible creation, life is everywhere apparent in its effects and phenomena. These all are varied in degree and measure, according as in His goodness and wisdom, God—the Maker and Sanctifier—has extended to His living creatures, their share, as it were, of His own infinitely perfect and divine Life.

By their greater or less resemblance to this divine Life creatures are more or less true and perfect likenesses of the infinitely varied and multiform energy of God's own divine Spirit, which is the Spirit of life. On every living being is impressed some one or other of the characteristics of the Deity,—of His reality, wisdom, goodness. Every thing reflects the handiwork of God. Everywhere in visible creation,—in plant, insect, fish, bird, and brute, is apparent some strangely individual, constant, and everworking principle, that is unceasingly tending in some way or other, to unify all the creature's activeness, to perfect each individual nature, and from the germ upwards to develop in the being all its vital and healthful powers and make them fruitful sources of real beneficence to self and others.

Life thus is a reality ; in each created being the basis of all its true and healthful activity, the principle of its perfectness, which though often dependent upon its environments, on the vitality of even other beings, is yet in its completest form independent of all save its Creator. Perfect independence in its highest conceivable degree is an attribute of God alone. Thus though in varied proportion each living being in the world visible or invisible, has its own field or sphere of fruitfulness, of healthy action, its own individual equipment, in a word, its own life and its own aim or business in life, which is its own self-perfection—the perfection of the resemblance, which it bears to its Maker.

Imitation of one's Maker is thus the natural as well as the supernatural goal of life. And all the numberless moving, acting, living, self-perfecting agencies in creation, from the meanest and lowest organism in the visible world—the plant, and the noblest and highest—man, to the most exalted spirit in the invisible world—the angel, are so endowed with this real, inner, helpful activity, that while perfecting themselves, they are also aids in perfecting others.

Fruitfulness is the perfection of nature—the goal of life. Fertility in field and flock, in man and angel, is another grace or blessing of the Most High, which accompanies all true life. All real fruitfulness which He has accorded to all His living creatures comes from God. In their fruitfulness of body or spirit creatures reflect more or less dimly the fruitfulness of God's own Spirit, the mark of life eternal.

For beneficence, or the power of doing good to others, an attribute of all true life, is in its highest degree an attribute of the Deity alone. His power of self-perfection and of doing good to others, wherein consists the fruitfulness of life, is thus the perfection of all healthy life action.

While most strikingly apparent in beings of the rational order as men, this fruitfulness in reality is apparent also in a measure in beings of the order of irrational life as plants and brutes. Some plants while perfecting themselves aid other plants of the same or even different species to live, thrive and grow ; some brutes support and nourish other brutes similarly of the same or even different species. This dependence of one living being on another is true of beings especially of the parasitic kind. And yet it is true also of man, for in perfecting himself man must needs serve his Maker, and from Him derive all the excellence and healthfulness of his life.

It is a law of dependence that the lower serve the higher. The inorganic world was formed to serve and actually does serve the organic ; the organic the human, and the human God. And the perfection of the creature is measured by the perfection, of this service. For order that is, one's recognition, and love of the Source of all one's perfections, is Heaven's first law. By this graded fruitfulness of living beings is shown the order, interdependence and harmony of life.

Moreover the goodly uses and services of the vegetable and animal worlds are, (as every one recognizes,) highly valuable not only to creatures of their own species but even to beings of the higher planes of life. The higher is served by the lower. The plant not only serves the plant, but one plant is nourished by another, while both serve the brute. One brute is nourished by plants ; another by its fellow brutes, and man by both as well as by the Spirit of God.

This self-perfecting and beneficent power in dependent and independent life is according to the nature of each being. For in all beings gifted with life—is inherent the power of action—of self-development, of self-perfection, and this basis or subject of all its excellence is its individual nature.

Nature is the source of energy in every being, wherein is developed all its perfection. To improve and perfect this nature, to refine and sanctify it, work all the graces of God of both the natural and supernatural order of His benevolence. The nature of a being thus means its real fundamental excellence—goodness, its fruit-bearing power, in state or deed, in habit, adornment or act.

T. C. M.

(To be Continued.)

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WE greet with pleasure the happy Easter season. It is proverbially a time for rejoicing. During the brief space of a few days we review in imagination, the grandest, most sublime and, at the same time, the most touching tragedy ever enacted on the stage of life. We notice and enjoy the rapidity and completeness of the transition from the passion and crucifixion to gladness and rejoicing. As the pagans of old celebrated all their festive days, days on which some of the leaders, after subduing a province, would be honored with a triumphal march through the capital city; so do Christians celebrate Easter. For that day commemorates the glorious victory of Christ over suffering, crucifixion and death. On that day Christ brought joy and happiness to the Christian world. Nature herself, by clothing the earth in a new garb, one pleasing to the eye, seems to vie with the Creator in making man happy. At this season everything seems to be imbued with new life and vigor. Let us therefore thank the munificent Being who has conferred this great benison on the world.

FREQUENTLY in reading we meet a thought which attracts our attention both on account of its profundity and its good, sound, common sense.

Such a sentence is found in Dryden's defence of Chaucer wherein he says "We must be children, before we grow men." This thought is, indeed, a very comprehensive one. It teaches us that perfection cannot be obtained at once, if ever. There was a Homer, and in the progress of time an Aeschylus and a Sophocles before Ennius Virgil and Horace, an Apelles before Raphael.

We are admonished also that men unjustly criticise the works of art because they do not go back to the age in which the authors lived and the difficulties which they had to overcome, but content themselves with a superficial view from a modern standpoint. It is true that nature which Chaucer cherished and followed everywhere was the same then as now but he lived in the infancy of our language when poetry, which has since been improved to such an extent that we think it almost incapable of further embellishment, was in a very crude and disordered state. Hence it is that a thought happily condensed often pleases more than a diffuse explanation.

THERE is a great pleasure arising from study which constitutes a compensation for the many tedious hours spent at it. To find beauty and wit in poetry, depth in philosophy exactness in mathematics, persuasion in oratory, succession of wonderful events in history is like discovering so many rich metals lying hidden in their respective mines. You must first dig and labor much if you wish to obtain them. But the reward is ample and sufficient to repay all the labor.

The fruition of studies is sweeter than ambition gratified which invariably ends when the faculties are dimmed. Not so with studies; they are ever with us. Cicero says: "They may be with us at home or abroad, embellish our prosperity, afford us a refuge and succor in our adversity; spend many delightful evenings in our company, travel with us and be present on pleasant hillsides."

THERE is no doubt whatever that the newspapers of to-day exercise a ~~more~~ powerful influence upon the minds and hearts of men. The improved and increasing facilities for the rapid communication of news, of every description, from every nook and corner of the world have placed the newspaper in position to satisfy even the most curious. Not only are we quickly and thoroughly informed of the political happenings throughout the world, but also, alas! of the minutest details of its most nauseating scandals. The pernicious influence of indiscriminate newspaper reading is patent and it behooves those in authority to note well what periodicals come under the eyes of those placed in their charge.

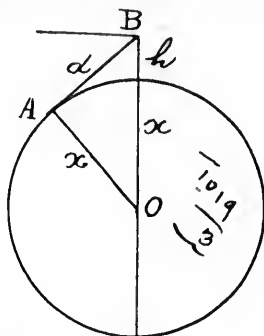
MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to
D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

102. From the top of a mountain three miles high the angle of depression of the most distant object which is visible on the earth's surface, is found to be $2^{\circ} 13' 50''$. Find the diameter of the earth.

Solution by D. A. Herron, '96.



$ABO = 87^{\circ} 46' 10''$. Let $x = \text{radius}$, $h = 3$ miles, and $AB = d$.

$$(2x + h)h = d^2. \quad 2hx + h^2 = d^2$$

$$2hx = d^2 - h^2, \quad x = \frac{d^2 - h^2}{2h}$$

$$\therefore x = \frac{d^2 - 9}{6}$$

$$\tan 87^{\circ} 46' 10'' = \frac{x}{d}. \text{ substitute value of } x.$$

$$\therefore \tan 87^{\circ} 46' 10'' = \frac{\frac{d^2 - 9}{6}}{d} = \frac{d^2 - 9}{6d}$$

$$\therefore \frac{d^2 - 9}{d} = 6 \tan 87^{\circ} 46' 10''$$

$$\log \frac{d^2 - 9}{d} = \log 6 + \log \tan 87^{\circ} 46' 10''$$

$$\log 6 = 0.77815$$

$$\log \tan 87^{\circ} 46' 10'' = 11.40945 - 10$$

$$\log \frac{d^2 - 9}{d} = 2.18774$$

$$\frac{d^2 - 9}{d} = 154.04$$

$$\frac{d^2 - 9}{d} = 154\frac{1}{25} = \frac{3851}{25}$$

$$25d^2 - 225 = 3851d$$

$25d^2 - 3851d = 225$. A quadratic equation in which

$$d = 154.1$$

$$\tan 2^{\circ} 13' 50'' = \frac{d}{x}$$

$$x = \frac{d}{\tan 2^{\circ} 13' 50''}$$

$$\log x = \log d + \text{colog} \tan 2^{\circ} 13' 50''$$

$$\log 154.1 = 2.18780$$

$$\text{colog} \tan 2^{\circ} 13' 50'' = 1.40950$$

$$\log x = 3.59730$$

$$x = 3956.36 = \text{radius}$$

$$7912.72 = \text{diam. of earth}$$

106.—Two ships are a mile apart. The angular distance of the first ship from a fort on shore, as observed from the second ship is $35^{\circ} 14' 10''$, the angular distance of the second ship from the fort, observed from the first ship is $42^{\circ} 11' 54''$. Find the distance in feet from each ship to the fort.

Solution by Wm. J. Shanahan, '97.

$$A = 35^{\circ} 14' 10''$$

$$B = 42^{\circ} 11' 53''$$

$$C = 180^{\circ} - (A + B) = 102^{\circ} 33' 57''$$

$$\sin C = \sin (180 - C) = \sin 77^{\circ} 26' 3''$$

$$a : c = \sin 35^{\circ} 14' 10'' : \sin 77^{\circ} 26' 3''$$

$$a = \frac{c \sin 35^{\circ} 14' 10''}{\sin 77^{\circ} 26' 3''} \quad c = 1 \text{ mile} = 5280 \text{ feet}$$

$$\log a = \log 5280 + \log \sin 35^{\circ} 14' 10'' + \text{colog} \sin 77^{\circ} 26' 3''$$

$$\log 5280 = 3.72263$$

$$\log \sin 35^{\circ} 14' 10'' = 9.76114 - 10$$

$$\text{colog} \sin 77^{\circ} 26' 3'' = 0.01053$$

$$\log a = 3.49430$$

$$a = 3111 \text{ feet}$$

$$b : c = \sin B : \sin C$$

$$b = \frac{c \sin 42^{\circ} 11' 53''}{\sin 77^{\circ} 26' 3''}$$

$$\log b = \log 5280 + \log \sin 42^{\circ} 11' 53'' + \text{colog} \sin 77^{\circ} 26' 3''$$

$$\log 5280 = 3.72263$$

$$\log \sin 42^{\circ} 11' 53'' = 9.82719 - 10$$

$$\text{colog} \sin 77^{\circ} 26' 3'' = 0.01053$$

$$\log b = 3.56035$$

$$b = 3633.5 \text{ feet from fort}$$

107.—The radius of a sphere is 4 inches. From any point on the surface as a pole a circle is described upon the sphere, with an opening of the compasses equal to 3 inches. Find the area of this circle.

Solution by J. I. Whelan, '95

Let O be the centre of the sphere, P the pole, and A a point in the circle.

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Area of } \triangle POA &= \sqrt{5\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}} \\ &= \frac{1}{4} \sqrt{11 \times 3 \times 3 \times 5} \\ &= \frac{1}{4} \sqrt{495} \\ &= \frac{1}{4} \times 22.25 = 5.56 \end{aligned}$$

$$\text{Also area of } \triangle = \frac{1}{2} \times 4 \times h = 2h$$

$$\therefore 2h = 5.56$$

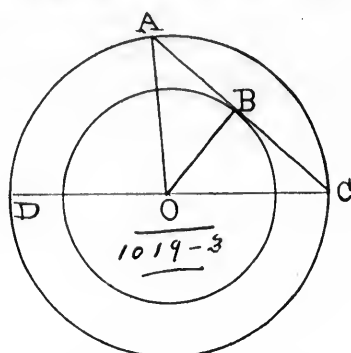
$$h = 2.78 = \text{radius}$$

$$\text{Area of circle} = \pi r^2$$

$$= \frac{22}{7} \times (2.78)^2 = 24.289 \text{ sq. in.}$$

108.—Prove: That the area of a circular ring is equal to that of a circle whose diameter is a chord of the outer circle and a tangent to the inner circle.

Solution by J. J. Reilly, '96.



Let AC = tangent to inner circle at B and chord of outer circle.

To prove area of circle having AC as diameter is equal area of ring.

$\angle AOD$ is measured by arc AD

$\angle DCA$ " $\frac{1}{2}$ arc AD

$\therefore \angle AOD = 2 \angle DCA$

$\angle AOD = \angle OAC + \angle OCB$

$\therefore \angle OAC = \angle OCB$

$\therefore \triangle OBA = \triangle OBC$ and $AB = BC$

Proof.—

Area of ring = $\pi \overline{OC}^2 - \pi \overline{OB}^2 = \pi (\overline{OC}^2 - \overline{OB}^2)$

Area of circle = $\pi \overline{BC}^2$

$\triangle OBC = rt \triangle$,

$\therefore \overline{BC}^2 = \overline{OC}^2 - \overline{OB}^2$

$\therefore \pi \overline{BC}^2 = \pi (\overline{OC}^2 - \overline{OB}^2)$

NEW PROBLEMS

110.—The planes of the faces of a quadrangular pyramid make with each other angles of 80° , 100° , 120° , 150° , and a length of a lateral edge of the pyramid is 42 feet. Find the area of its base in square feet.

111.—A person goes 70 yards up a slope of 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$ from the edge of a river, and observes the angle of depression of an object on the opposite shore to be $2^\circ 15'$. Find the breadth of the river.

112.—What is the zenith distance of the sun at noon on June 22, in New York City (lat $40^\circ 42'$)?

113.—Some men earning each \$2.50 a day, and some women earning each \$1.75 a day, receive altogether for their daily wages \$44.75. Determine the number of men and women.

114.—Prove that in an inscribed quadrilateral, the product of the diagonals is equal to the sum of the products of the opposite sides.

SPLINTERS.

Pool.

Beard.

Smacks.

Ice water!

Paraphrase.

"Dislikeness."

Bill poster.

Three times three.

"Get a hair cut."

Cayenne pepper.

"Dis-shovelled hair."

What was that something?

"Oh, 'tis a love-lie day!"

"There's a light in the window."

The Reach ball is a *base* ball.

"Joe, where did you get the head?"

That funny man from Connecticut.

Like the man *what* swallowed the whale!

"I has been with farmers, I has!"

And then they sang of "Auld Lang Syne!"

He lost his voice by too much singing.

"Never again within these post-holes."

"And there will be no cradles there."

And the first thing I knew I was snoring.

Who had his hair cut "with harsh words?"

"That's contemptible!" I didn't think so, did you?

If only good-looking men should be ushers, why not make one of him.

You should hear John and Patsy dilate on Irish subjects.

Will someone please decide which player is the best?

"What do they take from the musk-rat?"

"Why, musk, I suppose!"

A voice from the *mud*: If you want to walk on me, why trample on me.

A Mr. — a Miss. Now solve me this.

He Mr. and so, she still is Miss.

"Sure I said it on the jump of the moment."—
When *time* was taking a *flying* leap?

Golden promises are held out to Steve for a home-run hit in the Manhattan game.

Jack and Eddie is now the cry;

Jack and —? in the sweet bye and bye.

So: Do you know where the mound is?

Lo: No, where is it?

So: Just a little beyond that.

'Tis egg-nog in the morning,

'Tis zheg-nogs in zhe night—

'Tis head-ache in the morning,

Egg-nog's out of sight!

LOST: A half-grown Debating Society. Finder will please treat kindly but need not return, as we have no use for it.

The foot-ball player cuts his hair,
That grew profuse and wild and rank;
And now there warbles in the air
The voice of the base-ball crank.

PROF: Which part of Metaphysics will you study?

S: Physiology!

"When he died, he made his will,"
That's what you said, you know.
Did he put it off until
He'd write it down below?

PO: Easter Sunday comes on Friday this year
and we can't eat ham!

KER: *You don't say!!*

A SILLY-GISM.

Cosmology treats of the world;
But cosmology is a compound word;
Therefore the world is composite.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Hereafter Mr. O'Brien Skee-zicks will share with us the arduous task of grinding out rhymes for the SPLINTER COLUMN. Mr. Skee-zick's chief recommendation is the following gem taken from his (as yet) unpublished poem, *Love's Romance*:

Her laugh was a silvery eloquence,
A voice so rarely heard,
Her make-up was of elegance,
Her lover there she lured.

The dainty darlings, dainty dears,
Now go to church on Easter morn;
Each one a Flora sylph appears,
Each has her Easter bonnet worn.
But grim papa, who pays the bill,
Says they are fools, and swears, at that.
Don't say that he is wrong until
You see the *feathers* in each hat.

"Old man, old man, why diggest thou this hole?"
I asked on the base-ball field;
For I saw a sight which pierced my soul,
As the soil to his spade did yield.

"And why diggest here," I asked again,
"Where the dark-haired pitcher will stand?"
But he said not a word, this strangest of men,
But buried his spade in the sand.

Then, when his work was fully done,
He raised his hoary head.

"Do you think I am working here for fun?"
'Tis for the umpire," he said.

PERSONALS.

The Easter recess commences on Thursday, April 11, and ends on Tuesday 16.

The scholastics and several of the Fathers will assist at the *Tenebrae* in St. Augustine's Church.

In the same church, a few days after Easter, will commence a Novena in honor of Our Lady of Good Counsel, whose feast is celebrated on the 26th inst.

During the past week several of our fellow-students took the examinations for entrance to the Novitiate. Their reception will take place on the feast of St. Monica, May 4.

We are pained to announce the death of Mrs. McGeehan, of Philadelphia, sister of our late Very Rev. President F. J. McShane, O.S.A. Her funeral took place from St. Malachy's Church. Rev. C. A. McEvoy celebrated the Mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers Crane, Geraghty and Delurey as Deacon, Sub Deacon and Master of Ceremonies respectively.

We extend our sincere sympathies to our fellow-students, Joseph and Francis McCullough and their parents for the loss they have recently sustained by the death of Dr. John McCullough, a young but skilful physician of New York City.

SOCIETIES.

V.D.C.—Our Thespians have at last determined to show themselves, and Beerbohm Tree and Olga Nethersole had better look out for their laurels. This year marks a departure from the old-style Villanova plays, which, while very amusing, could scarcely be said to afford our boys sufficient opportunity to display their powers. The play which has been chosen is called "A Celebrated Case." It is well known to very many, is drawn from a novel of the same name, is powerful in its emotional representations, clever in its plot, thrilling in its climaxes. Some of the parts are very strong and, as far as we can judge, are in excellent hands. The date fixed for the production is ~~Wednesday~~ ^{Tuesday} evening, April 21st. We trust that our friends, who have shown their hearty appreciation of our former attempts to please them, will encourage us by attending in large numbers this, our latest, our crowning effort to amuse.

EXCHANGES.

The editor of the *Manitoba College Journal* recalls with what fears and misgivings that paper was introduced, ten years ago, into the ranks of journalism, but these fears have long since been dispelled and now there are entertained for its future nothing save success and progress. We thoroughly agree with the editor in predicting a successful career for that *Journal* provided its present high literary tone is kept up.

"A comparison of Ancient and Christian Ethics" is a masterly essay. It conveys a concise idea of how that important part of philosophy was considered and treated by Plato, Aristotle and the various schools of philosophy which were so numerous in ancient Greece and Rome and how it is considered by Christian philosophers. Philosophical treatises of this kind should be greatly encouraged.

A contributor to the *Holy Ghost College Bulletin* has the presumption to declare that the study of Logic is shamefully and almost totally disregarded by modern education, "the extent" says he "to which the study of Logic has been neglected in this our day is no less painful than surprising fact. The strange antipathy shown to this science at the present time amounts almost to antagonism. It is imagined to be a system of useless and barren discussion."

All this sounds like Rip Van Winkle talk. If the writer takes the trouble to observe, he will soon discover the erroneous conception, he has of this study. For never since the days of ancient Greece and Rome was more time given to Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics than the present. The freethinking spirit of the age demands it.

It shows a low degree of literary taste, when jokes and puns which have been heard of for weeks and finally discarded by *Puck*, *Judge* and other comic papers find their way into college journals. Perhaps the people who insert these think like Horace that a good thing bears repeating ten times. —"*Haec decies repetita placebit.*"—but we certainly do not think that it bears repetition one-hundred and ten times!

Is it wise to go to college? This is a common sense question which the *College Forum* undertakes to solve and succeeds quite well. In answering it the writer says: "It depends partly on the college and partly on the one who goes thither. Assuming that the college is what it should be and that the student will allow it to do its proper work in him, I have no hesitation in saying that it is always wise to go to college."

ATHLETICS.

On the advent of fair weather and the opening of the base-ball season the permanent positions of the team have been assigned. The gradual but decided improvement in the practice work of the players is quite noticeable and greatly appreciated. The only position apparently weak, at present, is that of short stop; but with Carey once in good shape and playing his old time game we may confidently rely upon his ability. As to the other players we need ascertain no fear, and in spite of the many strong teams against which we have to contend the present outlook is particularly encouraging. On Decoration Day the team will journey to Wilmington, Del., there to struggle for honors with the Rockfords of that city. Two games have been arranged and the interest manifested by the adherents of both clubs will do much to swell the attendance. The grounds are receiving all due attention, and as an improvement, as well as an incentive for better ball playing, a new grand-stand is being built. It will be much larger than the old one. It will be constructed immediately behind the catcher's field, thus affording a splendid view of the grounds.

Our Very Rev. President, who has ever been such an ardent admirer of base-ball, has shown his appreciation of the efforts of the team in a very generous manner. He has donated to the Athletic Association a solid silver cup adorned with appropriate emblems. This cup stands about eighteen inches in height and is inclosed in a glass case. The player attaining the highest general average will have the honor of seeing his name inscribed in letters of gold on the case. Hence let each player, in turn, demonstrate his appreciation of this inducement and strive to be the lucky individual.

On Wednesday evening, April 3, the committee selected to choose the respective members of the Red and Blue teams submitted its report, which included the names of the players and the dates on which the games are to be played, to the Athletic Association. These games, although they invariably cause a certain amount of rivalry to exist between the supporting factions among the students, are very interesting and are always looked forward to with pleasure.

The following games have lately been added to the schedule:

Montgomery A A	April 27 at Villanova
Allan Grays	May 8 " "
Central High School	" 15 " "
Mortons	" 23 " Morton, Pa.
Rockfords	Two games " 30 " Wilmington, Del.
"	June 19 " Villanova.

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Villanova Monthly

Vol. III.

Villanova College, May, 1895.

No. 5.

The Conversion of St. Augustine

THE FEAST OF WHICH IS CELEBRATED ON THE
FIFTH INSTANT.

Tolle Lege! Tolle Lege!

Dedicated to Rev. J. T. Emmitt, O.S.A.

INSPIRED of God, what may not man
Achieve when dawns the morn of grace;
What far-seeing eye to note and scan;
What conscious power of mind to trace
Eternal truths, before half veiled,
At which unbridled folly railed!

Sage of the schools, deep in their lore,
Thy learning shone o'er sea and land;
From Carthage to Italia's shore
Than thou none greater or more grand!
But yet, its bounty brought but pride
While error, dark, engulfed its tide!

But ever and anon a spark
Of heavenly fire inflamed thy breast;
For in its depths one shining mark
Could not by error be effaced,
That grew in secret, purified,
Till all within shone like the tide!

"Take up and read!" Oh prince of thought!
Find there the truths for which athirst,
Thy soul rebellious, long has sought;
Thrice learned he in those truths versed!
"Take up and read!" Lo, hear thy God,
And with it, too, Love's priestly Rod!

"Take up and read!" Where first it opes:
See what the great converted writes;
How fruitless all: how vain the hopes
Of him who worships false delights,
Who barter heaven, that folly's sway
May live its brief inglorious day!

All searching light, profound and deep!
Thy steady flame now shines within
The breast where contrite follies weep;
Where torn the heart by tooth of sin!
"Take up and read!" God's unction here
Will heal its scars, make green the sear!

Hail ornate mind, superb, unique!
"Take up and read" how like a child
Obeying Heaven, subdued and meek,
Thou turn'st from all thy passions wild!
Oh, in that hour, thy soul didst lave
In wisdom's fount which heaven gave!

"Take up and read!" All wise behest!
In thy command no labor lies;
Who that obeys hath life as blest;
Who shuts his ears, as surely dies;
"Take up and read!" Nor lay it down
Till from afar shines mercy's crown!

When tried the soul and folly's sway
Would still the voice which speaks within!
"Take up and read!" God's spouse obey
And prone to earth will fall thy sin!
As in Augustine's day of grace,
As radiant now God's smiling face!

"Take up and read!" Defer not thou
The high command, for grace is shown,
To him who with uplifted brow
And contrite heart would seek his own!
To-day is thine, to-morrow's sun
But shines for him whose fight is won!

"Take up and read!" How oft in life
The warning voice speaks high command;
How oft in its dark bitter strife,
The book lies ready to our hand;
But perverse, all, unheeded heard
The pleading cry with heart unstirred!

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By J. I. WHELAN.

CHAPTER VII.

TEMPTATION.

Another year had rolled around, bringing with it many changes. Jim, working calmly within the quiet walls of the Seminary, heard little of the doings of the busy outside world, except that which came to his knowledge through the few letters he received. Kitty corresponded with him; but her letters were serious, formal affairs at which he often smiled, thinking how much she must have repressed herself in their writing. But the bit of news which startled him most and which indeed recalled old scenes to his mind, came from across the sea. His brother had written him that Joan Morley was to marry a "young swell" (Sandy's words) from Glasgow. Why did his cheeks pale and his lip quiver as he read those lines? What was Joan Morley to him now? But oh, the past, the tender sad memory of days gone by! He saw her face again as never before had it been impressed upon memory's mirror since he kissed her good-bye that night in Greenock. Why should her face come up before him now to harass and distress him! Joan was to be married! Another had claimed her as his bride.

"She was mine," he cried out aloud. What had come over him? He took his biretta from his head to cool his brow. As he did so, his eyes chanced upon it; then he gazed at his soutane. It was as though he had been struck with a whip. He was trembling.

"Fling off that black robe" a voice within him cried, "away with that priest's cap. Such things are not for thee."

Joan's face, more beautiful than ever, came up before him once more. He was in anguish.

"Oh, God," he cried, throwing himself upon his knees, "Thou, who wast tempted by the Devil, suffer me not to be tempted beyond my strength!"

For fifteen or twenty minutes he remained upon his knees, his eyes closed, his lips moving in silent prayer. When he arose, he was calm. He again picked up the letter and twice read it through.

The matter of Joan's marriage was never again, for some reason he could not understand, mentioned in any letter he received. But Sandy was temporarily working in Ayr, and his father's letters were necessarily brief and few. Then his mother was taken sick and this was the one topic of subsequent epistles.

"It is well," said Jim, and he tried to banish all

thought of Joan from his mind. But all that he had gone through, together with his close application to his studies, had been telling on him, and the physician advised that Jim be sent away to the seashore where his mind would be entirely diverted from his books.

By good or ill fortunate, it was at this time that a letter came from his mother enclosing a money order for twenty pounds, and asking him to come home to see her. She was quite recovered from her illness, she said, but during that time he had been her constant thought, and now she feared lest, when the summer should come, and she felt as though her recent sickness were a warning, she should die without seeing him. The doctor, to whom Jim narrated this, exclaimed that this was providential as an ocean voyage and a brief sojourn in his native Scotland would work wonders for him. Jim, however, and his confessor, who knew everything, were rather fearful of the consequences, but they reasoned that if Joan were married, she was residing in Glasgow and they could hardly meet. Above all there was his mother's request that he should go. This was no idle wish of hers to see him, he thought. Might she not have a presentiment of her approaching death? This last thought strengthened Jim in his resolution, and he started for home on a two-months vacation, followed by the prayers and good wishes of his professors and friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOME AGAIN.

Jim received a hearty welcome back to his old home. His father and mother, brothers and sisters were glad to see him. His mother kissed him again and again, and pressed him to her bosom. She had aged considerably. Jim noticed this with a sigh. He too had changed.

"How manly you have grown," she said to him, sadly and tenderly. He was twenty when he left her, but she had never ceased to think of him as a boy. Now he seemed to have grown away from her.

"Looking on the serious things of life," he replied gently. This was the only allusion made to his change of religious views. It seemed to be tacitly agreed that that subject should not be broached on the day of his home-coming.

And so they were happy together. His mother was proud of this handsome lad she called her son, and withal looked upon him half reverentially. He was her own dear boy, caressing her and calling her his "dear little mother," but she could not help feeling that he was lifted beyond their

sphere. She busied herself preparing dinner. She well knew the dishes he had liked in the dear sweet days of the past. And these she spread before him on the linen cloth of her own weaving. And Jim fell easily into their simple ways again and was glad to be among them.

"Lentil soup," he cried, delighted. "Do you know I haven't seen a lentil since I left home!"

And he praised the salmon that had come all the way from the river Tay; and the butter that would put our butter to shame; and the tea!—such tea as is brewed in no other country, save in Ireland alone.

After dinner Jim and Sandy went out for a walk. There was little change in the place. Old-world towns improve but slowly. They had wandered down by the docks. Suddenly Jim started and clutched Sandy violently by the arm. A dark-robed figure had come out of one of the poorer looking houses and was approaching them. Sandy gazed in surprise at his brother; he looked down the street at the figure upon which his brother's eyes were riveted.

"Joan Morley!" he whispered.

It was she. Jim was trembling with excitement. Her appearance at such a time when he thought her far away had quite unnerved him. She started as she saw him and gave a little gasp. She had stopped almost involuntarily at sight of him. He too had halted; but neither spoke. Then with heightened color and downcast eyes, she proceeded on her way, nor looked back.

"What is she doing here?" Jim asked huskily. "Where is her husband?"

He could hardly bring himself to utter the last word.

"Her husband?" cried Sandy, surprised. "She is not married. I thought I—"

Jim started as though he had been dealt a blow. He walked quickly away from his companion.

"What have I done?" he cried aloud. "Oh, why did I return?"

Sandy partly guessed the cause of Jim's excitement and made no effort to approach him. Presently Jim turned. His face was white; great drops stood upon his forehead. Joan in Greenock and unmarried! They had seen each other and that one look had spoken volumes. He felt that she still loved him, and he—

"Why didn't you tell me she was here?" he cried pitifully.

Sandy had never seen him so agitated. "I thought you knew it," he answered. Then he explained.

Joan was to have married the young man whom Sandy had designated as the "young swell." He

had come down from Glasgow a fortnight before the wedding and was taken sick at the hotel. His sickness becoming alarming, Mrs. Morley had had him brought to her own home, and Joan once more took up her position at his bedside as his nurse. He was constitutionally weak, and he had not fully recovered from his recent severe illness. He had died on the eve of what was to have been his wedding day and Joan was a widow without having been a wife. Joan remained in Greenock for a short time and had then returned to the Infirmary. She was now in Greenock on her vacation.

All of this Jim heard with mingled feelings of sorrow and fear and joy. He was glad she was still unmarried. Yet he could not bring himself to say why. He feared, not for her, but himself. How should he meet her? Did he wish to meet her at all? He was overcome by conflicting emotions. He thought of the two happy years he had spent in the seminary and longed to be there again. He thought of Joan and sighed.

"Let us go home," he said at length, "I have seen enough of the town to-day."

CHAPTER IX.

THEIR STORY RUNNETH THUS.

Jim had now been home about a week. He had not seen Joan again and was deliberating each day as to what he should do. He had made no one his confidant; he could therefore seek advice from none.

Finally he decided that he owed it to her to call upon her. As a coincidence, he received a note that same day. There was no name signed but he knew whence it came. It was brief and as follows:

"I thought you would call. I must see you. I shall walk by the burn to-night."

He was glad that he had decided upon seeing her. He would have found it hard to resist the pleading which was in those few lines. He was quiet all day. He went out shortly after tea and walked at once toward the burn. She was already there.

He held out his hand to her in silence. He felt her hand tremble as it lay for an instant in his. He saw too that she had been weeping. His first impulse was to fly, but he saw that that would be weak and unmanly.

"If she would not look like that," he murmured to himself.

The sight of her once before in tears had wrung a confession of love from him. He felt, almost with horror, a longing to throw his arms around her and press her to his breast. But he thought

of his new home across the Atlantic and made no betrayal of his feelings.

Finally he made some commonplace remark about how well she looked, and the ice once broken they gradually drifted into conversation and grew less constrained. When he left her that night, it was understood that he was to meet her at the same time and place on the morrow.

He had now met her three times and each time she had appeared more lovely. Each time that he left her he had determined not to see her again. He had told her what his aim now was but she had said that they would meet as friends, just for old time's sake, that he would soon return to his studies far across the sea, she to her work in Glasgow, and other things prompted more by heart than head, I think.

But the parting to which she alluded was becoming all the time harder for Jim. He had no intention of not returning to his work. His high ideals were still with him; but in Joan's presence he felt as though under a spell. He kept asking himself what he should do. He finally decided to seek advice from one who would be disinterested and competent to advise him. For this purpose he went to Glasgow and consulted a celebrated monk of the Benedictine Order. He told him his story truthfully and simply, withholding nothing. The advice was as simply and briefly given. The priest told Jim to go back at once to his studies, and forget Joan as soon as possible. Better, he said, to sacrifice the one for the many. He advised Jim for both his sake and the girl's not to see Joan again. Jim left him prepared to follow out his instructions.

He wrote to Joan telling her that it was best for her, best for him, that they should not meet again, that his life-work was before him and he must return to America. He assured her that he had greater regard for her now than ever before, and this friendship, chastened and ennobled, he now offered her. Joan was naturally much disconcerted at this, but she did not answer the letter.

He met her again accidentally one evening. He walked with her as far as her home. Once more he was saying farewell to her on the spot when first he had parted from her. But the circumstances now were different. She knew now that she would never see him again. And the knowledge that she still loved him, had loved him all these years, made this thought harder to bear. But she also knew that now indeed when he in turn truly loved her, he was giving her up for a pure and high ideal. His nature seemed too noble for her to correspond to, whilst he was thinking that he was never really worthy of her.

And so they parted. Jim left at once for America. He did not glance toward the Greenock dock as the vessel steamed down the Clyde. It would have been to but little use. Joan was not there. She too went back to her work, a noble woman. She had bid him "Go" this time and meant it. She knew what his life was to be. She too had made the sacrifice. She thought often and seriously of that religion which made such heroes of men and women. Was she inclined to follow Jim's example? That was perhaps too much to expect. Let us hope however that Jim's visit to his old home, saddening as it was to both of them, was not without fruit.

THE END.

SPRING.

Nature now in joy is beaming—
Birds from tropic climes return;
And the butterfly is dreaming
In the home he soon will spurn.

Venus near the earth is treading;
Other planets round her cling—
Each to vie in lustre shedding
As they welcome Spring.

Now the sun in all his beauty
Spreads his mantle o'er the land;
With delight returns to duty
Earth to snatch from Winter's hand

Dandelions amidst the clover
As they smile they seem to say:
We are come; the Winter's over;
Let all hearts with us be gay.

And the birds with sweet notes pealing,
As they flit or poise the wing,
Seem to echo Nature's feeling
In the joyousness of Spring.

—G. A. Buckley, '96

SPRINGTIME.

Now Winter hies itself away
To usher in sweet Spring;
And nature bends beneath her sway
For the joys which she will bring.

The daisy lifts its snowy head
From out its long repose;
And now the cypress blossom red
Plays lover to the rose.

The trees are robed in bright array
Of blossoms fresh and fair;
And gentle zephyrs bear away
Their fragrance on the air.

Oh! who hath praise for winter now
When all is fresh and green?
Oh, Spring! sweet Spring! mankind, I trow,
Will rise and call thee queen.
—A. J. Plunkett, '96.

Bishop Keane's Visit.

On Thursday, April 25, Villanova College enjoyed and highly appreciated the visit of the Right Rev. Rector of the Catholic University, particularly as this was the beginning of his visitation of the Catholic colleges of the United States. He was accompanied from the city by the Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, O.S.A., Provincial, and Rev. J. J. Fedigan, O.S.A., and was met at the station by our President, the Very Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., and our Vice-President, Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A., who escorted him to the Monastery. Soon after he proceeded to the College Lecture Hall, where he was enthusiastically received by the students. After some instrumental and vocal music by the College Glee Club Father Delurey, in behalf of the faculty, welcomed him to Villanova, and with a few words upon his former visit to the college introduced him to the students.

The Bishop, in response, expressed his pleasure at again visiting the College of the Augustinian Fathers, because of the great love he had long cherished for their Father, St. Augustine. He spoke in glowing terms of Augustine's character and his works, and exhorted the young men to model themselves upon his noble nature. A few more comments upon the writings of St. Augustine led to the subject of his visit, namely, the Catholic University and its future work. In substance his remarks were as follows:

The object of the University is not to injure the Catholic College, nor to impair its work, but rather to improve and develop it. The school is the foundation of the great educational structure, the college forms its walls, and the university its roof, and as the walls without a roof become permeated with moisture and fall into decay, so college education without a university course will fail in its good results.

Then followed a summary of the work done by the University since its foundation and the reasons for opening it with the Department of Divinity. "True education begins with God," he said, "and ends with man." But as the true university does not consist of one department alone, the authorities of the Catholic University have determined to open on October 2, 1895, new departments in philosophy, experimental and applied sciences, letters and social sciences. In these young men of intelligence will find ample opportunity to pursue, to its fullest extent, that specialty for which his talents best fit him, or by which his future labors may be most benefitted.

He extended a cordial invitation to the young men of Villanova to go to Washington after the completion of their college course, dwelling very

emphatically upon the fact that he would like to see enrolled among the new members of the University some young men who had been educated under the guidance of the great Augustine whom he, from his youth, had chosen as his patron, exhorting them to be, in the meantime, earnest in study and to live always for the best, with the determination to be all that God wills. When he finished speaking, J. I. Whelan arose and, in behalf of the students, delivered the following address:

Right Rev. and Dear Bishop:—

We have heard your kind remarks concerning us and in behalf of the boys of Villanova, I thank you for your words of approval and encouragement. It is but fitting, too, that I should give expression to our very great pleasure in your visit, and that we, in our own names, should bid you welcome, a welcome, to be sure, but poorly expressed, but one which we trust you will believe to be heartfelt and sincere.

In the heart of the school-boy especially, is there implanted that spirit of cordiality and generous hospitality, a spirit which the daily routine of his life encourages and develops. He is quick to welcome the coming guest, loth to speed the parting. We see so much of one another—so *little* we shall be saying in the after days of regret—that the visit of a friend is hailed with enthusiasm and delight. It is then that we stretch forth our hand to him and say "I'm glad to see you," and he knows that we speak the truth.

To you then, who have come to visit us, we turn as to a friend, for we read your friendship toward us in your face, we have heard it expressed in your words, and, in the limited vocabulary of schoolboy friendship, with outstretched hand we say "We are glad to see you."

And we are proud to welcome you among us. For we, who are but tasting of the Pierian spring, can appreciate what your efforts have accomplished in the cause of higher Christian education, can anticipate, and rejoice in the anticipation of what you will do in the future. You encourage us to persevere in the acquirement of knowledge. So we shall. Let us, in our small way, encourage you to go on in your greater effort to build up that magnificent temple to Christian science, and to the Catholic religion.

We have heard of the University of Washington. By God's help, and through your ministrations, we shall hear more of it in the days to come. Some of us perhaps have already turned our eyes to that Mecca of Catholic scholarship in the hope that we should there one day proceed further into the domain of science, drink deeper of the fount of learning, a taste for which we have acquired



RT. REV. JOHN J. KEANE, D.D.,
Rector of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.

here. That your words will cause many another to think seriously of the great advantages there to be obtained, and be to them an inspiration and incentive to renewed effort, we can have but little doubt. Let us hope that in the future, when we read of the bright lights in the scientific firmament which have arisen as stars from the greatest university of the world, when we read of the D.D.'s and the LL.D.'s who have gone out from its doors, let us hope that among their names will be found those of some of the Villanova boys who have listened to you to-day.

And now for fear a better opportunity be wanting, let me throw another light on the school-boy character. We like work, we like study. But we do not work all the time. So the professors tell us at least. And we generally enjoy our weekly holiday as it comes around. This afternoon we will enjoy it, fighting for victory on the base-ball field. We give you a hearty invitation to be present and see what we can do. And sometimes we enjoy an extra holiday as a natural consequence of the visit of a distinguished guest.

I know the boys expect me to ask you for a free day. But I will not ask for it. That would be so small a favor that your lordship would scarcely know that you were conferring one. We have had visitors with whose names there is associated neither a Rt. Rev. nor a D.D. They have given us a free day. But from the Rector of the University of Washington who is both a Rt. Rev. and a D.D. I could not ask for *one* free day. Your lordship will surely *give us two*.

The bishop then arose amid tremendous applause and very happily remarked: "If it were not so close to the end of the term I would give you three." He then petitioned the Faculty for the two asked for and they were most cheerfully given. After dinner he spent a short time viewing the ball game and was then accompanied by our Very Rev. President to St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., and addressed the students there in the evening.

E. G. DOHAN, '96.

The Advent of Spring.

Once more the dreary Winter's past,
And gladsome Spring has come at last,
The Spring with all its balmy days—
The time of flowers and birds' sweet lays.

What scenes surround us in the Spring !
Such scenes as naught but pleasure bring,
That fill the heart with joy supreme,
While fancy dreams one long glad dream.

Now blooms the flower on every hand ;
Now sweetest songsters fill the land,
And seem to every one to say :
Shake off dull care ; cast pain away.

The grass grows green. The leaves appear
With friendly shade dull hours to cheer ;
'Neath which we seek a welcome rest
Whene'er by Summer's heat oppressed.

Then let us hail thee, glad Spring time,
That bringest joy to every clime ;
Thou showest to us thy beauties rare
And bidst us know God's tender care.

H. T. NELSON, '97.

Our Easter Entertainment.

A large and appreciative audience witnessed and enjoyed the play given by the Dramatic Society on the 23d ult. "The Celebrated Case" is a play which is very well known, and has given opportunities for many great actors and actresses to demonstrate their abilities. In the original cast we find the names of Charles Coghlan, Sara Jewett and Agnes Booth. Our boys were naturally rather timorous about the result of their efforts to present the drama successfully ; but our friends assured us by their close attention, their tears, their laughter and applause that our fears were groundless. The prologue was especially fine, and the stage pictures presented in both parts were beautiful. Augustine Dooley made an admirable *Jean Renaud*. He spoke and acted his part excellently. *Madeline Renaud* was impersonated by James Kelly. His work was also very commendable. Master Dempsey as *Adrienne*, their child, was most pleasing, and the meeting of the three was a touching sight. *Lazare*, a camp follower and heavy villain of the first rank, was E. T. Wade, and the part could not have been in better hands. The murder of Madeline was indeed thrilling. Francis Condon portrayed the *Duke d'Aubeterre* with an ease and naturalness rarely found in amateurs. William Hazel was "every inch a soldier," and was likewise an excellent lover. *O'Rourke*, in the person of Jno. Mahar, did his share to unravel the plot, and was very pleasing. Edward McKeogh, as the *Corporal*, left nothing to be desired. E. G. Murtaugh showed plainly what a clever man can do with a minor part. William Kavanagh made a beautiful *Valentine*, and carried himself with the grace of a princess. John Hughes, as the *Chanoinesse*, deserves great praise, as does James Hayes for his impersonation of the *Duchess*. On the whole, the affair was as successful as we could wish,

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EDITORIALS.

RT. REV. BISHOP KEANE'S lecture on a university course caused considerable comment among those that heard it and all were unanimous and sincere in their appreciation and enthusiasm. The Bishop's address was of a high standard and well worthy of the rector of the Catholic University. It showed deep research, learning and careful preparation. His lordship's easy style of speaking, logical method of argumentation, forcible gestures, appropriate facial expressions, the numerous lucid comparisons and proofs which he adduced, were the subjects of uninterrupted admiration. We wish him success and Godspeed on his tour, feeling assured that the efforts which he so skilfully displayed here, in behalf of a Catholic university course, cannot but be ably seconded. We sincerely hope that when the morn of the 2nd of October breaks upon the world we may see the realization of his hopes.

It is not too soon to begin to review for the coming examination. As we have every reason to believe that very many of the students have already commenced, we would advise the others to lose no time in imitating their good example. We say this to remind you how near the approaching examination is to us and that you may be prepared when the time actually comes. Do not put off beginning till next week or later, for, as the weather will be growing warmer, there will be an inclination to stop study. Remember you must go over a whole year's work and review it so as to be able to pass the examination successfully and with justice to yourselves and your parents. Therefore commence to review at once and in a business-like manner; be earnest and sincere or do not review at all. For after all, the student who can if he would, but does not apply himself to his work or does it in a half-hearted manner, will not be the successful one. But the methodical industrious student, who always has the determination to succeed in view and labors accordingly is the one who will make his mark in the world when his college days are ended and the realities of life present themselves to him.

MANY are apt to forget the importance which ought to be attached to little things. Character is largely made up of small items and the happiness of an individual is greatly due to a multitude of little influences conspiring to produce it. The individual that performs many great deeds or has his condition materially affected by the great deeds of others is an exception. If you would form an estimate of the real worth of a friend, you must observe, and closely too, his tendency on special occasions. You must learn to what extent he is influenced by trivial circumstances. Outside appearances have a great deal to do in forming the impression which others may have of us. Our friends may pardon many trifling faults, but the world in general will not extend to us such liberality. Strict adherence at all times, to the truth, gentlemanly, Christian language, conscientious performance of all our duties, courtesy and kindness will always merit and gain favor, while their opposites will surely repel it. Many little acts of good will compensate for the want of a giant intellect and bring an individual more praise than talents accompanied by a repulsive, disagreeable disposition. Remember that nature makes but few great men and the multitude must depend upon many little deeds for respect and favor, assiduity and attention to little things will produce great results. Better do that, than fail entirely by overestimating your abilities.

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

$$105. \text{ Solve } \begin{aligned} x^2 + y^2 &= 7 + xy & (1) \\ x^3 + y^3 &= 6xy - 1 & (2) \end{aligned}$$

Solution by M. T. Field, '95.

$$\text{Transpose } xy \text{ in (1)} \quad x^2 - xy + y^2 = 7 \quad (3)$$

$$\text{Divide (2) by (3)} \quad x + y = \frac{6xy - 1}{7}$$

$$\text{Simplify} \quad 7x + 7y = 6xy - 1 \quad (4)$$

Put $u + v = x$, and $u - v = y$ in (3)

$$\begin{aligned} (u + v)^2 - (u^2 - v^2) + (u - v)^2 &= 7 \\ u^2 + 3v^2 &= 7 & (5) \end{aligned}$$

Put $u + v = x$, and $u - v = y$ in (4)

$$\begin{aligned} 7(u + v) + 7(u - v) &= 6(u^2 - v^2) - 1 \\ 6u^2 - 6v^2 - 14u &= 1 & (6) \end{aligned}$$

$$\text{Multiply (5) by 2} \quad 2u^2 + 6v^2 = 14 \quad (7)$$

$$\text{Add (6) and (7)} \quad 8u^2 - 14u = 15$$

$$\text{Complete square} \quad 256u^2 - (\quad) + (14)^2 = 676$$

$$\text{Extract root} \quad 16u - 14 = \pm 26$$

$$16u = 40, \text{ or } -12$$

$$u = \frac{5}{2}, \text{ or } \frac{3}{4}$$

substitute $\frac{5}{2}$ for u in (5)

$$\frac{25}{4} + 3v^2 = 7$$

$$3v^2 = \frac{3}{4}$$

$$v^2 = \frac{1}{4}$$

$$v = \pm \frac{1}{2}$$

substitute $-\frac{3}{4}$ for u in (5) $\frac{9}{16} + 3v^2 = 7$

$$3v^2 = \frac{103}{16}$$

$$v^2 = \frac{103}{48}$$

$$v = \pm \frac{1}{4} \sqrt{103}$$

since $x = u + v$, substitute $\frac{5}{2}$ for u , and $\pm \frac{1}{2}$ for v

$$x = \frac{5}{2} + (\pm \frac{1}{2})$$

$$x = 3, \text{ or } 2$$

substitute value of $-\frac{3}{4}$ for u , and $\pm \frac{1}{4} \sqrt{103}$ for v .

$$x = -\frac{3}{4} \pm \frac{1}{4} \sqrt{103}$$

$$x = \frac{1}{4} (-3 \pm \sqrt{103})$$

since $y = u - v$, substitute $\frac{5}{2}$ for u and $\pm \frac{1}{2}$ for v

$$y = \frac{5}{2} - (\pm \frac{1}{2})$$

$$y = 2 \text{ or } 3.$$

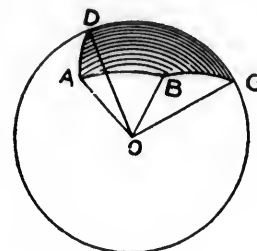
substitute $-\frac{3}{4}$ for u , and $\pm \frac{1}{4} \sqrt{103}$ for v

$$y = -\frac{3}{4} - (\pm \frac{1}{4} \sqrt{103})$$

$$y = \frac{1}{4} (-3 \pm \sqrt{103})$$

110.—The planes of the faces of a quadrangular spherical pyramid make with each other, angles of 80° , 100° , 120° , 150° ; and the length of a lateral edge of the pyramid is 42 feet. Find the area of its base in square feet.

Solution by J. A. Dean, '97.



Let E denote the number of spherical degrees in polygon $ABCD$.

And let T denote the sum of the angles of the spherical polygon.

And S = area of surface of sphere.

Then $E = T - (n - 2) 180^\circ$. (See prop. XXX 8th book.)

$$T = 80^\circ + 100^\circ + 120^\circ + 150^\circ = 450^\circ$$

$$E = 450^\circ - (2 \times 180^\circ) = 90^\circ$$

$$\frac{\text{Area}}{S} = \frac{90^\circ}{720^\circ} = \frac{1}{8}$$

$$S = 4\pi R^2 = 4 \times \frac{22}{7} \times 42^2 = 22,176$$

$$\frac{\text{Area}}{22,176} = \frac{1}{8}$$

$$\text{Area} = \frac{1}{8} \text{ of } 22,176 = 2,772 \text{ square feet.}$$

113.—Some men earning each \$2.50 a day, and some women earning each \$1.75 a day, receive altogether for their daily wages \$44.75. Determine the number of men and women.

Solution by Alpha.

Let x = number of men

y = number of women.

$$\text{Then } \frac{5x}{2} + \frac{7y}{4} = 179$$

$$10x + 7y = 179$$

$$7y = 179 - 10x$$

$$y = 25 - x + \frac{4 - 3x}{7}$$

$$y - 25 + x = \frac{4 - 3x}{7}$$

$$\text{Multiply by 5. } 5y - 125 + 5x = 2 - 2x + \frac{6 - x}{7}$$

$$\text{Let } m = \frac{6 - x}{7}$$

$$x = 6 - 7m$$

Substitute $6-7m$ for x in the original equation.

$$60-70m+7y=179$$

$$7y=119+70m$$

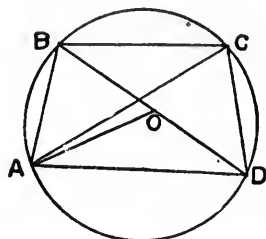
Divide by 10. $y=17+10m$

$$\text{If } m=0 \quad x=6 \quad y=17$$

$$\text{If } m=-1 \quad x=13 \quad y=7$$

114.—Prove that in an inscribed quadrilateral, the product of the diagonals is equal to the sum of the products of the opposite sides.

Solution by E. J. Murtaugh.



Let $ABCD$ be the inscribed quadrilateral.

To prove $AD \times BC + AB \times CD = AC \times BD$.

Proof: Make the $\angle DAO = \angle CAB$.

Then the $\triangle DAO$, $\triangle CAB$ are similar;

$$\therefore AD : DO = AC : AB$$

$$\therefore AD \times CB = DO \times AC$$

Again the $\triangle DAO$, $\triangle OAB$ are similar

$$\text{and } CD : AC = BO : AB;$$

$$\therefore AB \times CD = AC \times BO$$

Hence by addition

$$AD \times CB + AB \times CD = AC(DO + BO)$$

But $DO + BO = BD$

$$\therefore AD \times CB + AB \times CD = AC \times BD.$$

NEW PROBLEMS.

115.—Given a parabola to find the directrix, axis, and focus.

116.—Solve the quadrantal triangle whose sides are: $a=174^\circ 12' 49.1''$, $b=94^\circ 8' 20''$ $c=90'$.

117.—To cut a cube by a plane so that section shall be a regular hexagon.

118.—A mixture of black and green tea is worth \$22.65. When the number of pounds of each is interchanged the mixture is worth \$24.60. If 4 pounds of the black cost as much as 5 pounds of the green, find the cost price per pound of each.

$$219.—\text{Solve } 81\sqrt[3]{x} + \frac{81}{\sqrt[3]{x}} = 52x$$

SPLINTERS.

Toddy.

Joseph.

Martin the lover.

Soda-water Tom.

"Come here, baby."

"Helloa, brother Felix."

Who chased the crazy — ?

"That baby is a Democrat."

"So little Jack is a jollier too."

"You wont jug me, will you?"

Seventy-five lines for each inhale!

"Who killed that little chicken?"

"That's the best pack in the cards."

"I had enough from Chicago, sir!"

"Say, mister, have a piece of palm?"

Our five-cent dudes G— and M—.

Spring Sonnets are the order of the day.

"God bless the students of Villanova!"

"A beef-steak with the sunny side up."

At the reception: Did you see that hump?

How long it took him to come up the stairs.

"Say, have you a piece of glass in your pocket?"

The dishes made a lot of noise in that room, but we were all on the outside.

Down fell the glasses,
Shattered, that's all.
Now Eddie needs a handmaid
To lead him from the hall.

"Oh, she'll be disappointed, if she doesn't see you.

"Say the god's are unpropitious, but my heart is true!

Give me a cob-corn pipe, he said, oh give me a pop-corn cob.

"Please don't say Good-bye again."

"Well, here goes—I'll not say it."

TU: "You've spilt a pint of milk."

LU: "Well, add some chalk and water."

The summer-girl has blossomed forth in colors red and yellow; soon will she leave the city beau and mash the seashore fellow.

Patsy says the grand stand is the battery of the base-ball team.

They say John Sprechenviel met his match on Easter Sunday night.

Charlie says we are all down on him, but he doesn't care, as this is his last year.

It would be a move in the right direction to have cabs meet the 10.53 train on Sundays.

WHERE'S THE CROW?

TI: "Who made this *thin* lemonade?

NI: "I don't know, but a young Skinner was *in it*."

Tell me one thing, tell me truly,
If when walking on the pike
With a partner, not your brother—
But with one more *cousin*-like,
And your eyes, in blank amazement,
Should discover the V. P.,
Tell me this thing, tell me truly,
Would you to your heels and flee?

"Playmates were we"—

The words had an ominous ring
For the youth who heard them uttered in
The Diamond State Sing Sing.

In the Spring, the young man's fancy
Turns to thoughts of rhyme a bit,
And the poor beleaguered editors
Have a dismal time of it.

The smile has gone from Pee Wee's face—
He doesn't smile a bit—
For when he tried for that home run,
He didn't make a hit!

KEEP OFF THE GRASS!

The birds are a singing,
The flowers are a springing,
Up from the meadows even as we pass;
Just sound the note of warning
Lest the white pants, adorning
The dude, be discolored if he sit upon the grass.

Laid aside are winter skatelets,
Spring wakes from her dream,
And the girl who has a "feller"
Revels in ice-cream.

They had a chariot race
And Martie was Ben Hur.
To name the other charioteer
I really do not Kerr.
There were Iris' and Tirzah's.
When the race was run,
Dick had all the others,
Ben Hur had *one*!

EXCHANGES.

In the last number of the *Boston College Stylus*, there appeared an excellent editorial showing how necessary a good course in reading is to the scholar. "We cannot urge the students too earnestly to put into practice the thoughtful suggestions recently made by our reverend president with regard to a systematic course of English reading. We cannot live without food; we cannot breathe without air. Reading is to the mind what food and air are to the body. The want of a proper training in this particular invariably shows itself in our outward behavior. The polished, interesting speaker, the courteous gentleman, the able lawyer, the eloquent priest—are all men of extensive reading. And this is but natural. For as a wise instructor has well remarked: 'in order to have a judgment sound and correct, you must travel through the history of other times and be able to compare the present with the past. To have the mind vigorous you must refresh it and strengthen it by constant intercourse with the mighty dead, who have gone away, but left their imperishable thoughts behind them.' This can only be done by a judicious course in reading."

The truth of this is evident. The advantages to be derived from good healthy reading should be continually kept before students, especially since it is at school that the taste for either light or heavy literature is acquired which exerts a powerful influence in after years. It was this thought that two years ago urged the Board of Regents of the State of New York, to include a "Course in English Reading" among the subjects for examination.

In the *Holy Cross Purple* appeared a very good criticism on Gladstone's Horace—an intellectual feat which urges greatly in favor of a classical education. The writer says "Mr. Gladstone's principal defect is his too strict adherence to compression, which, although it takes away the witty and urbane spirit however, preserves the Horatian strength and dignity better than any previous translation."

St. Monica's Day at Villanova.

THREE YOUNG MEN RECEIVE THE AUGUSTINIAN HABIT.

St. Monica's day was commemorated this year, as usual, in a manner befitting the dignity of the great St. Augustine's holy mother. At 8.30 A. M. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by V. Rev. F. M. Sheeran, O.S.A., with Rev. J. J. Ryan, O.S.A., as Deacon, Rev. Mr. J. J. Farrell, O.S.A., as Sub-Deacon, and Rev. Mr. J. F. Kennedy, O. S. A., as Master of Ceremonies. Immediately after the Mass, Messrs. Edward G. Dohan, Troy, N. Y.; Michael J. Murphy, Philadelphia, Pa., and Thomas J. Condon, Waterbury, Conn., were received as novices into the Order of St. Augustine. V. Rev. F. M. Sheeran, O.S.A., Prior of the Monastery, assisted by Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., Master of Novices, performed the ceremony. In the sanctuary were a number of the priests and clerics of the order.

ATHLETICS.

CLERMONT A. A., 3; VILLANOVA B. B. C., 1.

After lying dormant for eight months the base-ball fever has again caught Villanova and that the college boys will have even more than the usual number of worshippers at the shrine of the national game, was evidenced by the the large crowd which visited the grounds on Saturday, April 20, to witness the first ball game of the season. For weeks this auspicious event has been looked forward to with joyous anticipation, and on that afternoon over five hundred throats proclaimed the fact that Villanova's base-ball season was opened for the year of 1895. The well known rivalry of the Villanova and Clermont A. A. (Phila.) teams was, if possible, heightened by the defeat administered to the home team during the month of September, 1894, and everyone seemed to realize that "the boys" would enter the contest with the determination "to do or die." Precisely at 4 P.M., our Very Rev. President, L. A. Delurey, threw a new ball to the umpire and amid the rousing cheers of the spectators Villanova took the field, with Murphy to do the twirling. The game resulted in a pitcher's battle, with honors slightly in favor of Denny who succeeded in striking out fourteen men. However, the defeat may be attributed to stupid base running and to the fact that this was the opening game of the season. The game throughout was exciting, but doubly so in the ninth inning when on a base on balls to Herron, a sacrifice by Kenny and Rutherford's error, the first and only run was scored. The Clermonts scored three runs by bunching their hits in the third inning, as not a hit was made by them after the fourth. The features were the fielding and throwing of Kenny and the splendid playing of Kavanagh at third. The score:

	R.	H.	S.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	S.	H.	O.	A.	E.
O'Leary, 1b	0	0	0	0	9	0	0	Rutherford, 3b	1	1	0	0	2	1	2
Herron, 2b	1	0	0	3	5	2		Lutz, lf	0	1	0	0	0	0	
Hannon, c	0	1	0	7	3	1		White, 2b	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Carey, ss	0	0	1	0	0	0		Smith, cf	0	1	0	1	0	0	
Kenny, lf	0	1	0	0	1	1		Denny, p	0	1	0	1	0	1	
Fields, cf	0	0	0	2	0	0		McCarthy, ss	1	0	1	0	3	0	
Kavanagh, 3b	0	0	0	6	2	0		Berry, c	1	2	0	17	2	3	
Murphy, p	0	1	0	0	2	1		Newburg, 1b	0	0	0	5	1	0	
Hazel, rf	0	0	1	0	0	0		Haas, rf	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Total	1	3	2	27	13	5		Totals	3	7	1	27	7	6	

Struck out, by Denny, 14; by Murphy, 5. Stolen bases, O'Leary, Herron, Hannon, Kenny 3, Rutherford 2, White. Hit by pitched balls, White and Berry.

On Thursday, April 25 and May 4, the Villanova Base-ball Club was afforded an opportunity to indulge in some hard earnest practice the lack of which was so evident in the opening game. The opponents were the Clovers, of Philadelphia, who were defeated by the score of 20 to 3, and the Temple College team, also of Philadelphia, which failed to advance a man as far as third base while the home team scored 17 runs.

Probably what will prove to be the most exciting game was the one which took place on Saturday, May 4, when the base-ball team representing the State Normal School, of West Chester, Pa., journeyed to Villanova determined to obliterate the stain of their many defeats sustained in the years gone by. Invariably, however, in each of these games there has been more glory than disgrace in the Normal's endeavors to lower the colors which wave year after year so triumphantly from Villanova's flagstaff. Between our team and the Normal's there has always existed such a friendly spirit of rivalry, such a regard for the gentlemen who participate in the games that here, at home, their coming is anxiously awaited with pleasure not only by the ardent admirers who annually witness the contest, by the students and the ball players themselves, but also by the Faculty which, while it glories in the victories of the home team, ever extends its best wishes for the Normal's success on other diamonds. The members on the visiting team played exceeding well, still the home team played better but individually the contestants deserve much praise. To Hannon, however, the greatest merit must be given as he put up a game such as is rarely seen displayed by an amateur. Out of seventeen chances he had but one error, a wild throw; out of six times at the bat he had four hits, one a three-bagger, and with three stolen bases to his credit surely he has a record of which any amateur may be proud. In the sixth inning with the score 4 to 3 in favor of the visitors, with a man on first, another on second, he knocked a slashing three-base hit to deep left centre. Again in the eighth with the score 8 to 7 against the home team, he made a single and the circuit of the bases by a clever steal and Jackson's error, thus tying the score. Then in the ninth inning with two men out and Dore on first base after making a pretty single, he knocked a difficult fly to left which Johnson dropped allowing Dore to score what proved to be the winning run. The Normals could not touch the ball in their half and were once more compelled to bite the dust. The other features were the fielding and throwing of Kenny and Herron and the pitching of Murphy in the seventh and eighth innings.

	R.	H.	S.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	S.	H.	O.	A.	E.
O'Leary, 1b	1	1	0	3	1	2		Johnson, lf	2	1	0	2	0	1	
Hannon, c	2	4	0	13	3	1		Jackson, 3b	1	1	0	3	2	1	
Murphy, p	1	2	0	0	0	0		Hartman, 1b	1	0	0	6	0	0	
Carey, ss	0	1	0	0	1	1		Connelly, p	0	1	0	1	1	1	
Kenny, lf	1	2	0	3	0	0		Mansell, rf	1	0	0	2	0	1	
Herron, 2b	1	1	0	4	2	1		Gildersleeve, 2b	1	1	0	2	0	1	
Fields, cf	1	1	0	1	0	0		Gallagher, ss	1	1	0	1	5	0	
Kavanagh, 3b	0	0	1	2	0	1		Dicks, c	0	1	0	7	0	1	
Dore, rf	2	1	0	0	0	0		Pike, cf	1	3	0	2	0	0	
Totals	9	13	1	26	7	6		Totals	8	9	0	26	8	6	

*Mansell out for batting out of turn.

Earned runs, Villanova 2. Two base hits, Murphy. Three-base hits, Hannon, O'Leary. Stolen bases, Murphy, Carey 2, Kenny 2, Hannon. Double plays, Hannon to O'Leary, Hannon to Herron, Herron to Hannon. Struck out, by, Murphy, 10; by Connelly, 7. Umpires, Condon and Farrell.

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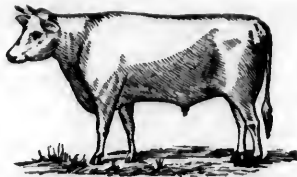
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Villanova Monthly



Vol. III.

Villanova College, June, 1895.

No. 6.

"AD LICINIUM."

A TRANSLATION.

FAR from land, far away, o'er the billowy bay,
In thy glow and a glory of pride,
Tho' thy bark be as steel in mast and keel,
Comes a day when thou may'st not ride.
Yet I'd have thee beware the death-dealing snare
Where the roar of the rising sea
Beats a funeral dirge, with every surge
On the rough high rocks of the lea.

There's a sweeter spot, to whosoever lot
May seek it and know its worth,
In the golden mean of a mind serene,
Where contentment finds its birth.
For the first, faint fire of unjust desire
For another's kingly dome
Burns not in the heart free from poverty's smart,
Seeking treasure no other than home.

Of the noble trees making love to the breeze,
The proud pine towered over all;
But the wild wind heard not a wistful word,
When it sounded the proud tree's fall.
And the stately spire climbs higher and higher,
To fall with a mightier crash;
And the lofty peak hath but voice to speak
The lightning's luminous flash.

When sorrow and care would whisper despair,
The heart that is higher trusteth on,
Contented to wait, till kindlier fate
Brings back the glad joy that was gone,—
Brings it back doubly dear to be treasured with fear
For the heart that has heaved with pain,
That poverty brought, hath ever a thought
For the grief it may know again.

'Tis Jupiter's hand that covers the land
With the mantle winter has spun,
But the plant that grows neath the sheltering snows
Best tells what great Jove hath done.
Doth Apollo show his broad-bent bow
And the arrow trembling to start
Hath he not love's lyre when a gentler fire
Wakes the life in his manly heart?

If thy soul is torn with the pangs thou hast borne
And the sun seemed to smile not for thee,
Bear thy breast to the smart, and live, faint heart,
Live and look for the joys that will be.
Sail on o'er the sea. Hope will fashion for thee
But when zephyrs change to a gale,
Thou hast learned of old, like a mariner bold,
To reef thy rebellious sail.

J. I. WHELAN, '95.

Between the Puffs.

I.

ONE pleasant evening last summer, while strolling aimlessly about the streets of H—and admiring one of the most beautiful pictures in nature's bright picture book; namely, a splendid sunset, I was wondering where I would spend the evening, when I suddenly decided to call on Dr. Williams.

Dr. Williams was one of the leading physicians of the city and although a comparatively young man, enjoyed a large practice.

I had known him for years and the better I knew him, the better I liked him, until now I placed him on the list of my best friends.

On entering his office, I discovered to my great pleasure that he was at home; and in a few moments he himself appeared, confirming my discovery.

After greeting me pleasantly he carried me off a captive to a cozy little nook of his on the veranda where various topics were discussed under fragrant clouds of smoke, produced by the doctor's "Havanas"; for he was a lover of a good cigar and, what is more, was a fine judge of the weed.

Finally the subject of college days was brought up, on which, we were both well versed, having spent several years within college walls.

The conversation had proceeded in this interesting channel for some time when the doctor suddenly said, "One of the most trying moments of my life was spent at college."

This I knew, was the advance guard of a story; so by attacking this advance guard with a few questions, I drew on the main body itself.

Settling himself back in his chair and meditatively stroking off the ashes of his cigar, he began, "It happened while I was studying for my 'M.D.' at Blank College in New York" and as he spoke an expression of tenderness stole over his face, showing that the tale brought back memories very dear to him; and as he was not very often in this mood, I expected a good story.

"But to begin at the beginning, he said, we must go back many years to my boyhood days.

"At that time we lived in the small town of N—, a few miles from here; our family, besides father, consisted of two boys, and one girl, mother having been dead several years. We were a happy family then and in comfortable circumstances, father being a prosperous farmer.

"But this brother of mine, who was a few years my senior and of a wild harum scarum disposition, gave us a great deal of trouble and anxiety, but a person could not help loving the reckless young fellow, for Tom had a warm heart under his always torn jacket, and we dearly loved him; indeed he was a young hero in my little sister Nellie's eyes and nothing that he ever did was wrong in her opinion.

"But of late father's lectures to him had grown more serious and plentiful, as his pranks around the town increased in quality and quantity. Tom, thinking that everybody was down on him and that life was becoming unbearable to him at home,

(as boys of his nature generally think) suddenly left home one day in company with a bosom friend of his, Thornton by name, and by means of a freight train reached New York, the center of gravity for all runaway boys from the neighboring States.

"This was a severe blow to us and plunged our happy little family into an ocean of sorrow, from which we did not crawl out upon the sands of time, drenched and exhausted, for many years.

"No word or tidings were ever received from him, although we advertised, offered rewards for information concerning him, and poor father even went to New York after him, but all our efforts were in vain.

"A few years afterwards, when we became old enough, Nellie was sent to boarding school, and I to college, leaving poor old dad alone with the servants, and the memories of his lost boy which never left him; he had begun to blame himself, even for having reproved him so much on account of his wild habits; but this kindly feeling is most always held for an absent one.

"In a few years Nellie graduated from the school which she had been attending, with high honors, and came home, to father's great delight; for now he could have at least one of his children near him, especially the one whose every movement reminded him of his departed wife, whom he had passionately loved.

"About the same time I graduated satisfactorily from my beloved Alma Mater. The sole aim of my life was to become a "Sawbones" some day and now it was to be reached. I next entered a noted Medical College in New York, where I studied quite hard and soon became a very proficient student. I soon became so hardened and accustomed to the cases which a student meets in the dissecting and operating rooms that by my third year, a case never interested me aside from its medical value, as it would during my first or second year; then, every fresh "stiff" or new case that was brought before me set me thinking at a great rate, concerning the dead or living (as the case might be) person's birth and death; his manner of living; his joys and sorrows, and so on until my conjectures would become plentiful and fantastic enough to excite the cupidity of a sensational novel writer.

"Yes, indeed, I had become quite hardened, so hardened in fact, that I began to think I had no such articles as nerves until one day I received a shock that reminded me quite forcibly that I had a good supply of those troublesome things left yet.

"On this day while some other members of my class and myself were practising in the hospital with Dr. Crane, we came to the case which proved so interesting to me.

"It was a man who had been engaged in a fight in one of the numerous dives which infest the famous "Tenderloin," district, and who, judging from his battered condition, had got decidedly the worst of it. He had been picked up and brought to the place in which we found him.

"Somehow or other, at first sight, there was something about the man's face which at once attracted me; it was a fine countenance, even now, although

dissipation had laid its hand upon its comeliness. We immediately began to ascertain the extent of the man's injuries, which, by the way, consisted of a much bruised head and body and an arm broken in two places, one break at muscle and the other below the elbow, but while removing the miserable clothing from the right arm—the one which had been broken—on our search for injuries, we came to something that sent my thoughts rushing back to a day at home years ago, when a poor half-starved creature moved by father's gifts of food and clothing, had yielded to Tom's and my request and tattooed a similar figure on the arm of each; for before he had left the farm we had discovered him to be an artist with the inks and needles, and, boy-like, wanted a picture on our arms.

"The figure which he drew was that of an angel, with the word 'Charity' above his head and within the cloud of light that enveloped him, peculiarly and beautifully drawn in colored inks.

"This was the object on the man's arm which met my gaze. As soon as I saw it I uttered an exclamation, which attracted the attention of those present, and turned deathly pale. In a second I had the injured arm in a death-like grip and was greedily devouring each line and curve of the figure, with my eyes. I knew that there was not another picture like that on any person living except myself. Could this poor, dissipated, wounded wretch be my brother? I asked myself. Oh, God! I was almost positive! Having plied the now astonished man with a few questions I became convinced and declaring to him my conclusion I tore up my sleeve and displayed the exact prototype of the figure on his own arm. Fully realizing our true relationship, we were soon locked in as close an embrace as his condition would allow.

"Truly this was retribution. Could that beggar of long ago have witnessed this meeting and realized that he had been the cause of ending lives of sorrow and beginning anew lives of joy for his old benefactors how pleased he would have been to know that he had thus rewarded them. The bread cast on the waters had returned increased a thousand fold.

"Then followed explanations to the astonished students and doctors who had witnessed one of the strangest of strange scenes that often occur in this place.

"After being set to rights physically again, Tom enjoyed as much sleep as was possible under the circumstances. He soon heard how all our folks were at home and all that had occurred there of note since he had left it.

"At mention of father and Nellie, the tears started to his eyes and in a broken voice, he exclaimed:

"Oh George, if you only knew how thoughts of you all on the dear old farm used to torture me."

"After allowing his feelings to subside, he again spoke; 'It took but a short while for the novelty of our escapade to wear off and poor Thornton and myself were two very sorry runaways who would gladly have returned home but for shame's sake.'

"So as not to tire you by relating all that I went through since I left home, I will cut my story short.

"A short while after we reached New York, my chum and I separated by chance one day and have not met to this day. Some time after this, I secured a good position and was getting along nicely for a long period, until, on falling in with a fast set of young fellows, I took to drinking and gambling.

"Reports of my conduct began to come to my employers' ears who had been very kind to me. At first they bore them with a good grace, but more, and worse tales reaching them, they decided to dismiss me.

"Discouraged by losing my position and being unable to secure another, I began to drink heavily. Days often came which brought no meals to me and nights, no bed. I have been arrested several times, but never for anything that was mean or sneaking, on which account my associates dubbed me Saint Tom.

"I had led a rough life indeed up to the night I received my injuries, which brought me here. On that night, I entered a saloon quite drunk, which was owned by a man named Hoolihan and bore a bad reputation. While there I entered into a dispute with some strangers, who happened to be prize-fighters, and in the fight which ensued I was so terribly beaten that I did not come to until I arrived here.'

"After he had finished his account I left him, seeing that he was exhausted.

"Owing to good care he was soon round about; he looked well but for a slight paleness in his face and thinness in his figure. In a few months he had improved wonderfully and consented after much urging to return home and see the old familiar faces again. He had been rather timid about going home whence he had departed so many years ago in so foolish a manner.

"At last my vacation arrived and with it the day on which we were to take the journey. The folks were in ignorance of the surprise which we had in store for them. I had not mentioned the meeting in my letters and the papers had not got hold of it, owing to the silence of those who had witnessed the affair, on my account.

On the way home Tom was rather anxious and quiet as though affected by the old scenes which constantly met his gaze. It was dark when we at last reached the old homestead which was surrounded with all the beauties of spring as though decked out in honor of our guest and brother and son; the folks were ready to begin the evening meal and were waiting for my arrival as I had informed them of my return home.

"Having arranged it so, I went in and endeavored to prepare the family for the great surprise, while Tom remained outside. But I performed my part of the affair so poorly that they guessed the truth before I had spoken a dozen words. Immediately they were outside where they discovered Tom. Although the meeting of the brothers was tragic, that of father and son, sister and brother was indeed touching and affectionate, and beyond my limited powers of description.

"In a few moments they appeared, leading Tom between them and a gay trio they were too.

"All then sat down to one of the happiest meals that was ever eaten in that old house and there were a good many. Conversation was carried on for some time, until at a late hour we arose from the table.

"Now I must mention another happy event which occurred a short while after Tom's return. For some time Nellie had been courted by a prominent merchant in one of our large Connecticut cities and there was now no reason why the blissful courtship should not be terminated by a happy wedding; at least so the two most interested thought and the joyous event was not only an occasion for tolling the marriage bells but also an appropriate time for killing the fatted calf at the return of the prodigal.

"Tom now settled down to a better life on the farm aided by the love and attention of those at 'Home Sweet Home.'"

Dr. Williams having reached this point in his recital, stopped for a few moments; but throwing away the stump of a cigar which he had been smoking, he resumed: "Father has been dead some years; Nellie is a happy wife and proud mother, and Tom has control of a large business and a small family of little 'prodigals' at B—. The other member of the family is a poor struggling doctor in a half starved town," he added with a smile, for he knew himself that the last sentence was wide of the truth.

The hour being late, I took my departure, reflecting on the way home upon the strange story which I had heard between the puffs of the doctor's cigar.

E. P. MCKEOUGH, '96.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

FIFTEENTH PAPER.

Again nature is correlated to healthfulness—vitality, that principle in every self-acting being, which adorns it and gives it strength, development and perfection. Accordingly the term nature is synonymous with activeness—the source of all power; and is opposed to inertia, barrenness, fruitlessness. Moreover as God is the Giver of life, as in all living beings fruitfulness is a mark of divine benevolence, so is unfruitfulness in work and deed a sign, or mark, that the enriching, hallowing and enlivening grace of God is wanting. But as every grace, or blessing of life, that is really needed for its perfection, may be had for the asking, there is no reason why the creature may not get its general or special share from the Supreme Source of all beneficence.

Taken in its strictly proper meaning the term nature, which implies real individual-excellence, cannot be applied except figuratively to beings devoid of life, as minerals, salts, metals, earth, etc. And the real nature, that is, the real basic perfection, excellence, fruitfulness, of creatures in the

worlds visible and invisible, depends on the end which the Supreme Intelligence of God had in view in creating them, and endowing them with their individual powers. According to the design of the Supreme Artist by Him was determined what part every being was to take in the drama of life, in what degree it was to be sharer in the excellences of God, in what way it was to be witness of the divine commands, in how far it was to present and illumine (as it were) the grandeurs and glories of His divine and eternal Truth. And in this graded endowment of the creature consists its real perfection.

Moreover this fruitfulness of all living beings, each after its own kind, whereby while serving its Maker, it also serves its fellow-creatures, depends also on its own individual vocation, the fulfilment of which is its chief and ultimate aim in life. All beings in creation are therefore dependent—and some of them co-dependent—on God, whose truth they proclaim, whose excellences they represent, and whose Will they carry out in life.

Again in all beings gifted with life it is a constant unvarying law that the standard of their excellence, of their perfection—of the healthfulness of their life—depends on this development of their living, working, beneficent nature, their natural fruitfulness, whither tends the exercise of all their healthful energies. And this fruitfulness of the creature depends in turn on the greater or less influence which the vitalizing power in its being—the source of all its vitality—has on its energies. A plant is good, perfect, when it fruits for its owner; a flock when it fruits for its master, and man when he fruits for God. For in some way or other all healthful living beings bring forth fruit; thus plants corresponding to their natural energies bring forth fruits of the earth; animals fruits of the flesh; and men and angels fruits of the Spirit—of God.

In beings of the higher life—the intellective—these fruits of the Spirit are known as their good works, or merits, a term that is applied distinctively and solely to works of intelligent agencies,—of creatures gifted, that is, with sound mind and loyal will, whose works are pleasing to the Most High, because they correspond to the nature of the doer, and are according to the will of their Maker. By his merits the intelligent creature repays in a way the services—homage, fealty, etc., due to his Sovereign. Thus in the fullest development of every intelligent creature,—of his faculties and talents, lies his natural as well as supernatural vocation, the chief characteristic of the reality, beauty and excellence of his life.

Thus all life in plant, animal and intelligent being, is a state of steady action, of a uniform,

constant and progressive tendency on the part of the individual creature, wherein moving along the lines laid down by the Supreme Intelligence of God, and aided by His benevolence, it tends to fulfil its destiny in creation. In the intellectual life this tendency leads each one to exercise his abilities rightly, to develop his really healthful energies, in a word life to aim at self-perfection. And this healthful evolution of one's better self, this perfection of every rational and intelligent being, by which his nature is fully rounded out in accordance with the views of the Sovereign Ruler, is his only true aim in life.

With life, it may be observed, is associated health, which is the result and outcome of all true and perfect vitality.

Health—the offspring of life, as life is the offspring of God, is that state of being, wherein all its functions and energies, no matter how varied, how complex, or how opposed apparently one to the other, are evolved and perfected in complete and harmonious activity toward the given end of their being, which is their serviceableness to themselves, to others and to their Maker.

We speak of a healthy body, a healthy plant, a healthy brute, a healthy man, and of their healthy organs, powers, faculties, according as the subject, or part-subject, is vitalized, moved and quickened by the source of its bodily perfections. But just as truly, really and properly may one speak of a healthy spirit, or the healthy faculties or energies of the spirit, as a healthy intelligence, reason, will, etc., since in the intellectual being these agencies are just as dependent for their true healthfulness on the source of their immaterial and spiritual perfection or life as the merely physical or material powers in the animal are dependent on the vital principle of organic life.

The former phase of vitality is known as physical, material, or organic life and health; the latter as intellectual, moral or spiritual life and health. And in just such proportion as the living being, developing its energies fulfils this destiny in life, and thus perfects itself, is its life said to be truly healthful. Healthfulness is thus a mark of vitality and strength. But to return to the term or goal of life. Reason as well as revelation teaches that when self-development has resulted in the integral perfection of the being, that is to say, when all one's energies have reached their fullest stage of fruitfulness in act, then has been reached the final term of life,—the repose of all one's activity, the highest ethical state to which one's powers are capable of being evolved.

Thus viewing life in its lowest phase—in the lowest organism in the vegetable world—the plant,

even the tiniest, is moved by some secret, inward power, to growth, self-nourishment, self-development and self-reproduction or the renewal of its species. By some unknown process of absorption, the plant feeds and converts its food into its own substance; by some mysterious yet constant and gradual evolution of forces within itself, it blossoms, seeds and fruits.

And by this healthy action of its organic powers, though in vain we seek to fathom the process, the plant has passed through the various stages of its activity in root, stalk, pith, cortex, branch, flower and seed.

This gradual evolutionary process in plant life constitutes its probationary stage in nature. Its vegetable energies are destined to go no further onward in the course of life. The plant's vitality ceases; it then withers, and dies. By its fruitfulness, the plant has proved its worth—its usefulness in creation; when it ceases—and has become incapable—to fruit any more, it has reached the goal of its vegetable perfection, and has filled its mission, (if so we may apply the term,) on earth. And its vegetative perfection is the lowest form of perfection in organic life.

Then there is brute or sensitive life, a life of somewhat higher type than vegetable life, because it is capable of higher and more varied development; and yet while more mysterious, more complex than the plant, the brute is of only a slightly higher grade in the scale of God's creation. In plant-life is typified the divine fruitfulness of God; in brute-life His activity. Both plant and brute are fairly equal in longevity, in beneficence, in serviceableness.

For by some hidden and inward agency whereby it is like a vegetable in its powers, the brute is moved similarly to self-growth, self-nourishment, and self-reproduction. Like its congeners in the vegetable world, the brute animal feeds, grows, perfects its organism—its natural powers, and, the same as a plant, leaves the representatives of its energy after the parent stock has vanished. But different from a plant,—and herein lies the proof that animals belong to a higher plane in the scale of organic being, the brute can change its abode, can vary its condition. For brutes have the power of self-action; they possess a certain degree of intelligence, of will power, and a kind of aesthetic capacity. Brutes can learn, feel, suffer and enjoy. And this is sentient, instinctive life, the highest form of organic perfection, as vegetative life is the lowest.

Yet in both plant and brute, life being merely organic, that is, wholly material and physical, is utterly dependent for its development and perfec-

tion on its earthly and perishable environments. Very different in this respect is intellectual life, that is, life at its best in the world of spiritual existence, which not only in its nature and attributes, but in its evolution and perfection, is wholly independent from all created—material or immaterial—surroundings.

Referring to the power that spirit has over matter, it is a strange fact in physics, yet one that is admitted by all scientists, that by the energy of intelligent being, vegetables and animals may be so moulded—modified—by their surroundings, by transplanting, grafting, in-breeding and cross-breeding, as to change at least apparently their primitive organic form and type, to become—for the skill of ages has developed wonderful results in scientific processes,—to become wholly unlike their progenitors, to seem even to belong to a wholly different stock. To such class of organic curiosities may be said to belong among others the so-called *lusus naturae*—the freaks and hybrids of the vegetable and animal worlds.

Experiments by them that are skilled in plant, vine, tree, and even brute, culture, attest this singular fact in physics, that organic life is subject to the power of intellectual and spiritual life. By his knowledge on this point the patriarch Jacob succeeded in increasing his share of Laban's flock. (See Genesis, xxxth chap.) By their skill horticulturists develop new species in the vegetable world; and by their composing and decomposing treatment of matter, chemists change the characteristics of substances in the inanimate kingdom of minerals, metals, salts, and the like.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICE.

LIFE OF BLESSED ALPHONSUS OROZCO, O.S.A., compiled from the Spanish of Rt. Rev. Thos. Cámara, O.S.A., by Rev. W. A. Jones, O.S.A.—Kilner & Co.

The appearance of a new book upon the stalls is calculated to arouse in most cases a curiosity that is appeased only by immediate investigation of its contents. For some, however, the very idea of novelty is sufficient reason for the purchase of a new book. It matters little how much profit or entertainment may be derived from it provided the book is selling, and society leaders have set the pace. A glance at the first two or three pages is quite enough to glut the appetite of these literary butterflies who flit from book to book without having read as much as would enable them to explain their titles.

To such readers it would be useless to recommend a book that deals expressly with the cold hard facts of daily life, with the evils that threaten our existence, with the self-denial, sacrifice, perseverance necessary to escape these evils and tread safely the narrow, high-climbing path of moral rectitude: it would be useless, in a word, to recommend the biography of a Saint. To those of our readers, however, who delight in studying the characters and virtues of great and holy men, nothing, we feel assured, will afford keener enjoyment, more solid profit or greater longing after what is best and noblest in life than a perusal of the work just published by Kilner & Co. Compiled from the numerous writings of the present Bishop of Salamanca, Spain, it has lost nothing by its presentation in English dress. On the contrary, it will be found that Father Jones, in the selection, translation and arrangement of the matter, has taken care to bring out in bold relief the many qualities, both of mind and heart, possessed by his saintly hero, whose long-continued struggles with temptations prove how essential is the grace of God to the perfection every Christian should seek to attain in the present life.

J. F. McG.

EXCHANGES.

While giving the article "Our Nation's Perpetuity," found in the *Earlhamite*, its full meed of praise for the many things, good and well-said which it contains, we object to a statement emanating, no doubt, from a prejudiced reading of history. We do not refer to the oft-repeated calumny uttered against the "Papacy," but rather to the attributing of the "Religious Toleration," which we Americans enjoy, to Luther—to a man who, in his own day, would not tolerate those of his own disciples who differed from him in doctrinal points. According to Bancroft and other historians of note, the Catholic Lord Baltimore and his companion fugitives from British persecution first granted religious liberty on the shores of the New World.

The *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston still keeps up to its high standard. Its editorials are timely and filled with sound sense. A new feature of the *Review* is the Hartford edition in which is a history of the Church in that city together with short sketches of the several Bishops who have occupied this see, among whom is Right Rev. Thomas Galberry, D.D., O.S.A., for many years a resident at Villanova as student, professor, and president.

The *Owl* for May has many decidedly meritorious articles. We were particularly pleased with, "A Half Hour with Faber," and the "Literary Notes." Did our space permit we would like to quote at length from an editorial entitled "Talented but Lazy," an article well written and true to life.

ATHLETICS.

VILLANOVA 8, JASPERS 2.

The gala day of Villanova's base-ball season was Saturday, May 25, when the home team journeyed to New York to contend with the Jaspers of Manhattan College. A cloudy sky but an invigorating atmosphere mildly tempered with the genial rays of a May day sun, a thoroughly impartial, enthusiastic crowd many of whom were of the gentle sex, a profusion of white and blue and green and white ribbons combined to make the meeting this afternoon on the diamond between the Colleges of Villanova and Manhattan a memorable event. The team of the latter had played fourteen games thus far and had met with but one defeat, their vanquished being numbered among the strongest amateur teams in New York State and their schedule included games with Yale, Princeton and other teams of equal strength. Imagine then the awe inspired feeling which penetrated the breasts of the ball players representing Villanova College who, although they, too, had been unusually successful were about to face for the first time the mighty Driscoll who has made monkeys of some of the strongest batters in the New England league. The team and its accompanying rooters arrived at the College about noon and were immediately ushered to the reception room where a most elaborate dinner was awaiting them, after partaking of which they were shown about the grounds. At 3.30 P. M. in the presence of about eight hundred spectators the Jaspers took the field with Driscoll to officate in the pitcher's box, backed by Brennan, the ex-New Haven catcher. However, Driscoll did not prove to be the redoubtable "Dan" of '94 fame as the Villanova sluggers pounded his slow ball for eleven hits, each man on the team securing one and McKean and Carey two each. On the other hand the Manhattan's sturdy lot of ball players could do nothing with Murphy's pitching, his curves proving enigmas to all the batsmen who succeeded in securing but four hits and a scratch off his delivery. The first inning opened very auspiciously as after O'Leary and McKean had been retired Murphy made a hit but owing to a lame ankle was replaced on first by Hazel who promptly stole second. Then Hannan was given a life on Cohalon's muff of his line fly to center, Hazel going to third. Carey was next at bat and the Villanova rooters eagerly called upon him for a hit and "little Johnny" proved equal to the occasion, as after having two strikes called on him he responded with a cracking single over second scoring two runs. In the second three more were scored on hits by O'Leary and McKean a base on balls to Moynihan and errors by Castro and

O'Brien. Again in the third and fourth innings by bunching their hits the visitors scored three more but after this inning could do nothing with Driscoll's curves. The home team scored one in the first on O'Brien's base on balls and Murphy's wild throw to catch him napping and another in the fourth on Glennon's single and Herron's wild throw. After the game the visitors were again dined and given three hearty cheers, departing with the wish extended that on behalf of Manhattan College it was hoped that this game, although a defeat, would be but the beginning of a life-long friendship. Thus Villanova's colors travelled to New York and returned not bearing the galling stain of defeat within their folds but soaring higher and higher and waving more majestically in the calm Pennsylvania breeze.

The features of the game, outside of Murphy's masterly twirling, were the phenomenal catching of Hannon, the playing of McKean at short and Herron at second, Field in center field for Villanova and the all around playing of Shea for the Jaspers. The score:

VILLANOVA.	R.	1st.	P.O.	A.	E.	JASPERS.	R.	1st.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Leary, 1b	1	1	7	0	1	O'Brien, 1b	1	0	12	0	2
McKean, ss.	1	2	4	2	0	Glennon, 2b	0	1	2	0	0
Murphy, p.	1	1	0	1	1	Driscoll, p.	1	1	0	3	0
Hannon, c.	2	1	7	2	0	Brennan, c.	0	1	2	1	0
Carey, rf.	1	2	1	0	0	Shea, 3b.	0	0	2	6	1
Herron, 2b.	0	1	4	3	1	Colter.	0	4	1	0	0
Kenney, lf.	1	1	1	0	0	Castro, ss.	0	0	1	0	2
Moynihan, 3b. . . .	1	1	0	1	0	Cohalon, cf.	0	1	3	0	1
Field, cf.	0	1	3	0	0	Henry, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	8	11	27	9	3	Totals	2	5	27	11	6

Earned runs, Villanova 2. Three base hit, O'Leary. Bases stolen, Villanova 5, Jaspers, 1. Double play, Colter to O'Brien. Struck out by Murphy, 6, by Driscoll, 1. Umpire, Condon.

ROCKFORD 5, VILLANOVA 4.

On Decoration day "our boys" played two games in Wilmington, Del., with the Rockfords of that city. The Villanova players, owing to the inclement weather of the previous three days, were deprived of their daily practice, and this fact together with their desire to save themselves for the more important contest of the afternoon, not only prevented them from playing their usual good game, but also from placing the regular team on the field. The clubs split even, the home team winning the morning game by one run, while in the afternoon the Villanova's simply toyed with their giant opponents. The first game was called at 10.15, about 500 people being present. The visitors led off with O'Leary reaching first on four bad balls. He stole second, was advanced to third on McKean's sacrifice and scored a moment later on Bullock's wild throw to catch him off third. In the second with one out Herron reached first on Phillips' error, but was forced at second by Kenny, Moynihan was then hit by a pitched ball and both scored on a long two-bagger by Field, who also tallied on O'Leary's timely single. McKean's easy

(Continued on page 72.)

MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

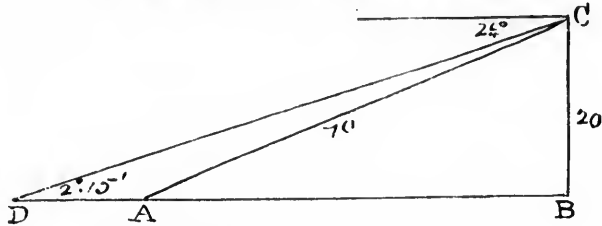
To this class all students and others interested in mathematical work are respectfully invited to send problems, queries, etc., and their solutions; or any difficulties they may encounter in their mathematical studies.

All such communications should be addressed to

D. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., Villanova College.

111.—A person goes 70 yards up a slope of 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$ from the edge of a river, and observes the angle of depression of an object on the opposite shore to be $2^\circ 15'$. Find the breadth of the river.

Solution by E. J. Murtaugh '97.



$$70 : 20 = \sin 90^\circ : \sin BAC$$

$$\sin 90^\circ = 1 \therefore$$

$$\sin BAC = \frac{20}{70}$$

$$\log \sin BAC = \log 20 + \text{colog } 70$$

$$\log 20 = 1.30103$$

$$\text{colog } 70 = 8.15490 - 10$$

$$\log \sin BAC = 9.45593 - 10$$

$$BAC = 16^\circ 36' 6''$$

$$\angle BAC = \angle CDA + \angle ACD$$

$$\therefore \angle ACD = 16^\circ 36' 6'' - 2^\circ 15' = 14^\circ 21' 6''$$

$$\text{In } \triangle ADC$$

$$70 : AD = \sin 2^\circ 15' : \sin 14^\circ 21' 6''$$

$$AD = \frac{70 \sin 2^\circ 15'}{\sin 14^\circ 21' 6''}$$

$$\log AD = \log 70 + \log \sin 14^\circ 21' 6'' + \text{co-}$$

$$\log \sin 2^\circ 15' = 1.84510$$

$$\log \sin 14^\circ 21' 6'' = 9.39423 - 10$$

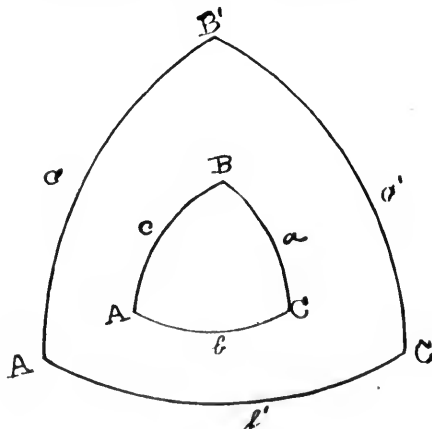
$$\text{co } \log \sin 2^\circ 15' = 1.40605$$

$$\log AD = 2.64538$$

$$AD = 441.96 \text{ yards}$$

116.—Solve the quadrantal triangle whose sides are : $a = 174^\circ 12' 49.1''$, $b = 94^\circ 8' 20''$, $c = 90^\circ$.

Solution by N. A. Dugan, '96.



Let $A' B' C' a' b' c'$ represent the corresponding angles and sides of the polar triangle.

$$\text{Then } A' = 5^\circ 47' 10.9''$$

$$B' = 85^\circ 51' 40''$$

$$C' = 90^\circ$$

$$\tan^2 \frac{1}{2} c' = -\cos (B' + A') \sec (B' - A')$$

$$B' + A' = 91^\circ 38' 50.9''$$

$$B' - A' = 80^\circ 4' 29.1''$$

$$\log \tan^2 \frac{1}{2} c' = \log \cos 91^\circ 38' 50.9'' + \log \sec 80^\circ 4' 29.1''$$

$$\log \cos 91^\circ 38' 50.9'' = 8.45863 - 10$$

$$\log \sec 80^\circ 4' 29.1'' = 0.76356$$

$$2.92219 - 10$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2} c' = 9.61110$$

$$\frac{1}{2} c' = 22^\circ 12' 56\frac{2}{3}''$$

$$c' = 44^\circ 25' 53''$$

$$c' = 135^\circ 34' 7''$$

$$\tan^2 \frac{1}{2} b' = \tan [\frac{1}{2} (B' + A') - 45^\circ] \tan [45^\circ + \frac{1}{2} (B' - A')]$$

$$\frac{1}{2} (B' + A') - 45^\circ = 49^\circ 25.5''$$

$$45^\circ + \frac{1}{2} (B' - A') = 85^\circ 2' 14.6''$$

$$\log \tan 49^\circ 25.5'' = 8.15770$$

$$\log \tan 85^\circ 2' 14.6'' = 11.06133$$

$$21.921903$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2} b' = 9.60952$$

$$\frac{1}{2} b' = 22^\circ 8' 35''$$

$$b' = 44^\circ 17' 10''$$

$$B' = 135^\circ 42' 50''$$

$$\tan^2 \frac{1}{2} a' = \tan [\frac{1}{2} (B' + A') - 45^\circ] \tan [45^\circ - \frac{1}{2} (B' - A')]$$

$$\frac{1}{2} (B' + A') - 45^\circ = 49^\circ 25.5''$$

$$45^\circ - \frac{1}{2} (B' - A') = 4^\circ 57' 45.4''$$

$$\log \tan 49^\circ 25.5'' = 8.15770$$

$$\log \tan 4^\circ 57' 45.4'' = 8.93897$$

$$27.09667$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2} a' = 8.54819$$

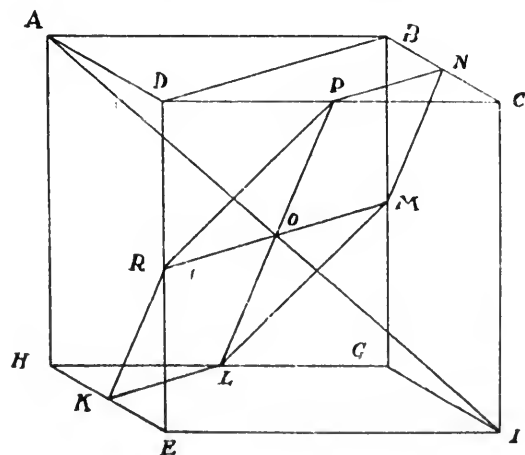
$$\frac{1}{2} a' = 2^\circ 1' 25''$$

$$a' = 4^\circ 2' 50''$$

$$A' = 175^\circ 57' 10''$$

117.—To cut a cube by a plane so that the section shall be a regular hexagon.

Solution by J. I. Whelan, '95.



Let $A - H E F G$ be any cube ; it is required to cut it with a plane, so that the section shall be a regular hexagon.

Construction.—Draw $A F$, the diagonal of the cube, and through its middle point O pass a plane \perp to it, forming the section $K L M N P R$: then will this section be a regular hexagon.

Proof.—The point P is equally distant from A and F . (Prop. VI, 6th Bk., Cor. 482.) But $A B^2 = A D^2 + D P^2$

and $F P^2 = F C^2 + C P^2$.

Hence $D P^2 = C P^2$ or $D P = C P$.

That is P is the middle point of the edge $D C$.

For like reason U is the middle point of $B C$.
 K of $H E$: R of $D E$: M of $B G$, etc.

Hence $P N = \frac{1}{2} D B$, or each side of the section is equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ the diagonal of a face.

$\triangle C P N$ and $C D B$ are similar, and $C N = \frac{1}{2} C B$.

The section through O , parallel to $D A H E$ is = to $D A H E$ and passes through P and L .

Hence $O P = O L = \frac{1}{2}$ diagonal $D H$.

Hence the $\triangle O P R$, $O R K$, etc., are equilateral \triangle s, and \therefore the \angle s $R P N$, $P N M$, etc., are each equal to 120° .

Hence the section is a regular hexagon.

118.—A mixture of black and green tea is worth \$22.65. When the number of pounds of each is interchanged the mixture is worth \$24.60. If 4 pounds of the black tea cost as much as 5 pounds of the green ; find the cost price of each.

Solution by Jas. J. Dean, '97.

Let y = number of lbs. of black in 1st mixture and green in 2nd

$5x$ = cost per lb. of black

$4x$ = cost per lb. of green

$5xy$ = cost of black in 1st mixture

$\$22.65 - 5xy$ = cost of green in 1st mixture

$4xy$ = cost of green in 2nd mixture

$\$24.60 - 4xy$ = cost of black in 2nd mixture

$\$22.65 - 5xy$ = number lbs. green in 1st mixture

$\$24.60 - 4xy$ = number lbs. black in 2nd mixture

$\therefore \$22.65 - 5xy = \$24.60 - 4xy$

$113.25x - 25x^2y = 98.40x - 16x^3y$
Divide by x

$113.25 - 25xy = 98.40 - 16xy$
 $-9xy = -14.85$

$xy = 1.65$

$5xy = \$8.25$ = cost of black in first mixture

$\$22.65 - \$8.25 = \$14.40$ = cost of green in 2nd mixture

$4xy = \$6.60$ = cost of green in first mixture

$\$24.60 - \$6.60 = \$18.00$ = cost of black in 2nd mixture

G. C. D. of $\$8.25$ and $\$18.00 = \0.75 price per lb. of black

G. C. D. of $\$6.60$ and $\$14.00 = \0.60 price per lb. of green

(Continued from page 69.)

out stopped the run getting, and after this inning not a hit was made nor a run scored during the remainder of the game. For the Rockfords D. Kenny's effective pitching alone won the game, as their fielding at times was decidedly off color. They scored two in the second on a base to Buckley, his steal, McClafferty's sacrifice, and Phillips' pretty single to left. The latter reached second on the throw in and tallied on Kenny's single. In the fourth McClafferty made the circuit of the bases on a base hit to left, the ball having been lost in one of the ditches in that territory. Again in the fifth Bullock and Conley scored on a hit, O'Leary's error, a sacrifice by Chappelle, and a wild pitch. Both pitchers pitched winning ball, but D. Kenny had much the better of the honors. The feature of the game was Carey's sensational catch in the eighth with two men on bases.

FIRST GAME.

VILLANOVA.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	ROCKFORD.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Leary, 1b.	1	1	12	0	1	Bullock, c.	1	1	9	2	1
McKean, ss.	0	0	3	3	0	Beggs, 3b.	0	0	0	1	0
Murphy, 1f.	0	0	1	0	1	Conley, 2b.	1	1	3	2	0
Hannon, c.	0	0	2	0	0	Chappelle, 1f.	0	1	0	0	0
Carey, rf.	0	0	2	0	0	Buckley, cf.	1	0	3	0	0
Herron, 2b.	0	0	1	1	0	McClafferty, ss.	1	1	1	2	0
Kenny, p.	1	0	0	6	0	Phillips, rf.	1	1	2	1	1
Moynihan, 3b.	1	0	2	2	1	McDaniel, 1b.	0	1	9	0	0
Field, cf.	1	1	1	0	0	Kenny, p.	0	1	0	2	0

Totals 4 2 24 12 3 Totals 5 7 27 10 2
Earned runs, Villanova, 2; Rockford, 2. Two-base hit, Field. Hit by pitched balls, Moynihan, Herron. Struck out by S. Kenney, 2; D. Kenney, 8.

The afternoon game was the one which was anticipated with the greatest pleasure, as Murphy, our star twirler, would be opposed to Fischer, who pitched for the Amsterdam Club of New York State League in the early part of the season. The followers of the White and Blue had great confidence in the only "Murph" and it was soon demonstrated that it wasn't misplaced, as, as usual, their opponents could do nothing with his speedy curves, he being particularly effective when men were on bases. About 1,500 people witnessed the contest and, despite the fact that they were for the most part Rockford rooters, they seemingly could not refrain from applauding some of Villanova's brilliant plays. The umpiring was rank, the decisions frequently calling forth loud and continued jeers from the impartial crowd. Well, for five innings Mr. Fischer's swift balls and slow balls were pounded all over the lot for ten runs. Then he was replaced by Kenny, who again proved his abilities as a pitcher, as the boys once more failed to connect with his curves. Hannon caught both games in his usual magnificent style, and each one of the infielders fielded his position beautifully, O'Leary having eighteen put outs and one assist with no errors to his credit. The visitors scored their only runs in the second and fourth innings. In the former on three successive hits and two

stolen bases two men crossed the plate and one more in the fourth on Buckley's two-bagger and Kenney's error.

SECOND GAME.

VILLANOVA.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	ROCKFORD	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Leary, 1b	1	0	18	1	0	Bullock, r, cf	0	0	1	0	1
McKean, ss	0	1	1	5	0	Beggs, 3b	0	0	1	3	5
Murphy, p	1	1	0	5	0	Conley, 2b	0	2	1	3	1
Hannon, c	2	1	2	1	0	Chappelle, lf	0	0	1	0	1
Carey, rf	3	2	2	0	0	Buckley, cf, ss	1	2	2	1	0
Herron, 2b*	0	2	1	4	0	McClafferty, ss	0	0	0	2	0
Kennv, lf	1	2	0	0	1	Phillips, c	0	0	10	0	0
Moynihan, 3b	1	0	3	3	0	McDaniel, 1b	1	0	10	0	1
Field, cf	1	0	0	0	0	Fischer, p, rf	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	10	9	27	19	1	Kenny, p	0	0	1	0	0
						Totals	3	6	27	9	9

*Herron out for not touching second.

Earned runs, Villanova, 3; Rockford, 2. Double plays, Beggs to McDaniel to Beggs. Struck out by Murphy, 7; by Kenney, 7.

VILLANOVA 3; WEST CHESTER NORMAL 3.

A very unsatisfactory contest took place May 18, between Villanova and the Normal Schools of West Chester, Pa. Up to the fifth inning neither side had scored, but during this inning the Normal's scored one and then two in the sixth. With the score 3-0 against them, the visitors made three runs, and the excitement was at fever heat, the 600 spectators cheering first one team and then the other, and nearly going wild when Moynihan leaped in the air and pulled down a screeching liner in the sixth, thereby cutting off a base hit. In the eighth, after Gallagher and Conley had been retired on strikes, Pike knocked the ball to Carey, who threw wild to first base, the ball struck a post near the bleachers. The runner started for second, and was easily put out, and so declared by Umpire Strickland, who, however, was persuaded to believe that it was a blocked ball, and although obviously in the wrong refused to call the runner out, and Capt. Hannon very justifiably left the field. The crowd showed its approval of his decisive move by its continuous applause. The following morning's edition of the West Chester *Republican* and *Local* also united in censuring the Normal Ball Club for its action, and spoke very highly of Villanova and its gentlemanly ball players.

VILLANOVA 8; PHILADELPHIA A. C. 3.

An exceedingly interesting game of ball was played on Wednesday, May 16, between the home team and Philadelphia A. C., as the latter had a splendid fielding team, but were unable to find Kenny for more than seven hits, three of which were credited to McFarland, the celebrated coacher. The features of the game were the battery work and batting of Herron and Carey for the home team and the playing of Herwich and McFarland for the visitors. The score:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Villanova	0	0	0	4	0	0	1	0	3	8	15	3
Philadelphia A.C.	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	3	7	2

May 20, after a bus ride over fifteen miles of muddy roads and steep hills, the team, weary and sore, played a listless game of ball with the Morton Club, of Morton, Pa. For six innings the contest was quite close, but in the seventh, with three men on bases, the ball was lost in the deep grass in left, and three Morton ball tossers crossed the rubber. The boys then became discouraged, and lost the game.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Villanova	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	3	8	4
Morton	1	0	0	0	0	4	3	0	0	8	10	3

In a seven inning contest, May 8, the Allen Grays proved an easy mark for the home team. Score:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Villanova	0	2	3	4	1	0	4	23	16	4
Allen Grays	0	4	1	0	2	0	0	7	3	8

The St. Ann's, champions of '94's Philadelphia Literary league, came to Villanova to check our course of victories, but were unmercifully slaughtered. Score:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Villanova	2	2	5	3	1	1	4	0	1	19	11	3
St. Ann's	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	2	6	7	8

The Powells, of Philadelphia, and the P. R. R. Y. M. C. A., of the same city, afforded two practice games for the home team on May 11 and May 28. The former were defeated 27 to 8, the latter 26 to 9.

The Central High School team, of Philadelphia, sustained their second defeat of the season at the hands of the "Villans." The score:

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Villanova	1	0	3	0	1	4	0	8	0	17	9	7
Central High School	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	4	6	5

ORDINATIONS.

On Saturday, June 8, the following Augustinian clerics, Rev. John J. Farrell, Rev. Charles G. McKenna and Rev. John F. Kennedy, who on the previous day had received the diaconate, were ordained to the Holy Priesthood by the Most Reverend Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia at the Cathedral of that city. On the same day at Troy, N. Y., Rev. C. E. Lenehan, class of '89 was ordained by the Right Rev. Bishop Burke of Albany. On Trinity Sunday Rev. Father Farrell celebrated his first Mass at St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia. Rev. J. P. Gilmore, O.S.A., assisted him, and Rev. N. J. Murphy, O.S.A., preached. At St. Denis' Church, Cobb's Creek, Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A. assisted Rev. Father McKenna, and Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., preached. Rev. Father Kennedy at Villanova was assisted by Rev. J. F. McGowan, O.S.A., who also preached.

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 "Trying to shave?"
 Bum a' Nickel.
 "Oh, my writhth!"
 "You are a ham sure!"
 So cute when he smiles!
 What a face he wore.
 Fifteen cents for six!
 Oh, what a tackler he is!
 Dinny is the whole play.
 And the Jonah was bounced.
 "Joe is an elegant rooter?"
 Go about it systematically!
 Assist the frost-bitten.—B. D.
 "You are too small, get out." "Who?"
 And we did not get our supper.
 'The young man who stands so straight.
 Lewith wath ththuck in the mud.
 "I did not know he wore spurs."
 The trepidation that Jack caused.
 "Saint Anthony be at his heels!"
 And two good kickers on the team!
 "My brains are down in Bryn Mawr."
 "My uncle used to do that to me."
 Joe went rowing on the Susquehanna.
 "I am getting corns on all of my feet!"
 "Why does that little fellow wear an apron?"
 "You wouldn't take them from a secular."
 "Only base-ball players in this picture."
 And Eddie asked what antipodated meant.
 "Why did you tell them I was an Indian?"
 "I will have to buy her a box of candy to get
 ack my drag."
 And Martie met us in New York with his broad
 smile.
 'Tis as shallow as a dream:
 That is what Monsieur did scream.
 Saint Denis' a tale can tell
 (Oh sad it is to say!)
 How the college boys went there to sing
 On a Sunday morn in May.
 The organ pealed quite joyfully
 The notes leaped from the keys;
 And Andy and Joe wept mournfully,
 As Dick leaped for those "G's."
 Danny and Billy held their breath,
 Eddie and Pius shook,

For John didn't sing as he Hugeshd to do,
 And that 'A', he never took.

'Twas the night of Manhattan game,
 Good night had been said,
 And the nine sturdy warriors
 Sought quiet in bed,
 But a light in the darkness,
 Like a star in the sky,
 Gleamed out thro' the window
 Of the small room on high.

There Fatty McK——r,
 (More power to his name!)
 Was breathless detailing
 The points of the game.
 All night kept he spouting,
 At six went to bed,
 Nor woke from his slumbers
 For breakfast, 'tis said.

In the parade we had,
 The singers were great:
 And a medal was given
 To Mc. who had e'ight.

Two ladies in a carriage,
 A gallant by their side.
 Journeying Bryn Mawr-wards,
 A somebody espied.

Oh, the gallant was a good one,
 He had a knowing head.
 "I'll get behind this curtain,
 To roll it up," he said.

The subterfuge in vain, sir,
 For somebody had eyes;
 Get behind *two* curtains next time,
 That's what we advise.

It has a new significance now,
 Come down S——K——come down.

Come into the garden boys,
 For the Brother Pat has flown.
 Come into the garden boys,
 We are here at the gate alone;
 For the sight of the lettuce charms us boys
 And the odor of onions is blown.

I hold the onion more fair than the rose
 Than babble and revel and wine;
 And ever the tear to my red eye goes
 When I call that onion mine;
 And the lettuce had power, whene'er it chose,
 To wring the glad tears from thine.

He is coming, my own, my sweet,
 I hear his airy tread;
 Far better to beat a retreat
 Than be caught in this onion-bed.
 But before we could take to our feet,
 "Ye're no gentlemen, sirs," he said.

We played the Manhattans on Jasper Field,
 We were in the game for keeps;
 We played them again on our college grounds—
 Excuse the writer while he weeps.

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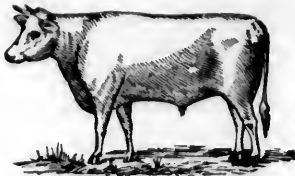
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Villanova College, July, 1895.

No. 7.

United.



LOW, winds of heaven,
 Lower, ye clouds,
 Until your blackness
 All things enshrouds.
 Rise up, oh, cruel sea,
 Wreck every bark ;
 Tear out the souls of men,
 Leaving them stark.
 Rage, all ye elements,—
 Death in your sway !—
 Hope for to-morrow,
 Kill with to-day.
 Woman,—I trusted her,
 Loved her till now—
 Hate shall transform me,
 Write *Cain* on my brow !

 Wind of the wild, wide West,
 Sigh for my sigh,
 Hide me, ye shades of night,
 From my own eye.
 Waves of the restless sea,
 Lapping my feet,
 Throb, with your mighty heart,
 For my faint heart-beat.
 Flood me, ye dews of heaven,
 With Night's own tears,
 Joy hath no part for me
 Through all the years.

Man,—my heart yearned for him,
 I was his bride ;
 Cruel, he turned from me,
 Thrust me aside.
 Tell him I love him yet,
 Speak, Wind, for me :
 He shall believe me yet—
 Receive me, oh sea.

Wildly the winds, they moaned,
 Waves leaped on high ;
 Flashed, with its ominous gleam,
 Light in the sky.
 Vessels, they plunged and sank ;
 Spars broke in twain.
 Hope was all lost in fear,
 Death ruled the main.

There, when the morning broke,
 Just where she sank,
 Fishermen found the corpse,
 Dripping and dank.
 Far from the cheerless shore,
 Where lightning flashed,
 Found they a stricken man,
 Livid and gashed.
 Sigh for the yesterday,
 But sigh not in vain ;
 His heart, oh Sea and Wind,
 Found hers again.

J. I. WHELAN, '95.

Fifty-second Annual Commencement of Villanova College.

Villanova College held its fifty-second annual commencement on Wednesday, June 26. In the morning the students and faculty assisted at Solemn High Mass, celebrated by V. Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., assisted by Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A., V. P., Messrs. W. W. Donovan and M. A. Ryan, O.S.A., as Deacon, sub-Deacon and Master of Ceremonies, respectively.

The surroundings indicated a festive occasion. The stars and stripes floated from a tall flag pole near the base-ball grounds, while from every window hung a flag. The red, white and blue predominated in the decorations, but with a truly Catholic spirit the emblems of other nations were also displayed. The blue and white of the college were also conspicuous, a noticeable feature being that a number of the ladies present were attired in these colors.

In the room where the exercises were held ribbons of the college colors hung in profusion from the central chandelier, while American shields surmounted by American flags and flanked by those of other nations appeared at intervals on the walls. Stands of flags and numerous potted plants formed a handsome stage setting.

When the exercises began the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, O.S.A., provincial of the Order, presided. The music was furnished by the Germania Orchestra.

Among those present were Very Rev. Lawrence A. Delurey, O.S.A., president; Rev. Walter A. Coar, O.S.A., vice-president; Rev. John B. Leonard, O.S.A., Rev. Charles J. McFadden, O.S.A., Rev. James F. McGowan, O.S.A., Rev. Richard A. Gleeson, O.S.A., Rev. J. Frederick Medina, O.S.A., Pierie M. Arnu, A.M., Dennis O'Sullivan, A.M., Very Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A., Rev. Michael J. Locke, S.T.L., O.S.A., Rev. Martin J. Geraghty, O.S.A., Very Rev. Francis Sheeran, O.S.A., prior, all of the college.

Rev. N. J. Murphy, O.S.A., Rev. E. A. Daily, O.S.A., Rev. J. P. Gilmore, O.S.A., Rev. J. A. Hogan, O.S.A., Rev. James C. Monahan, Rev. James O'Reilly, Downingtown; Rev. F. A. Ward, Wayne; Rev. J. P. Fahey, O.S.A., Mechanicsville, N. Y.; Rev. J. P. Curren, O.S.A., Waterford, N. Y.; Rev. F. J. McShane, O.S.A., Carthage, N. Y.; Rev. Peter Crane, O.S.A., Rev. F. J. McCranor, O.S.A., of Lawrence, Mass.; Rev. John J. Fedigan, O.S.A., Rev. William A. Jones, O.S.A., Rev. Edward P. Flinn, O.S.A., of Atlantic City; Rev. T. F. Herlihy, O.S.A., Chestnut Hill; Rev. J. J. O'Brien, O.S.A., and Rev. J. A. McErlain, O.S.A., of Bryn Mawr; Very Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., of Haverford; Rev. Charles G. McKenna, O.S.A., Lawrence, Mass.; Rev. John

G. Farrell, O.S.A., Rev. John F. Kennedy, O.S.A., Rev. John Scully, S.J., Rev. A. A. Gallagher, Rev. John B. Hickey, C.S.S.R., of New York; Rev. D. P. O'Connor, Conshohocken; Rev. B. J. Dever, Chester; Rev. W. J. Dunphy, Brooklyn; Brother Gordian, of the Christian Brothers.

The following degrees were conferred, Rev. Walter A. Coar, vice-president of the college, making the announcements and Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll presenting the degrees:

Master of Arts—Frederick F. Commins, O.S.A., of Carthage, N. Y.

Bachelor of Arts—Michael J. Murphy, Philadelphia; Bernard J. O'Donnell, Drifton, Pa.; John I. Whelan, Wilmington, Del.; Richard G. Kerr, Annandale, N. J.; Stephen A. Kenney, Millville, Mass.

Bachelor of Science—Henry T. Nelson, Oakford, Pa.; John J. Hughes, Philadelphia; William J. Shanahan, Waterbury, Conn.; Cornelius A. Dugan, Jeddo, Pa.; Edward J. Murtaugh, Catasauqua, Pa.; Andrew J. Plunkett, Stamford, Conn.; George A. Buckley, Baltimore, Md.; James J. McCarthy, Carthage, N. Y.; Joseph H. Gallagher, Brooklyn; William J. Kavanaugh, Brooklyn; James J. Deane, Lawrence, Mass.; Michael F. Rouse, Dushore, Pa.; Charles D. McEvoy, Norristown, Pa.

Commercial Diplomas—Cornelius A. Dugan, Jeddo, Pa.; Louis B. Tucker, Philadelphia; D. Joseph Dore, New Haven, Conn.

The following gold medals were awarded:

For gentlemanly conduct, to James J. McCarthy. Presented by the president and faculty.

For Christian Doctrine, to John J. Hughes. Presented by Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, O.S.A.

For Logic, to John I. Whelan. Presented by the alumni.

For Mathematics, to James J. Deane. Presented by Rev. James J. Keegan, Randolph, Mass.

For English Literature, to John I. Whelan. Presented by Joseph F. Farmer, A.M., Jersey City, N. J.

For Classics, to John J. Reilly, Boston. Presented by Rev. James H. O'Neill, Middleboro, Mass.

For General History, to Henry T. Nelson. Presented by John T. Lenehan, Esq., Wilkesbarre, Pa.

For Elocution, to Edward T. Wade. Presented by Silas F. Neff, Ph.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

For Chemistry, to John I. Whelan. Presented by Dr. F. W. Steinbock, Philadelphia.

For German, to Michael F. Kennedy. Presented by Rev. John P. Fahey, O.S.A., Mechanicsville, N. Y.

SALUTATORY.

ANDREW J. PLUNKETT, '96, STAMFORD, CONN.

Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, Dear Friends:—

Once more Villanova opens her doors to receive and welcome within her walls you, her friends and patrons. She invites you to share in all the

joy and happiness which she feels on this occasion. Although more than fifty years have elapsed since her first commencement was held, yet she still adheres to the custom then instituted and bids you enjoy the same hospitality and welcome which she then extended to those who wished her success and prosperity. That same welcome she gives to you on this, her fifty-second commencement. Welcome my friends, she says as of yore, I am glad to see you, come and I will show you what treasures I possess.

As she sees gathered here to-day friends among whom she recognizes many faces of her old students and of those who took part in her commencements of former times, she is filled with delight and invites all within her folds to share her pleasure. For she remembers how difficult it was to say farewell and feels how much easier it is to say you are welcome; which she does with a heart full of happiness. She indeed rejoices with her children as they meet their dearly loved relatives and show them where they were accustomed to sit with their companions and talk of the games and studies, and the time when they would be members of the graduating class. The college boy is always glad when he learns that a friend is about to visit him and he hails his arrival with every demonstration of joy. How much pleasure then must he feel when he is called upon to assist his Alma Mater in receiving their mutual friends. Yes on commencement day the college boy is doubly pleased, for he partakes of the happiness which everyone around him feels and he knows that he will now have for a short time a rest from his studies. If perchance we seem anxious to leave these hallowed walls, let it never be forgotten that deep in the heart of each one of us is a smouldering love for our college which needs but the mention of her name to be kindled into a bright blaze. And as we behold so many friends of our dear college gathered to do her honor our hearts swell with pride and joy at the position which she holds and extending our hands, we, with our Alma Mater, welcome you within her domain as friends and guests, whom she is ever pleased to see. She never grows weary of smiling on her patrons, nor will future time change her, you will ever find her ready to receive you and her hand extended in the friendly grasp of welcome. Adhering to her old traditions she wishes to impress this deeply upon the hearts of her sons as they go forth from her halls. And to-day our Alma Mater will send from her walls men, who being guided by her unerring hand in the principles of truth and learning will, we hope, in the coming years shine like stars, an honor to themselves, to their parents and

to this college. It is easy to see, by the large number present, how fond of our college are her friends and how desirous they are of seeing her rank with the leading colleges of the country. We thank you for the constancy with which you have attended our exercises in the past, and trust in the future you will continue to encourage us by your presence. As a result of the interest of her patrons, Villanova boasts that this year she has a larger number of students than ever before entered her halls and that her name has gone abroad as an emblem of all that is purest and highest in Christian education.

Rightly then has she always endeavored to make suitable preparation for the reception of her friends. And she does so in an especial manner on commencement day, when knowing as she does how much depends upon her friends for her well being in the future, she has prepared a banquet of learning and invites you to partake of it. And you have come in goodly numbers as though you could not resist the pressing invitation of welcome which she extends. And we trust, that knowing how well you have been satisfied in the past, that you will always endeavor to attend Villanova's commencements.

Now kind friends and patrons, in behalf of the Rev. Faculty, the graduating class and the students of Villanova, I bid you one and all a sincere and heartfelt welcome. In after years when you take part in our college commencements think kindly of the boys of '95 who then endeavored to entertain you in her halls.

L'art d'écrire.

EDWARD G. DOHAN, '96, TROY, N. Y.

Pour bien écrire, il faut donc posséder pleinement son sujet, il faut y réfléchir assez pour voir clairement l'ordre de ses pensées, et en former une suite, une chaîne continue, dont chaque point représente une idée; et lorsqu'on aura pris la plume il faudra la conduire successivement sur ce premier trait, sans lui permettre de s'en écarter, sans l'appuyer trop inégalement, sans lui donner d'autre mouvement que celui qui sera déterminé par l'espace qu'elle doit parcourir.

C'est en cela que consiste la sévérité du style; c'est aussi ce qui en fera l'unité et ce qui en réglera la rapidité; et cela seul aussi suffira pour le rendre précis et simple, égal et clair, vif et suivi.

A cette première règle dictée par le génie si l'on joint de la délicatesse et du goût, du scrupule sur le choix des expressions, de l'attention à ne nommer les choses que par les termes les plus généraux, le style aura de la noblesse.

Si l'on y joint encore de la défiance pour son premier mouvement du mépris pour ce qui n'est que brillant, et une répugnance constante pour l'équivoque et la plaisanterie, le style aura de la gravité, il aura même de la majesté.

Enfin si l'on écrit comme l'on pense, si l'on est convaincu de ce que l'on veut persuader, cette bonne foi avec soi-même, qui fait la bienséance pour les autres et la vérité du style lui fera produire tout son effet, pourvu que cette persuasion intérieure ne se marque pas par un enthousiasme trop fort, et qu'il y ait partout plus de candeur que de confiance, plus de raison que de chaleur.

Les ouvrages bien écrits seront les seuls qui passeront à la postérité. La quantité des connaissances, la singularité des faits, la nouveauté même des découvertes ne sont pas sûrs garants de l'immortalité; si les ouvrages qui les contiennent ne roulent que sur de petits objets, s'ils sont écrits sans goût, sans noblesse et sans génie, ils périront parce que les connaissances, les faits et les découvertes s'enlèvent aisément, se transportent et gagnent même à être mises en œuvre par des mains habiles.

Le style ne peut donc ni s'enlever, ni se transporter, ni s'altérer; s'il est élevé, noble, sublime, l'auteur sera également admiré dans tous les temps; car il n'y a que la vérité qui soit durable et même éternelle.

Bewunderung und Ehrfurcht!

MICHAEL T. KENNEDY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Zwei Dinge erfüllen das Gemüth mit immer neuer und zunehmender Bewunderung und Ehrfurcht, je öfter und anhaltender sich das Nachdenken damit beschäftigt: der bestirnte Himmel über mir und das moralische Gesetz in mir.

Beide darf ich nicht als in Dunkelheiten verhüllt oder im Ueberschwenglichen, ausser meinem Gesichtskreise, suchen und blos vermuthen; ich sehe sie vor mir und verknüpfe sie unmittelbar mit dem Bewusstsein meiner Existenz.

Das erste fängt von dem Platze an, den ich in der äusseren Sinnenwelt einnehme und erweitert die Verknüpfung, darin ich stehe, ins unabsehlich-Grosse mit Welten über Welten und Systemen von Systemen, überdem noch in grenzenlose Zeiten ihrer periodischen Bewegung, deren Anfang und Fortdauer.

Das zweite fängt von meinem unsichtbaren Selbst, meiner Persönlichkeit an, und stellt mich in einer Welt dar, die wahre Unendlichkeit hat, aber nur dem Verstande spürbar ist, und mit welcher ich mich, nicht wie dort in zufälliger, sondern allgemeiner und notwendiger Verknüpfung erkenne.

Der erstere Anblick einer zahllosen Welten-

menge vernichtet gleichsam meine Wichtigkeit, als eines thierischen Geschöpfes, das die Materie, daraus es ward, dem Planeten wieder zurückgeben muss, nachdem es eine kurze Zeit mit Lebenskraft versehen gewesen.

Der zweite erhebt dagegen meinen Werth, als einer Intelligenz unendlich, durch meine Persönlichkeit, in welcher das moralische Gesetz mir ein von der Thierheit und selbst von der ganzen Sinnenwelt unabhängiges Leben offenbart, wenigstens so viel sich aus der zweckmässigen Bestimmung meines Daseins durch dieses Gesetz, welche nicht auf Bedingungen und Grenzen dieses Lebens eingeschränkt ist, sondern ins Unendliche geht, abnehmen lässt.

ORATION.

WILLIAM J. KAVANAGH, '95, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The true friend of education must needs stop at various times to consider the different phases in which this subject can be regarded. He must go back in thought and see what progress has been made in the cause; he must look forward to determine what means can be best used to further this progress; especially must he consider it at the present time to note its condition, to see if it is doing its work properly, if it is healthy, and he must try to remedy any defect.

The cause of education demands from all this consideration. As Wendell Phillips tells us "Education is the only interest worthy the deep controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man," and most true are these words for it is in truth an important part that education plays in our life, in our national existence.

In vain will we strive to perpetuate our government, in vain will we endeavor to maintain our nationality—in vain will we spend our efforts in behalf of posterity—if the cause of education be neglected by us.

Looking backward it seems as though one cannot but be pleased with the advance of education in this country. In the wonderful march of progress, in this our noble land, education has kept full pace. We see the development of the seed planted in the colonial schoolhouse and we notice with pride its growth; as the people increased in numbers, so were schools multiplied, colleges erected, and universities founded. Although the desire of amassing this world's riches had seized upon the great majority, yet we have many proofs, substantial ones, that the cause of education, though seemingly neglected by many, was not altogether abandoned. The endowments, donations, legacies and bequests from time to time to our colleges all unite to verify this statement.

But while this progress has been so satisfactory in things merely material, and it is a source of the greatest pleasure to point to the increase of our schools and colleges; and while it is a sign of great promise to see so many young men and women graduating year after year, we must stop to ask the question: "Is the education imparted at present calculated to be a source of good to the country at large and an inspiration to the individuals to make their own lives pure and fruitful? Is education as powerful a factor in our midst as it ought to be?" To answer this question it is necessary for us to study the "times." Much indeed has been said and written of our land and its glorious liberties. *This* is the chosen theme of the school boy declaimer, of the demagogue, of the orator and the statesman in the halls of legislation. Ours is a beautiful theory of government. It solves the great social problem, and lays down what seems to be the just medium between the liberty of the masses degenerating into license, and the governing authority, running into tyranny. Thus it is to guard equally against the two extremes of anarchy and despotism of which it were difficult to say which was the more dangerous.

By a wisely established and nicely arranged system of checks and balances, the mutual relations between the governing power and the governed are carefully guarded, and each is kept within its own appropriate sphere. The lowest citizen has equal rights with the highest, and the avenues to distinction and political power are open to all. The law, established by general consent for the general good, is held to be equally binding on all; and the high and the low, the rich and the poor are alike amenable to its behests. And of this beautiful theory of government we frequently hear education called the mainstay and the support. To deserve this name education has indeed a hard task to perform. Consider the frequent and prolonged struggles between capitalists and laborers; the seemingly low standard in our politics; the occasional outbreaks of anarchy, and one might be led to judge rashly that education had failed in its purposes and aims. But this we know is not true.

Education cannot cure all evils at once by a miraculous turn; it is by gradual, but resolute efforts that really important objects are gained, not by spasmodic movements; and educational movements especially are not the work of a day. It may take years to convince one of a nearly perfect system of education, but meanwhile the good work accomplished by it increases, and despite the objection of those who declare that the great majority is declassed by a good education it will always re-

spond to the demands of religion and civilization. Religion and civilization both call for education. God created man and He created him neither like an ox or a horse, He created him for a three-fold development—a moral, intellectual, and physical development. The man who possesses only a physical development is almost on a level with an ox or a horse whose actions are guided by necessity and instinct. The man who has an intellectual as well as a moral development is the noblest Christian and best member of society.

Stagnation is decay. The perfect health of the body requires a certain action of the brain; if the brain is wholly inactive it becomes torpid, and the physical action of the body becomes slow and stupid. Again the man whose intellect is cultivated can enjoy the highest, purest pleasures God has given us. He can converse and improve the minds of his family. He can see more clearly the narrow line which often defines the limits of right and wrong; and through that very exercise of the reason and intellect resulting from a good education, he will have all the greater firmness in adhering to what he knows to be the right.

This kind of education which when training the intellect of man, is also able to instill the difference between right and wrong, can be properly called the safeguard of the nation, and we have reason to be proud that this is the education imparted in our own and other Catholic colleges. Compelled to face the most dangerous attacks from here enemies, often crippled by lack of necessary funds, and thereby forced to take part in an unequal and one-sided contest, our Catholic institutions have bravely fought with varying success yet with undiminished valor; and we can see them now in the enjoyment of more prosperous circumstances, though still far short of what is deemed proper, doing their work nobly, and sending out yearly into the world men who if they follow the principles imparted to them in their college life cannot fail to become noble Christians and model Americans. But yet we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that a dark cloud of religious bigotry is lowering over our political horizon, threatening to break in destructive violence on our devoted heads "Lighter in some parts, denser in others, but too heavy in all" it is menacing our nearest and dearest rights as citizens; yet we quail not under either its present or prospective violence. By anticipating it we are prepared for its utmost fury. The storms of persecutions of eighteen centuries have swept over a church "oft doomed to death though fated not to die," and with the divine succor she can triumphantly stand as much in the future as she has withstood in the past.

Nevertheless it is surprising to think that men of such small calibre can be found to believe that the education given by Catholics to their children is inimical to the best interest of the country. Yet they can be found, though fortunately not in large numbers. The people as a whole convinced by their own principles and belief in education, are fully aware of the sacrifices and advances made by Catholics in the same cause. They see the effects everywhere; they cannot blind themselves to the facts.

May we hope then that when this storm has passed it will prove to have been a source of enlightenment and education to many now in the dark; that the progress of education in this land of ours may be still more marked; that all will be united in furthering the cause of that education whose true purpose is "to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us, to develop to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us."

VALEDICTORY.

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95, WILMINGTON, DEL.

When Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden, the edict that announced his banishment proclaimed that his future was to be a life of toil. By the sweat of his brow was he to earn his bread. It was a curse pronounced upon him; and this malediction has descended to us as our inheritance. We may suppose that even if Adam had not transgressed the law of his Maker, and had remained in possession of the Garden of Paradise, he would naturally have taken a pride in caring for his surroundings, in the propagation of species, and in furthering the growth of plants. But that which had in it the elements of pleasure, became a pain, a degradation, because it was the punishment of a crime. A labor-loving mechanic, who, having violated one of the civil laws, is condemned to penal servitude, hates the work he has erstwhile loved, because of the disgrace there is now attached to it. So may we believe that the old Adam within us, foolishly and ignorantly despising labor, has associated with the honest, manly toil that first idea of Adam's merited shame.

But He who laid the curse upon us hath power to raise the ban. And this He has done. For when He sent His only Son to earth to figure in the work of man's redemption, that Man-God put on our poor humanity with all its attendant frailties and hardships, and did not scorn to labor in the work-shop of Joseph. And so He has sanctified labor, has stamped it as something worthy

even of Himself. That which was a curse has now become a blessing, the human has partaken of the divine; and therein, in a special manner, is found a reason for ascribing to labor a dignity peculiarly its own.

In these days of multi-millionaires, the line is rigidly drawn between the two great classes, the rich and the poor, the high and the low. But who are the high? Is poverty a crime from which the proud must shrink? Too often the velvet robe is but a covering for a craven soul, and beneath the lace and jewels there may be found a heart sinister and foul. The laboring classes are generally denominated the poor and the lowly. But shall we not recognize the beauty, the dignity of labor, when He has set upon it the seal of His greater glory? He was a laborer and was poor, clothed not in "silken garments." And shall we pass by the honest homespun when *we* are looking for a man? And shall we ourselves, to whose lot it has fallen to labor for our daily bread, declaim against this real blessing and sigh for the doubtful pleasure of opulence?

"Is there for honest poverty

That hangs his head and a' that?

The coward slave, we pass him by

And dare be poor for a' that!

For a' that and a' that,

Our toil's obscure and a' that:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,

The man's the gowd for a' that."

And who are the truly great? Does honor come with inherited rank? Goldsmith has said that a breath has made men princes, a breath can rob them of their pride again. Does honor come from inherited wealth? Ignoring the fact that wealth, if acquired honestly, was originally the reward of toil, what nobility doth it lend to our character if we spend the dollars that our fathers saved? Does magnanimity consist in working for one's own aggrandizement? There is no honor in these things. But when, by our own efforts, we have achieved success and acquired an honest name, then may we rest in the enjoyment of them.

Who made our country a nation of the earth? Was it the lord who sat at his ease in his castle, or the man of brawn and spirit who labored for his country, fought for her, and died? Who is making the country's history to-day? The capitalist, grown rich upon the blood of his dependants, and revelling in his ill-gotten gains? The fop, upon whom Nature has bestowed another's hoarded wealth, but whom she overlooked in the giving out of brains? No!—But the man that is found where the hammer is ringing out upon the anvil a paean to honest toil; the builder of our homes

in time of peace, the saviour of his country in time of war:—*he* is the man who writes prosperity upon his country's banner, he only is truly great, the mechanic, the exemplar of labor, he only can take a real pride in all that our country has done, is doing, will do! He is the pulse of the nation's life. Let the laboring man then rise to a sense of his dignity; respect himself, and enforce respect from them whose glory is their shame.

We have said that labor has acquired a dignity through Him who sanctified it, and by them who have worked for their individual or their country's good. But there is another reason why we should appreciate work, and attach to it a higher, nobler dignity. We were condemned to labor as a punishment for Adam's transgression. But that sin has been atoned for by Him who alone could make reparation for it. The obligation to labor, however, still remains. Work and pray, is the new injunction. And why? We know that this life is transitory, that it is but a preparation for the better life to come. It is not our purpose to dwell upon the pleasures of that future life. Its joys are infinite. It is the one thing to be sought for. But if it is in itself a thing so magnificent, so sublime, then to the means by which we are to acquire it, there must accrue some of its greatness. Therefore, by virtue of its end, labor has acquired a dignity greater than can be bestowed upon anything earthly. Truly in this case does the end crown all.

The end crowns all. The end. 'Tis hard to say it. For to-day is the crowning of our year's work. To-day we are assembled for the last time as students under the roof of dear old Villanova. To-morrow, the joys which we have felt in common, the knowledge that we have been among friends who have cared for us and loved us, will begin to be but a memory. To-day we stand united in the bond of good-fellowship, members of one class, one school; to-morrow the bond will be loosened, let us not say broken; we may still be one in spirit, but divided, separated. Do we realize how dear we have been to one another? True appreciation comes only with the loss. We are thinking perhaps of vacation joys. The small boy throws his hat high in the air and cries out "School is done." But we who have come to know the reality, the earnestness of life can see the darker shade amidst the light, can know of the cloud that is hidden behind the sun. In the after-time we shall be sighing for the joys of our school-life which we could not now appreciate. Shall stretch forth our hand for them as the child grasps the bubble, only to find in that apparent something, a nothingness, a void.

Yet what must be done were best done quickly. But I had wished that another had been named to say good-bye. For I feel that the short time I have been with you all, has been most happy. To none then would it come harder to say that last word, Farewell!

But the word must be said. We have met—we part. Of little avail now our sighs or our tears if in the past we have not profited by our advantages. Have we studied as we could have studied? Have we helped each other as best we might? Regrets are vain, unless we find in them an incentive for future good.

Fr. Delurey and Fr. Coar—our thanks to you as President and Vice-President of the College for your interest in us during the year. We need make no protestations now. Unfortunately it is by our work during the year that you will measure us—and regret that we could not more nearly realize your expectations, shame that we should ever have caused you distress, will add to the sting of parting.

To our professors we have but one thing to say. We have felt that you have been with us and of us, partaking of our pleasures, trying to soften our griefs. We were not always as attentive and as studious as your efforts in our behalf deserved. We will realize this more in the future. At present your kindness is uppermost in our minds and we part with you with regret.

For the men who have been placed over us as prefects we can have no words except of gratitude and thanks. Theirs was an arduous task and the greatest encomium that we can pass upon them is that we found them gentlemen, we part with them as friends. Each one of us can remember for himself a reason for especial gratitude toward the prefects.

And now, boys, we must say good-bye to you. The past year has been one of remarkable unanimity of feeling amongst us. We have been friends among friends. As the highest class in the college you had the right to expect of us that we would be an example to you in conduct, study and observance of rule. A poor example, we confess, we were. But do you not so much follow in our footsteps as profit by what you know us to have left undone. Each year the roses bloom. Each year the trees burst forth into blossom. So the good old tree Villanova sends out new branches and we are this year's fruit. We may reflect but little credit on the parent stem, but it is hale and hearty and you will have to attest its productiveness in the future. Do better than we have done. Think of us as sharers of your joys in the past and when future pleasures become the present, remember that we

would gladly be partakers of them. Good-bye then. The past with its happy days will never more return. Never again shall we join our laughter with yours, engage in the same sports, sing the same old songs—Time is fleeting—

Oh well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For a smile or a grasp of the hand hastening on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

Fellow-members of the class of '95—now indeed is it hard to say Good-bye. I have saved you for the last for I would postpone as long as possible the saying of those words which mean that we must part. Friends have we been during the past year, only such friends as a class like ours, bound by every bond of unity, can understand. Ah, what satisfaction now in the hour of parting to know that we have stood shoulder to shoulder throughout the year, that we have been one class, not in name only, but in all that makes friendship and fellowship dear. Which of us has had a sorrow that his brother did not share, which of us has ever indulged a secret silent joy? *Unitate valiamus* we took for our motto and have lived up to it to a man. So in the future, when direct intercourse among us will be impossible, when perhaps overcome by the conflict of the world, saddened and alone, we may sigh "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," let us remember that we are yet "strong in unity," in that unity of friendship and affection which will bind us the closer together during all the years, for the unity of the past.

We are fewer in numbers now than we were when the year commenced. The separation has already begun. But those who have left we hold as dear as of yore. We have been too long united to feel that there has been any break. We are still one. And being one, their joys will be our joys; their sorrows will find us asking to have them shared.

One of us has already taken the step which is to be to him the beginning of a great and noble career. May he—may they—succeed and prosper. For the rest of us the future is as yet indefinite. But whatever destiny shapes our ends, let our aims be pure and high. May friends applaud you in the future as we have cheered you in the past, that when the world will be startled by the discovery of some wonderful cure in medicine, or by the solving of a knotty problem of the law, some voice there will be that shall cry out in the homely words of old: "Ho Steve Kenney go down, go down. You've made a hit. You've tasted it. Go down, Steve Kenney, go down." Yes go down to posterity with your names made famous, bringing renown and

credit to yourselves, your class and your Alma Mater.

Friends all—Farewell. The class of '95 sends you its last message.—Good-bye, God be with ye. As the sun declining in yonder sky marks the death of another day, so the sun of our college days is setting. Day is done. Before us lies the future, the unfathomable, the dark, the unknown. We are leaving the sunshine and the light. Good-bye and good-night. But when Time itself shall end, when the angel shall draw aside the curtain from before the Great Throne, may we be there to bid you good-morning.

Address to the Graduates, V. Rev. Jas. T. O'Reilly, O.S.A.,
Lawrence, Mass.

Gentlemen Graduates—It would indeed be the height of folly for me to think, amidst the festivities of this grand occasion to impress on your minds any serious thoughts of mine with a view to making an impression on your future lives. This work of moulding your character, training your intellects to admire the beauties of nature, your souls to appreciate the truth, and cultivating a healthy appetite for wholesome information has been going on for years, when as boys under the fostering care of your Alma Mater you have been preparing, not for to-day but for what is to follow to-day. You stand to-day on the threshold between boyhood and manhood. Whether you go forth from these halls to enter the institutions of higher learning, it is to exchange the class room of the boy for the lecture hall of the man. If you go forth to enter mercantile life it is to build on the sound principles you have been acquiring as boys, a superstructure to be fashioned by you as men, according to your various characters and aspirations. Hence it is the custom on occasions like the present, that mark an epoch in your youthful lives, to invite someone from the outer world to meet you at the threshold, and extending to you the warm hand of fellowship, bid you welcome to the busy activities of manhood, and introduce you, as it were, into the field of your future labors with a few practical suggestions to link, as it were, the theories of college days to the realities of life.

Whither shall you go to-morrow? How shall you meet the requirements of the particular avenues of life into which your footsteps shall be guided by Providence? These are questions to which you shall have to give practical answers as time rolls on and you become more familiar with your surroundings. To-day is yours. It is a day of exhibition for your Alma Mater. To-day she presents you to the world as the children of her

labor, and she is proud of you. To you she commits her claim to fame as an educator. On you she depends for evidence that she is fulfilling her mission in this age of enlightenment and general awakening of men's minds. To your future lives she will appeal for proof that a Christian education in science is far superior to a purely secular training.

For you it is commencement day. To-day you stand at the beginning of your career looking out over the wide world through whose surging masses of humanity you shall have to maintain your individuality to win success, or sink into oblivion as a failure.

Your country demands your services as Christian citizens, and there is no country in the world which offers its citizens so many opportunities as ours. The citizen makes the laws, and the citizen enforces the laws, as well as observes them. But our country does not make citizens, she but takes the material at hand, and clothing it with the robes of citizenship, makes the best use of it. It is in institutions of this kind where men's minds are formed that citizens are made. From such centres as this go forth the leaders of the people, the minds that shape and direct the destinies of our country.

At this season of the year thousands of graduates come out from our colleges throughout the land, and were they educated alike, they would, no doubt, make in time a very decided impression on the character of the nation, but here the great danger centres, and here comes your responsibility as graduates of a Catholic college.

There are two kinds of education given to our young men, there are two classes of citizens, two schools of thought, each probably seeking honestly to promote the common good, but it is to be regretted on very opposite grounds. Your standard has been raised; you must show in your lives loyalty to the principles you have here imbibed, that the Christian Catholic citizen is the true guardian of the liberties of the people. Remember Villanova is behind you and the world is before you.

Besides the general good purpose of every man, there should be a particular aim in life, a determination to follow along a certain line, in other words, a definite purpose in life. The young man who labors aimlessly, loses his time and realizes nothing. A sense of responsibility is probably one of the greatest helps to progress. It gives a man an upward tendency in every position in life. A close application to business is an absolute necessity for every man who not only aspires to lead, but who expects to hold

his own in the great competition constantly going on in every direction, consequently habits of industry, persevering and unfailing must be cultivated.

Moral rectitude is the great foundation stone upon which your reputation is to be built if you wish it to endure. Of course to young men with buoyant spirits and hopeful hearts, with well trained minds and intellects thirsting for knowledge, everything to-day has a roseate hue. Everything is bright and encouraging, but in a short while the visions of college days will fade away, and as you find yourselves amidst the realities of life, there will not be so many to applaud, there may not be the opportunities for applause. There will be many a jealous glance, many a secret intrigue, much deceit and treachery, all the defects of corrupt human nature will confront you by turns, and frequently the temptation will come to you, to deviate from the path of honest endeavor, aiming at tardy success for the quick results promised by smartness and deceit.

I say to you that as the sound business man looks with mistrust on all schemes that promise abnormal profits, beware of short cuts to wealth and comfort. They lead through dangerous passes and frequently lead to disaster. In years to come your Alma Mater will be more anxious about you. To-day she smiles on you as in the beauty of your manhood she sees her loving sons about to leave her presence. By and by she will scan the horizon of the world, she will look abroad over the wide field of humanity, and among its great ones, its leaders of thought, the men who have benefitted the world by their presence, she will look with anxious eye and loving heart to find her children. If you are true to her teachings, true to your opportunities, and true to yourselves, she will find you, the graduates of to-day, conspicuous amongst those whom your country honors as her noblest sons.

TRANSFORMATION.

The worm that crawls upon the dampening earth
In all its trailing ugliness of slime,
Is but the butterfly of aftertime,
When kindly nature gives it second birth.

A worm am I, oh Lord, and in Thy sight
A dark and gruesome thing, defiled by sin;
But when Thy heavenly home I enter in,
From sin set free, I'll rise on wings of light.

J. I. W.

SPLINTERS.

Slide!

Kinney.

St. Anne's.

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"What do you want?"

"Young man afraid of water."

Eggs are at a discount. J. B. went home.

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NEVER MORE.

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Rah! Rah! Rah! Katy Burns.

Little Willie

Toy cannon

Fourth of July;

An explosion

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Up in the sky!

Sully had a hair-cut, hair-cut, hair-cut—it's a cross between a Svengali and a Trilby!

Hide not your light under a bushel, Frank,

Be one of the bold gallants;

Don't wait till all of the boys have gone
To sport your white-duck pants!

ST. ANNE'S.—A DIRGE.

Oh, they were a team, St. Anne's, St. Anne's
You never saw the like:

I shan't name the catcher of poor St. Anne's
But the pitcher's name was Mike.

We played them a game,—a dozen, I mean,—
But Mike was called away.

He did his best—his memory's green—
Of the dead speak well, they say.

She sent to a Pennsylvania town,
(I cannot spell the name)

The Paoli adventurer, *he* came down;
The result was just the same.

Oh, St. Anne's! Oh, St. Anne's!

Whatever will you do?

For "Jack" and "Pete," oh, *poor* St. Anne's,
Are far too much for you?

"I'll hie me off to Boston town,"

Cried the catcher in dismay.

She hied her off, she brought him down,
The king of a former day!

But he was a "busted phenom," no doubt,
He could not strike his gait;

And poor St. Anne's were again shut out—
Still the catcher murmured "Wait!"

She tried another, he had a "rep,"

Had beaten the best in his class;

He went to the fray with a jaunty step—
(Oh, "reps," how swift they pass!)

He had come from the region of anthracite coal,
They called him "little Nit,"

But though he tried with heart and soul,
He couldn't pitch a bit!

But there's a land where the hay seed grows,
And the Jersey lily sprouts,
And there was a player of wonderful throws,
High "ins," low "drops," and "outs."

That Jersey twirler turned to his pard,

"Are you out of it?" "Are you in it?"

And then they played. They tried so hard,
But alas! St. Anne's couldn't win it.

He came, he saw, was conquered, too,

Has sought the sequestered shades,

Where the long-billed, warbling mosquitoes coo,
In the Jersey everglades!

A last resort—'twas do or die,—

She turned to the base-ball god.

And he, who would *surely* shut our eye,
Rejoiced in the name of Maud.

But Maudie, who once was a famous star,
(That is, in former days,)

Was too weak a pitcher for us, by far,
And made some of the *stupidest* plays.

We knocked poor Maudie out of the box,
The catcher writhed in pain,
She grabbed for Maudie's scanty locks,—
Maud will not pitch again!

Oh, St. Anne's, oh, St. Anne's,
Whatever will you do!

But try as much as you please, St. Anne's
"Jack" and "Pete" are too much for you

AN ARDMORE BUCOLIC.

Oh, Dick is a little Billy sure,
And she is a Trilby sweet,
Her hair has quite the Trilby cut,
No long dresses hide her feet!

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He went to the fray with a jaunty step—
(Oh, "reps," how swift they pass !)

He had come from the region of anthracite coal,

They called him "little Nit,"

But though he tried with heart and soul,
He couldn't pitch a bit !

But there's a land where the hay seed grows,

And the Jersey lily sprouts,

And there was a player of wonderful throws,
High "ins," low "drops," and "outs."

That Jersey twirler turned to his pard,

"Are you out of it?" "Are you in it?"

And then they played. They tried so hard,
But alas ! St. Anne's couldn't win it.

He came, he saw, was conquered, too,

Has sought the sequestered shades,

Where the long-billed, warbling mosquitoes coo,
In the Jersey everglades !

A last resort—'twas do or die,—

She turned to the base-ball god.

And he, who would *surely* shut our eye,
Rejoiced in the name of Maud.

But Maudie, who once was a famous star,
(That is, in former days,)

Was too weak a pitcher for us, by far,
And made some of the *stupidest* plays.

We knocked poor Maudie out of the box,

The catcher writhed in pain,

She grabbed for Maudie's scanty locks,—
Maud will not pitch again !

Oh, St. Anne's, oh, St. Anne's,

Whatever will you do !

But try as much as you please, St. Anne's
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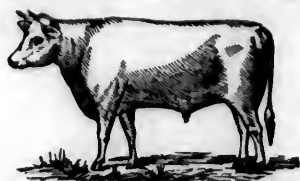
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Villanova Monthly

Vol. III.

Villanova College, October, 1895.

No. 8.

MIZPAH.

I AM standing here to-night,
Where we parted, John, my boy :
The moon was not more bright,
When you started, John, my boy,
The grass is just as green, John,
The daisies full as white,
The sere is all unseen, John —
My heart is not so light.

I have wandered here alone,
Since we parted, John, my boy,
I have heard the tree tops moan,
Half-hearted, John, my boy ;
The lads are just as kind, John,
The lasses fully as gay,
But no pleasure can I find, John,
Since you went away !

I have seen the friends we loved,
Since we parted, John, my boy ;
At your name their hearts were moved,
Tears started, John, my boy.
But I had to turn away, John,
I seemed to feel their fears—
They say you're gone for aye, John,
Art far beyond our tears.

Oh, it can not be for aye,
That we've parted, John, my boy ;
There shall sometime come a day,
When light-hearted, John, my boy,
I shall see you once again, John,
Shall gaze into your face ;
Your heart, I'll know it then, John,
Hath kept for mine its place.

J. I. W. '95.

John I. Wheelan

St. Augustine of Hippo.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

Yet,—and this truth too is admitted by all sober-minded thinkers, as one ever to be borne in mind, that no matter how much may vary the outward characteristics of any organic being, the form, size, and shape of any individual plant or animal, (and these often vary very greatly from their progenitors,) its inner characteristics, its natural efficiency and temper, rarely, if ever, change greatly.

From the beginning of time, so run the records, all things in the visible world have followed closely the type set down for them in creation by their Maker. All species of plants and animals have ever remained the same as their ancestors.

As the primitive marks of a plant or animal have always remained unchanged, the perfection of vegetable, or of brute nature, is therefore of itself independent of the outward characteristics and environments of the subject.

Substantially perfect in their own species the tiniest plant is as much a vegetable as the mightiest tree; a pigmy as much an animal as a giant; a snakelet as much a reptile as a python. Their difference is one not of nature,—of substance, but only of degree, of size.

And for similar reasons this same typical identity of nature holds also among all classes of the still higher orders of created beings,—the intellectual, namely, whether these be human, or angelical. Moreover a plant and a plant only springs from plant; no plant ever has, or can, become animal. Its elementary peculiarities necessarily following on their original and primeval lines, a plant cannot even lower itself to the plane of inorganic being. And similarly,—such is the unchangeableness in nature's types, brute is always bred from brute, and remains brute; no brute ever yet has, or can, become man. For as in the economy of nature, there is no deviation in any being from its ancestral type, so has sprung up unchallenged the dictum that "like ever and invariably begets like."

Always stern and unbending in her ways, nature never abandons her plane in life; never changes or modifies (at least substantially) her characteristic types in being.

The study of biology, that is of life in creatures merely of the visible world,—one of the most interesting and fascinating branches of physics—gives the most singular and surprising instances in its treatment of organic beings, of this maintenance of the same characteristics handed down from age to age to the descendants of the typical progenitor. Technically this persistence of typical characteristics is known as atavism.

And this constancy of type,—this unchangeableness of nature, whereby it continually repeats itself, is true of all merely organic being.

Yet, vastly different in many ways from material nature, though always running in its own original groove, intellectual nature may, and even sometimes does, vary.

Because of the Godlike energy of his intelligent will, even when this is most misused, the human being, may lower himself to the plane of mere organic life; may through his baser instincts become very much like a brute, or even a plant, in his ways and habits of life. Yet is this degeneration, this debasement of man, true of him only in a figurative, or rather a moral sense. For the most vicious, the most degraded, the most unreasoning man is yet a human being.

And moreover because of the same Godlike power of intelligent will, the human being, when enlivened by the spirit of the Most High, his Creator, may also become angel-, or spiritlike, nay, even Godlike, in his life and the exercise of Godlike powers.

This upraising of the human being, unlike his degeneracy, which needs no divine intervention, is true of human life—not only in a moral but even in a real sense. For although no man of himself can change his natural characteristics,—can raise or even lower himself beyond his native plane in creation, such is the unvariableness of all finite nature in the visible and invisible worlds, yet with God the all-powerful Author of nature, the all-wise Source of grace, the infinite Ruler, Preserver and Sanctifier of His creatures, the case is far different.

Though no man can become spirit, nor the purest of spirits God, yet the Creator because of His omnipotent will, for which there are no limitations independent of His wisdom and goodness, may, if so He chooses, ally Himself with any of His creatures; may even become one of them, may lower Himself, (as He once actually did,) to the plane of created human nature, and become not only like man, but truly and really Man, with the same humanity, the same human nature, the same understanding and will, as any of the sons of Adam, whose son He also chose to be.

This alliance between the Creator and His creature, this kinship with the children of Adam, God chose to form, when by an indescribable, nay, even incomprehensible, display of divine goodness, He became incarnate in the womb of Mary the ever blessed scion of the stock of Jacob. In Mary the Word—the wisdom, the love, the Son Himself, of God was made Flesh. God became Man.

This incarnation of God in human form, sole in the exercise of His divine power, is of all facts recorded on the pages of history, the most stupendous, as well as the most authentic and best founded.

But as for the Supreme Being there are and can be no limitations to His power, (save those laid down by Himself in the exercise of His most righteous will,) so instead of becoming Man, as He actually chose to do, (and this reflection gives one perhaps a loftier idea of the divine goodness), He might just as easily have allied Himself with any other of the creatures of His Bounty in the spiritual, the human, the brute, the vegetable, or even the inorganic worlds.

For as works of His Hands all these worlds are good; and yet because of their created being they all alike are unworthy of so sublime an elevation beyond their natural plane, of so heavenly, nay, even so divine and infinite a union with their Maker.

Yes, God who chose to become a member of His human family, to lower Himself by His kinship with man, could just as easily have become a member of the angelic world, and even of the organic, nay, more, of the inorganic world; could, in a word, have become angel, or brute, or plant, or stone, with substantially no greater debasement of His divinity, than He Himself willed when He actually became Man.

Yet as in becoming Man, (we are forced to repeat our dictum on the unchangeableness of nature,) God did not change substantially, physically, the human nature, which He assumed, any more than by His Incarnation He did not change His own divine Nature, so did His own divine Nature remain the same in its degradation to the plane of created human life, and His human Nature remain the same in its elevation to the plane of the divine life.

In Christ, for thus is termed the Son of God, who became Man, both His natures—the divine and the human—remained wholly distinct in His own divine Person, unblended and unconfused one with the other, the divine not dishonored by its union with the creature, the human improved, exalted and sanctified in inconceivable degree by its association with the divine. Such is the divine Incarnation of Christ,—a singular fact in history, that we allude to merely to show the possibilities of intellective life in its highest conceivable form.

But to return to the absolute, unvarying dependence of all vegetable and brute life on its mere physical environments. Let one take away from plant or brute its individual bodily nourishment; let him transfer it to an alien, an uncongenial soil, with adverse climate, and antagonistic surround-

ings, there without any very long wait the plant or brute will be seen gradually to change, to weaken then sicken, and die. For the sole support of all vegetable and animal vitality and healthfulness is local, earthly, material in its nature. The creatures of the merely visible world are not cosmopolitans in any great degree; they thrive only at home, and the home of the plant and of the beast is earth. No water plant or animal can thrive on land: no land plant or animal can live in water.

As regards this dependence of all material life,—of plants and brutes,—on other material beings for their support, food, vitality and health, it is a law of all creation, whether organic or intellective, at least in its human guise, that living creatures be co-operative, and mutually helpful, that they be associated with other creatures (of the same or different kind) in order to live and thrive. That is to say in all organic nature there is a kind of sociable instinct running through it,—a quasi-spirit of fellowship, whereby creatures are bound with one another to an interdependent and, as it were, a community life, to be useful and helpful to one another not only to their congeners, but to beings of different kinds also.

For all creatures being of their nature receptive, that is capable of further development and increase, because they are changeable, need one another's support and aid in order to perfect their endowments. This fellowship so patent among beings of the intelligent world, is also noticeable among beings of the lower world of plants and animals. These live and feed with and even on one another.

This interdependence, of all organic beings on one another for their livelihood and development is moreover an absolute necessity of their nature,—a necessity, that while invariably true of all beings of the physical or material order of life, is true also in a measure of beings of the intellective, or moral order. For both man and angel are created for society.

Again among beings of the organic world of plant and brute, their perfections are wholly individual to the being; they cannot communicate their endowments to their fellows. But in the intellective world of angel and man, wherein holds this fellowship in the highest degree, known as the Communion of Saints, their perfections,—knowledge and goodness,—besides belonging to the individual, are also shareable with others.

The interchange of perfections is the chief aim of all social bodies. But of the codependence and interdependence of creatures of the intellective world this is barely the place to say more than we have. We will return to the topic at another time. Here we limit ourselves to speaking of the organic world only.

Thus to restrict ourselves to a view of the ali-

ment, for instance, the food and nourishment merely, that is needed by all organic creatures, all plants and brutes, while depending on the mere inorganic world of air, earth and water for their residence, depend also on their fellows in the organic world of plant and brute for the development and perfection of their lives, for their sustenance and food. For all plants and brutes feed on their fellows,—on other plants and brutes; without this food they could not live; though some feed on plants alone, others on brutes alone, and some others again on both plants and brutes. The earthly kingdom of God's wondrous bounty abounds in instances of these univorous and omnivorous feeders.

Again another singular fact associated with the character of the vegetable and animal orders, and wholly peculiar to them, is their destruction of whatever they use for the purpose of life.

It is a characteristic, as we have seen, of organic life, though the same is true also of intellectual life, for it to be operative, beneficent and fruitful. For it is a universal law that all things should be of service. But different from intellectual life, organic life in supporting and developing itself, which undoubtedly is good naturally, does not build up solely. Organic beings destroy as well as construct. Every plant and animal is voracious. In their satisfaction of their wants—especially of their appetite—they are continually nourishing themselves with one thing or another. This continual necessity for feeding arises from the necessity of making up for the changes in their organic being; and by the alimentary process whatever is consumed is thereby destroyed. Whatever a plant or animal uses as a vehicle of nourishment is thereby transmuted into some other substance, wholly unlike its former character—a substance that becomes no longer nutritious, life-giving for beings at least of the same species that once has used it. Its serviceableness as food has ceased with its first use. Far different in this respect from being of the material world are the creatures of the intellectual, for whose spiritual support the eternal Truth and Goodness alone is food and nourishment. Thus each form of life—the organic and the intellectual—differs widely from the other in the endowments of its nature and its necessities. Plant and animal need absolutely and exclusively material sustenance. This they find around them, and with this they are content. For beings of the higher order no material nourishment is needed. For the mind the knowledge of the truth alone is the principle of all its life and healthfulness. In truth the intellect finds the perfection of happiness, as in goodness and virtue lies the life, the richness and the perfection of the will.

Again unlike the mere material food of the organic being—the plant or brute—truth and goodness the food of the intellectual being, are indestructible by use and service. They are unchangeable.

Both truth and goodness, the same as all principles of intellectual life, of which they are the basis, may be studied and learned over and over again. One may analyze a truth, may decompose and refashion it in a hundred ways without doing it harm. In fact the oftener and more steadily one studies and recasts the truth, the clearer, brighter and more serviceable for life's purposes does it become not only for self but for others. Moreover, the very truths that form the joy and the life of any one mind, may be shared equally with one's neighbor. For the essence of truth is its universal applicability.

Such is the food of the intellectual being.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

Obituary Notices.

Since our last issue it has been our sad duty to chronicle the deaths of three members of the Augustinian Community at Villanova. The first to answer the fatal summons was the Rev. John J. Ryan, O.S.A., who died on Sunday, August 25. He had, as student, professor and confessor, been a familiar figure in our college for the greater part of the past twenty years. Father Ryan was born at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, March 7, 1858. He received his early education in the schools of the vicinity, and after graduating from the Central High School pursued his studies at Villanova College, from which he graduated in 1876. In September of the same year, at the age of 18, he entered the Novitiate of the Order of St. Augustine, and on June 11, 1881, was ordained to the priesthood in St. Vincent's Church, Germantown, by the Right Rev. Bishop Shanahan.

His first mission was as assistant at Hoosic Falls, N. Y., but owing to ill health he was obliged to return to Villanova. He was sent to St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass., in April, 1882, a year later he was transferred to Atlantic City, N. J., where he remained till February, 1885, when he was recalled to Villanova and appointed Master of Novices. Here he remained till the time of his death, filling in turn the offices of professor of the college, sub-prior and sacristan of the convent and assistant in the parish. A tireless worker and ever earnest in his endeavors to promote the welfare as well temporal as spiritual of those under his care, Father Ryan endeared himself to all. Mon-

uments of his labors remain in the beautiful hall of the St. Thomas of Villanova T.A.B.S., which was erected through his efforts, and the literary society which he organized in the parish. But to most will he be remembered by his pious example and the kindly direction which he was ever ready to give.

His funeral took place on Thursday, August 29. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the V. Rev. C. A. McAvoy, O.S.A., assisted by the following of Father Ryan's classmates: Rev. D. J. O'Mahoney, O.S.A., deacon; Rev. J. F. Fahey, O.S.A., sub-deacon, and Rev. F. A. McCranor, O.S.A., master of ceremonies. The absolution was given by V. Rev. E. F. Prendergast, vicar general.

Besides the Rector Provincial, V. Rev. J. J. Fedigan, O.S.A., there were present a large number of Augustinians from Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts, and many of the secular clergy of the Archdiocese. A large concourse of people from Villanova and Chestnut Hill, his native place, also attended.

After three years of suffering from a cancer, Brother Dominic, known in the world as James Byrne, died Saturday, September 28. He was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, June 2, 1826, and soon after coming to this country he was received at Villanova as a lay-brother, August 15, 1848. Six years later he made his profession. With the exception of a short time spent at Cambridge, N. Y., Brother Dominic lived 47 years at Villanova where he was occupied chiefly in tailoring.

His funeral occurred Tuesday, October 1. After the office of the dead chanted by the priests and scholastics of the community, the prior, V. Rev. F. M. Sheeran, O.S.A., celebrated Solemn Mass of Requiem, Rev. B. B. Schmickler and Mr. F. F. Commins, O.S.A., acting as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, Mr. M. A. Ryan, O.S.A., master of ceremonies.

Another veteran was taken from our midst Monday, Oct. 14, in the person of Brother Edward Stack. He was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, in the year 1826, and coming to Villanova in 1849, was received into the Augustinian Order as a lay-brother. Ten years later he made his profession. August 15, 1861, he was transferred to St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, where during 25 years he performed the duties of sexton. From St. Augustine's he went to Atlantic City, N. J., but after a few months returned to Villanova, Nov. 3, 1886. Although feeble for many years he insisted on doing light work around the place until forced to take to his bed some three weeks before his death.

On Thursday, October 17, his funeral occurred.

The office of the dead was chanted by the community and Solemn Mass of Requiem celebrated by V. Rev. F. M. Sheeran, O.S.A. Many priests from the various Augustinian communities were present, and a large delegation of people from St. Augustine's parish, Philadelphia.

The Heart's Awakening.

A limpid stream all bright and free,
Along the valley wound its way,
Unconscious save of present glee
That cheers each present day.
But in its course as on it sped
A kindred stream it soon espied;
They met, they kissed, in spirit said
May naught our lives divide.

A pretty rose doth bloom alone,
And, as it quaffs the fragrant breeze,
It thinks itself quite happy grown,
No other flower it sees.
But soon a kindred bud appears,
And now, with joy unknown before,
Each smiles and hopes no future years
Shall separate them more.

A heart endowed with choicest gifts
Alone enjoys Erato's smile,
As on the tide of youth it drifts,
Still yearning all the while.
But suddenly there comes a light,
A heart aglow with purest love;
Congenial hearts affections plight
With sanction from above.

Let streams their native beauty share,
Once gone, they've passed forever by;
Let flowers bloom and scent the air
Their tints and fragrance die.
But love, when true, shall ever live,
The heart that once this blessing knows,
May sleep awhile, and then awake
Refreshed by its repose.

GEO. A. BUCKLEY, '96.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

A STORY FOUNDED ON SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY.

No longer frowned upon by the aspect of cruel war England now reposes in peaceful contentment. That long and bloody conflict, the "War of the Roses," has died away, the storm-burst has gone by, and though the scars are yet fresh, the bitter enmity between York and Lancaster is quite at rest. Their heroes, crowned with victorious wreaths, are now the sportive gallants of chivalry, and instead of struggling in the gore of combat are capering in all the festivity of a gay court.

But Richard Duke of Gloster, a brother to the King and a veteran of the late war, though living in such peaceful days, is not contented. The times which England has so long wished for are not the times for Richard, for he can never grace royal courts. He is an ambitious hunchback; an artful dwarf, devoid of every good quality, but possessing abundant wit and hypocrisy—the only two qualities not denied him for wooing. But he loves himself and knows his power notwithstanding his disqualifications. He soliloquises upon his deformity and ugliness and is convinced by his persuasions that as a gracious prince he can never reach his ambition, and therefore determines to play the villain.

He has a brother Clarence, wiser, affable and valiant, but the first barrier in his ambitious path. The dwarfed prince hesitates not a moment to plot for the removal of this obstacle. By insinuations and libels he incites the deadly hate of the king against Clarence, who is carried off and imprisoned in the tower.

While Richard, in soliloquy, is gazing upon his vile schemes floating upon the surface of his brain he meets Clarence guarded by Brackenbury on his way to prison. With all the pretended surprise, innocence, sympathy and cruelty that his unbounded hypocrisy can bring into play, he falsely ascribes the guilt to King Edward's wife, and as proof cites Lord Hastings, who, he says, was sentenced to the tower through interposition of the queen. Then he condoles Clarence, assuring him that his imprisonment shall not be long, and bids him farewell for a time. Clarence believes him, not knowing his mean cunning, and thinks he has in his brother, a staunch defender. But on the other hand Richard knows full well that he has bid his brother a last adieu, and from the bottom of his black heart sneers to himself, "Ah! my dear and simple brother, I am told for heaven you are best fitted, and unless I shall be disappointed, you shall soon be sent on."

Being told by the newly delivered Hastings that

the king is not expected to recover from his sickness, Gloster sees two great obstacles rolling from his path and to him it is particularly gratifying. With Clarence and Edward gone the great wall between him and the goal of his ambition is so much weaker and success seems certain.

Although he has killed her father and her husband and is held in black hatred by her and her family, he will marry Lady Anne, the youngest daughter of Warwick, the "kingmaker," not because he loves her, but to receive into his charge the children of Clarence, who are entrusted to her care.

As the funeral of Henry VI, with Lady Anne as mourner, is on its way to Chertsey, the procession is suddenly interrupted by Richard, who swearing the death of any one who disobeys, commands the corpse to be let down. At the sight of one so odious to her no restraint can curb the anger of Anne from bursting in accusations and curses upon the hideous toad that has caused her bereavement; yet Richard, undaunted by her raillery, answers with smoothed reproof and flattery. Then follows a sharp encounter of wit, which illustrates the choking bitterness of Anne's passion and the ingenious replies of cunning Gloster. At length his wit overpowers her, she condescends to accept his ring as a token of their peace, and at his request she leaves the body of the dead king to his care to be interred, and repairs to Crosby.

In the meantime Clarence has been stabbed to death and thrown into a cask of wine in the Tower by two ruffians whom Gloster has hired, and the King, after reconciling the unfriendly princes of his court, was delivered from his brother's bloody dagger by a natural death.

As the throne is now left vacant by Edward's death, the crown, according to the law of England, is bequeathed to the Prince of Wales, the little son of the late King, and in his minority Richard is appointed protector. Thus our villain again sees himself successful. His bloody eyes are now upon the two little sons of Edward, whom he must necessarily destroy, and he, as Protector, orders them to the Tower until the coronation of young Wales, though he is determined Wales shall never reign. He tempts Buckingham, who has been instrumental in making him Protector, and his chief agent of success, to dispatch the royal children. But Buckingham, who it seems had a little of something besides brutality left in him, shrinks from the bloody deed, and, as a consequence, declines in Gloster's favor. This is not at all discouraging to Richard. With a bag of gold and a promise of his favor he employs an insolvent gentleman named Tyrrell to perform the heartless task, who, armed

with papers from the Protector, is admitted to the Tower, and is given full charge of the two boys, whom he smothers and buries in an unknown dungeon. In the history of cruel England there is not a parallel of brutality and cowardice. Even Tyrrell shrunk from his ghastly work, and sighed when the deed was done.

Of course the news of the murders was greeted with surprise and indignation; but Richard is never wanting in an excuse. With libellous proofs he tells all England that the Princes were the illegitimate children of Edward, and his crimes are soon forgotten.

The throne is now vacant; Gloster is heir to the crown, but he must show no eagerness lest the people be excited against his ambition and treachery. He repairs to his castle with a few priests, pretending to spend his time away from the deceitful world in the fervor of religious retreat, but beforehand he has instructed Brackenburgh to propose him to the Bishops and Princes. Brackenburgh therefore assembles the Bishops and Princes of the court, proposes Richard's coronation, and, following the instructions of his master, asks them to go first with him and beseech the Duke to accept the crown, which he was afraid his modesty would prompt him to refuse.

This they do, and gain an audience with him after several efforts. He appears in a gallery above the courtyard of his castle between two canons, a prayer-book in his hand. At first he is shocked at their proposal, and desires to conceal himself in prayer. Again they implore him, but he declines. Then, the third time, they throw themselves at his feet, begging him to accept the honor which is his, which he condescends to do, as it is forced upon him. Now Richard is firmly seated upon the throne, the goal of which he has so long sought—the goal which he has reached through a sea of blood and perjury. Even to those who were associated with him in his wickedness he returns the greatest ingratitude. Even Brackenburgh, his powerful accomplice, dies by his orders.

Richard, though now king of England, is not king forever. The Earl of Richmond is earnestly pressing the rights of York in Wales. One by one the king sees his nobility desert to his opponent, and moreover perceives dissensions within his kingdom. He feels his throne is now becoming to tremble under him. Threatening disaster is rumored on all sides, and at length Richmond has landed a large force upon the Northern coast. The king makes no delay in collecting his royal forces and planning a distinctive campaign. Shortly both armies are upon Bosworth field. Richard feels his fortune is doubtful, and even hesitates to

trust his own men. The eve of the battle both leaders are asleep in their tents, awaiting the dawn to give signal for the fray, when the ghosts of Richard's victims, arising alternately, revengefully threaten him of his coming doom, and bid Richmond be cheerful, with words of confidence.

The battle is begun, and Richard rushes into its thickest. Unhorsed he fights bravely on, seeking his antagonist to engage him in single combat. He rushes to Richmond's quarters, attacks and kills the standard-bearer and the few lords left guarding the Earl, and finally meets the Earl himself. But now Lord Stanley, who has deserted the king, comes upon the field with a large reinforcement, and totally routs the royal forces. Richard, fighting desperately, is overwhelmed by odds and falls bravely defending his standard.

Here our story ends. Richard lives no more except in the contempt of memory, and Richmond is crowned King Henry VII. of England.

A. X. DOOLEY, '97.

The Flight.

One Sunday morn—the day was bright;
Young Howard basked in Sol's clear light,
"What power doth keep me here; what right?
I'll walk the city's streets ere night.

"I'll see the Bijou's charming front,
I'll tread Eighth street as was my wont,
I'll 'scape from here see if I don't?
The risk is great, but I'll dare run't.

"Thank Heaven" said he "the day's not wet
I'm fairly good at walking yet,
I'll take my trusty cigarette
'Twill kill all foes than can be met."

Young Howard then pursued his way
He reached Mrs. Kilflips they say,
And there alas! Alack aday!
He met some one who told him nay.

"What ho! An angry prefect cries,
Young Howard skipped, I speak no lies.
Now homeward sure young Howard hies,
Make him, alive or dead, your prize!"

"Prithee hitch up the circus horse"
The Sultan says, and in due course,
He speeds him down the pike, by force
To stay of anxiousness the source.

"Discovered" Howard hissed, "found out
Who told him what I was about?
I've not been half an hour out."
But now, alas, too late to shout.

And so young Howard homeward came
But Howard's head hung not in shame.
Next time he'll try another game.
'Twould never do to try the same.

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EDITORIALS.

It is with feelings of deepest pleasure that Villanova has thrown open her portals to the students of '95 and '96, and a most hearty welcome is extended not only to the students who have been with us in preceding years, but also to those who, for the first time, are to enter upon a course of studies embracing the opportunity afforded to call Villanova their Alma Mater. Our College has never been opened under more auspicious circumstances than the present term indicates, and that each student may succeed in his undertaking is the foremost wish of all who, to-day, express their satisfaction at seeing so many numbered among the aspirants to good education. It has been said that a great many men have failed or at least have been disappointed in this life because they did not start soon enough. In educational lines the surest way to meet with disappointment is to lay too narrow a foundation. A broad and solid foundation is necessary. The true spirit of success is the spirit of heroism. Constant persistency is the true characteristic of life. Then let us encourage and urge each one to work for himself, to form a firm basis for each subject which he intends to master, and as the years roll on, and his tasks assume more difficult proportions the foundation upon which he has built his education will serve him as, then, only he can appreciate.

YANKEE DOODLE came to town
Riding on a pony ;
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

The proud bird of a prouder country unfurled its wings on the night of September 21, and screamed to its heart's content. It reared its noble head, and, looking toward the East, sent a wild, discordant note—yet so sweet to American ears—across the vasty deep, which penetrated to the furthest recesses of England's rock bound shores, and drove the British lion into its corner, with a sullen growl. And, indeed, it had reason to growl. Almost in the shadow of the house where George Washington engineered his plans to defeat the English army, the brawn and muscle of Yankeedom administered a wholesale defeat to the flower of Great Britain's athletes. Eleven events were contested, and in not a single one were England's representatives victorious. The Athletic world stands amazed. The victory far exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The English athletes are filled with mortification and chagrin at the showing they made, when they were so confident of sweeping everything before them. They have returned to England, but have carried back no spoils of the chase. The golden emblems presented to the victors will remain under the fluttering stars and stripes, to keep company with the cup so gallantly won by the "Defender." These defeats administered to England's representatives, on land and sea, will undoubtedly do much to lessen the interest in international athletics, which has been so marked for the past few years. The English do not seem to possess, to the same degree, that dauntless courage, that dogged determination to conquer, which, from early boyhood, is infused into the heart of every American youth. The manner in which they have taken their defeat is an evidence that they will be rather reluctant, in the future, to subject the colors of their nation to a fair test of superiority in the athletic world.

ON returning to Villanova after the long and pleasant vacation the old students missed the characteristic smile, the merry greeting of Rev. Fr. Ryan, that endearing priest, who has been with us for so many years. Father Ryan departed this life on the 25th of August and his death was extremely sad and depressing to his numerous acquaintances. By his demise the Augustinians have lost one who was an honor to the order of which he was a member, who ever had its interests at heart and who by his abilities and magnanimity of character won for himself the esteem and

respect of all who knew him ; the College has lost an able worker, an accomplished professor and one whose power of doing good for others was viewed as his chief and most lovable attribute ; and the boys have lost their loved confessor who ever endeavored by his words of counsel to stay them in the righteous path.

Just when the day of the hopes of Father Ryan seemed brightening and broadening into full morning, in truth, it was darkening into night. We cannot dwell on the gathering of those chill evening clouds, they closed in upon him in dear old Villanova just as he was contemplating a trip to foreign shores on which he hoped to regain his much impaired health. The end came very suddenly, but quietly and painlessly. "An infant weary with play on a summer's day could not have fallen asleep more gently."

The College corridors are again enshrouded in gloom ! Two dear friends of the students have died since the opening of this term. On October 1st the remains of Brother Dominick were interred in the Community Cemetery and three weeks later Brother Edward succumbed to an illness from which he has suffered for many years. The old brothers have been serving in and about Villanova for the past forty-five years and to have lost sight of their cheerful countenances is a source of sorrow to us all. The patience manifested by each throughout his sickness was truly remarkable and should serve as an example of fortitude for all who witnessed the sufferings of these worthy men.

R. I. P.

FOR a month previous to the opening of the school year, workmen were engaged in renovating the College, especially the dormitories. The walls have been retinted, new furniture has been supplied and general improvements have been made throughout. Thus as each night we make our weary way toward our haven of rest, everything in the effulgence of the many brilliant lights presents a most pleasing effect. But that which transfixed the gaze of the old students was the sight of the new spring beds. Their gratification on witnessing this desirable change can better be imagined than described. It suffices to say that we daily hear them expressing their appreciation in the most laudable terms.

At the beginning of the school year we take the opportunity of calling the attention of our subscribers and patrons to the many advertisements

that appear in our columns. You will find our advertisers courteous, kind and accommodating, their goods of a quality second to none, call upon them and be sure and mention that you saw their advertisement in THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY. Thus you will confer a great favor on its managers without the least inconvenience to yourselves. You are compelled to make many purchases from time to time and why not make them at places where your orders will be highly appreciated and full value received for your money ?

St. Thomas' Day.

Patron's day at Villanova is looked forward to with considerable impatience by the older students of the college nor do the new ones remain long in ignorance of the fact that the 18th of September is the Feast of St. Thomas of Villanova, when occurs the first break in the regular class work and the enjoyment of the many good things which make the day memorable.

The early morning Mass was said by Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A., Vice-president, at which all the students received Holy Communion. At 8.30 A.M. the President V. Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A. celebrated Solemn High Mass assisted by Rev. B. B. Schmickler, O.S.A. as deacon and W. W. Donovan, O.S.A. as sub-deacon.

The following day after Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., Master of Novices, three of our former students Messrs. J. J. McCarthy, Carthage, N. Y. ; E. J. Murtaugh, Catasauqua, Pa. and D. A. Herron, Freedland, Pa. were received into the Augustinian Novitiate by the Prior V. Rev. F. M. Sheeran, O.S.A. assisted by Father Geraghty. At the same time Messrs. W. W. Donovan, M. A. Ryan and F. F. Commins made their solemn and Messrs. F. E. Touscher, B. J. O'Donnell and N. J. Vasey their simple profession. Bro. James and Bro. Mark, lay-novices also made simple profession, and Messrs. Denis McGuire and Francis Allbright received the habit as lay-brothers.

At the usual hours the students and members of the faculty were ushered into the dining room to partake of the bounteous feast prepared for them in honor of St. Thomas, after full justice was done to the feast, several short speeches appropriate to the occasion were made.

There were present at the dinner Rev. Frs. McEvoy, Waldron, Murphy, Daily, Herlilus, O'Brien, Nugent, Vaughan and McErlain.

EXCHANGES.

Again we welcome all those journals which have graced our sanctum in the past, and those that have just made their debut upon the stage of college journalism.

With the beginning of this scholastic year we go forth with the same spirit as of old, determined to increase in our students a love for knowledge and study; to benefit our patrons, and ever to be the exponent of the progress of our College. We hope that wherever our journal finds its way, it will also find a welcome, and that no one will be so indifferent as to overlook our motto, *Tolle Lege! Tolle Lege!*

In reviewing the well filled pages of *Notre Dame Scholastic*, the great loss which it has lately sustained by the removal Maurice Francis Egan is brought afresh to mind.

The absence of so noted an educator must be keenly felt by the faculty as well as the students of Notre Dame. But all who are friends of higher education should greet this change with delight; for by his promotion as a professor in the Catholic University at Washington, his field of labor is extended, and his erudite influence will be more universally felt.

In the September number of the *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian*, we read with pleasure the account of the golden jubilee of Brother Alexius, the founder of that Institution, whose representative the Collegian is. We join with you, brother students, in honoring him who has done so much for Christian education; in honoring him who planted that sturdy tree, whose fruitful branches now spread forth to nourish and protect all who partake thereof.

The Sentinel is with us again. True to its motto it contains several articles which show the result of earnest labor. We thoroughly appreciate the enterprising religious spirit of this magazine.

It is not our intention to flatter, but we cannot pass over, without notice, the *Owl* from the Ottawa University. It is ever a welcome visitor, and in point of merit stands in the front rank. So highly entertaining are the contents, as a whole, that it would be difficult to specify or make a choice for commendation.

Sorry, are we to "throw the first stone," at the *Collegium*, but we cannot overlook the leading editorial. Judging from the lofty aspirations of the editor, the imperfectly instructed world has much enlightenment to expect from him, and,

Ere this frail bark be long from its retreat,
And o'er the troubled waters wends its way,
Great wisdom in its cargo we shall meet
To guide the world that now doth go astray.

PERSONALS.

The centenary of the founding of St. Augustine's Church, corner of Fourth and Vine streets, Philadelphia, has been announced to take place next September. It is the intention of the rector, Rev. N. J. Murphy, O.S.A., to have many improvements made on it previous to that time.

Commencing September 10th and closing on the 17th, Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., assisted by the rector, V. Rev. J. J. Feddigan, O.S.A., and his assistants, Rev. Fathers Jones, Flynn and Farrell, conducted a very successful mission in St. Nicholas' Church, Atlantic City, N. J. Fr. Geraghty is at present conducting another in Montville, Conn., in the church of which Rev. James J. Ryle '76 is rector.

Master Harry Buckley, on Thursday, the 17th, was the recipient of a very agreeable surprise in the birthday party arranged for his pleasure. There were present, besides his parents and grandmother, his classmates, several of the prefects and teachers. It was indeed a very happy occasion for Harry, and one that he will long remember.

The College, during the past two months, has had a very large number of visitors. Among them were Rev. Frs. Plunkett, of Philadelphia; Williams, of Pittsburg, both members of the Holy Ghost Order; Mistelli, Bally, Pa.; Griffin, Burlington, N. J.; McManus, Doylestown, Pa.; Conway, Philadelphia. Messrs. J. F. O'Leary, J. J. Ryle, '94, S. A. Kenny, '95, medical students in Baltimore; J. I. Whelan, R. G. Kerr, '95, ecclesiastical students in Brooklyn and Baltimore, respectively; J. Stanley Smith, '94, a member of the U. of P. law department; Mrs. Price, Jacksonville, Fla.; Richmond, Washington, D. C.; Tichenor and sister, Burlington, N. J.; Mr. McCullough and daughter, N. Y. City; the Misses O'Donnell, Manayunk; Mr. Donnelly and daughter, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gallagher, J. C. George Whitely, Esq., Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. J. Edwards, Weston, W. Va., on their wedding tour; Mr. and Mrs. Stengel, Bally, Pa.; Bernard J. Weefers, Lawrence, Mass., the champion sprinter; Mr. Cortes, N. Y. City; Mrs. Cameron, Miss McVickle, Miss McBride, Philadelphia, Miss Frances Coar, Jersey City.

THE SOCIETIES.

On Wednesday, Oct. 23, the V. D. S. reorganized with Rev. L. A. Delurey as President. The following members E. T. Wade and D. Flynn were elected to fill the Vice-presidency and Secretaryship respectively. Messrs. G. A. Buckley, E. J. Wade and H. T. Nelson were chosen to constitute the literary committee.

The first meeting of the Villanova Literary Institute was held on Wednesday evening Oct. 9, and the officers chosen were as follows: Pres., F. F. Commins, O.S.A.; First Vice Pres., Jno. Barthouski; Second Vice-Pres., Wm. Kennedy; Sec., Edw. McKeough; Directors, Jas. McDonald, E. Fox, Jas. Healey and Thos. Rogers.

The Villanova Athletic Association was reorganized on Saturday Oct. 12, and the great number of students registered on the membership roll gives us boundless encouragement to make '96 the banner year in its history. Yet, though we have no cause to complain, there are some, yes, a great many who continually take advantage of the several means of exercise afforded by the Association, but whose names do not appear on the roll. This should not be. It is unfair to permit those who can but will not join us to derive the benefits from athletics at the expense of those who, each year, willingly pay their dues. To produce harmony among its members, as well as to increase the interest manifested in its welfare we have adopted a new method in the management of the Association. Heretofore one of the scholastics had been chosen President, a position which includes the overseeing of all athletic exhibitions. For the ensuing year, however, one of our number has been elected to this truly responsible office and Very Rev. President Father Delurey has very kindly consented to be present at each meeting. His presence alone should urge non-members to enter speedily their applications for membership and should incite the members themselves to accomplish great things. For the first term the following officers were elected: President, A. J. Plunkett; Vice-Pres., H. T. Conway; Recording Sec., P. J. Rogers, Financial Sec., E. J. Moynihan; Treas., Jos. McCullough. Jas. H. Hayes was elected Referee for the foot-ball contests, E. T. Wade Umpire and Jas. Dean Linesman.

FOOT BALL.

In as clean and clever a game of foot ball as was contested on Villanova's gridiron, the College boys on Tuesday, Oct. 22, defeated the Manual Training School eleven of Philadelphia, by a score of 12-6. This was the opening game of the season

and as the boys had trained faithfully, they were in superb physical condition. But when the visitors, as formidable looking a lot of young giants as ever wore canvas clothes, appeared, many were the doubts expressed as to the home eleven's capability to hold their own against such massive forms of strength. Villanova came later and received a lusty greeting from the strong lunged supporters. They kicked the ball and warmed up for a moment and then the battle began, the Manuals taking the ball, the wind and all the other advantages. Captain Lang rammed his toe into the ball for the kick off and sent it sailing far down into Villanova's territory. McDonald picked it out of the air and scampered back up the field with it. He cleverly dodged some Manual tacklers, others were "kissed off" by his interferers and then he was downed. And then also it became apparent that the game was not sure for the visitors and that the wearers of the white and blue were to be very much in it. It surprised the beefy Manuals to find them plunging through their lines and chasing around the ends. That was what they did though and they could not be held. Rogers, McDonald and Laberdesque did most of the work. They outclassed the backs of their opponents immeasurably. They played with wonderful dash and vim. Rogers was the star of the game, but the eleven in general cannot be praised too highly for their brilliant showing. "Joe" McCullough engineered the team like a major as he found the weak spots in the Manual line and worked them properly while "big Bill" Hazel was everywhere and surprised himself and every one else by blocking and holding a swift kick by Lang, then breaking through for ten yards. For the visitors Lang easily carried off the honors as his line bucking was certainly a feature of the contest. Sims and Malin also played well. By only the most determined efforts did they succeed in crossing the line during the last three minutes of the second half, Lang kicking a splendid goal. The teams lined up as follows:

Villanova.	Position.	Manual T. S.
Buffington,	Right End,	Haskell,
Kirsch,	Right Tackle,	Shuner,
Hazel,	Right Guard	Rowbotham,
DeForge,	Centre,	Wigmore,
Nolan,	Left Guard,	Krisher,
Wright,	Left Tackle,	Anderson,
Hayden,	Left End,	Malin,
McCullough,	Quarter Back,	Stall,
Laberdesque,	Right Half Back,	Sims,
Rodgers,	Left Half Back,	Ingraham,
McDonald,	Full Back,	Lang.

Touchdowns, Rogers 2, Lang; goals, McDonald 2, Lang; time 20 minute halves; referee, Hayes; umpire, Sherwood and Strong; linesman, Bittony and Dean, Rules Pennsylvania-Harvard, Cornell.

SPLINTERS.

Port-er.
 Pebbles.
 Tuesday.
 Mince-pie.
 "Vote for me for sec."
 "We'll take turns."
 Let it go Cigarettes:
 Hop-up has been saved.
 Likewise on Wednesday.
 "Whose nose was bleeding?"
 "Rah! Rah! *Shoelets!*"
 "Yellow bird for blue cage."
 Another room has gone wrong.
 "Three cheers for Willie nova."
 "Say won't you please take a chance?"
 Why did you miss that trolley?
 "Now Brother; tell me what that's for?"
 "That's for to put your money in,"—Joe.
 "Don't try to make sox out of me; see!"
 "Say Father whom did that big dog chase?"
 "It was a regular course dinner"—What?
 There is a new canary at the Philos' table.
 And we went and renewed old acquaintance.
 "Never mind that, Dan will buy it for her."
 Business was very dull while the boys were away.
 But it is just as good on Thursday. Eh!
 Teacher: "I advise you to read *aloud* to *yourself*." He should hear him talk *aloud* to others.
 "We are always pleased to see some of the Alumni."
 The Kerr was chasing the Fox around the room.
 So say we all of us Saturday, Sunday, Monday.
 "Say John! how is Liz? tell her I was asking for her." John blushed.
 The mystery of the blue room, or what was found on the roof.
 "It was worth the brother's life to go into that room after you left." I believe it.
 We still hear the fierce bark of a Kerr, long may it stay among us.
 "The Crows will not be back as Martin is about to enter Overbrook Cemetery."

Those happy days of sunny June
 Have passed, alas, forever;
 When two of our boys in the pale sweet moon
 Did some of their dear friends bring
 To listen for fun while they did sing
 Of friends forgot, oh never!

To a mighty one the tale was told
 And he says, "never more, never more"
 Shall the heroes of that march so bold
 Go o'er *that* hill while they tell a tale
 And sing of "Brown October Ale"
 For he says, 'tis o'er, 'tis o'er!

"I suppose you have heard how I and the other fellows were thrown down——!"

"Raphael got three very bad ones; one on the head, one on the nose and one on the shin."

If "Mox" could but see the "Green Room" with his monogram on the wall in letters of gold how he would laugh over the *days* gone bye.

At the Rosemont Fair
 While the boys were there
 A heavy storm came on
 The girls did regret
 That they got wet
 But all their umbrellas were gone.
 Then weary and sad
 And feeling quite mad
 They walked the pike that night.
 Next morning in bed
 They felt almost dead
 And wished they were out of sight.

A CAPE MAY IDYL.

Oh, the jetty when the tide goes out, goes out;
 'Tis a very pretty sight,
 And the diamonds bright,
 They glitter and they glisten on the sand.
 But the jetty when the tide comes in, comes in;
 Oh, you view it with surprise,
 As you see the waters rise,
 Sending up a doleful pleading from the strand.
 Oh, the tide one day went out, went out,
 And the Naiads three,
 In a fit of bravery,
 Exposed their pedal members on the sand.
 But the tide that day came in, came in;
 The Naiads wildly cried
 As they viewed the rising tide,
 And their *Trilbies* ground vexatious in the strand.
 At the jetty when the tide goes out, goes out;
 You may do just as you please,
 For no masculine eye sees
 If you doff your shoes and stockings on the sand.
 But the jetty when the tide comes in, comes in,
 Seems just the sort of place
 To spy a manly face
 As the sea proceeds to gobble up the strand.
 At the jetty when the tide goes out, goes out;
 Ah, you feel so maiden-free,
 When you wade quite daintily
 Through the waters scarcely covering the sand.
 But the jetty when the tide comes in, comes in,
 Is hardly to your taste,
 For you wade up to your waist,
 And the "horrid men" are laughing on the strand.
 At the jetty when the tide goes out, goes out,
 Dear Naiads, I advise.
 Be not tempted by the prize
 Of the diamonds that glisten in the sand.
 For the tidal wave as sure comes in, comes in,
 And you weak-hearted one,
 That wouldst rather faint than run,
 Those "nice *old* men" not ever pace the strand.

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Vol. III.

Villanova College, November, 1895.

No. 9.

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As Israel's desert Guide ;
Thy radiant wings, with mystic fold,
Both light and shade supplied.

Symbol of Heavenly Providence,
Which deigns with us to dwell ;
Our constant glory and defence,
As once of Israel.

O, may our children's opening eyes
Rest on thy guardian shade ;
And see thy radiant lustre rise,
When nature's glories fade !

By day, by night, with us abide ;
And onward as we move,
Before us go, a faithful Guide,
In God's unfailing love.

To that fair land revealed by faith,
Conduct us by His will ;
And when the parents sleep in death,
O guide their children still !

J. N. B.

The Indian of the United States.

It was the golden age of the Indian—that period when war and the chase were his sole occupations, taxing to the utmost the heroic virtues of an unyielding temper and a sinewy frame. In those days the country which the Indians occupied was a thousand miles beyond the Westernmost limit of civilization. Its adaptability to civilized life was probably unsuspected. But the buffalo and antelope were to be found on the plains; other large and small game in the hills. It was an ideal hunting ground. No one looked forward to the time when grain and cotton should be raised and shipped to the States; when railroads should traverse the country, and millions of people should reside there, and when towns and cities would spring up as if by magic. Thus the desert blossomed; thus was the wilderness cultivated. The Indian has taken to the reservation. Modern observation and thought have reached the conclusion that allotment of land in severalty and citizenship are the indispensable conditions of Indian progress. So the red man was hounded from plain to plain, from wilderness to wilderness, until the Government has finally, though reluctantly, set aside sections of land in different parts of the country for them to utilize as they will. His wanderings ceased; hunting and fishing as a means of subsistence gave place to a system of gratuitous supplies just sufficient to allow complete idleness. Can we doubt then that the Indian is as yet little more than a savage; that he is at best in a transition state from barbarism to civilization? He is, in truth, in the anomalous condition of being practically deprived of his traditional laws, customs and religious forms without enjoying ours. Meantime the Indians have not been practically stimulated to industry. Such encouragement as has been given has been frustrated in the granting of supplies, as in the distribution of implements. For instance, one man would receive a horse, another a wagon, and a third the harness, thus rendering all equally useless. Why is the Indian the subject of such imposition? Is he, or are we, responsible for his deplorable condition?

In a measure the Indian himself is to blame for his pitiable situation in life, but we, the people, the Government and its agents, are its primary cause.

Let us consider this species of the human race and its characteristics. Even as soon as he is able to stand he commences that practice with his bow and arrow which makes him a good marksman in early childhood. He is tied in his saddle before he can walk, and a horse becomes a part of his very nature. While yet a child he learns the subter-

fuges of the chase, the quiet, breathless watchfulness, the stealthy, snake-like advance, which enable him in adult life to crawl unseen and unheard upon his unsuspecting victim. From his earliest years he is taught to consider treachery courage, robbery and murder honorable warfare, and the most renowned warrior the one who slays his foe without endangering himself. His initiation into the order of warriors is a terrible ordeal of physical suffering which must be borne without flinching and murmuring to ensure the success of the candidate. Until he has committed some signal act of treachery, robbery or murder he is without influence among the braves or attraction for the squaws. So he grows to manhood. He, as a rule, is poor, shiftless and ignorant, without ambition and without opportunity. He will not acquire any land beyond a miserable holding of an acre or two in his own country. He does not seek the opportunities for further development and civilization. He is not advancing, he is retrograding. Yet, as I said, we are responsible for all this. We starve the Indian; we deprive him of his arms, the dearest of all his earthly possessions, with which he might kill game to eke out a subsistence; we take away his ponies, which furnish him food when he is reduced to extremity through our fault or failure. What Christian people would be content under such treatment? Can we be surprised that an untutored savage who cannot understand our clashing of bureaus, our shifting of responsibility or our red tape refinements of official morality should look upon the white man as the liar of liars, the thief of thieves, and when he is on the warpath should execute the wild justice of revenge on any of the race who happens to come within reach of his rifle? Can we be surprised if he leaves his reservation and chooses to fight to the last rather than be the patient victim of such a system of injustice and spoliation? In our every transaction with him we strengthen, by example, the lessons of deception he was taught in early childhood. It is only within a very few years that the Indian children are educated, and even now, though given the temporary advantage of schools, they are permitted at frequent intervals to return to their rude family circles, in which existing evils have not been remedied. The older Indians refuse all aid toward Christianizing and civilizing their children, and the little knowledge they acquire is thus rendered useless. The Government has so far been successful in accomplishing nothing of good for the moral and spiritual training of the Indian children. We must consider that there is no such thing as civilizing the Indian race as a wholesale operation. The individuality of the red man is as marked as that

of the white man. There are good and bad among them, well disposed and ill disposed. And precisely as in the case of other men the Indian must be treated and dealt with on the basis of his own individuality and with due regard to all those personal traits and circumstances that distinguish him from others around him.

E. T. WADE, '96.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

SEVENTEENTH PAPER.

But of these manifold differences in character and effects between the earthly food of organic beings and the immaterial food of the intellect, and the bearing that nourishment exercises on vital power, we shall have occasion to say more further on.

Of life in the individual organic being we have said enough for awhile.

Let us consider now briefly animal being in some of its relationships with its fellows.

For very like human beings in many respects animals, too (at least many classes of them, especially the nobler) are formed for community life, and have social and class instincts strongly developed among them.

As is well known, many kinds of brutes, in the beast, bird and insect worlds, have their social divisions, as it were,—their castes and guilds, for the conducting of their business in their own peculiar, and highly instructive ways. For instance they have their commonwealths—their kingdoms and republics, with all the several functions appertaining to civic government, to trade, commerce, the transport of merchandise, and even to education—the object of their most solicitous concern and life-long energy. Their affairs relating to life and its comforts they carry on in thrifty and steady manner, (—there are very few idlers indeed among brute races,) according to certain fixed and well-established forms of what we may style political animal economy, and indeed all conducted with much show of sagacity, tact and skill. Unfortunately too, or rather providentially as we prefer to view it, and very like their fellows in the human world, the brute races have their strifes, civil dissensions, mutinies, revolutions and wars, with their attendant sequences of death, dethronal, exile, followed sometimes even by treaties of peace and amnesty. They have their armies and fleets; their rulers and officers for the care of their interests and the maintenance of order and discipline; their courts of trial for the administration of justice, and for meting out punishment, at times even death, to offenders against their laws and customs; and to this effect they have judges, wardens

and executioners, with all the outer display of power demanded by sound policy and equity; their market-places for the exchange of goods, of food, etc.; their gardens and coverts; magazines and store-houses; for the education of their young they have their gymnasia, or training-schools, with instructors in the several branches of art practised among them, and even species of nurses to take care of their helpless kinsfolk, besides games and sports for whiling away their leisure. In their industries, as weaving, house-building, carpentering, clay-moulding, tailoring, and especially engineering, their display of skill and mechanical art amounting to positive genius is a study as instructive to man, as it is entertaining and delightful, because of the many moral as well as scientific lessons animal habits convey to us of the industry, foresight and ability to solve the most difficult problems of these senseless inhabitants of God's earthly and outer world.

We have here alluded to the chief characteristics of animal society in order to show among other things that their dependence for life, health and development is based absolutely on certain set and unchangeable principles—the fixed laws of all organic nature. This sameness of being is a prime characteristic of all matter; and this fact we started out chiefly to establish. Now we rest for awhile. But before leaving our subject wholly—the interdependence of material beings, it is worth while noting one other fact in the domain of organic life,—that, namely, the sociable instinct in material nature—very much the same as among men—is attended by its burdens, one of which we will here mention. All individual organisms in the vegetable and animal worlds, that is, every plant and animal, as far as known, is subject to have its life cells filled, (one might almost say peopled,) with other living organisms,—a race of tiny, active creatures, each one as completely and perfectly furnished in its own individual nature with the means of life as the principal organism wherein it harbors.

These indwellers in other organisms, whence they draw their nourishment and support, and apart from which they would perish, are known technically as parasites. Here I am applying the term parasite as including all living animal organisms, that either harbor in, or on, other organic beings, by burrowing into their flesh or cuticle from the outside, or having themselves found entrance into the body by some way or other, dwell in its interior as their proper habitat. In either case the word parasite,—I do not know of any better,—is taken to represent the main characteristic of this twofold class of foreign life.

The parasite then is another marvel of visible creation, that conveys to the observer a very distinct and pointed lesson on life's beauties and duties. Here we are constrained to limit our study of them to merely one feature. These minute guests of others' vitality,—it would barely be right to style them invaders, since they are part of the equitable economy of nature,—have just as well as their hosts a mighty part to play on the wise and beneficent stage of creation.

Parasites are proof of one's life and health. Though it is not at all easy, in fact almost impossible, to understand, and explain for just what purpose parasites were formed, or how they act on the vegetable and animal system, this fact itself is acknowledged by scientists, that among other benefits shared by them with their principals, the presence of parasites in the blood and humor cells of their hosts is not alone serviceable to the perfection of life and health, but even needed for its preservation and development. So indispensable to organic life at large is parasitic life of one kind or another, that without these tiny servants and benefactors of creation plant and animal would sicken and finally cease to live.

For parasites, as is well known, though they draw their nourishment from the beings around them, and really feed on their neighbors, yet withal they get their living with such nicely regulated and beautifully balanced compensation of benefits that while consuming their hosts, they not only really hurt them not, but indeed conduce to the perfection of their nature and being, by communicating to their entertainers some part of their organic energy. Thus parasites are real and substantial guarantees of health. Moreover, though some of them are incalculably small, parasites constitute a vast, ubiquitous, and perfectly well-regulated form of community life, just the same as their congeners on larger scale in the animal kingdom. For all animals are gregarious in greater or less degree according to their sociable instincts, as is seen developed among certain kinds especially of beasts, birds, fishes, and insects.

Truly might one say of the parasitic world in plant and animal what has oftentimes been applied to the social and political worlds among men, that in their entirety they are made up of an immense number of petty societies and classes, one within the other, as so many *imperia in imperiis*, all with their peculiar distinctions of rank, grade and office, all bearing on one the other's healthful development, and in the exercise of their powers all needed to the smooth and nicely adjusted balance of the integral body.

This topic of animal sociableness we would will-

ingly pursue further,—it is deeply interesting for its lessons of Divine Providence to every lover of nature,—but lack of space bids us return to the main subject,—life in general. We have referred to this phenomenon of parasitic life in the organic world, in order to bring out more strongly the fundamental law, or principle underlying the intellectual world in its highest perfection, that, namely, all nature even in its lowest forms is clearly and unmistakeably most God-like, when chiefly laborious and beneficent; that the excellence and usefulness of life, far from being restricted to solely individual progress, to mere self-development and perfection, or being hindered therefrom by the presence and influence of others, becomes thereby really more healthful, more generous, more charming and more God-like. Community life in its perfection thus ensures the perfection of each individual member thereof.

But to return for a moment to our reflections on individual organic life. The sober observer will have borne in mind another conclusion: that whether in plant, or beast, with the cessation of life and its energies, perishes also in the creature with the death of its body all power of self-adornment and fruitfulness; the total perfection of its nature comes to a full stop. With death ensues unsightliness, barrenness, decay.

And this too is another law of life, especially the intellectual, that, namely, as its likeness to its Maker is the law of its being—the standard of its perfectness, so the measure, or standard of its perfect correspondence to this Type, is its power of productiveness. For God in infinite degree beneficent is the source in fact of all goodness. His law is that only by beneficent labor or work can life be made healthy, and only by serviceableness can life become happy. These two—work and happiness—cannot be separated with impunity. Life and fruitfulness go hand in hand,—the first as the mark of the Creator's benediction, the other the mark of the creature's correspondence with that trust. Or, to put it more briefly, it is a natural law of life, that in accordance with the purpose for which any creature was formed,—plant, herb, tree, beast, in virtue of that purpose its fruitfulness is the chief gauge of its worth, the full measure of its life energy. The barren fig-tree, it will be remembered, was ordered to be burned. For sterility in the vegetable order (as well as in the animal) is held as a kind of ingratitude to nature,—a species of unnatural state, a malediction on the creature's worthlessness.

Moreover the prolific power in the vegetative and sensitive worlds is fugitive, limited, and on the wane from maturity until decay. In a plant

for instance there is energy enough to bear just so many buds, so many leaves, so much fruit, and not one more can be grown with all the powerfulness of intrinsic effort, or of extern industry and skill.

But it is not so in the intellective order—in the higher fields of life. Here the mine of intellectual wealth is exhaustless; the powers to reach out for it and grasp it are by practice ever waxing stronger and stronger; the itinerary for excursions into the domain of science are not drawn up for time but for eternity; in fact the longer, heavier and more fruitful is one's labor in the ways of truth, the easier becomes his toil, the more polished, sparkling, brilliant and refined the product of his mind. For the enthusiastic scholar there is no stop to his pursuit of learning; no limit to his eagerness to grasp the knowable, or his delight at new discoveries.

Moreover by inverse ratio as the unproductiveness of plant or animal is proof of its non-correspondence with the law of life, its degeneracy from its Godlike type, so with its serviceableness for self and others at an end,—exhausted, paralyzed, dormant, (—and the same rule will hold good for the intellective being also,) vanishes all reasons for its being.

Hence when plant or beast has once reached maturity—the end of its fruit-bearing powers, there is for it no ulterior state in the world of God's creation.

For neither plant nor brute has ever brought any addition to the store of intellective knowledge. Ignorant of the source of the agencies that have set them going, and made them live and thrive; with no other care than merely to satisfy their individual wants, mere organic creatures are unable in the slightest degree to change their habits,—to either raise or lower themselves in the scale of their own particular rank in the organic world.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

To A Child.

Never, my child, forget to pray,
What'er the business of the day;
If happy dreams have bless'd thy sleep,
If startling dreams have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day
And never, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss;
And then, my child, perchance thou'lt see
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee;
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

An Eventful Hour in the Life of Napoleon.

From the French of

ALFRED DE VIGNY.

We were at Fontainebleau. The Pope was about to arrive. The Emperor, who had waited for him very impatiently on account of the coronation, had gone out to meet the carriage and had greeted the Pontiff in a manner outwardly indifferent, but at the same time showing a determination neither to yield nor advance a step. He was now returning to the palace; everything there was in a disturbed and anxious state. I had left many officers in the room adjoining the Emperor's suite, and I remained alone in the room of state. I was looking attentively at a long table, whose top was of Roman mosaics instead of marble, upon which was as usual an enormous pile of petitions. I had often seen Napoleon enter and put them to a strange test. He took them neither in order nor by chance; but when their number irritated him, he swept his hand over the table from left to right and from right to left, like a reaper, until he had reduced their number to five or six, which he opened. This action had singularly affected me. All those papers of sorrow and distress rejected and cast upon the floor, swept off as by a storm of anger—the vain entreaties of widows and orphans having no chance of being heard save the scattering of the loose sheets by the consular hand—all those groaning leaves, wet by the tears of many a family, lying under his feet and over which he trod as over the dead on a battle-field, represented to me the present destiny of France as an unlucky lottery, and, all great as was the rude and indifferent hand that drew the lots, I thought that it was not just to deliver thus to its caprice so many obscure fortunes which, perhaps, would have been as great as his if some support had been given to them. I felt my heart beat and rebel against Bonaparte for this, but fearfully, as became the heart of a slave. I looked at these abandoned letters; unheard cries of grief arose from their profaned folds; and taking them up to read them, then casting them away myself, I made myself the judge between those unfortunate ones and the master whom they themselves had chosen and who, to-day, was going to press his heel more firmly than ever upon their necks. I had one of these despised petitions in my hand when the noise of the drums beating a salute apprised me of the sudden arrival of the Emperor. When he entered the court of the palace on horseback his attendants had much difficulty to keep up with him and the palace guard had not even time to present arms before he had dismounted and was ascending the staircase. I threw myself in the alcove of a large bed of state which nobody used and which was protected from view by a balustrade and curtains.

I had scarcely concealed myself when Napoleon entered the room very much agitated; he paced the floor as one waiting impatiently for somebody or something, and having quickly traversed its length three or four times, he went to a window and began to drum a march with his fingers. A carriage rolled into the court, he ceased drumming, and after a few moments of silent reflection went abruptly to the door and opened it.

Pius VII. entered alone, Bonaparte hastening to reclose the door with the promptness of a jailer. I felt a great terror, I must confess, on seeing myself the third person of such a distinguished party. However, I remained silent and motionless looking and listening as intently as possible.

The Pope was tall and stately in appearance; his countenance was lengthened, lean and dark, indicative of much suffering, but full of a saintly nobility and unbounded kindness. His black eyes were large and beautiful; his mouth was partly opened by a benevolent smile to which his pronounced chin gave an expression of a highly spiritual yet animated refinement, a smile beneath which lurked no political cunning, but rather an abundance of Christian charity. A white calotte covered his hair which was long and black, plentifully streaked with grey. He wore negligently on his bent shoulders a long cloak of red velvet which fell over his loose trailing robes. He entered slowly with a calm and prudent step, seated himself upon one of the large Roman couches in the centre of the room, and with eyes cast down waited for what the Emperor was going to say.

Al, what a scene! What a scene! It is all before me now. It was not the genius of the man that it showed me, but rather his character; and if his great soul was not wholly displayed, at least his heart could be seen. Bonaparte was not then as you have seen him since. He was slender, vigorous and active, convulsive in his movements, sometimes graceful, always exquisite in his deportment.

He continued to walk even after the Pope had entered; but now he walked around the couch like a cautious hunter. Stopping suddenly in front of his guest, in the rigid immovable attitude of a corporal, he resumed the conversation already begun in the carriage.

"I repeat it, Holy Father, I am not a free-thinker, and I like not logicians and ideologists. I assure you that notwithstanding my republican views I will go to Mass."

He almost flung these words at the Pope and stopped in order to await their effect, thinking that the somewhat impious words and actions which preceded the interview would give to this sudden and distinct avowal an extraordinary value. The Pope lowered his eyes and placed his hands on the arms of the couch. By this attitude he seemed to say clearly: I resign myself to listen to all the profane things that it will please you to make me hear.

Bonaparte took a turn around the room and I saw by the side glances which ever and anon he cast at the venerable Pontiff, that he was neither satisfied with himself nor with his adversary, and that he was indulging in some self-reproach for having so quickly resumed the conversation. He began to talk less abruptly, and while walking around the room glanced stealthily in the mirrors that reflected the austere figure of the Holy Father, without looking him directly in the face for fear of seeming too anxious to discover the impression which his words were making.

"There is something," said he, "which troubles me greatly, Holy Father; it is that you consent to my coronation in the same way that you agreed to the *concordat* some time ago. You play the rôle of a

martyr in my presence, you are there as one resigned offering your sufferings to Heaven. But truly, that is not your position; you are not a prisoner, by Heaven! you are as free as the air."

Pius VII. smiled sadly and looked him in the face. He well understood how utterly unreasonable were the demands of this despotic character, who, like all similar ones, was not satisfied with obedience unless accompanied by the appearance of having ardently desired that which he commanded.

"Yes," repeated Bonaparte with greater emphasis, "you are perfectly free; you can return to Rome if you wish; the route is open for you and nobody will detain you." The Pope sighed and raised his right hand in protest without answering; then he slowly lowered his wrinkled brow and began to gaze attentively at the gold cross that hung from his neck. Bonaparte continued to speak while walking around the room more slowly.

"Holy Father, if the gravity of your character did not prevent me, I would say, truly, that you are somewhat ungrateful. You do not appear to remember all the good services that France has rendered you. The conclave of Venice that elected you seemed to me to have been inspired by my Italian campaign and by some hints that I let fall with regard to yourself. Austria did not treat you well then, and I was much grieved thereat. Your Holiness was obliged, I think, to return to Rome by sea, not having been permitted to traverse Austrian territory."

He stopped in order to await the response of his silent guest; but Pius VII. made but the slightest inclination of the head, and remained as if plunged in a deep dejection, which prevented him even from listening. Then Bonaparte with his foot pushed a chair close to the large couch occupied by the Pope. (I trembled, because, in getting the chair, he had grazed with his epaulette the curtain of the alcove in which I was concealed.)

"Truly," continued he, as he seated himself, "it was because I was a Catholic that the Austrian affair grieved me. I never had time to study much theology; but I still profess a great faith in the power of the Church; she has a marvelous vitality, Holy Father. Voltaire has tried hard to injure her, but I like him not, and I am going to let loose upon him an old unfrocked oratorian. Then you will surely be satisfied. We could, if you wished, do right with regard to those things in the future."

Then he put on an air of innocence and of very caressing youth.

"As for me, I do not know why you could have any objection to establishing your See at Paris forever. I would let you have the Tuilleries, if you wished. You will find there your apartment of Monte-Cavallo awaiting you. Do you not see, *Padre*, that this is the true capital of the world? I would do everything for you; now, am I not a better child than I am thought to be? Provided that war and tiresome politics were left to me, you could arrange Church matters as you please. I would be your soldier always. See, that would, indeed, be best for all; we could have our councils like Constantine and Charlemagne, I would open and close them; I would then put into your hand the true keys of the world, and would only ask your blessing after each success of our arms."

He made a slow inclination while saying the last few words.

The Pope, who up to that time had remained immovable as an Egyptian statue, half lifted his head, smiled with melancholy, looked towards Heaven, and said, with a scarcely audible sigh, as if he entrusted his thought to his invisible angel guardian :

"*Commediante!*"

Bonaparte started from his chair and bounded like a wounded leopard. A furious passion seized him. He paced the floor for a short while without speaking, biting his lips till the blood came. He no longer walked in a circle around the room, but up and down with such a rapid, martial stride that the floor trembled beneath his resounding heels. I thought that something dreadful was going to happen; my hair stood on end, and I was obliged to support myself in order to keep from falling in a dead fright. I looked at the Pope; he showed no sign, but only grasped more tightly the arms of the couch.

The bomb burst all of a sudden.

"I a comedian! Ah! I will give you comedies to make you all weep like women and children. My theatre shall be the world; the rôle that I shall play thereon, that of master and ruler; for comedians, I shall have all of you, Popes, Kings, Peoples! and the bond by which I shall hold you is the bond of fear! Comedian! Ah! you are not the one to dare either to applaud or hiss me, *Signor Chiaramonti!* Do you not know that you would be but a poor curate if I wished it? You and your tiara—France would laugh in your face, if I but gave the signal. It is only four years ago that no one would dare to speak aloud of Christ. Who would speak of the Pope at all? Comedian—Ah! gentlemen, you have lifted your hand against us too soon! You are in a bad humor because I have not been fool enough to sign, like Louis XIV., the disapprobation of the gallican liberties! But I am not to be tricked thus. It is I who hold you in my fingers, it is I who rush you from south to north like so many marionettes; it is I who appear to reckon you as something because you represent an old idea that I wish to resuscitate; and you have not the sense to see that, and to act as though you did not see it. But no! I must tell you everything! I must put these things under your noses in order to make you understand them. And you believe in your simplicity that I have need of you, and you raise your head and dress in your trailing robes! But know that they cannot impose on me, and that if you continue to thwart me, I will treat yours as Charles XII. that of his prime minister: I will tear it with my spur."

He was exhausted. Not hearing any longer his thundering voice, I stretched out my head to see if the poor old man had died of fright. But lo! there was the same calmness in his attitude; the same calmness on his countenance. He raised his eyes a second time to heaven, and after having breathed a profound sigh, he smiled bitterly and said:

"*Tragediante!*"

Bonaparte at this moment was at the end of the

apartment, leaning against a marble mantel-piece. He darted like an arrow towards the old man whom I thought he was going to strike in his madness. But he stopped as quickly as he started, took from the table a valuable Sevres vase upon which were painted the castle of St. Angelo and the Roman Capitol, and broke it into a thousand pieces at his feet. Then he seated himself and remained for a long time in profound silence.

I was consoled. I felt that reflection had come back to him, and that his reason had reasserted its sway over his fiery wrath. He became sad, his voice was low and melancholy, and from his first word I understood that this Proteus vanquished by two words was at last in his real character.

"Unfortunate life!" said he, at length, as if speaking to himself, "How true it is! Tragedian or Comedian. For me it is always playing a part. One face for this party, another for that, according to their idea. What fatigue! What littleness! To appear to them what they would wish me to be, and to interpret aright their idle dreams; to place them all between hope and fear; to be the master of all without knowing what to do. That is all! And after that, to be dissatisfied with so much I do, it is too hard. Yet I must always be doing something. I have plans that would require the lives of forty emperors to accomplish, but I would not be able to realize two of them before I would be exhausted body and soul; for our little lamp does not burn long. To be frank, if all my plans were executed, I would not swear that the world would be happier, but it would be more beautiful, and one majesty would reign over it."

As he said the last few words he arose with a surprising alacrity; he became lively and animated; he approached nearer to the Holy Father and spoke rapidly, but somewhat ironically:

"The imperial mantle, sceptre, crown, what are they? Costumes! Costumes of an actor! I am going to put them on for an hour and I will have enough of them. Then I will dress in my officer's little coat and mount my horse. Always on horseback! Well, it is my destiny. I must fight battles and win victories, but I must be well paid for my work. Surely, a throne is not too much. You will soon see others upon it, but you will also see that all dynasties will rise from mine, upstart though I be, and elected to the dignity of Emperor. Elected like yourself, Holy Father, and chosen from the crowd. On this point, at least, we can shake hands."

And approaching he extended his hand to the Pope, who, moved perhaps by the gentle tone of the Emperor, or by recollection of his own destiny and a thought of the future of Christianity, gave him the tips of his fingers, still trembling, and I saw a tear roll from his beautiful eyes down his pale cheeks.

Bonaparte also saw the tear and something that resembled a smile of triumph lit up his face for an instant. It clearly showed me how little and mean he was in comparison with his holy adversary. I was not surprised that shortly afterwards he left the room as quickly as he had entered it.

R. A. G.

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EDITORIALS.

THE study of Shakespeare which the students of the Belles Lettres Class are pursuing as a specialty is one worthy of every effort. His was the most creative mind that ever engaged in the exact copy of the details of existence, in the profound complications of all human passions. His irresistible charm is one which gratifies the imagination of the reader with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale, which interests his feelings for human beings and which every moment draws forth a smile from him by some stroke of quaint, yet simple pleasantry. He creates souls, he constructs arguments and experiences emotions. Of Shakespeare all came from within—from his soul and from his genius. His was one of those souls which vibrate of themselves at the slightest touch. He was extreme in emotions, carelessly troubled with grief or merriment. Hence a study of his terrible penetration, which instantaneously beholds the effects of all the details of character and gives such a sublime coloring to his figures, cannot prove other than productive of the most satisfactory results. For the benefit of our readers a story founded on a Shakespearian drama or comedy will often appear in the columns of our MONTHLY, which we trust will meet with the approval and praise worthy of the endeavors of the students and will induce others to apply themselves to the study of Shakespeare, England's greatest poet and dramatist.

PUBLIC interest in games and field sports grows keener every year, and in all probability will continue to increase for a long time to come, for the number of those who either personally take part in these contests or who throng them as spectators is continually increasing. There are, however, many who still see, with apprehension, the proportions which physical training has assumed in our higher institutions of learning and doubt the utility of the attention paid to athletics especially in the intercollegiate games. There are those who look back with regret to the days when a goodly number of the giants who became famous in law, in the pulpit and in the senate, were men whose boyhood had been hardened and invigorated by manual labor, and query whether modern athletics will produce a race of men like the old civic heroes. But this is a progressive age. Manners have changed. There has been a transformation of the whole social order and this new era in the advancement of education must necessarily adapt itself to these circumstances. That athletics are essential to education is no longer doubted as the need for mental as well as physical courage becomes greater in modern civilization. Of all the sports which have of late years gained a hold upon the American people foot ball stands pre-eminent, and is second only to the National game. As great as is the interest shown in the "outside" world, that within the college ranks has assumed such enormous proportions as to astound even the most sanguine supporters of the game. And, indeed, this is not surprising, judging from the beneficial results of which it is the chief cause. Certainly, whatever physical good can be derived from any form of college athletics can be obtained from foot ball, while above all others it tends to develop self control, calm deliberation and quickness of preception, in sudden emergencies involving oftentimes personal danger. Naturally to those who consider occasional sprains, bruised bones and like injuries as irremediable evils the game is an objectionable one, but our most learned professors have severally agreed that these are invaluable to the young man endeavoring to become a brave, manly and high-spirited citizen. The permanent injuries sustained are exceptionally few. Foot ball has by no means had the effect of lowering the academic standard of either players or onlookers at any of the Universities or Colleges. Here amid our own unpretentious ranks we find that the "gridiron heroes" are among those that display marked classical abilities. Besides, they are Spartans in their habits, and by their self-control and subordination set an example

of health, manliness and self reliance to their fellow-students.

Thus far they have done well—in fact, very well. They have our most enthusiastic wishes for success in their future contests and we would encourage them to establish that sense of honor which makes the College games trials of real skill and endurance and sets the standard of fairness and competition for their comrades.

"THE world is in tears over Little Boy Blue,
 Its sweetest voice is still,
 The gentle singer so tender and true,
 Has obeyed the Master's will.
 With Wynken, Blynken and Nod, he sailed
 Away at the break of day,
 But his love and his light that never failed
 Will be with the world away.
 The beautiful things he left behind
 Will never know dust or mould
 The years may come, and the years will find
 No rust on the precious gold."

An American poet, Chicago's poet, Eugene Field, is no more! But though the hand which with such inimitable deftness and certainty of stroke struck chords in the universal heart is stilled, the startlingly familiar refrain, bringing back to thoughtless and to care-hardened hearts the half-lost meaning and mystery, will not soon cease with its fancy-winged melody to make old hearts young once more. When Eugene Field died there vanished from among men one for whose living the world was decidedly better. To read his works was to be refreshed mentally and morally and to be stirred in soul to the awakening of one's better nature. After all the voyaging and exploring of men near and far the latest world to be discovered is the realm of childhood. It is a world we all have once traversed, but of which we know but little. It is a world which, if not forgotten, is at any rate strangely misunderstood. There was indeed One, many centuries ago, Who seemed never to have forgotten His own childhood, and to Whom the world of childhood seemed to be the greatest of all the worlds. He fascinated children, though he did not stay long among the children and the people of that generation. He left indelibly on the memory of mankind a saying which has still haunted the souls of both men and women and who have hidden them in their hearts as among the greatest words ever spoken: "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto Me; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Since then thousands

in fast growing numbers have clearly sighted the shores of the long hidden world and have been seized with somewhat of the same sacred passion for its fuller exploration. But what almost none of the educators, legislators or agitators do, a simple poet, a poet who had for many busy years made his home in the heart of Chicago, has succeeded in doing, and for many years Eugene Field will be gratefully remembered as the children's laureate. He was beloved of children and the friends of children. A poet of the people, the people bear testimony to the depth of his feeling and the deftness of his art. Thousands who have read his writings with eagerness, with affectionate interest and awaited the coming of new work from his pen will grieve over the loss of the children's friend—Eugene Field.

"The children weep because they love him;
 Their hands strew violets above him;
 They lisp his dear name in their dreams,
 And in their sorrows and afflictions
 Old men breathe dying benedictions
 Where on his grave the starlight gleams."

THE ARCHBISHOP'S VISIT.

On Sunday, October 27, Archbishop Ryan administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of children, of the parish of St. Thomas, of Villanova. After which he was escorted to the College Hall, where the students tendered him a reception. Mr. E. P. McKeough, '96, delivered the address of welcome, to which the Archbishop, in his usual happy and eloquent manner, responded. Besides the address of welcome the program consisted of musical selections both vocal and instrumental.

ST. CATHERINE'S DAY.

Monday, November 25, the feast of St. Catherine of Alexandria, patroness of all Augustian houses of study, was observed at Villanova with due solemnity. At the early Mass the clerics approached Holy Communion and later assisted, as did also the College students, at a solemn High Mass celebrated by the Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., Master of Novices, with Rev. B. B. Schmicklër, O.S.A., as deacon, Mr. M. A. Ryan, O.S.A., Sub-Deacon, and Mr. B. J. O'Donnell, O.S.A., Master of Ceremonies. The music of the Mass was rendered by the Scholastic choir under the direction of Rev. J. B. Leonard, O.S.A. In the evening the customary entertainment was participated in by the Philosophers and Theblogians.

Foot Ball.

On Saturday, October 26, our foot ball team defeated the South End Wheelman in a well-played game by a score of 14 o. As this was the second game of the season, and as the boys had made such a grand showing before, much enthusiasm was displayed. The visitors appeared first and received quite an ovation from their supporters, but when Capt. McDonald led his band of sturdy warriors on the field they were cheered to the echo. Then followed a few minutes of preliminary practice, after which they took their places for the kick-off, Villanova defending the eastern goal. Blake sent the ball far into Villanova's territory, where it was caught by McDonald and carried well down the field. Then they lined up and "Shorty" McCullough, with his ever-ready words of encouragement, took his place; the ball was passed, and away they went. From the beginning the boys evinced much of that foot-ball essential known as "ginger" and their opponents could not stop their onslaughts, so that at the end of the first half Rogers had been twice sent across the Wheelmen's line, McDonald kicking one goal. After ten minutes rest they again took their places, but the opposing team took quite a brace, and the ball was always near the middle of the field. But with about four minutes to play, Blake was called upon to kick the ball; he fumbled, and Hayden, picking up the coveted pigskin, dashed up the field for a touch-down. McDonald failed to kick goal. On the next kick-off McCullough received the ball and carried it to the middle of the field, when time was called.

Encouraged by their former success, and knowing that they would be opposed by players who like themselves, represented a college, the team took the field on Wednesday, November 13, determined to lower the colors of Hahnemann College. It was a battle royal from start to finish, Villanova, however, having decidedly the better of the argument in the first half. On the kick-off Villanova managed to get the ball near the middle of the field before Hahnemann's brawny tacklers brought the runner down. Then came a series of rushes, accompanied by steady gains, until Rogers was sent around the right end for a touch-down after six minutes play. McDonald kicked the goal. On the next kick-off the ball was carried well down the field, and the boys now resorted to their snappy tactics. After a few minutes play Laberdesque went dashing around the end for a touch-down, and McDonald again kicked goal. In the second half the visitors started off with a vim that, for a few minutes, rather surprised Villanova's representatives, and the ball was rushed to their 20-yard line, but here they made a decided stand and received the ball on downs. Now

began a hard up-hill fight, but they were equal to the occasion, and up the field went the ball midst the cheers of Villanova's supporters. Perhaps it was because they were desirous of winning from Hahnemann, or it may have been that they had vague recollections of a special treat, should they win this game.

Be that as it may, they played with a dash that surprised everyone. Hardly had their opponents recovered from one attack when their line was again besieged, but with the ball on Hahnemann's ten yard line time was called. Score 12 o.

On Saturday, Nov. 16, the college team tried conclusions with the Philadelphia Dentals, defeating them by a score of 10 o. It was an ideal foot-ball day and the Dentals brought with them a large crowd of rooters, who certainly did their share in encouraging their players. They seemed to think it would require no effort whatever on their part to make Villanova bite the dust, judging by the opinions expressed on the side lines, but subsequent events made a change of mind necessary. At precisely 3.30 the teams took their respective places for the kick-off, and Captain Percival sent the ball far up the field, where it was caught by Hayden, who, aided by splendid interference, succeeded in bringing it about 10 yards into the Dentals territory. By steady gains, mostly through the centre, the ball was brought to within 7 yards of the Dentals' goal.

Then came the all-important moment: "Guards back!" cried McCullough, and "big Bill" Hazel went ploughing through the line for touch-down. The ball was punted out for a trial for goal, but was not caught. When the ball was kicked off again, then followed a repetition of the playing which secured the first touch-down, and it was soon brought near the touch-line. Again "our trusty Bill" was called upon, and right heartily did he respond, going over the line for the second time, and McDonald kicked the goal. During the second half every inch of ground was stubbornly contested by both sides. Neither goal was threatened, however, until near the end of the half, when, by a series of rushes, the Villanova got the ball on the Dentals' 5-yard line, when time was called.

Greatly handicapped by the poor condition of some of the best players, the team suffered defeat for the first time on Saturday, November 23, losing a game to Delaware College by a score of 10-6. Villanova lost the toss and Delaware chose the Eastern goal. McDonald kicked the ball far up the field, and the runner was downed after gaining 10 yards. But here our weakness became apparent, none of the players, with the exception of

Laberdesque and Kirsch, tackled in their usual manner. Nor did they break the interference in the same decided way that characterized their playing in former games. After the ball had changed hands a few times, and Reybold had made a 40-yard run before he was downed by Kirsch, Delaware crossed the line for a touch-down. Osmond kicked the goal. No more scoring was done in the first half. Between the halves Capt. McDonald called his men together, and evidently gave them some very good instructions, because, when play was resumed, they took their places with determination to play good ball depicted on their countenances. And they did play good ball. Time and time again they went through the line for big gains, and Hazel finally carried the ball over the line for a touch-down, McDonald kicking a splendid goal. On the next kick-off the ball was fumbled, and the runner was downed on the 25-yard line, where the ball was lost on downs. By repeatedly bucking the line Delaware managed to get the ball behind Villanova's goal. No goal resulted from the touch-down. When Villanova received the ball again they made a desperate effort to tie the score, but time was called with the ball on Delaware's 25-yard line.

On account of the great interest taken in Foot Ball there were many followers of the game, who were debarred from a place on the first eleven on account of weight, experience, etc. For the benefit of these a second team was organized and Chas. D. McAvoy elected captain. Many of the members are promising young players and no doubt will soon be candidates for positions on the regular team. Up to date they have played four games without having suffered defeat.

On Monday, October 28th, they met the Catholic High School representatives and defeated them by a score of 8-6. It was a hard-fought game throughout, particularly in the last half, when, by repeated attacks on the centre, they were enabled to score their second touch-down, thereby winning the game.

On Saturday, November 2d, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, they went to Wayne, Pa., and played the Wayne C. C., defeating them, by all-round team work and superior interference, by a score of 4-0. On Thursday, November 14th, they met the Catholic High School for the second time, again being victorious by a score of 4-0. In this game McAvoy received the ball, on what was claimed to be a fumble, and made a run of 80 yards. The run, although much disputed, was allowed. On Thursday, November 21st, they journeyed to Ogontz, Pa., where they played the Cheltenham Military Academy team. There they demonstrated what team work will do against weight, winning by a score of 6-4. It was a game devoid of roughness and full of interesting playing, and not until time was called was the result a certainty.

Exchanges.

We are pleased to welcome to our sanctum for the first time three important visitors in the form of the following college journals: *The High School Times*, of San Francisco; *Normal Echoes*, Stroudsburg, Pa., and *School Bells Echoes*, Merrill, Wis., each containing very interesting reading matter.

The High School Times is a well filled magazine, with several instructive and entertaining articles, among which are adieu to the flowers, a pretty poem, and an essay on character. In the *Normal Echoes* we have a clear concise sketch of Stroudsburg, describing the natural beauties and historical interests of the town; also two essays entitled "Natural and Social Environments"; a brief delineation of Cuba's struggle for freedom, and a poem, styled a "Seaside Dream." Judging from the contents of the *School Bells Echoes*, we consider it a progressive little paper, and hence hope to see it outgrow its present frailty and become a big journal in the near future.

The Wake Forest Student, whose interesting contents should be a source of edification and amusement to every one of its readers, again graces our table. The advisability of publishing short stories as well as essays in every college magazine is clearly illustrated by the *Student*. By this method such periodicals are less apt to become monotonous, and hence demand more attention and find a greater welcome in every home. While thus considering the merits of the *Student*, we advert with pleasure to the *Golden Medallion*, which, though curiously compounded, is really bright and captivating. And as the scene is changed the vision of "Daisy Dean" rises distinctly before us.

While reading the bright pages of those magazines hailing from the different female colleges, we pause to dwell with pleasure on the knowledge that we have likewise sisters in the journalistic world. The gentle rebuke for some fault, the refining influence are the invaluable characteristics of a loving sister, and such qualifications are found in the *Agnetian Monthly*, *The Mount* and others. Hence we bid them special welcome since they teach us two great mottoes: *Virtus in infirmi tate et, Prodesse quam conspici.*

The superstition of the past is well described by the *Manitoba College Journal*, in an article entitled "A Single Instance." As superstition has ever been the handmaid of ignorance, many of its causes have been removed by our unparalleled scientific progress during the 19th century.

Of this vice the *Manitoba Journal* says: "But of all the forms of ignorance, the worst has been superstition; and of all the kinds of superstition, none has been more widespread or more terrible in its results than the belief in witchcraft."

SPLINTERS.

Bones.
 Duster.
 Mascot.
 Wouldn't—
 Smoke up.
 Odd or even?
 "Pillosopher."
 63 won them.
 "Frenchman."
 "Is it contagious?"
 He'd like to be—
 "Rah! Rah! Rah! Supper!"
 How's the horse, Mac?
 "Only one lock of hair."
 Yes, indeed, President—
 Of the Class of '96, O yes.
 "Say Bill, what is asbestos?"
 "Who stole that fat pillow?"
 "It cures headache of the feet."
 They sing of the cigarette, my amulette.
 Now we can add sweet Juliet.
 "Who dropped *that* in the corridor?"
 A *darling* they call him, O father dear!
 How did he get under the bed? Who can tell?
 "Father, it was a misunderstanding!"
 "Whoa! Whoa! Come down. Well, go then!"
 Have you heard of the new music rack?
 "Are you going to have any more funerals?"
 "I am afraid not. They are all in good health."
 The Philadelphia Dentals were a *drawing crowd*.
 "Joe, what are the principal parts of the verb hear?" "Here and There."
 We have a little joker now,
 From Philie he doth hail,
 But if he doesn't stop, I trow
 He'll find himself in jail.
 Isn't it about time there was a little rain in
 "Paradise Alley?" We can have too much "Sun-
 shine," you know.
 "Gentlemin, the other bys are doin' well, but
 you're doin' nothin' at all."
 "Do you see that?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Thats' what the blind man says."
 "Are the proprietors in?" asked the visitor
 looking around the room.
 "I don't see them," answered the other, he is
 dusting off the parlor set.
 Such sights as Billy saw that night,
 'Twas with the window open wide.
 They heard him yell for legs in fright—
 "He comes! He comes! 'Tis Mr. Hyde!"

Why yes, E.—"Kai! Kai! Kai! Yai! Yai!
 Yai! is the Indian yell.

Billy put up a fine game in the picture of the
 football players.

"Oh that was a mighty fall" when they pushed
 him over the banana stand.

We hear them speaking of a wheel,
 And beauty seen astride it;
 But our R. P. will know no peer
 When once he learns to ride it.

"They fought till they couldn't see, then they
 had their eyes lanced and fought on." Oh, Bill.

Mr. McC. says: "R. has been debarred from the
 Pious Union."

Society is all interest just at present, as the
 engagement has been announced between the dis-
 tinguished foreigner, Lord Hawk, and the accom-
 plished heiress, Miss Marguerite Marie Casey H.

A team one day came here to play,
 And with it a tall man;
 But quickly comes our Joe that way,
 To view him closer if he can;
 Throws back his head and looks on high,
 As if to see the wonder.
 But quickly off does Joise fly,
 I'm safe, if it falls, by thunder!

Ye Lexicographers, Critics and Dudes! Atten-
 tion!

The Duke de What's-his-name has decided that
 the stage is an elevation of boards.

The wise boys vowed they'd have some fun,
 So then down stairs they soon did run,
 Bearing the means and source of joy,
 Then began sport for each wise boy.
 Great toasts were made and old songs sung,
 To the blue sky their Class yell clung;
 Old Sporty, too, was present there
 But George cared naught but for his hair.

Puer et puella,
 Ambulant together.
 Magna sub umbrellâ,
 Vocant de the weather.

Very slippery via,
 Pedes slide from under,
 Puer non upholds her,
 Triste, triste, blunder!

Cadit on the ground.
 Sees a lot of stellæ,
 Adolescens hastens,
 To aid of his puella.

"Rustice!" exclamat,
 "Relinque me alone!
 Nunquam dice mihi
 Till you for this atone."

Non diutius do they
 Ambulant together,
 Nunquam speak as they pass by,
 Non etiam de the weather.

—Eureka Pegasus.

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Villanova Monthly

Vol. III.

Villanova College, December, 1895.

No. 10

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A voice comes sounding o'er the hill,
A light gleams in the sky ;
And lights may blaze, and songs raise shrill
Their *glorias* on high ;
And bells may peal o'er all the earth,
In noisy, joyous strife,
To chronicle the Saviour's birth—
Redemption wakes to life.

A voice comes sounding o'er the hill,—
A voice? Yea, voices thousands strong :
All nature joineth in their song ;
The rivulets that dash along
Their treble bring :
Old ocean's rougher, gruffer roar,
With sound melodious on the shore,
Rounds out harmonious the score—
The wild notes ring.

A voice comes sounding o'er the hill,—
Yea, as of old !—
The voice that touched with mighty fear,
The trembling shepherds, gathered near
Their lowly fold.
And this the sound, the bells they ring,
These are the words the waters bring,
This is the song the angels sing—
Peace unto earth !
Ring out, oh bells, your wild refrain,
Sing out your loudest, mighty main,
Stars, blaze your brightest
Hearts, beat your lightest,
Peace, come to earth, proclaim
The Saviour's birth !

A voice comes sounding o'er the hill
Touched with new light.
Hear it, my soul, and heed,
Drink of its joy, thy need,
See with thine inward eye the radiance bright :
Singing, in raptured cry,
Glory to God on high,
And its responding, Peace unto men !
Glory to God on high,
Glory to God, we cry,
Voices may fail us, hearts speak again ;
Glory to God on high,
Glory ! Hosanna ! cry
Christ bringeth down to earth Heaven to-night.

J. I. W., '95.

The Plebeians of Ancient Rome.

At the mention of Ancient Rome, the thoughts of those familiar with history revert to a period when the Eternal City sat like a queen, mighty in her wealth and the glory of her achievements, surveying as her dominions, the whole of the then known world; whilst to those not so conversant with the events of the past, this name brings an idea of extensive, unlimited power and grandeur, and each alike feels a secret pride in adverting to her history, and in considering the vast influence that once accompanied the mention of that distinguished name.

But Rome was not always great, neither did those citizens who contributed much to her glory and prosperity always enjoy the advantages of impartial laws. There was a class of her inhabitants forming the sinew of the state, who, at one time, were looked upon by the patricians as the equal of slaves, and these were the plebeians.

In the early days of Rome's existence, the inhabitants were divided into three classes, the patricians, the clients, and the plebeians. The former were men of wealth and power, whose ancestors had founded the city, and who helped to strengthen the authority of Romulus and his successors against all foreign and domestic enemies. They alone enjoyed the full privilege of Rome's peculiar institutions.

Then there were the clients, those who sought Rome as a domicile, after wars in their own respective provinces, or a reversion of fortune rendered them destitute, and also those voluntary immigrants, or refugees from other cities, who, for the sake of protection, attached themselves to the patricians as free vassals.

And the third class was the plebeians, distinguished from the clients, in as much as they did not subject themselves to the patronage or authority of the patricians. They were mostly Latins, who settled in Rome for different motives, and lived as a distinct people, despising the power of the nobles.

Although small in number at first they gradually increased until they finally formed a large percentage of Rome's population. They were, however, simply inhabitants enjoying none of the privileges and protections of the law; neither permitted to serve in arms, nor allowed to make a testament, although tacit consent suffered the children as nearest relatives to inherit their property.

The marriage of the plebeians was not recognized by the state, nor were they permitted to offer public sacrifice. Punished for every slight offense, imprisoned and laden with chains for debt, the

social condition of this unfortunate people was really deplorable.

Thus they dragged out a miserable existence for many years, until their sufferings were partly ameliorated by the interposition of Servius Tullius, and his many wise enactments. But over two centuries passed away before they received any civil or judicial recognition. Step by step they fought, and were finally successful in that uphill battle for social and political equality. The state, forced to acknowledge their influence in peace and their power of arms in war, at last listened to their demands, and conceded to them a certain office, presided over by tribunes, whose duty it was to guard the interest of their constituents.

This put a stop to the long and cruel oppression, and gained for them some definite rights as citizens. Only for awhile, however, were they satisfied with this inferior office, for by repeated attempts they forced their oppressors to open for them an avenue to the higher offices, until they finally asserted their rights as citizens eligible to share all the honors and dignities of the State. Although emancipated from their former condition, they still remained a distinct people, looked upon with disdain by the nobles, who, by word and act, impressed them with the inferiority of their position.

History furnishes no more graphic account of a long and continued struggle between the oppressor and the oppressed than that of the patricians and the plebeians. It is true that the nobility yielded to them from time to time, but it was force rather than sympathy that secured these concessions. Their ultimate and entire emancipation, however, was reserved for a later and more enlightened age, in which their freedom depended not on the concessions of the patricians, nor the grace and caprice of kings, but rather on the doctrines and advancement of the Christian faith, which taught Christian charity and the equality of all men.

Such, in brief, is the progress of a people, whose history begins with the infancy of Rome itself, encumbered by the shackles of infidelity and oppression, struggling for recognition and justice. Although ever advancing onward with the hope of acquiring that great ideal, liberty, the barriers to its accomplishment were finally removed only by the downfall of Rome's Pagan throne and the wielding of a new sceptre by a Christian hand.

GEO. A. BUCKLEY, '96.

To St. Stephen.

"Nomen habes 'Coronati'
Te tormenta decet pati
Pro corona gloriæ."

Who shall take from thee thy name,
Great Stephen? None. Nor fear nor shame
Shall snatch from thee thy crown!

St. Augustine of Hippo.

EIGHTEENTH PAPER.

For as their perfections,—their beauty and shapeliness of form, the delicacy of their mouldings, the brilliancy and charm of their colors, and the gracefulness of their motion, are in no way the result of their own fashioning, hence neither plant nor beast was formed to take part in the higher life. Hence, as is evident, the possession of science and the practice of intelligent and righteous virtue is wholly beyond brute power, and the only organic creature that could be destined for a life of immortality is the human.

Accordingly, with the consummation of life and their fulfilment of its services, the creatures of earth will pass away, and the age of symbolism will be followed by the age of never-ending Truth and Reality.

With regard to this non-immortality of organic or inorganic substances, never, be it observed, among the peoples of earth, excepting such as were steeped in the deepest mental, and the lowest, the most repellent moral, social and religious depravation,—never has it been held that brutes or plants were to share with their masters and owners in the glories and joys of the life hereafter. The essential limitations of plant-and beast-nature forbid such misbelief as this.

Of all facts (recorded in story) this stands out itself in bold and prominent relief as the pre-eminently plain and unmistakable verdict of the sages of the world. For if the irrational world of organic and inorganic matter while mysterious is yet also sublime and God-like in its character, order, symmetry, harmony, usefulness; if in this world each plant and brute typifies in some degree the attributes of the All-wise, All-powerful goodness of God, (and just in this resemblance—the symbolism of plant and beast—lies their real excellence,) far more mysterious, because more sublime, is the intellective world of angel and man, wherein in each individual spirit are reduplicated not only the marvels of material creation, in symbolic form, but the wonders of God's living, best and priceless graces and gifts in all the fulness and richness of their invisible and spiritual reality.

And similarly by reverse reasoning in every age of the intellectual world its sages recognizing just as clearly that beyond the confines of this visible and perishable life of earth, is another far nobler and really eternal and divine, have held that life on earth is for that very reason to be followed by another life,—the life in Heaven, which in the fulness of its richness and glory, the radiance and splendor of its knowledge, and the grandeur and

immensity of its infinitely varied beatitudes, is to be the guerdon of only the virtuous and heroic. So that human sense, human feeling, human policy, would have labored to create an immortality of the after-life of its own, had not revelation already taught it. But we must not anticipate the majesty and loveliness of the reward in the higher life.

So far in speaking of life in its lowest phases,—of senseless life in plant and brute; we have sought simply to emphasize the principle that all life worthy of the name is naturally beneficent in its energies, fruitful, holy, and in so far God-like in its essential features. This is all we have essayed to set down; that God's meanest creatures are truthful, striking and very plain-speaking witnesses of the power, goodness and wisdom of their Maker.

Nothing so well portrays to the pious and reasonable imagination the attributes of the Almighty Being Himself, and the refinement, delicacy, gorgeousness, and infinitely varied beauty of the eternal life of God, as the multiform variety of His creatures in the visible world, the flowers of the field, the immeasurable brilliancy of the heavenly bodies, the beautiful order of life everywhere apparent in His creation. A certain species of saintliness (due to their beneficent character,) that calls for our reverence and benediction, attaches to all creatures in the world of divine Omnipotence. This saintliness of creation is a reflection of the infinite Saintliness of the Maker.

We leave out all mention of the wonders of the vegetable world, the countless species of plants and trees and fruits and flowers, and will dwell for a moment only on one characteristic of the brute world, wherein is viewed this wonderful skill and forethought of the Creator.

This characteristic is instinct, greatest of all the marvels of organic life, that peculiarly subtle and mysterious agency amounting almost to positive genius,—the inheritance,—birthright—of every member of the insect, fish, bird, reptile and brute world;—the power, namely, that instils in them the most wonderful habits of cunning ingenuity and careful industry; controls them in their ways of life; guides and leads them to the fulfilment of their wants and needs; rules them in their choice of food, soil and habitat; warns them of the changes of temperature and the seasons, of the variations of the winds and tides; models their homes, constructs their burrows and nests; watches over them on their voyages and travels, and like an angel guardian shows them what to do and what to shun. Brute instinct ever careful, beneficent, infallible, as is sound sense in the intellective world, to which it corresponds, is of all God's likenesses in the organic world the most peculiarly attractive to the

scholarly student of nature. We can never cease wondering at its marvels.

But while recognizing in the visible world these material and outward counterparts of the infinite excellence of the Deity,—of His majesty, grandeur, wisdom, prudence and power, of the richness, grace and holiness of His divine Life, we see also that this masterly handiwork of God, in the senseless world, portrays only in gross, dim, symbolic form the possibilities of the higher life in their fellow creatures in the human and angelic worlds.

For symbolism is nothing else than the setting forth of any great truth—reality, by an imperfect sign, as eternity by a circle, the immortality of life by the phoenix. Thus God wished the potencies of the outer world and of organic life to be the first plain, easy, simple lessons in our rudimentary knowledge of His existence.

But as the symbol is the witness of the truth, reason recognizes also that it never was, nor could be, within the scope of divine Intelligence and Bounty, that the limitless possibilities of healthful living energy, the realization of God's Wisdom and Goodness, should be exhausted in merely organic beings, that are born to-day, and to-morrow perish, that (in few words) the perishable should be the guage of endless bliss and life in God.

To now return to life. Life, as we have observed it in its varied phases of development, means not inertia, not inefficiency, not barrenness. It is not a lethargic state of pent-up energies. Life essentially argues activity, fruitfulness, beneficence, in the intelligent world of creation, the pursuit and grasp of knowledge and goodness, with their consequent rewards of grace and happiness. Life, thus, in its highest phases, denotes a state of complete, hearty, whole-souled restfulness, for in this alone lies happiness. And yet at the same time life is a state of blissful activity also; not of such activity as bred of feverish, unhealthful, and unnatural whims and fancies of the disordered mind only harrasses its holder and burdens and wears him away, but a quiet, gentle, calming workfulness of the spirit alone, wherein viewing Truth, which it has ever sought, in all its sublimity and beauty, the intelligent mind now enjoys and delights in this truth, and shares it with others with the tranquillity of spirit, that born of sure and never-ending possession knows that what it gives will be returned an hundred fold.

For, as experience teaches in all our ways in life, only lasting and unchallenged possession of what one really loves and esteems, in the intellective order, the possession of truth and virtue, in one word righteousness, wholly corresponds to and

satisfies the yearnings of one's noble and divinely gifted nature.

Moreover, all nature, because of its God-given power to serve and to do good, is, as we have observed, invested with a kind of kingly dignity, or worth, a quasi-divine sovereignty in its excellences and attributes over its fellows in the created realm of life.

Far then above the world of sense and instinct in the grandeur and beauty of its development, its perfect harmony and order, far more charming and delightful than the mere fleeting perfections of the outer world as viewed in plant and brute, is the life of pure intelligence, of the free and independent spirit, a life that is not moved as in dumb and irrational things in the same monotonous groove of action and their absolutely unchanging dependence on other irrational things, but a life that in its complete severance from created life is dependent, moved, guided, and perfected unto all bliss solely by the Spirit of divine Righteousness within it, of that Spirit, which is at the same time the Life and the Light and the Way.

Let us for a moment view the greatness of intellective nature. And truly as regards the power, excellence and beauty of intellective nature, at its best, utterly indescribable however in adequate terms, we may by easy reflection see how by its acumen—the analytic energy of the created mind, only one of its many and varied powers, the intellect is able to peer into and study the essence and nature of things in the visible and invisible worlds of God; to understand their character, uses, properties; to unfold and fathom the mysteries of creation; to sound the secrets of the unknown, aye, of the Eternal One Himself.

For all knowledge—of things in heaven and earth, is obtainable, according to the promise of the Maker, by them that follow Him.

Again we may see how by another of its powers its comprehensiveness, its synthetic and luminous grasp of all principles of truth, the intellect is able to condense (as it were) within itself in all their beauty, glory and order, the marvels of the universe, of the outer and inner worlds of creation, of matter and spirit; and by a kind of creative power of its own, reproduce—re-create in the laboratory of the mind,—the treasure-chamber of its memory, this world of reality in brilliant yet microscopic form.

Practically there is no measure to the receptiveness of the intellect. The inner world of thought is coequal to the outer world of reality. The more one learns the more he sees he can learn.

Moreover one may observe how by its constructive energy and genius,—still another of the attri-

butes of nature, (for all nature is fruit-bearing, beneficent, as well as operative in its ways,) the intellect with its artistic power and skill, illumined by the Light of divine Truth, is able to grasp all its treasures of Truth within itself, and assembling them in minute, nay, infinitesimally small panorama, to picture to itself, (through its intellectual fancy,) all the principles of truth, all the glories and grandeurs, and lovelinesses of the universe of God's Bounty, and even of God Himself.

Such in few words is the constructive, decorative and creative power of the mind,—the real intellectual genius of the creature, when its greatness has been fully developed and the Spirit of the Most High is in full sway. T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

Twelfth Night.

A STORY FOUNDED ON SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY.

It was a beautiful morning upon which Sebastian and his twin sister Viola set sail for Illyria. Not a cloud was to be seen in the pale blue sky and the water was as smooth as a mill pond. All on board were light-hearted and gay, thinking that they would soon reach the end of their voyage; but who can tell what a few hours will bring forth on the sea? They were sailing scarcely four hours when a terrific storm swept over them, tearing away the sails and masts and bearing the ship over the waters as though it were a cork. Those aboard took to the boats, but they were no better off; for in a few minutes the boats capsized and their occupants were scattered in every direction. Sebastian and Viola were separated, and she would have been drowned had not the captain seized her, and clinging to a plank soon reached the shore, bearing her unconscious in his arms. Kind hands were there to help them, and in a few minutes they had Viola restored to consciousness.

The captain then told her of the wreck and how they were separated from Sebastian. Her sorrow at the loss of her brother was intense, for he had never before in the thirteen years of their existence been away from her side, and she felt it the more now that she was alone in a strange land. The captain cheered her somewhat by saying that when he saw Sebastian last he was tying himself to a mast, and perhaps he had reached land in safety; which he did, farther down the coast. He told her that they were in Illyria, a beautiful country, ruled by one Duke Orsino, who was deeply in love with a noble princess, Olivia by name. She did not return his love, but mourning the loss of a fond brother denied herself the society of all men. The Duke sent messengers again and again to tell

of his love and devotion for her, but without avail, and unless she had selected within the past three months the Duke would be still unmarried. Viola, captivated by the description of Orsino, desired to serve him as a page, and she persuaded the captain to get her the necessary garments to conceal her identity.

When she had donned her male attire, although quite womanly looking, it was almost impossible to distinguish her from Sebastian. The captain took her to the Duke, who was immediately charmed with this page Cæsario, and received him into his retinue. He soon grew very fond of Viola, and confided to her the secret of his heart. He sent her as messenger to Olivia, and commanded her not to return 'till she had an interview with the Princess. At first Olivia would not receive her. Viola persisted, and would not go from the gates 'till she had conversed with the Princess. While she stood in front of the palace a clown came to her, and after much jesting and talking to her of his mistress, Olivia, tall, dignified, with dark hair and eyes, dressed in mourning, although not a beautiful woman, yet possessing that womanly tact and good breeding which makes one attractive, appeared and demanded what was her message. Viola then pleaded for the Duke, telling her of his long and constant love, how he was prepared to grant any favor that she might ask if he could but have her love in return. That his was such a suffering, deadly love, that it could not be recompensed though she were crowned the nonpareil of beauty.

"Your lord knows my mind," said Olivia. "Go to him, tell him that I cannot love him. I know that he is noble, of great estate, that he is young and handsome, free, learned and valiant, but yet I cannot love him, and he might have taken his answer long ago."

Viola returned to the Duke and related what Olivia said, but he would not be satisfied, but sent her again and again. Olivia, instead of loving the Duke, grew to love his messenger, and ever watched for the arrival of Viola, who could not understand the strange manner in which the Princess received her, and why at her departure she gave her presents of all kinds.

On one occasion, when she returned with the same answer, finding the Duke in a very dejected mood at his ill luck, she endeavored to cheer him by telling him that he would yet find some one to love him as she did, for indeed Viola loved the Duke as much as he did Olivia, but she could not show her womanly heart while in male attire.

The Duke was not the only one who pleaded in vain for Olivia's hand. Sir Andrew Auguecheek,

an aspiring, pensive, self-conceited fop, who had more money than brains, and who thought that by gaining the good will of Sir Toby Belch, a whimsical, madcap, frolicsome Toby, as full of antics and fond of spreeds as he was wanting in money to gratify them, that he might win her. But Sir Toby made a fool and butt of him, and by promising the hand of his niece Olivia succeeded in having lots of fun and cheating him out of his money. He was also the means of making Sir Andrew intensely jealous of Viola by telling him that Olivia was making love to her, to see if Sir Andrew really loved the Princess. He advised him, and after much labor persuaded him, to scare Viola by a challenge to mortal combat when next she came to see the Princess.

It was on one of these occasions that Viola first met the two worthies, and we can imagine her surprise when she received a challenge from Auguecheek to fight with swords. It certainly placed her in a very peculiar position, and at first she was about to rush to the Princess for protection, but upon the assurance of Toby that Auguecheek was a coward, she determined to brave it out. As they drew their swords they were interrupted by the appearance of Antonio, a sea captain and a friend of Sebastian, who commanded Sir Andrew to put up his sword or he would have to fight with him instead of Viola, who he thought was Sebastian. While the two were still talking officers appeared and arrested Antonio as a pirate. As they were about to take him away he asked Viola for the money he had given her and which he would now need. She naturally refused, and told him that she knew nothing of his money, not having seen him before that day, but for the kindness he had done her she would lend him something. Antonio grew furious and accused her of lying and ingratitude. Addressing the officers, he said: "This youth I snatched from death; I took care of him, hoping that he would live to be an honorable man, but what a vile creature he is. Oh! Sebastian, you have done an ungrateful thing; the mind is the only blemish in nature, for none can be called deformed but the unkind." The officers then took him away and Viola, wondering what kind of a man she had accosted, returned to the Duke.

Meantime Sebastian, who was to meet his friend Antonio in a town close by, set out to find him, and when not far from Olivia's palace was met by the Clown, who mistook him for Viola, and told him that the Princess wished him to return to the palace. Sebastian told him that he did not know his mistress; but the Clown insisted that he did, and that he only had left her a short time before. To

please him, Sebastian concluded to go and see Olivia, and as he was walking through the garden Sir Andrew, thinking that he was the page Cæsario, struck him. Sebastian thought at first that he was in a madhouse and struck Sir Andrew again and again, and only desisted when Olivia appeared. After sending Sirs Toby and Andrew away, she addressed Sebastian, being deceived as the others were into believing him to be Viola: "Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway in this unjust extent against thy peace. Come with me to yonder walk and remain there till I return." Sebastian, wondering, followed her, saying: "What relish is this? how runs the stream? am I mad or dreaming? If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep." She then left him and in a short time returned with a priest and insisted on their being married. Sebastian consented, and they went to a chapel near by.

While the ceremony was being performed the Duke and Viola appeared outside and demanded to see the Princess, but the Clown persisted in keeping them out, and although he entertained them with his foolish jests, the Duke was growing weary of his nonsense and was about to use harsh measures when the Princess presented herself. He renewed the offering of his love, hand and fortune, but Olivia again refused and told him he had already received his answer many times. He and his page then were about to depart, but the Princess endeavored to retain Viola by demanding why she was going to leave her wife, or had she forgotten her pledge so soon. The Duke, thinking that Viola had deceived him, accused her of being a sneak, and soon was in a very angry state. Amidst this confusion Sebastian walked toward them from the garden only to surprise all still more. He spoke to Olivia, but she was so amazed that she could not answer him, when, upon gazing around the startled crowd, his glance fell on Viola, he was as much surprised as the rest.

"Do I stand there?" he said, "I never had a brother. I had a sister, but she was drowned. What kin are you to me? What is your name? What your parentage?" She replied, "I came from Messaline; my father's name was Sebastian, my brother's likewise, but he was drowned, and if spirits can assume form and shape you have come to frighten us."

"A spirit I am, indeed," replied Sebastian, "but of the same flesh and blood as when I was born; but were you a woman, I should say you are my twin sister Viola." Imagine the surprise of all when Viola replied, "If nothing prevents us from being happy but these clothes, do not embrace me till I bring you to a captain in this town, with

whom I have left my woman's clothes, and who recommended me to the Duke as a page."

The Duke then spoke to all: "Do not be amazed; and if it is true, as yet it seems to be, I will have a share in this happy wreck, and, fair Olivia, since I cannot marry you, I will take a wife who has loved me long and whom I will love in return. Hereafter you and I will be as sister and brother. Cæsario, come here; you have said a thousand times that you would love none other as you love me, now go change your page's costume for one that becomes you better, and henceforward you will be Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen."

A. J. PLUNKETT, '96.

"Formation of Character."

What a priceless gem is character!—it is the very essence of man's existence. By it he is weighed in the mind of his fellow-man, by it all the movements of his life are directed. Kings may boast of the greatness of their domains, they will fall as others have fallen before them; merchants may amass great wealth, yet wealth will avail them naught when they have cast aside the garb of mortality. But to the man of noble character there remains a possession which time can never impair, an unheard of wealth, though it may not be the riches of this world, but a treasure which will profit him when earthly possessions would be useless.

A man may be an excellent physician, lawyer or accountant yet if there is wanting in him the essentials that go to make an upright character what would his skill do towards putting him in a position of trust? For who will risk his interests in the hands of one who is known to pursue a questionable mode of life? If, then, character is such a potent factor in the existence of man, should not the greatest care be taken in the formation of it? A sculptor may carve a statue, and after great labor has been expended on it, if it does not appeal to his mind as beautiful he can easily destroy it and as easily begin to carve it anew, but a character once formed cannot be formed anew, it is a lasting statue which has been chiselled out by its owner, and in proportion as he has done his work well so will it appear to the world at large.

But how can this nobility of character be attained? In every man there are the essentials, but his is the duty to cultivate them, he can indeed be a man but his manhood must be the result of labor of his own. Above all, he must value reputation as he would great wealth which had been entrusted to him, for without that he cannot hope to aspire to any position of honor. The world needs honest men and will reward them for their honesty, for they strengthen the trust which man has in man. But, in fine, if one would strive for this excellence of character he must prove himself worthy of it, and then it cannot be denied him.

To build up this manhood one must begin in youth, always having in view the end to which it leads. Youth is the time when destinies are

formed, when associations leave an almost indelible impression on the mind. This time of life is as the poet Horace tells us:

"Cereus in vitium flecti."

But if it is so sensible to impressions of vice, surely, if accompanied by determination of mind and remembrance of its great effect on after life, will it not, with a slight effort, be just as sensible to impressions of good? In youth, associations have much to do with the bent of one's whole life, for as companions are chosen, then so will they be chosen afterwards. When the school-room is first entered this influence of association usually begins, so from this it can be inferred that with the early teachings of parents rests much of the responsibility for the good or evil arising from the early associations of a child. For when principles of goodness have been inculcated, naturally, companions who are wanting in these principles will be shunned, but if the teaching of goodness has been neglected, the child, as yet ignorant of what is to be held as good, will not have the same disgust at evil when he sees it in others, and little by little will become accustomed to it, and becoming accustomed to it means nothing less than finally following its allurements. When college life begins this influence becomes more apparent, for then the little power that parents might have is removed, and the Freshman, "just free from mother's apron-string" is sometimes taught by those around him that he must distinguish himself by participation in all the "events" of college life, in which rules are broken and authority set aside. But, happily, this element in our colleges is very small, and the student who has the misfortune to become a member of this small band usually forsakes it in a short time, and we find him a sedate Junior writing essays on "Love of Superiors" and "Pleasures of Obedience."

After this comes the final trial, when the world must be faced, and there is no hand but his own to guide. Then he must guard every action and weigh every word carefully, for by these he will be judged. He is a man then, and must conduct himself as such; there is no loving parent then to chide him for his wrong-doings, no kindly superior to correct him, and by words of kindness make him see his wrong.

No, but there is the cruel, heartless, uncharitable world to censure him precisely as—yes, how often more than his fault deserves.

Then it is that character avails him—it stands as a bulwark against the attacks of his enemies and goads him on to greater deeds.

And if character is such a noble possession, what care should be taken lest in anyway the character of another be injured, for when it is once injured it cannot be repaired.

As Shakespeare says:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

H. T. NELSON, '97.

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EDITORIALS.

It was not so very long ago, it seems but yesterday, that many people gravely feared, and a few, perhaps, sincerely hoped that the great rebellion against the game of foot ball would find its vortex in the season of '95. In fact, for a time, we all had our hour of weeping and our hour of apprehension, but in the space of a year the complexion has assumed a marked difference in color, as we find that on Thanksgiving Day was closed the most brilliant era in the history of the manly art. And now that this season has ended in a veritable blaze of glory, and that base ball and other sports adapted to warmer months of the years have sought the Southern clime we should devote ourselves wholly and perseveringly to our books. On free days we should hie ourselves to the college library and busy ourselves in those books in which we seek amusement and yet find moral and intellectual growth beneath their genial rays. We need not dwell upon the advantages that are to be derived from a familiar acquaintance with books. It suffices to say that, after the grace of God flowing into us through the channels of prayer and the sacraments of the Church there is no greater solace to the soul than the soothing words of a good book. In order to receive proper instruction and self-improvement

we must read with great care. We must consult the authorities quoted; we must verify facts, and we must have in view the determination to get at the very basis of the truth underlying statements. When we are reading any great masterpiece and begin to find it wearisome, let us not give it up; rather let us arm ourselves anew for the task, reflecting on the years of labor the master gave to the gathering together of the material of this great work, and then the unlimited patience with which he toiled until it came forth polished and stamped with his personality and made current coin for all time. Such an effort will endear the book to us all the more and impress it more lastingly on our memory. Let us endeavor to follow the rules for reading which Bacon has handed down to us: "Read not to contradict and confute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention."

CHRISTMAS, the feast of lights, the metropolis of all festivals is with us once more! The bright sunshine of the Christmas Holidays with all their benign influence is about to cast aside the sombre garb of ill fortune and arouse in the heart of everyone that irresistible joy peculiar to Christmas. Few are the hearts that do not feel the elevating and joyful influence of Christmas. It is a time when we are nearer to God and farther away from that which is merely earthly and material; where we are, so to speak, in contact with the Divinity, whence we draw inspirations to a deeper devotion and more clearly appreciate what life means and what it should be, the stepping stone to eternity. It is the time when lights gleam from many a window pane, as inside the joyous circles gather around the hearthside; when old stories are repeated by venerable grandfathers to merry grandchildren, who in return sing with silvery voices quaint old carols. Those carols which welcome old King Christmas right joyfully, and crown him with holly and mistletoe. We bid him a reluctant farewell when the hour for his setting out is at hand, for his departure leaves us dully stranded on the every-day cares and duties which we have briefly forgotten in his company. And out of whose shades we emerge better able to carry on the strife of existence.

May all our patrons, friends and readers enjoy a very merry Christmas and a most happy new year, and take advantage of all the joyful occasions of this season of festivities.

IN this edition of our monthly we include a picture of the students who so valiantly and stubbornly fought to maintain the superiority of the *White* and *Clue* on the "gridiron." This Fall has practically witnessed the debut of our college in football, and bravely indeed have our representatives fought for worthy recognition in that world where the "pigskin" reigns predominantly. Considering this fact and the comparatively light material from which the eleven was chosen the boys deserve the greatest credit for their splendid showing and for the many victories which they have won. Let us hope that next year they will have an opportunity of displaying their strength against the teams representing the great universities of the East.

WITH this month's issue THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY closes the third year of its life in the glad environment of acknowledged success. That it has proved itself to be a staid and sterling college periodical, depending solely and simply upon its literary excellence, is certain, as it has demonstrated a very strong proof of that excellence that enables our monthly to hold its own in the teeth of the sharp competition with its richly-endowed rivals. To our Very Reverend President we do owe the bulk of our success. He it was who first distributed ideas and schemes with a prodigal hand, put a guiding, a permeating influence into the enterprise, furnished, as it were, the mortar of fertility to the bricks of ability he had to work with, and the result is the structure of THE MONTHLY'S success. We earnestly hope that our friends and subscribers will be ever so solicitous for its success in the future as in the past. To them we extend our deepest gratitude for their constant, willing, and helping hand. One of the burning questions now in the colleges for the higher education of the young man is whether the seniors shall wear the cap and gown. "At home" the students of the senior class have already adopted the wearing of the cap, and on the opening of the next term expect to add the gown, in conformity to the style of dress adopted by older institutions of learning. Although many arguments have been hurled against this custom, certain it is that the cap and gown are emblems of devotion, for the time being, to an intellectual life. They help the mind in its effort to set itself apart from alien pursuits; they are indications of a separation from the prevailing fashions and frivolities. The wearing of this habit will have a strong influence on the purposes of the student and help to keep him up to them. It is like the uniform to the soldier or the veil to the nun—a sign of separation

and devotion—and with the cap and gown the student will, at least, feel that he is in line with the pure traditions of learning.

A Course of Lectures.

Within a short time a most interesting feature in Villanova's course will begin. With the advent of winter comes the shivering desire to be entertained in-doors, and the Faculty, with that promptness ever so characteristic in promoting the welfare of the students, has determined upon a plan which cannot do otherwise than effectually aid the students in their desire to drink deep of the Pierian spring. A series of lectures has been arranged to be delivered monthly in the College hall during the ensuing term. The subjects of same will be consistently chosen to the calling of the men who will instruct us. About the end of January we will be addressed by the first of a list of eminent men, great masters of experimental science, of ancient learning, of our native eloquence and ornaments of the Senate, of the pulpit, and of the bar. What greater pleasure can be anticipated than that which is attendant upon the hope of listening to that great English critic, Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., of the Catholic University, who has kindly consented to deliver the first lecture of the series? His ability as a scholar has attracted the attention of all classes of citizens of the United States. A brilliant debater, a forcible and eloquent speaker, gifted with a thoroughly equipped and well-balanced mind, he stands a conspicuous example among the great English scholars of this age. In February we hope to be honored by the presence of him whose name is never to be mentioned without reverence by every lover of letters, Bishop Keane, also of the Catholic University, at Washington. Who is he who has not heard of the wonderfully successful work of Bishop Keane in behalf of that institution, which is daily eclipsing the Universities of America in the branches of higher learning; who has not read of his powerful and all-wise utterances on the necessity of education, and who is not acquainted with the lofty genius and the undisputed services of Bishop John Keane. Hon. Judge Smith, of Scranton, and John T. Lenehan, Esq., President of the Alumni, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., are among this coterie of prominent men? Fellow-students, it remains with us to show that their talents will not have been wasted on selfish or ignoble objects, but rather employed to promote the physical and moral good of us all, to broaden our intellects, that we may defend the cause of true civil and religious liberty against the tyranny of bigots, the cause of virtue and order against the enemies of all law, divine and human.

Spiritual Retreat.

It is a worthy and pious custom in our Catholic colleges to hold during each scholastic year a spiritual retreat. During this precious period our boys divert their attention from study and sport alike, and attend more closely than usual to the study of eternal salvation. For while our Holy Church is most desirous that her children be well instructed in the science of the world, she wishes them not to lose sight of the science of Heaven. Her Doctors and theologians have well proven that Faith and Reason are compatible and agreeable companions, and they have shown plainly that Reason, when illumined by the rays of Faith, is a weapon infinitely more trusty than when it is bereft of this pillar of fire and light enkindled by the hand of God Himself.

On the evening of December eighth, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the retreat for the year '95 was commenced under the direction of Rev. John J. O'Brien, O. S. A., Prior of the Convent of Our Mother of Good Counsel, at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

The various conferences and sermons were listened to with an intense interest which was most edifying to all, and which was particularly pleasing to the Rev. Director himself. The days of retreat began with morning prayer and the celebration of Holy Mass. The conferences, morning and afternoon, were devoted to practical explanations of the Commandments and Sacraments, especially in their applicability to the young man and student.

In the evenings Fr. O'Brien discoursed eloquently on Salvation, Repentance, Perseverance and kindred topics. The exercises of each day closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The retreat was concluded on Thursday morning with Holy Mass, at which all approached the altar to receive the "Bread of Life," as pledge of life eternal, and an earnest of their intentions to persevere in the good resolutions made during the days of grace.

Our Christmas Entertainment.

On Saturday evening, December 21, the Dramatic Club will give a Christmas play. "The Bells," a powerful drama now closely identified with the names of Henry Irving and the Philadelphia favorite, Creston Clarke, will be produced.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of presenting such a piece in a creditable manner, our boys are confident that they will add to their former good reputation as amateur players. The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to the purchase of new scenery for the college hall.

It is to be hoped that the Society's former patrons will attend in large numbers, and that many new friends will favor the performance with their presence.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Near to the cave of Bethlehem
A little star-flower grows;
Tho' nurtured 'mid the rocks and stones,
And sprinkled oft with snows,
It bloometh at the Christmas time
Fairer than any rose.
No color but the blue of heaven
Was meet for that fair flower,
Nor could it wear a shape of earth,
But bloomed in form a star.
It blossomed first at that still hour
When angels sung to men,
When Christ, the Prince of Peace, was born
A babe in Bethlehem.
Then hail to thee, Sweet Christmas flower,
The first in our regard;
Would that our hearts would bloom as fair
In grace before our God!

W.

EXCHANGES.

The *Amulet* for November contains a very interesting article, entitled the "The Catacombs of Paris," in which all the peculiar characteristics of that gloomy city of the dead are vividly described. In this article the writer leads us in spirit through this extensive subterranean vault, making agreeable the journey, and awakening in our imagination strange fancies of what will occur when those innumerable skeletons are reanimated and summoned forth from their temporary resting place.

The *Sunbeam*, like all sunbeams, is always productive of light and cheerfulness. It contains many choice compositions in both prose and poetry, notable among these, in the last issue, are the leading editorial, and the debate, Resolved, that man has more conceit than woman. Although we looked in vain for the Madame President's unbiased decision, we hope our exchange will pardon us for awarding it to the negative.

The following College Journals have lately made their first appearance this term in our sanctum: The *Niagara Rainbow*, from Niagara Falls; the *Holy Ghost Bulletin*, Pittsburg, Pa.; the '96 *Reporter*, Kenosha, Wis.; the *Acta Diurna*, New York. In addition to these we have also received the *Salesian*, a journal devoted to the progress and interests of the De Sales Association, of Philadelphia. All the above mentioned are journals displaying that true spirit which should actuate all progressive, up-to-date periodicals, namely the instruction and amusement of their readers. Hence we extend to them a hearty welcome, and hope to see them often.



BUFFINGTON. CONWAY. LABARDESQUE. McDONALD, (Capt.) ROGERS.
NOLAN. McCULLOUGH. KIRSCH. HAYDEN.
DEFORGE. HAZEL.

SOCIETIES.

V.D.S.—On Wednesday evening, November 20, the debating society assembled to discuss the question: Resolved, that political parties are an evil to our Government. The affirmative side was defended by Messrs. G. A. Buckley and E. J. Wade, and the negative by Messrs. A. J. Plunkett and D. C. Flynn. After the society had been called to order by the Rev. President and the minutes of the last meeting read and accepted, G. A. Buckley opened the debate and endeavored to show the evils that have attended political parties wherever they have existed, but his arguments were, considered, as a whole, rather weak. Then A. J. Plunkett, after refuting some of the former speaker's remarks, brought forward several good points in defense of his side of the question. After him, E. J. Wade, by his timely remarks and flow of language, did much to impress his hearers. D. C. Flynn arose next, and displayed great keenness of perception in the way he brought out all the weak points in his opponents' arguments. The Rev. Chairman finally gave his decision in favor of the negative. The literary committee then reported, and the following members were appointed to debate the question, "Resolved, that Ancient Rome has exerted more influence on civilization than Ancient Greece:" Affirmative, E. T. Wade and H. T. Nelson; negative, E. P. McKeough and A. X. Dooley.

Owing to the efforts of the Rev. President a new feature has been introduced into the society, namely, extemporaneous speeches on the topics of the day. It is a practice that must be beneficial, for it brings into use all the faculties of the mind and is an incentive for members to become conversant with current topics.

V.A.A.—The Villanova Athletic Association held its regular monthly meeting on December 1st. As the constitution and by-laws, drawn up by the committee appointed for that purpose, were to be acted upon at this meeting, most of the members were present. The meeting was called to order by the president, A. J. Plunkett, and after the minutes of the last meeting had been read and accepted, a report of the secretary and treasurer was made and accepted. The constitution and by-laws were then read, and after a few changes, deemed necessary by the society, had been made, they were accepted and the committee discharged. There being no further business before the house the meeting adjourned.

V.L.I.—The Villanova Literary Institute held a regular monthly meeting, on Wednesday evening, December 4. After transacting the ordinary business, a vote of thanks was tendered the Faculty for the beautiful copy of Walker's International Atlas presented to the Institute.

PERSONALS.

The news of the departure of Dr. J. J. Morrissey, '81, from Hartford, Ct., for Chicago, has just reached us. Prior to his leaving a complimentary banquet was given him by his many Hartford friends. Dr. Nathan Mayer, in responding to the toast "Our Guest," on that occasion, referred to Dr. Morrissey as "a man of character, of action, of talents, of efficiency in his profession; of loyalty to his race, his church, his friends. The doctor has always been a staunch friend of his *Alma Mater* and she now wishes him, in his new home, unqualified success.

Owing to the remarkable success of the foot ball team, the manager, A. J. Plunkett, gave the members and substitutes a dinner at the Hotel Windsor, on Dec. 4. The table was beautifully decorated with the College colors, *White* and *Blue*, interspersed with flowers and plants. The manager presided, and after a very enjoyable meal was partaken of the following toasts were responded to: "The Faculty," Fr. Coar; "Clerical Enthusiasts," Fr. Leonard; "Senior Sympathy," E. T. Wade; "Athletics," Capt. J. F. McDonald. Afterward the party attended the Broad Street Theatre.

SPLINTERS,

'Little Billie.'

"I'm so shleepy."

"Toast and Tea."

"I'm no longer your child."

"When are you going home?"

"Will you come and take dinner?"

I bought a baby cradle just for a kid.

"This is the Class of '96." "Oh, is it!!!"

"Gim me the boxing-gloves! I'll kill 'em."

Query:—"Why did he think W.'s name was Crow?"

"Hey, Jimmy! Who is Governor of New York now?"

"Why, Tom Reed, of course; any fool would know that."

Bobby:—"Pa, do they call young eagles eaglets?"

Pa:—"Why, yes, Bobby!"

Bobby:—"Then, I suppose, they call young bulls bullets."

Even the Union Traction Company, these few days, is compelling Philadelphians to be true to nature.

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Even the Union Traction Company, these few days, is compelling Philadelphians to be true to nature.

One of our *a la mode* costumers was overheard making the following remark: "If you wish to be good looking you must be tight."

There were Mr. Hydes in abundance that night; eh, Bill!

He shouldered his gun at the break of day,
Of his skill at sport he bragged;
But when he came home, the knees of his pants
Were the only things he had bagged.

"When I return I will be able to tell you more about those seven-cent fares."

Where was the FIRE sale? *Red* sweaters are quite plentiful just now.

Jimmie's record was only seventeen; "but what could the poor boy do?"

"Raphael isn't giving any chocolate to his friends. It costs money to get it."

"I found that it was a bald eagle that carried away my friend's wig."

Oh, who can forget the night of the Fourth!
I can't. Can you?

The night that we to the city went forth,
Great things to do.
Though cabbies were fooled, and canes were lost,
We had a good time regardless of cost,
And none are the worse of that holocaust;
I'm not. Are you?

Duque walks in his sleep, hence is going to join the Philadelphia police force.

"A lad boxed my ears and told me that I was hit in the head."

They call him the sleeping beauty, but it must be found in gentle Willie's feet.

You should see *Shorty* chasing a B(1)uff out of Mr. Hop-up's sumptuous parlor.

Sleeping away was a lazy lout
In an emerald room close by,
But a naughty boy the gas blew out
And at Billie tin cans let fly.

When he said H.—H—H—Had a g-g-great time, we believed him.

Who hit Felix in the head with the ice pick.

The Piper blew again when he said that he reported to the *head* and would not go to the *feet*.

The genial and extremely popular Mr. R. wishes to announce through these columns that he will be "at home" on New Year's Eve. See!

Open the door cried a voice in the night
To Willie who stood on the floor,
'Twas rich to see him sneak out of sight
When the P—. waltzed in that door.

You can't fool the SPANISH, as is evidenced by the following: "I no pay seventy-five cents to go to a play when I can no see." You are making progress, Raphael.

Is it the mumps or a boil
Our Ed wears now
Upon his *damask* cheek?
Oh! Oh! dear friends
Hear him bark bow wow,
Then good humor left the freak.

Johnny S.—George B. has cross-counteracted on you this time with the following hard one: A card shark ought to make a good CLUB swinger.

The latest from *our* Willie: First I was Piper, then Sophocles, then Socrates, then a thief and finally a gol-darn fool. I wonder what they'll call me next.

What did he say when they all told him that they had eaten *mince pie*?

You can talk about your Etta's, but what do you think of a man who is looking for KATIE-(d)etta CIGARS?

'Tis Sunday morn and all is bright;
But why do crowds with all their might
Proceed in haste down to the sheds,
To see the horses with raised heads
And talk about a black or grey?
Well! s'pose you walk yourself that way.

SOAPSUDS.

If you read *Truth's* X-mas number,
On the last page you will find
An advertisement of beauty,
Soap and cleanliness combined.

But our friend so all-observant,
At a glance saw something there
That reminded him of Thompson—
Trolleys missed one morning fair.

When he paid his quarter, blushing,
(I'll not mention any name,)
How surprised he was to find that
Others knew his little game!

QUERY:

If he'd risk his little quarter
While we stand around and chaff;
Truly, *what* would he not offer
For a life-sized photograph?

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C. K. ROBINSON, Secretary
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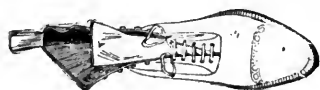
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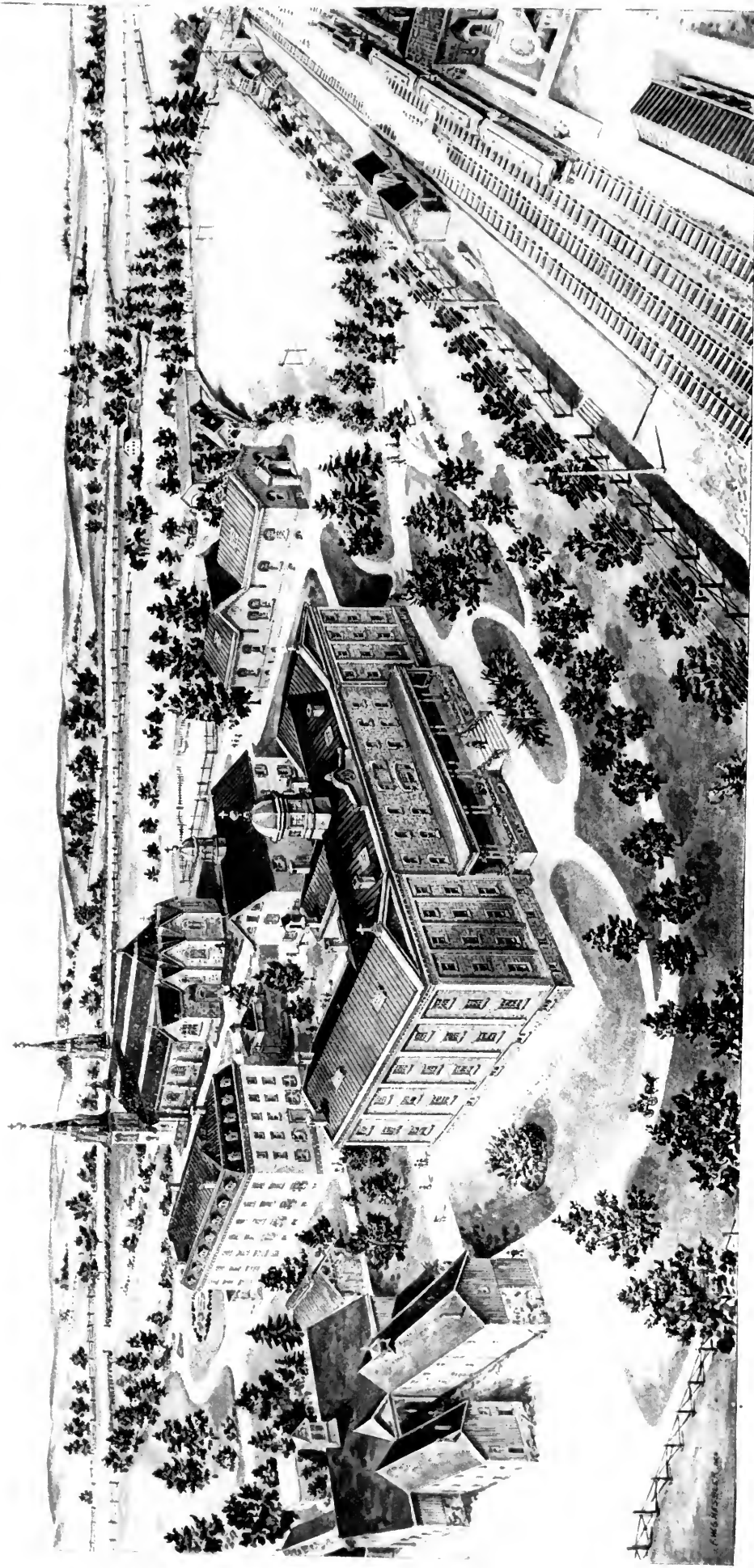
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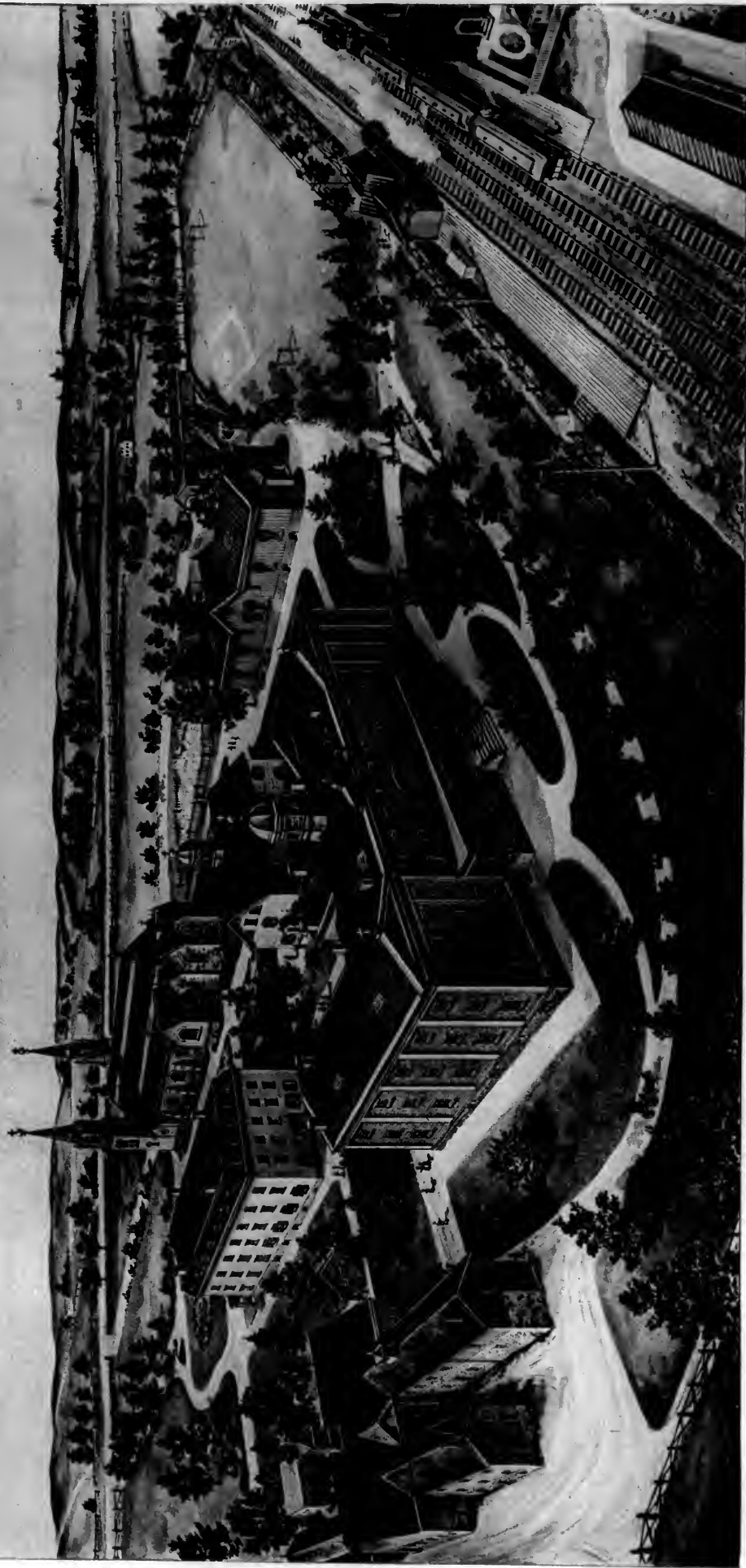
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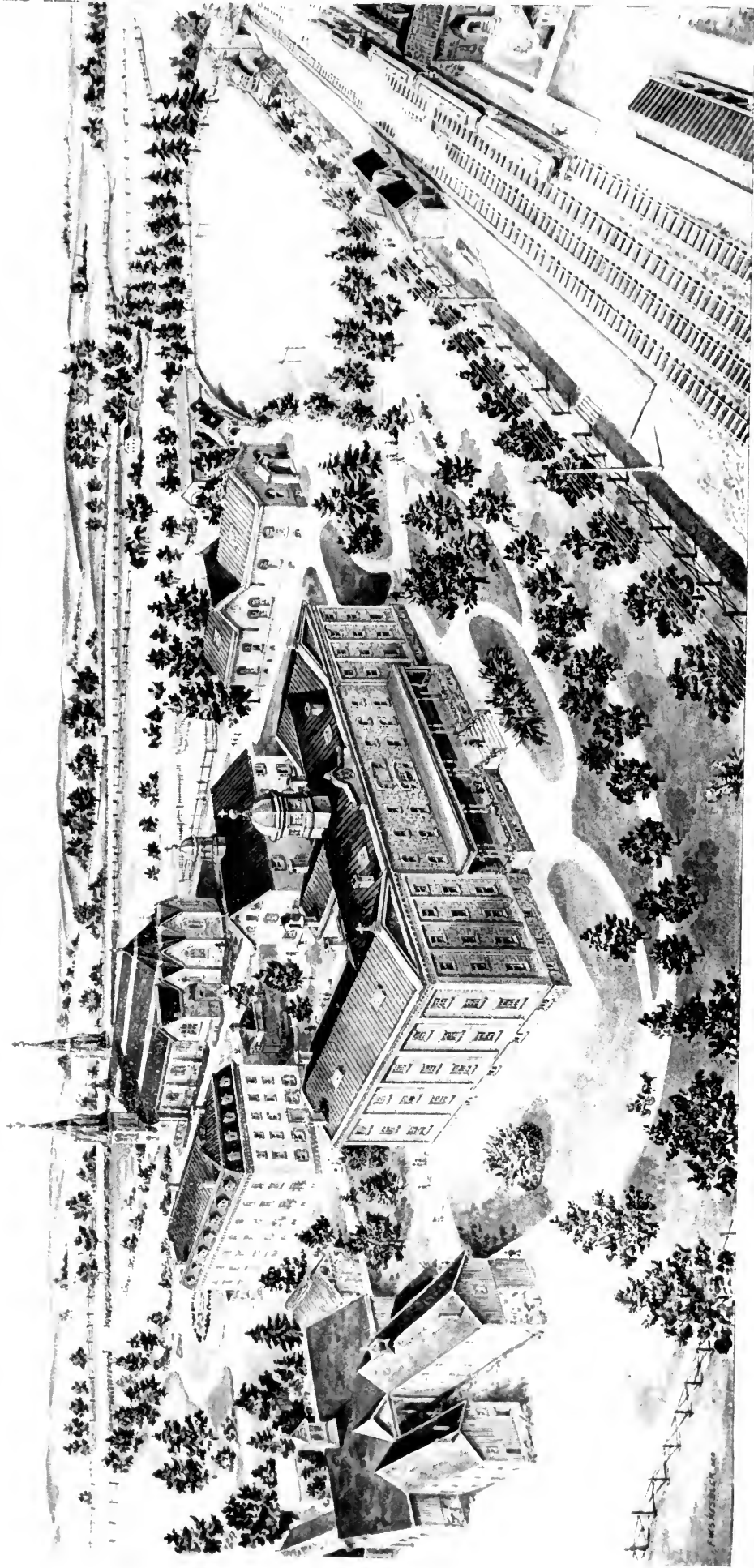
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Villanova Monthly

Vol. IV.

Villanova College, Jan.—Feb., 1896.

No. 1.

Bishop Keane's Lecture.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE.

After expressing his pleasure in visiting Villanova and lecturing to the students the Bishop went on to say: I have chosen for my theme this evening the "Philosophy of Literature." But what is Literature? Literature at its best may be defined as the highest expression of the highest human thought. But there is so much of literature that is base and sordid that tests are needed in order to determine its excellence or want of excellence. As we all know, the chief test of education is the taste for reading which it gives to men. But we must seek the principles of reading which should be followed through life, or how literature in its primary object is a source of knowledge and good to man, and this brings us about to science. Science aims at stating facts, Philosophy at seeking principles and truths, and Literature gives forth man's thoughts and impressions, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Literary performances are judged by certain tests. They must be beautiful, true and good. Beauty, truth and goodness are not made by man. They are above him and are called ideas and for philosophy gods. Then religion and theology add their light, showing the full meaning of things, the full beauty of things, and the full power of art. The performances which are true and beautiful and good are those which have stood the test of criticism. Such are the standard works. Criticism applied to literature does not pass away as a transient pleasure, but is oftentimes lasting. No man writes for himself. He writes for other eyes.

When the literary critics began to examine the

Bible, and to question this, and to question that, there were many who were afraid that the whole structure of biblical knowledge was being undermined. But the final result has been very different from that. The critics have learned wisdom as they proceeded; their early presumption has been corrected, and little by little it is discovered that the criticism has been for the good of mankind, for nothing remains but that which is capable of withstanding all the tests.

In this way does criticism pass judgment upon literary productions and preserves that which is best for the benefit of man. There are no treasures that mankind possesses that can be compared with these heirlooms of the past. I think it was Carlyle who once hazarded the opinion that England would sooner be without her Indian Empire than without her Shakespeare. He said that England would indeed be sorry to give up India, but that she positively could not give up her Shakespeare. No! Our literary treasures are better than all the possessions of wealth, better than all outward acquisitions. Literature at its best is the highest expression of the highest human thought.

We have seen that criticism passes judgment upon literature, and separates the good from the bad; but what are the tests that criticism applies in order to determine the excellence or want of excellence of any production?

The first test is Beauty. The object of science or philosophy is to instruct, but the first object of literature is to please. Literature, while pleasing, may instruct, but that is a secondary purpose. Beauty, then, is an essential element in literature; but what is beauty? What is it that makes a thing beautiful? What is the strange faculty within us

that is called the sense of beauty? It is a very difficult question to answer. There is probably no human being totally devoid of the sense of beauty, and yet perhaps he who has it strongest can hardly tell us what it is. It is far better, however, to have a true sense of beauty than to be able to explain just what it is.

The sense of beauty comes from somewhere, and we may be sure it comes from God, and that among other purposes it is intended to assist in determining the value of a literary production. But all good things are sure to have their counterfeits, and the more excellent they are the more are they likely to be counterfeited. There is a beauty that is meretricious and bad and in order to detect the spurious imitation it is needful to apply other tests besides the sense of beauty.

The second test is Truth. We have to ascertain whether the literary work is in accordance with the facts of science and with the truths of philosophy. In other words, is it true? If it is not true, its beauty is only a mask and a lie—a superficial quality that will not long deceive mankind. As we proceed to apply this test, as we proceed to try whether the words of a writer agree with known facts, we shall find that there is a great central fact—a fact of facts with which it must agree, namely, that of human life. If ever a literary production does not harmonize with human life, we may be sure there is something wrong somewhere.

This brings us to the third test, Goodness. Literature that does not harmonize with the facts of human life, if it is not in accordance with the welfare of humanity, is not good. Here, then, we have the triple tests of beauty, truth and goodness, and we must apply them to everything that is put forward for the acceptance of mankind.

But where did these tests come from? Who invented these criterions? Reason, in endeavoring to answer that question recognizes that there could be no possibility of telling truth from falsehood, unless there was a Supreme Truth to test things by. Reason recognizes that we could not discern between the beautiful and the unbeautiful, unless there was a Supreme Beauty. In the same way Reason is bound to recognize a Supreme Good. Now what are these supreme qualities? Clearly they are above Man. Art calls the supreme, the Ideal. Philosophy calls it the First Cause—God. That which Art calls the Ideal, Philosophy demonstrates to be God. Thus both Art and Philosophy look through Nature up to God. Then Theology comes to their assistance—not looking through from below, upward, but looking from above, downward.

If we study we may recognize that the Science

of Facts lead to the Philosophy of truths, and that Philosophy necessarily leads to God and to Religion. Therefore, in the synthesis of all reasonable things must be included Science, Philosophy and Religion. We never see things in their full meaning until the researches of Science and the reasonings of Philosophy are irradiated by the light of religion. We need the union of all these three.

The artist never discerns things in their full beauty until he sees them in the light of Religion. It is the light of Religion that gives to Art its Ideal, and Art is Art only in so far as it shows forth that ideal. You will see what I mean by observing the difference between photography and Art. Photography simply reproduces facts, but Art strives to present those facts in such a way that the Ideal may be seen shining through them. Art was born at the altar. Religion is its soul. This light from on high not only enables us to recognize the full possibilities of Art, but it helps to understand the artistic gift.

Philosophy and Theology both teach us that God, the First Cause, is necessarily true, beautiful and good. And when God gives existence to Creation, Creation must mirror forth in some degree the perfections of the Creator. They teach us also that the culmination of Creation is Man. Man is the compendium of all. He is the microcosm of the macrocosm. Hence in Man there must be the True, the Beautiful and the Good, in such proportions as his finite nature will permit. He should, therefore, be in harmony with the True, Beautiful and Good above him, and the secret sense within him that responds to these harmonies gives him the sense of truth, and of beauty, and of goodness.

Take the piano, and sound over it on a violin or other instrument any note you please, and all the notes in the piano that are in harmony will vibrate together with the one that has been sounded. Just so is man's nature strung that when he comes in contact with the beautiful his being is thrilled in response. In the same way a true man cannot help being thrilled by any heroic deed. Beauty is the reflex of that which is Above, and our sense of the Beautiful is the sense of harmony with the beauty around us. The world would not be the work of God if it were not so.

There are Truth, and Goodness, and Beauty at the heart of things, but a man has to dig through a heap of trash to reach them. Still it should be the object of every man to reach the heart of things and absorb these qualities into his inmost life.

There are many people who are greatly lacking in these higher attributes of life. Some have no ear for music; some are color blind; some are dull

of intellect or are not sensitively strong. The artistic gift of which we have spoken implies a nature that is keenly sensitive in various ways—sensitive especially to the Good, the Beautiful and the True. When anything good comes the artist should be able to feel that it is good; if he sees anything beautiful, he should be thrilled by it, and his nature must also respond to that which is true. Sensitiveness to these qualities is the first element of the artist's nature. The second element is the power of the artist to express that which he is able to feel. Keen sensitiveness of nature and power of expression make the full roundness of the artistic gift.

These two elements of the artistic nature go to form the subjective side of literature. The objective side comprises the facts and truths that are supplied by Science and Philosophy. The objective side is common to all, because the facts and truths do not vary, but the subjective side is the separate gift of each man. Every artist has his own degree of sensitiveness to truths, and he has his own individual power of expression, and, hence, is derived the infinite variety and characteristic of literature.

This artistic gift, combining sensitiveness and power of expression, may come in one of three forms.

Firstly, there are those who are impressed through the eye, who are attracted by the beautiful colors and forms of natural objects. To these the power of expression is by means of painting and sculpture.

Secondly, there are those who are impressed by the ear—those who hear the throbbing of Nature's mighty heart. They are charmed by the melody of sound, but back of every sound they hear the harmonies of Nature. Their gift is to give utterance to their feelings by means of music.

Thirdly, there are those who are most impressed by thoughts. Their power is through the intellect. Their mode of expression is not by painting or sculpture or music, but in the utterance of speech. O! what a marvellous gift is this. The wonderful power of speech transcends all other forms of expression and exhausts them all. What painting has ever given more delight than the word painting of Homer or Milton? What music more than the melodies of Virgil, Pope or Tennyson?

With some, the expression takes the form of verse, and with some of prose. Poetry certainly has its marvellous beauties, but still there are some writers, like Carlyle and Ruskin, who combine many of the graces of the poem with the greater freedom that is permitted by prose. In many a page of their writings is as lovely poetry as was

ever written in verse. Again, if you read a work like Father Faber's "Bethlehem" you will understand how there may be perfect art and rhythm without verse.

Now that we understand that literature is the highest form of art, and that music, painting and sculpture are lower forms, let us see what it is that the literary artist is trying to achieve. If we consider this matter, we shall realize that it is the mystery of life that is always the most absorbing thing to the mind of the literary thinker. His ever-engrossing subject is the wonder of life—its loveliness and its deformity—its joys, its sorrows and its eternal destiny. The problem of life that is the all-important theme to the mind and heart of man. The great object of the literary artist is to embody his views of life in life pictures. He desires to depict the great creation of which man is the lead. He feels the kinship between man and nature, and hence a great artist like Wordsworth knows how to harmonize the two and depict the vital relations between them. He delights in describing natural beauties, but the human interest is always there as well.

More than that, not only is every artistic thinker impressed by life, not only is he endeavoring to give utterance to life in pictures, but he has a philosophy of life. He does his thinking in accordance with this philosophy and he gives utterance to it by his artistic expression. That philosophy of life may be true or false. It makes all the difference in the world whether it is a true or a false philosophy. When you read a strong book by a strong thinker you are receiving the seed of a philosophy of life, and perhaps unconsciously to yourself those seeds will sprout and grow. If they be the seeds of a false philosophy it may be a hard task later on to destroy it. A century ago the philosophy of Voltaire was very much read by thinking people. It was a philosophy of scepticism, and scepticism leads to atheism, and atheism to animalism. The literature that follows that course, that sets forth that philosophy will be a literature of animals. Zola is an example of the results of this tendency. The human beings he depicts are animals. He has declared that he does not believe in God or immortality. He has thousands of followers who are teaching the philosophy of animalism. Looking into a great deal of the literature which is being poured forth, not in France only, but in England and America, is like looking at a muddy stream and wondering where the dirt all comes from.

Such a philosophy of life as that is not only false in principle and pernicious in tendency, but it is also disgusting. Paul Bourget once told me

that the present generation in France hated the scepticism of Voltaire, and were disgusted with the animalism of Zola, and that they were now struggling and striving after something better. The youth of France have found out that there are better things—that there are such things as intellect, and heart and soul. Bourget refers to this subject in "Cosmopolis," one of his later works. The book is largely devoted to showing the working of the animal passion and its harmful results. Near the close he brings the characters into the Vatican garden and shows them an old man dressed in white moving slowly among the flowers—Leo XIII. The old man looks lovingly at the roses and smells them without plucking them off. Bourget says that if men want to seek for that which is true, that old man is one who can show them where to find it.

Take the novelist, Dickens. What is his philosophy? He shows us the beauty and sweetness of humanity, and he makes us hate all that is vile and unfair; but he has no notion of the Ideal or of the Supreme Good.

Literature thus is good and bad in varying degree. Nobody can read everything. You cannot even read all the good books, therefore try to read only the very best; there is no time for the others. Take the writings of Dante as a type of what is best, for he reaches nearer the Ideal than any. Choose only the best, applying the tests to discern that which is good. And if there are any of you who will have the full artistic gift, and will be able to express as well as feel, use that gift only for the best purposes. Strive to write nothing but that which shall be recognized by mankind as Good and Beautiful and True. In this way you may help to bring a better future for the world.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In larks and nightingales we see
What honor hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends,
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

M.

THE FIRE.

The house was wrapped in slumber deep,
At midnight all was well,
When some one from bed in a hurry jumped
And down the stairs in a flurry bumped,
And hast'nd to ring the bell.

What was the cause of his hurry and haste?
"The house is on fire," he said.
The Brothers to the rescue ran,
Each with an axe, or bucket, or pan,
While the Fathers were still in bed.

Hither and thither excited they fly,
Down to the cellar they made
Where clouds of smoke shut off their breath,
But bravely "unto the valley of death,"
Down went the *bucket brigade*.

The Fathers hastened to the scene,
Each one so bold and brave,
And Father McF. with the birdies sweet
Rushed into the night in his stocking feet,
Saying, "These, at least, I'll save."

"Oh, my! Oh, my! What will we do?
See how it blazes bright,
How sadly groan the barren trees.
Alas! our knees will surely freeze,
For there's a frost to-night."

Now all in scanty dress appeared,
Wondering who was to blame,
When in vain, in vain, the heroes tried.
"Go pack your grips," the Master cried,
For they can't put out the flame.

Hurrah! Hurrah! go tell the tale,
"Of battle fought and won,"
We ne'er can forget the terror and fright
That reigned in our villa on last "Twelfth Night,"
Nor Brother Bill's great run.

A. J. P. '96.

ON Thursday morning, February 13, occurred, at Villanova, the solemn profession of Mr. Frederick S. Riordan, an O. S. A. The ceremonies were commended with a Solemn High Mass, celebrated by the Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O. S. A., with Rev. M. A. Ryan, O. S. A., as deacon, Rev. F. F. Commins, O. S. A., sub-deacon, and Mr. F. E. Tourcher, O. S. A., master of ceremonies. Immediately after the Mass, Very Rev. F. M. Sheeran, O. S. A., Prior of the Monastery, assisted by Rev. Father Geraghty, master of Novices, received the profession. A number of Priests and clerics of the Order, as well as the College students were present. Mr. Riordan has been for the past two years a prefect in the College.

A Story Founded on (Plot) of "As You Like It."

In reviewing the incidents of the sixteenth century we learn that the French Republic (now) was divided into dukedoms or provinces as they are now called over each one of which a personage titled, duke, was sole ruler.

About the year 1598, the rightful heir to one of these powers was deposed by an elder brother, Frederick, and banished from the province. The duke thus sent into exile did not rail in angry strains at his misfortune but sought a home in the forest of Arden where with a band of faithful followers he enjoyed the beauties of human nature, subsisted on the wilds of his wooded home and sought not the cares of his usurped dukedom. Each season of the year brought forth new pleasures to this good man, boundless delights which had never before been experienced and when the cold Winter, with its furious blasts descended upon him he would but smile and congratulate himself that he was not subjected to the sufferings of Frederick's faithful servant to whom it was thus bidden! "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

At this time there lived in memory Sir Roland De Bois who had always been a dear friend and a true subject to the banished duke and who, on his deathbed, bequeathed but a paltry sum to Orlando his youngest son, charging his oldest brother, however, to shield him through life and to conduct his mode of living as if he himself were alive. Then began the sadness of Orlando's life. Oliver, the eldest son, was untrue to his charge, denying him even the privileges of the base born and keeping him secured in his own palace. But Orlando, though his education was neglected was yet learned, was full of noble device, had inherited the spirit of his father and soon rebelled against his unjust persecution. Oliver, on witnessing his brother's determination to be freed from the rigorous bond which bound him, became fearful lest he should lose the distinction which Orlando's insignificance thrust upon him and decided to intrigue some plot by which his innocent brother should be removed from this world.

After a short lapse of time, the opportunity longed for presented itself and the one which would cast all suspicion of foul play from himself should Orlando prove as unfortunate as he would wish. During this period a famous wrestler, Charles, issued a sweeping challenge to all, whom it might concern, and Oliver by taunting his brother as to his skill and courage thought to see him overcome by this man whose powers of strength none could withstand. No wiles were necessary to induce this youth to try his brawn of muscle with Charles and he readily agreed to wrestle him.

It happened that the exiled duke had an only

daughter, Rosalind, whom Frederick had retained at his court and between whom and his own daughter Celia there at once were formed a mutual friendship and love which grew stronger as the misfortunes of one and the sadness of the other became manifest. Then to divert the attention of Rosalind who was ever musing upon the injustice done her parent, Celia invited her to attend the games wherein the wrestling bout was scheduled and thither they repaired. When Orlando appeared, each endeavored to persuade him from his seemingly perilous task by adding her entreaties to those of Frederick, but neither their underestimation of his strength nor their portrayal of the fear of his adventure would counsel him to a more equal enterprise, so he departed with their prayers and hearts' desires sheltered in his bosom. A moment later Orlando had proved successful, but on declaring his name and lineal descent to Frederick, the latter met him with ill-favor and expressed that he would he were descended from another who might not be his enemy. When the ladies depicted the grieved look on Orlando's countenance, they sought to cheer him by words of encouragement and Rosalind to testify the sincerity of her remarks took a chain from her neck and bade him wear it as a symbol of friendship for the brave young son of her father's old friend. Rosalind after witnessing the departure of Orlando, could not erase the picture of his nobleness of character, of his splendid physique from her mind and so told Celia who was inclined to twit her for her sudden love for this brave youth. But who ever loved, that loved not at first sight? When contrary to the wicked hopes of Oliver, Orlando proved victorious, his malice knew no bounds and he at once contrived to burn the chamber in which his brother slept, together with its occupant. Adam the faithful old servant of the deceased Sir De Bois overheard the threat of his master and at once informed Orlando of his peril and beseeching him to fly from this place he offered his services and wallet of gold, adding that although he was old in years his "age was as a lusty Winter, frosty but kindly." Orlando much grieved at the cruelty of his brother, accepted the kindness of good Adam and told the old man "he was not the fashion of the times" but promised that ere his youthful wages were spent he would find some means for their maintenance. Together they set out, not knowing whither, till they came to the forest of Arden and there experienced a great distress for the want of food. They wandered on seeking some human habitation till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam could go no further and laying himself down in the bed of the forest, begged Orlando to

permit him to here find his grave, but the bold youth chided him for his lack of perseverance and on receiving Adam's promise to forbear until he could return with food, set out to explore the region about him.

Wandering about he came upon Jacques, a peculiar mixture of melancholy, philosophical nature and good will, who led him to the quarters of the banished duke. He entered upon the party of which the duke is master while at dinner and fearing they were desperate men drew his sword and demanded food. The duke hears him and then questions him as to his name, pursuits and life and when Orlando realizes he is in the presence of a nobleman he asks pardon for his bold appearance. Then the good duke listens to his appeal for nourishment for himself and Adam and as Orlando pictures the sad condition of his faithful servant and begs him if ever he has felt the terrors of starvation, if ever he has known what it is to pity and to be pitied, and if ever from his eyelids he has wiped a tear, the duke offers him and his servant the bounties of his meagre repast.

Whilst Orlando seeks Adam to carry him to this good fortune the duke remarks to his followers: "This wide and universal theatre presents more woful pageants than the scene wherein we play in." And Jacques in replying utters the famous speech beginning: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players; they have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages."

Orlando soon returns, bearing his cherished burden in his arms and the duke welcomes both, Orlando for the esteem in which he always held his father, and Adam in the memory of his constant fidelity.

Frederick, being enraged at the sight of Sir De Bois' son and being for some time past displeased with Rosalind, who was admired by all who knew her, ordered her to leave his palace instantly and follow her father in banishment. In vain did Celia plead for her loved companion; as Frederick declared, his command was irrevocable. Then Celia with that magnanimity which ever prevails in her character decided to share the fate thrust upon Rosalind and devised a plan by which they could in safety seek the wronged duke. The effect of this was that Rosalind should clothe herself in male attire and assume the name of Ganymede while Celia should don the dress of a country maid with the name Aliena, so thus they set out for the forest of Arden, accompanied by Touchstone a whole souled character, the fool of the court.

Many were the trials they bore on that daring journey, and admirable was the courage demonstrated by Ganymede when Aliena was forced to

succumb to the fatigue which weary days and hideous nights had brought. However, when they reached the shelter of the forest of Arden, Ganymede, worn out, too, in his endeavors to relieve Aliena, espied a shepherd who led them to the cote of his master where their hunger and thirst were satiated and where, after a long rest, the strength of their overtaxed bodies was restored.

Thus by this strange co-incidence Orlando and Rosalind reside in the same forest, Rosalind ignorant of his presence until she reads of his many love ditties carved on the trees about them, for Orlando longs for a sight of the maiden he so dearly loves. Rosalind is assured that it is he when she sees the chain, which she had given him, about his neck. She, however, played the knave with Orlando and told him she was only a shepherd boy but would take the place of his Rosalind. So one day she made known to him her magical powers, which were, supposedly, taught her by her grand father, and promised Orlando that he should wed Rosalind on the following day. Orlando half believing, half doubting asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober truth and he declared that if he wished to marry Rosalind on the morrow she would come in person in answer to his wish.

That day as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep with a huge snake twined about his neck and approaching nearer perceived that the man was his own brother Oliver who, he afterwards learned, had been dispatched by Frederick to find Orlando or lose his own head. At the same instant he saw a lion crouched low waiting for the sleeper to awaken (for 'tis said lions will never attack death-like objects). He at once gave battle to it and presently killed the ferocious beast, Oliver witnessing the peril his brother had passed through for his sake immediately begged forgiveness for his cruelty and went to the ladies to inform them of Orlando's mishap (for he had sustained an injured arm) and by his own recognizance. He met Celia and Rosalind, told them of Orlando's bravery and made a complete confession of his misdoings. He seemed so sincere in his demands for pardon and in every respect such a perfect gentleman that Celia was impressed very favorably with him. Accordingly when Oliver, who had fallen in love with Celia on seeing her, sought her hand in marriage it was readily given, and Celia promised to become his bride on the following day when Orlando and Rosalind would be united as one. The next day Rosalind and Celia entered upon the duke and company dressed in becoming female clothing, and the two couples were joined in marriage, the venerable duke showering his blessings on the happy four.

The usurper, Frederick, enraged at the flight of his daughter and hearing that great bands were daily joining the banished duke, organized a large force and repaired to the forest to seize his brother and put his followers to the sword. But by a wonderful interposition of Providence he was met, on entering the forest, by an old hermit who dissuaded him from his cruel undertaking and prevailed upon him to join an order of monastics. The first act resulting from his penitence was to restore to his brother his dukedom and with it the lands and revenues of his followers and friends. This joyful news as unexpected as welcome came opportunely to heighten the rejoicing at the wedding of the princess. Celia complimented Rosalind on her good fortune as she was now no longer heiress to the dukedom; so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or envy. The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding his true friends, and those worthy followers who had so patiently shared his adverse fortune were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke. E. T. WADE, '96.

An Episode.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Although wishing to arrive at Lake Constance as quickly as possible, I was compelled to stop at Vadutz; for ever since our departure it had been raining constantly, and both horse and guide obstinately refused to go a step further, the horse because he was getting into mud up to the girth, and the man because he was thoroughly drenched. In fact, it would have been cruelty for me to insist on further progress.

Nothing but this philanthropic consideration could have induced me to enter the miserable inn at which my equipage had suddenly come to a full stop. Scarcely had I stepped into the narrow passage that led to the kitchen (which was also a sort of living room for travellers) when I was almost choked by an odor of sourcrout, which announced to me in advance, like the cards on the doors of certain restaurants, the menu of my dinner. Now, right here, I will say of sourcrout what an abbé once said of a kind of fish called dabs, that if there was nothing in the world but sourcrout and myself, the world would soon come to an end.

I immediately began to call to mind the whole of my Teutonic repertory and to apply it to the bill of fare of a village inn; the precaution was not a useless one, for I had just seated myself at the table, one end of which was graciously yielded to me by two drivers who were there before me, when the landlady brought me a large deep dish full of sourcrout. Happily, I was prepared for this infamous joke, and I set aside the dish that smoked like another Vesuvius with a *nicht gut* so plainly pronounced that, for a few moments, they thought me a full-blooded Saxon.

Then there followed a brief interval of silence

and astonishment, during which the landlady appeared to me to be busily engaged in arranging her confused thoughts right side up. The result of her reflections was uttered in a voice so changed that, although the words were perfectly unintelligible to me, I could understand the sense quite plainly from the expression of her face: "But, in the name of heaven, sir, if you do not like sourcrout, what do you like?"

Alles dieses ausgenommen—I answered; which means—everything, except *that*.

It seemed that my dislike for it produced the same effect on me as indignation on Juvenal; only, instead of inspiring me with satiric verse, it had given me the power of satiric emphasis. I perceived this from the submissive manner in which the landlady removed the unfortunate sourcrout. I awaited a second course, amusing myself, in order to kill time, by making bullets out of my bread and tasting, with wry faces, a kind of wine which, because of having an abominable flavor of flint and being in a bottle with a long neck, had the conceit to present itself as Rhein wine. "Well!" said I to her. "Well!" said she.

"My supper!"

"Ah! yes." And she brought me back the sourcrout.

I did not want that to last all night, so I called a St. Bernard that was lying before the hearth chewing a bone. As soon as he perceived my good intentions towards him he came to me, and when he had finished I gave the empty plate to the landlady.

"But what will *you* eat?" she asked.

"I will eat something else."

"But I have nothing else," she answered.

"What!" I cried from the depths of my stomach, "you have no eggs? no cutlets? no potatoes?"

"None at all," she answered.

A brilliant idea passed through my mind. I remembered that my friends told me not to pass through that part of the country without eating some of the mushrooms, for which it was famous both as to quantity and quality. But when I wished to profit by this happy thought, I could not remember the German name for them.

"Some—some—" I was saying as if to myself.

"Some," repeated the landlady, like an echo.

I was by this time in a rage. My eyes fell on my diary. "Wait," I said; "wait a moment." I then took my pencil and on a clean sheet of paper I carefully drew a sketch of the precious vegetable; and I can say that my sketch resembled the original as closely as it is possible for a man to reproduce the works of nature. While I was doing that, my landlady's eyes followed me with an intelligent curiosity that made me feel quite satisfied.

"Ah! *ja, ja, ja*," she said, the moment I had finished it.

She had understood me, the good, honest, virtuous woman!!

So well did she understand that in five minutes she returned with an open umbrella.

"Ah! here it is," she said with provoking calmness, handing me my sketch at the same time. Alas! the resemblance was perfect.

That night I went to bed hungry.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

NINETEENTH PAPER.

Above, you have set down in summary form merely the chief graces and powers of the intellect at its best.

But for the full development of intellective nature in the prime of its health, strength and loveliness, to its bearing unto ripeness the imperishable fruits of the Spirit, we must needs join something more,—something that to the fruitful activity of the mind will add also the equally hearty and healthful co-operation, or fruitfulness, of the will. For in the perfection of the will as well as the perfection of the mind lies the integrity, or excellence, of all intellective nature.

If then to this perfection of the intellect, we have just been considering, be united perfection of will also, if this intellectual perfection be strengthened throughout all its energies with the power—the unction—of the Holy Spirit of God Himself, who is the Life as well as the Light of the intellect, then will the intellective creature, in closest imitation of its Archetype, sweeping aside the unrealities, the flimsinesses, the unsteadinesses, of the creates, soaring Heavenwards to the divine world of Eternal Truth,—to the throne of the All-powerful Himself, where unblinded (as the eagle by the sun) with the dazzling splendor of imperishable Goodness,—then will the intellect contemplate the infinite Being of God in the Unity of His Nature and the Trinity of His Excellence, and charmed thereby with its blessed vision of the majesty, beauty and loveliness of the Increate and Eternal Being, now content, now happy, with that vision, it will rest in Him, without whom the heart knows naught but unrest, away from whom there is naught but death, with whom only is there life, health and peace.

Naturally, in the purview of the Creator, to intellective perfection should be joined perfection of the will also. For these two great and magnificent powers—intellect and will, as they were created together, are wholly inseparable, and must always be together, act together, whether for bliss, or woe. In the healthful working together of these two powers lies the happiness of Heaven; in their misuse, the misery of hell.

Observe well, and bear always in mind, that in this portrayal of the blessed possibilities of intellective life, the fulness of its peace, we by no means state, nor would we so have it understood, that the consummation of its intellective perfection,—its vision and enjoyment of the Infinite, is the fruit of the creature's own natural energies. To make the blessedness of the Creator a result of

created energy only would be grievous error. As in the nature of things the create and finite can never of itself by its own unaided energies reach the Increate and Infinite.

But we simply state that the term, or goal, of all healthful intellective nature, to which angels and men were called by their Creator, is God Himself—the Increated and Infinite Being; and that to win this goal, whither all energy in their intellect and will calls them, is the fruit of God's own special benevolence and bounty.

Moreover as in material life, (as we have been observing it,) artistic love, ease, skill is needed to fully develop unto perfect fruitfulness the excellence of plant, or animal, to guard the stock from all baneful influences on the part of other creates—plants, or animals, to continually nourish and succor it in its feebleness, and finally to shelter and preserve it from disaster, so in the intellective order of nature, life is made up of three great stages,—(1) the strengthening, mayhap even the cleansing, or purifying, of one's life from all untoward and evil influences on the part of other creates,—of one's own inner blemishes, weaknesses and faults chiefly;(2)the hallowing of life—the endowing of it with the graces and benedictions of its Maker and Sanctifier. In the present life of man these two stages in life's progress towards its eternal goal are known respectively as the purgative stage and the sanctifying stage. For in each man no matter how noble, how saintly, how gracious, there is always something base, unworthy, godless, that needs the cleansing and consecrating touch of Infinite Goodness Himself. And (3) finally, the Rest, the Peace, the Joy of life, whose excellence—the merciful, ever-bountiful and unending reward of God alone, lies chiefly in union with Him, in undying friendship, in the everlasting enjoyment of His Supreme Truth, Holiness and Bounty. This refinement, this elevation, this sanctification of life in the intellectual creature—angel, or man—belongs to the higher life,—to life at its best and noblest, in the fulness and richness of its perfectness,—the pure intellective life of divine Grace, wherein without confusion with the create—finite, rules chiefly the Spirit of the Most High. And this, we repeat it, if needs be, again and again, is the life to which every intellective creature—angel, or man,—in virtue of its being God's own handiwork, tends naturally, as the magnet to the pole, and easily, we might almost say, as the ultimate term of its existence. For the yearnings of the intellective creature, fitted out as it is, in every energy of its being, in every chord of its will, for the knowledge and love of the Supreme Being, can be satis-

fied only by union with him—by possession of Him, by enjoyment of His Friendship.

And this divineness of vocation in the intellectual creature, this development of the intellect, this sanctification of the will, this purification of self, this mastery of spirit over matter, this sovereign and whole-souled loyalty on the part of the creature to the Creator, is nothing new in the history of the world. When at their best, in the noblest employment of their genius, it is a fact as clear as midday sun, that men have ever aimed at this state of blessed perfection in their worship of the Most High, in their religion, sacrifices, prayers, in their pursuit of the arts and sciences, in their customs and their laws.

In this Godward, reasonable and most natural tendency of man has lain all the excellence of his civilization. And this civilizing of man in the proper development of his energies through the inbreathing of the Spirit of God and the vitalizing agency of the Most High is seen at its best in the Christianizing of the world. And the continuance of this Christianizing energy has brought forth all works of private or public beneficence. Knowledge of the Truth has been the parent of countless and glorious offspring, and to be able to view the creates in their true perspective, to model their lives on this divine Increate, has ever been the aim of all reformers among men,—of the prophets, sages, philosophers, patriots, heroes, and the saints of God.

But this purification of His creatures by the Divine Bounty, this hallowing of them by the infilling of His own Spirit, belongs properly to subsequent treatises. We will not anticipate the full sanctification and loveliness of the intellectual life.

Here in this paper we have sought merely to lay down with full and proper emphasis the basic principles of all genius and perfection in the intellectual order of life.

In previous papers we viewed life in its lowest phases—in plant and animal, in whose manifold excellences we saw as in perspective, sometimes brilliantly, sometimes feebly, the excellences of intellectual life. In this paper we have alluded to intellectual life in man on earth, because it is the midway stage between matter and spirit,—between mere organic life as viewed in plant and brute, and mere spirit life as viewed in the blessed—angels, or men—in Heaven.

For as regards human life—intellectual life in man, one of the noblest forms of living created energy, it may be said truly, that by reason of his composite nature, in part inorganic, in part vegetable, in part animal, and in part intellectual, man

partakes in a way of the characteristics of matter, of plant, of brute, of spirit. Moreover that while sharing with all these substances certain characteristics of their being, certain exigencies of their nature, he may in his intellectual capacity lead the higher—the divine—life, the life of science, freedom, wisdom, goodness, the only life in fact proper to him as a reasonable being. Nay, even more, that he may lead the purely spirit life of the angels, and even the divine Life of God Himself, (for so the Son of God has taught us,)—a life, which in the person of this Son of God—the Christ—has reached the loftiest possible perfection attainable in the moral—the intellectual—world.

For this Son of God, nay, God Himself, being also the Son of Man, was gifted in virtue of His human perfectness with intellectual life (in its human guise) in its highest conceivable form, in all its loveableness, beauty, grandeur; and moreover in virtue of the indwelling Spirit of God, He was gifted also with superhuman—supernatural—and divine perfectness, in all its loveableness, beauty, grandeur, as far as the limitations of His Humanity allowed.

For as on the perfections of the Word, that was made Flesh, all things in the visible and invisible creations were modeled, so in this Word were reflected as in a mirror all the excellences of the material world, the vegetative and sensitive worlds, and the purely spiritual world. Each world of God's creation was moulded on Him as the Supreme Type of all perfection, with greater or less clearness, distinctness, reality, according to the greater or less degree, or power, of receptiveness in each world of its Godlike character.

For this Son of God is the Power, the Wisdom, the Beauty, of the Father; and therefore on the life of this Incarnate Word of God is all human intellectual life to be fashioned.

For the life of the understanding and will, proper to beings of the intelligent creation only, is in man known as *human* life, in contradistinction to mere *animate* life in plants, and *sensitive* life in brutes; while in creatures of the spirit world life there is known simply as *angelic*.

Moreover in both angel and man there is a quasi-infinite range to the exercise of their intelligence and will, and similarly a quasi-boundless receptiveness in their intellectual nature for all—even the loftiest—gifts and graces of the Almighty.

In fact there is practically no limit to the instruction of the intellectual being,—to its adornment and energizing with the most Godlike characteristics.

Once before, it may be observed, we alluded to this receptiveness of the creature. And we return

to it again, for it is the key to many an abstruse problem in ethics,—a truth that helps us solve many an apparent contradiction in all life of the intellective order.

For the sake of clearness in our understanding the problems of life, we here set down this truth in its threefold guise. (1) That the more the sage has learned, the readier is he to recognize his capacity for further learning, and that his hunger and thirst for knowledge and power is unquenchable. (2) That as every mind is capable of learning more than it has learned, so is every will capable of energy to do more than it has done. (3) And lastly that no education, (for thus we style the drawing out and developing of a being's energies and faculties,) no education even of the highest character ever has, so far as we know, exhausted the powers of man's richly endowed and highly cultured mind.

These three reflections on the practically exhaustless character of intellective development represent then the full possibilities of intellective life, for which chiefly man was created.

But we will not anticipate too fully our analysis of human life and the human constitution. Human life is a most marvellous complex but little understood, of very many elements, of which the material and outer ones are only of secondary value and importance.

Difficult as it is for us to solve the complexities of the outer life, whether in man, brute or even plant, far more difficult is it, if not really impossible, to determine the character of those inner energies, which in man, brute and even plant, are displayed so nobly in their efficiency and loveliness in the outer life, and in reality are the basis of all excellence and perfection in the being.

Our prelude (in the foregoing papers) on the excellences of national creation,—the usefulness of inorganic being, the operativeness and fruitfulness of organic being, has been designed in order to prepare the reader for the better and truer understanding of the higher life in the visible world,—of the nobility, richness, loveableness and quasi-divineness of human life, when developed on the lines laid down by a bountiful Creator for man's integrity and perfection.

For though lower than the angels in many of his endowments, in man alone, (as more than once has been observed,) was the External and Infinite Word of God made Flesh.

If, then, we have touched on intellective life in man, it has been merely because in the scale of creation man is allied to matter—to mineral, plant and brute, as well as to spirit. For as he avowedly is the noblest of all creatures in the visible world,

so is he next to the noblest—the angels—in the invisible world. Thus has the Incarnation of the Son of God ennobled human nature.

And moreover there was another reason that led us to touch on intellective life in man, this fact, namely, that though in man and angel life differs vastly in its essence, nature, form; though the limits of angelic life and human life are not easily set, yet in many of its features, human life agrees substantially with angelic life.

For, first, both angelic life and human life are as one in their term of life's existence—everlasting beatitude, whither both angel and man were called primarily by the fact of their divinely endowed nature. Again, they are as one in the essential strength and beauty of their natural endowments,—in the ennobling and adorning character of their powers of intellect and will, whereby they may, if so it be their will, know and love the Infinite Being—source of all their grandeur, and reflect in their individual and personal life the excellences of God's own divine Life.

Thirdly, to both angel and man are given substantially the same powers and graces to secure the term of their existence,—the same Light, the same Energy,—gifts of the holy Spirit of God, wherewith they are endowed with knowledge and holiness,—knowledge of the Divine and Eternal Will of God—the Law of their life, and holiness, that is goodness and blessedness of will, whereby they are ready and able to fulfil that Law in all its plenitude and richness,—the prerequisite of their reaching the goal of their natural as well as supernatural and quasi-divine life.

And, fourthly, we may descry the unison and identity (as it were) of life in angel and man, in that for both, Heaven with its happiness and glory will be substantially the same blessed abode for them that sought it from the outer spirit world, and them that yearned for it while yet living on earth. Yes, Heaven with its Vision of undimmed and ever-brilliant Truth, and its Fruition of unalloyed and ever-blissful Goodness in supreme delight without end, without disunion, will be the lot of all the blessed of the Most High.

In thus portraying the substantial features of life in plant and brute, their fruitfulness, and then showing that their operativeness,—the main characteristics of their life,—are characteristic also of life in angel and man, we have argued on what seem to us logical grounds, namely, beneficence is alien to none of the works of the Creator; it is a mark of all true living energy; that attribute in the Deity Himself that above all others commends itself chiefly to our veneration and love, and the sign of divine goodness that is discernible more than any other in the lowest creates as well as the highest.

In proceeding, then, from the creatures of the lower world—the plant and brute, in arguing from the less perfect to the more perfect—the human being and the angelic being, and thus by close sequence of reasoning, determining the excellence, nobility and beauty of intellective life in the create, we arrive at the grandeur of life in the

Increate, on which all created life and the perfection of life is modeled.

But one word of warning that the reader cannot keep too plainly always in mind, namely, that in his treatment of the scheme of life, he essay not to set bounds to the omnipotence of the Deity, by entangling himself in a maze of systems and classifications, than which nothing can be more dangerous—fatal—to all right reasoning, especially when treating of the Infinite power of God.

Let the reader always heed this, and remember that had the Maker so wished it, He very easily might have limited the exercise of His creative power to bringing forth from nothing merely the visible world of the heavens and earth, and their denizens—the bird, fish, reptile, insect and beast.

Reason teaches this: that the Creator was unhindered by any conditions in His divine Will, and utterly free to display His omnipotence in its outward guise in whatever way He chose.

Again, let the reader heed this other truth also, proclaimed just as clearly and strongly by reason: that God once having declared his purpose of being the standard and prototype of all intelligent and loving life,—of creating a world of living witnesses of His glories, like in their being to His own eternal and divine Being, like in their life to His own wise and righteous Life, then in pursuance of this sublime, most generous and thoughtful plan, He perforce—we might almost say—had to fashion a world of invisible and spiritual character,—a world whose inhabitants illumined and guided by His Spirit and His Truth might lead and enjoy a Godlike life in its fullest development and perfection. And this heavenly, blissful life is the life of pure and undefiled reason. T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

The Influence of Music.

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

Among the many sources of pleasure afforded to man, there is none to which the heart more readily responds than to that of music.

Unlike the pleasures of taste, it fills without satisfying, it intoxicates without stupefying, and when its strains have died away, and the air in sympathetic vibrations no longer bears its joyful message to the soul, like the scent of sweet flowers, its delightful effects still remain.

It is true that the pleasures of sight, such as gazing upon a beautiful landscape, or viewing a storm at sea, are often very impressive, and tell upon the heart with a forcible vigor; they are, however, generally transitory in their effects and soon cease to interest. How different the case with

music. How subtle that enchantment that steals upon the soul and invigorates it, as the morning dew refreshes the flowers. How delightful that mystic language that reveals to the heart pleasures before unknown, or secrets of love, joy, hope, despair. Mark how the very soul vibrates under its alternating influence. Feel the spell that words cannot portray; onward it leads ever disclosing something new, ever elevating the spirit to a purer atmosphere, and into regions where angelic voices fill the air. Witness its effects upon children. When the heart is pure and untrammelled by the cares of life, its magnetic influence is most visible: the young heart, bubbling over with mirth, is attracted by it, as steel is by the loadstone.

"Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!"

Music has always something to tell us. But it speaks not to all alike, for what may be a pleasure to one person is often meaningless to another. Hence it is that a higher class of music alone delights those of a refined taste.

Like electricity, it has a positive and a negative force; and it charms in proportion to the delicacy of that susceptibility on which concordant strains may play at will. Apparently unable to resist its earnest appeal, the heart is willingly led by it to the various shrines of emotion, and in blind obedience submits to its gentle sway. But its influence is not confined to man alone, wild beasts and reptiles are alike subject to it.

The mythological stories of Arion, Orpheus and others have long since passed into the twilight of fable, but this is perhaps because they were too strained. Still it is now generally acknowledged that music is a very potent factor in the training of wild beasts. It has often been known that lions, tigers and boas have forgotten and even abandoned their prey when subjected to its influence. But it is by man alone that its treasures are intrusted; it is by him alone that its charms can be fully known, its delights fully appreciated. It is a pleasure borrowed from heaven, reflecting, though imperfectly, that harmony characteristic of angelic happiness radiating from a being of infinite glory.

Music to the soul appealing
Is as flowers to the eye
Absence, though its beauty stealing,
Leaves effects that never die.

Music leaves a living spirit,
When its voice hath died away,
As a fortaste of that merit
Faith receives at life's decay.

GEO. A. BUCKLEY, '96.

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EDITORIALS.

A GREAT deal of controversy has been occasioned during the past few weeks by the prominence given to the grievances of a sister republic and their relation to the United States, as set forth in the recent message of President Cleveland. The principal cause for contention is the boundary line separating Venezuela from the neighboring British possessions. During the Napoleonic campaign, England was ceded a portion of Guiana, and has seemingly held no particular interest in the country until a German explorer named Schomburgh, returning from a visit to the Southern Hemisphere, reported it to be a land full of promise, having a delightful climate, being rich in gold mines, abounding in splendid forests and having a very fertile soil—in fact, possessing untold possibilities for future development. The English government, excited over the acquirement of so desirable a tract, appointed, in the year 1840, a commission to mark the exact boundary line. The result included the rich gold field stretching along the Cayuni River. The people of Venezuela claim a

boundary line still farther south, which would leave this valuable territory in their keeping and from thence the dispute arose. Of late, England has taken steps to extend still further her claims, and the United States, deeming such action an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine, has ordered the land surveyed and thus prevent any encroachment of the British on the Western Hemisphere. The air is filled with the rumors of war, and the spirit of patriotism has enthused the nation into the wildest and most extravagant discussion of the situation. Why talk of war? America knows no aspirations for other worlds to conquer, and a course of even-handed justice will be the best and only defense needed by the republic. The spirit of the Monroe Doctrine demands that this continent be kept free from the pernicious feudal system of European policy. Moreover new methods are dawning on mankind, one of which, at once easy, honorable and satisfactory, has been found, and, it is safe to say, may always be found, in arbitration. There is no need to prolong the bloody "martyrdom of man" on this American continent, and to settle national feuds by appeal to arbitration is merely reducing to the realm of law the last unconquered stronghold of savagery. The American people approve of this desirable consummation, and the establishment of such a court of arbitration is a moral and political development worthy to crown this age of progress.

ANOTHER year has rolled around bringing in its train a wealth of hopes and fears and ambitions yet to be accomplished. It is the season of good deeds and generous thoughts and is laden with impulses to cast off the old habiliments of distrust and carelessness and assume the bright garb of the righteous. Oh, those New Year resolutions! How they manifest themselves year after year and how delightful the ever happy prospect of becoming better and nobler! How we revel in the thought of conquering this habit and of governing that fault. But alas! Grim reflection takes us back twelve months when all was bright and sunny and we dreamed these self same dreams and aspired to these still unconquered heights. We pause now on the threshold of another year and utter these same longings, but since we are older and wiser may we not expect far greater things of this budding '96? Let not the dissappointments of the past thwart our honest endeavors for the future. Failures may come, but to the truly ambitious they are merely incentives for greater zeal and ultimately lead to far more brilliant achievements. The

The countless number of friends who have from time to time lent kind encouragement may be sure that their good wishes are highly appreciated and will not soon be forgotten.

EVERY now and then we hear the complaints of the chronic grumbler about the insufficiency of our army and navy, the weakness of our coast defences and our utter inability to cope with foreign nations in case of conflict. For a time after the Civil War men were content to permit the subject militarism to enjoy a state of blissful rest, but it still finds many upholders nowadays who clamor for the glory that lies in arms and for the development of that peculiar type of genius which gains prominence only on the field of battle amid the ghastly scenes of warfare. Our national policy has always been one of industry, in fact, the modern philosophers of all civilized nations have agreed that the roll of drums, the shrieks and groans of the dying, the grim and distorted faces of the dead and all of the terrible circumstances of human slaughter should no longer be used to appease the anger of contending peoples. Why then build up useless defences, why maintain, at almost fabulous expenditure, forts and armies that may never be called to action? Why sacrifice the comforts of peace with its public temples of art, its devotion to education and its interest in commerce and manufacture, to the unsatisfactory dignity of possessing a great but useless standing army? Were there no means of obtaining equitable treatment than by recourse to arms, an extension of our naval and military systems might be salutary, but happily we have found in modern times a more Christian like method for settling international difficulties in a bloodless but justifiable manner.

THE college gymnasium whose main purpose is best described by the term "body building" seems, notwithstanding, its beneficial results, to be misunderstood by many. Indeed there are some educators who fail to realize the extent of physical education to be had in the gymnasium and who have done their utmost to abolish this means of strengthening the body against the dangers of ill health. To us they appear to labor under false impressions, as it is difficult to conceive how any injurious effects may be the results when, building up the body in the best possible way, we are really preparing a suitable habitation for the brain. Verily the first development of the brain, like the development of

all nerve centres of which it is the chief is by movement and principally by conscious movement. New Year also marks an epoch in the career of our Monthly. Entering upon a year that is destined to be memorable in many ways the VILLANOVA MONTHLY expects to merit and to gain even a greater measure of success than it has attained in the past. The first years of life are taken up with movement, not always conscious, but as years increase gradually becoming so and as such grow more numerous. With these movements the brain develops. Action, varied yet continued, is the natural method of self development in children, as they come toward maturity less movement is necessary to their health but some is still absolutely essential if they are to enter life fully equipped for the exacting demands of the modern world. So it comes about that, to the college, the gymnasium and the play grounds are still vitally important adjuncts. Thus do we believe that for all students the gymnasium stands as the gateway to the practice of all athletics and whose office exerts a twofold influence and hygienic ducation.

TO OUR many readers we most humbly apologize for the non appearance of the January number of our "Monthly." The opening of the New Year with its attendant inconveniences and obstacles, which must be surmounted, necessitated an unwonted delay. However, "while there is nothing so the equivalent of death as silence, there is no happiness so sweet as that which springs upon us unexpectedly," we trust that this combined edition with its substantial reading will more than compensate for any disappointment our subscribers might have experienced. We promise that in the future each number will appear in due time.

THE first of the series of lectures to be delivered in the college was dedicated on Friday night, 7th inst., by Right Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington. Although Villanova's walls still ring with his magnificent tribute to education on a former occasion, to be again a listener to his eloquent remarks was nothing if not a rare treat. The Bishop's lecture held the audience spell-bound. His mobile face was capable of strange transformations and everything he said was said effectively. Indeed, has it truthfully been said that in Bishop Keane the literary world has a man who in national and international affairs has attained the widest distinction.

EXCHANGES.

Very many of our exchanges for December came attired in yuletide garments, so varied and dazzling that they vied in color with the rainbow itself.

Yet there were many, too conservative to depart from the beaten path, that came in their usual dress, with the same steady pace and an air of self-consciousness which seemed to say: "Perfection needs no addition, our worth is known, let those who would attract a passing notice display their gaudy attire."

We were pleased, however, to see, at so joyous a season, that so many of our sister journals thought it meet, not only to fill their pages with wholesome brain food, but also to don their nattiest apparel, in acknowledgement of that great feast which brings "peace to men of good will."

There has just been concluded in the *Niagara Index* an essay entitled, "Woman in Shakespeare," in which the author treats the subject from a very interesting point of view. We do not wish to be accused of flattery, when we say that we consider the treatment of the subject worthy of more than a passing mention. Various have been the ways in which different writers have interpreted Shakespeare's female characters; yet the author of the present article, by the choice selections with which he has interspersed his work, and the edifying manner in which he has handled his subject, makes it worthy of particular notice.

The January number of the *Niagara Rainbow* contains many beautiful and interesting articles. The dainty little poem "Time's Rosary" is full of beautiful thoughts, while the essays on Tennyson, Moore and Art present to us a fair estimate of the abilities of the students. Although being much pleased with the magazine, it is to be regretted that it does not contain an Exchange Column, in which the editors could display their power of criticism.

In the *Purple*, for January, the most striking article is "Eugene Field and Father Prout." The writer shows, in a very happy way, the resemblance between those two men, and treats his subject in a very intelligent manner. But we cannot agree with the writer of "Individualism in Literature." His statements are entirely too broad. Although a great amount of time is given to "Popular Books," yet the classical works are not forgotten, as the writer seems to think, but holds a most important place in the literature of the day.

The *Viatorian* contains a well written essay on "Industry," and another on "Joy and Sorrow," which are quite interesting. We would suggest that the editors permit the writers to subscribe their names, and let the students contribute more

classical essays, which we venture to say would be highly appreciated by its readers.

The *Owl* has been read by us with the greatest pleasure. Its contents are well selected and are worthy of a place in any of the magazines of the day. The essays on "Cardinal Newman," "Poetry," "Macaulay's Poems," and "Love's Nightmare" display a tact and ease which are very commendable, showing the particular manner in which the writers viewed these subjects. We hope the *Owl* will preserve its present high standard, which is much to be desired in College journalism.

St. Joseph's *School-day Gleanings*, and the *Flash Light* have just introduced themselves to our notice for the first time. They are frail little papers, with reading matter characteristic of high schools, in good standing.

We bid them welcome, and expect to see them often, but hope that when the former appears again it will contain an exchange column.

SOCIETIES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Villanova A. A. was held in the College library on Saturday evening, February 8th. This being the meeting at which the semi-annual election of officers was to take place, all the members were present, and manifested keen interest in the business carried on. After the meeting had been called to order by the President, A. J. Plunkett, the minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted. The Financial Secretary and Treasurer then made their reports, which were also accepted. Then followed the election of officers for the ensuing term, and the manner in which nominations and elections were both carried on speaks well for the retiring officials. Every office was sharply contested, showing a desire on the part of the members for the success of the Association.

The results of the elections were as follows:—President and Manager, D. C. Flynn; Vice-President, E. P. McKeough; Financial and Recording Secretary, W. F. Hazel; Corresponding Secretary and Scorekeeper, H. T. Nelson; Treasurer, J. J. McCullough; Umpire, W. F. Hazel. At the conclusion of the election D. C. Flynn took the chair, and after being roundly cheered, arose and thanked the members for the trust they had placed in him by electing him president of the association, and exhorted all to co-operate with him for a successful season. Our Rev. President, L. A. Delurey, whose presence does much to enliven the association's meetings, then asked the members to use every effort to develop the material at hand for a base-ball team. By so doing,

he said, you will be able to maintain your prestige on the field of sports to which you all look back with great pride. A vote of thanks was then tendered the ex-officials, and the meeting adjourned.

V.L.I.—The regular meeting of the Villanova Literary Institute was held February 1. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted. Then followed the semi-annual election of officers. The results show that the work of the officers of the expired term was very satisfactory as most of them were elected. The officers for the ensuing term are: J. J. Barthouski, W. B. Kenedy, Vice-Presidents; E. J. McKeough, Secretary; Frank O'Donnell, Russell Higdon, Chas. McAvoy, H. T. Conway, Directors.

V.D.S.—The next debate will take place Saturday evening, February 29.

"The Bells."

On Saturday evening, December 31st, 1895, our Thespians presented, successfully, a drama entitled, "The Bells," as acted by Sir Henry Irving. Notwithstanding the diffidence of the society in undertaking the play, the rendition was in every respect creditable, as was evinced by the close attention and constant appreciation of the audience. The grouping was splendid, and the actors moved with an ease and dignity seldom found in amateurs. The acting of Mr. E. T. Wade, as Mathias, a most difficult part, was superb, especially so in the last act, where he dreams that he is being tried for the murder of a Polish Jew, and again, when as a result of this vision he dies. Catherine, his wife, was impersonated in a creditable manner by Mr. Hayes, and Mr. Kelly, as Annette, played the part of the dutiful daughter and blushing bride to perfection. Christian, Quartermaster of the gendarmes, was admirably acted by Mr. Hazel. Of Mr. Flynn, who filled the role of Hans, an Alsatian farmer, it may be said that he, especially, was true to nature, and was all that could be desired. Mr. Plunkett deserves more than passing mention for his fine make-up and ludicrous endeavors to tantalize Sozel, the maid, who was well represented by Mr. Tichener. Mr. McKeough presided at the court with all the requisite dignity, and he was ably assisted by Mr. Shanahan, as clerk. Messrs. Hart, McCullough and Murphy are likewise to be commended for the clever manner in which they played the Doctor, Mesmerist, and Fritz, respectively.

PERSONALS.

Since our last issue Dr. F. J. G. Martin, J. E. O'Donnell, W. J. Mahon, S. A. Kenney, N. A. Dugan, M. J. Mullen, R. G. Kerr, J. J. Hughes, have visited the college.

We are pleased to learn that Dr. Morrissey, '81, who recently moved from Hartford, Ct., to Chicago, Ill., is well satisfied in his new field of labor.

The following, besides the members of the Faculty, were among those present at Bishop Keane's lecture. Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, Rev. Fathers McEvoy, Fedigan, Herliby, O'Brien, Dougherty, Carrol, Rev. A. B. Conger, Patrick Duffy, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. Hookey, John Moore, J. Stanley Smith, M. J. Mullen and Miss Annie Crane.

SPLINTERS.

Fire!

Twins.

"Grand Mougat."

Irish Melodies.

"The Borgie man."

Tick tack, tick tack,

"Willie get me the ax."

Oh but my feet were wet.

Dic-dic-dic-dic-dic.

"Do you smell smoke?"

"That was an awful funeral."

Hop-up is a splendid cook.

That 11.43 exhibition of coat-tail.

"Where did 'Piper' get the chocolate?"

"Why in the neck."

"Now you did it, now you broke my leg."

"That cake is like county Meath bread."

"A cannon ball would'nt go through it."

"I can sing anything from 'Uncle John' to 'Annie Wooney,' Yes Wen.

Bells! Bells! Bells! Did you hear or see those bells."

"No-o-o-o Johnnie; light the gas Johnnie,"
 "I turn out the gas and laugh to myself."

I've been taking one every night to-night.

If he did kill you, you wouldn't have him arrested.

"D. S. admits that he says things that he doesn't know himself."

That Geo. is a poet must be true since the philosophy teacher says so.

Now that the boys are singing, we have a large attendance.

Announcement: They sell folding beds at the ———.

He shouldn't leave things behind him when he doesn't want us to know where he was.

She has offers to wed
 By the dozen 'tis said
 From Duque and Enrique Laraurie:
 But of late sweet and coy
 With another young boy
 She goes out for a promenade lightly.

You can all guess the rest
 For the boy she loves best
 Will soon change her name
 From R—d. Don. ———y
 Though he may change her name
 She'll be known just the same
 As the sunshine of "Garrett Hill alley."

"Now you *farmers* go around to the back door."

That was a bad one.

From our George.

"Fox you left the door open"

Didn't Josie make a most charming girl?

Josie would skate with the strawberry blond.

Who told what happened in Mr. ———'s room?

Do not let your voice fall or you'll hurt it.

O pshaw! Raphael has no more chocolate.

"Oh Annie dear and did you hear"
 "The news that's going round?"
 Our Josie is forbidden
 To walk on Ch——t ground.

"How is the fire Gus?" "I'm afraid that it will go out."

Yes, Jimmie, it is a good picture of that beauty.

"Is it far back in the lane from St. Dennis?"

Pipers shoes; bore the signs: one for sale, the other welcome home.

"How, did you get in this room?" "Why on the train." Good Mack.

"Let's sing the boy's 'Laudate' I'll lead it."
 "Will you George?"

"Papa, papa, papa skate with me," Oh Beckie.

"Maymie: that's the way she spells her name"
 (Mary) nice isn't it.

"Two polygons are similar when they are drawn the same." "Are you bluffing me Mr. Ryan?"

"If the seats were in the rear of the hall they'd be in them."

"Mr. Hyde came back with a pair of russet shoes and some slippers."

"Why Jimmie you could cross the Atlantic in that time." "Yes Father."

"Are all the boys here professor?" "Yes Father, all except those that are absent."

"It's a wonder that he didn't take the furniture but his pocket would hardly hold it."

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Not in vain did the catcher keep crying: "Wait"

In the oft defeated past.

Here's a health to Maud of the scanty locks;

To "anthracite Nit" the same;

The remembered one who was called away;

And the Boston king of a former day;

And the oft mosquito-sting Jersey jay;

And the hero that hails from a town in Pa.

With the unpronounceable name.

"It's a long lane that has no turn," tis said

But the "turn" has surely come;

So now Jack and Pete, since you've met with defeat

That battery so famous must take a back seat

While the new one will make things hum.

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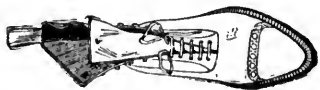
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Villanova Monthly



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DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

Where the wild waves are surging unweary,
Lashing the rugged shore,
Whilst the sea gulls scream from their eyrie
Response to the sad sea's roar,
Where all seems confusion, upheaving,
Destruction, and darkness, and plight,
The insects, unmindful, are weaving
Coral in wreaths of white.
In the depths, with no bright spot that shows it,
Midst the dark sea's eddy and whirl,
Is a gem ; and the diver who knows it
Dives down for the precious pearl.

There's a grave in a desolate corner
Near a church yard's mouldering wall ;
No marble to mark it, no mourner,
No tears on the dark grass to fall.
Starless the sad sky above it,
Chilling the sough of the wind,
Owls voice the cheerlessness of it,
Ravens answer in kind.
Yet the angels above it are singing,
Resurrection waits in the skies ;
And that body, a soul will be bringing,
Resplendent to Paradise.

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

Shakespeare's Influence on Modern Literature.

A RÉSUMÉ OF THE INTERESTING LECTURE BY
MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Prof. Maurice Francis Egan, of the Catholic University, Washington, lectured before the students and faculty of Villanova College, on Monday evening, February 24, on "Shakespeare's Influence on Modern Literature." Professor Egan began with the statement that the great poet is not only influenced by the past, but moulded by the circumstances of the present. Shakespeare was the result of years of Catholic civilization and of the evolutions and revolutions that had preceded him. Chaucer and Spenser were his ancestors, so were Wyatt and Surrey. Dante and Petrarco and all the nameless illuminators of myths were of his

literary race—Sophocles and Euripides, and Seneca and Plautus, Montaigne and Lyly had each left him something. Above all, the Bible, Job and St. John, Isaias and St. Paul, had lived for him, and he had been born of them.

Whether Shakespeare was a Catholic in practice or not does not concern us. It is certain that he did not—he could not—escape the influence of the teachings and practices of the Catholic Church. We have a hundred instances of this. In "Measure for Measure" we find such teaching of the value of chastity as neither the old Greeks nor modern neo-pagans nor modern non-Catholics of any kind have either fully understood or strongly held. Read the mission of King Hamlet's ghost as you will, the essentials of Catholic teaching and

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Catholic morality are found in that wonderful dramatic poem.

Each line has its special literary expression, and the direction of this expression is often given through physical as well as psychological means. In old Greece there were no newspapers, no printed chronicles that could be read comfortably at home by the hearth, though there were thousands of inscriptions to be read on stones in the open air. The drama was at once the pulpit, the newspaper, the novel of the Greeks; and the marble-walled theatre, warmed by the sun, was a pleasanter place for their families than the narrow enclosures of their homes. The theatre was the centre of their religious and national life, and the drama was its exponent.

Similarly, in the time of Elizabeth, the newspaper as we know it, the novel as we know it, the luxuries and comforts of home as we know them, did not exist. The playhouse of Elizabeth's time was not an inviting place. From our point of view the Globe on the Bankside must have been rather repulsive. The favored auditors strolled about among the actors, and if we remember Henri Taine's description, we must be struck with the fact that the manners of the pit were not those that stamp the castle of Vere de Vere. But, in spite of all this, the Globe Theatre was a pleasanter place than the average English home. The house of Shakespeare's father, at Stratford, is not a very comfortable house, notwithstanding the great fireplace, with its brown closets, and it was a score of times finer than the interiors of the houses of the London artisans. Chimneys had not long been in fashion, and England had not advanced much beyond that ideal Saxon time when the smoke from the household fires went out through a hole in the roof—when the wind was in good humor. The Elizabethan had every reason to love the theatre; it filled his mind and warmed his body.

Hence Shakespeare was a dramatist. If he had lived to-day he would have been a novelist. His methods were those of the novelist. It has been often remarked that Shakespeare leaves little for the scene painter or the stage manager to do. He makes his scenes, just as the novelist does, as he goes on. The modern theory and practice of the drama are to picture everything. If the actor utters the word "spoon" he handles the utensil, just as the elocutionist of the old school pointed to the ceiling whenever he alluded to heaven.

Mr. Egan divided his lecture into three parts—the methods of Shakespeare, the methods of the

modern dramatists and novelists and the modern novel itself. He showed that the modern drama was un-Shakespearean, but that the great novelists, such as Thackeray, Dickens, Eliot and Wiseman—who wrote one great novel—had used his methods, and that these methods had become part of English literature. The novel and the newspaper have made the drama impossible as the literary expression of our age. Mr. Egan analyzed the English drama and showed how the line of descent deflected. He paid his respects to the ethics of the very modern novel with more vigor than courtesy.

THE MONKS.

There's glory in the jeweled sky to-night;
There's beauty in the glittering snow so cold;
There's glory in the faces beaming bright;
When the tinkle of the chapel bell so old
Across the land the vesper hour doth ring,
To call the monks the empty choir to fill
And chant the praises of the Mighty King.
Sweet peace and love light up each face so still
For losing all the world they find no loss,
As happiness more bright than living day
For them was found when Christ to up the cross
And suffered death to guide them on their way,
So to the blessed Sacrament they wend,
And incense sweet to heaven's throne they send.

A. J. P. '96.

THEY SAY.

"They say!"—ah well suppose they do!
But can they prove the story true?
Why count yourself among "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought.

"They say!" but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

"They say!" Well if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrongs redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

"They say!" Oh! pause and look within!
See how thy heart inclines to sin;
And lest in dark temptations hour
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power,
Pity the frail, weep for their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

TWENTIETH PAPER.

From this view of the divine purpose in His creation of the universe,—we noted it when speaking of brute community life,—follows this conclusion, that the earthly community of God's visible creation was to display the outer glories and bounties of His divine life; and the intellectual community of His Spirit the inner glories and graces of His Spirit. This was the norm that God set for Himself in His vocation of all intelligent and reasoning creatures, to fashion in them, in their minds and wills, a wholly spiritual world,—a world of knowledge and of righteousness, wherein not figuratively and in shadow, as in the earthly world, but really in its utmost grandeur, as in the heavenly world, might be reproduced all the infinite excellences, perfections and beauties of the divine Life itself.

Thus creation, if viewed thoughtfully and rationally in its excellences—its unity, fruitfulness, activity, is a true and lifelike picture of the infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God.

According then, to this divine plan, the realization of the godly life (in the created mind and will) is the vocation of angels and men. For by reason of the excellences of this life,—its actual personal knowledge of divine Truth, its actual personal love of divine Goodness, the divineness of its origin, support and development, the loftiness of its aspirations, and the blessedness of its reward, the godly life of the creature is the only life that truly represents the grandeur and glory of the divine Life—the standard of all intellectual inward perfection. And moreover the excellence of this same godly life lies in its all-round imitation of the Life of the Son of God.

We here emphasize purposely and as strongly as we can this spiritual reproductive power, which is in every fully organized intellectual being. For the right understanding of this spiritual energy, sometimes carried to its utmost perfection, yet sometimes utterly undeveloped, if not misused, is of vital importance in every scheme of healthy moral conduct.

We cannot then for this very reason mark too clearly the God-like character of life in all perfect intelligent beings, nor insist too strongly on their need of life-like imitation of God, of their intellectual vision of Him and their whole-souled union with Him as the necessary and essential term of their intellectual and spiritual beatitude.

Even in this present world faithfulness to one's chief, loyalty in his service, and the resultant assurance of one's guerdon—the Master's benedic-

tion, is gauged rightly by the hearty and whole-souled union in desire and work of the follower.

And just here before concluding our analysis of material life, I may be allowed to make a digression, and note some of the chief differences between organic life and intellectual life,—points that are fully worth noticing, and continually to be borne in mind in all one's ethical researches. And the first point of difference between the two lives is this: That intellectual life may be richly endowed and most fully enjoyed without any association with creatures of the organic world.

For while all nature, even of the lowest grade—of plants—is of itself characterized by some kind of operative, beneficent, constructive, and in a way creative energy, the beings of this vegetable order, though serviceable sometimes even in high degree to their fellow beings of the intellectual order, are really none of them necessary for the purposes and enjoyments of that life, except may be temporarily and in a passing way. Or, to put it more briefly, there is absolutely no hard and fast bond of interdependence between the creatures of the vegetable (and for that matter the animal) world and the intellectual.

For as each class of beings differs wholly from the other in nature, term of life, and the means to reach thereto, it follows that these two classes—the organic (much the more the inorganic) and the intellectual—are not related to one another except in a broad and generic way. Moreover in beings of the material world, life, as we have viewed it, is utterly dependent on its material created environments, as soil, food, climate, habitat, etc., for its proper and healthful development. And furthermore, as we also have seen, only when these environments are congenial, does the plant or animal thrive, fatten and multiply; whereas on the contrary when they are antagonistic to the plant or animal, then it sickens, pines away and dies.

Again, as we have seen, where life in the organic world of plant and brute is guided solely by some unchanging power—instinct, we can always tell with certainty, or at least the strongest probability, the outcome of the creature's energy. For instinct is a power that admits of no modification in its substantial character, no escape from its environments, no freedom of choice, no reward, no prize, for well-doing, no penalty for wrong done.

As by marking the pendulum beat one may foretell to a nicety the length of its swing, so in one's study of plants, or brutes, he may also forecast to a certainty what in any given contingency it will do.

Such absolute monotony of existence and action has no counterpart, as far as our experience teaches, in beings of the intellectual order of life. On the

contrary, intellective life in angel and man, endowed as it undoubtedly is with full measure of freedom, with the fullest liberty of choice, is capable of self-guidance, self-direction, self-government in its most perfect form.

This difference of motive-power in the two worlds, in the one of utter monotony of life, in the other of the utmost liberty, is a vital difference between beings of the material world and those of the intellective world. And this is the second point of difference between matter and spirit.

And still again, it is a very singular fact, in our experience of life, (we have referred to it before), intellective life the same as organic life needs some kind of nourishment—food—also for its healthful development. But, what a difference there is between the vehicle of intellective nourishment for the spirit and that of material nourishment for the body!

Nourished by the spiritual—the immaterial alone, by their possession of Truth, supported by the power of their indomitable will, quickened by the vitality of divine energy, and in no need of any created food for the life and health of their spirits or for that matter even of their bodies, men have flourished, grown strong, worked wonders, in defiance of the laws of the body, amidst continual harassings on the part of their fellow-men, and in utter need even of every created assistance. To give merely an instance or two, Moses—the patriarch—fasted forty days from earthly food and drink. So too did Christ—our Lord. Again through uncreated power, Daniel in the Lions' Den, and the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace escaped unscathed from perils that by all the laws of material nature should have proved unsurmountable.

We have styled this independence of the spirit from its earthly surroundings,—this grand, though somewhat rare fact in the history of mankind, as a singular fact in biological science. And yet instances of the non-support of the create and bodily elements of the human frame are not so very rare in the annals of history. We have cited a few from the sacred writings. We may draw others, in fact many of them, from the annals of every day medical experience, and could easily show many cases wherein with bodily powers weakened even unto death, with frame wracked by disease, with all their energies paralyzed, men, women, and even little children, in almost absolute contradiction of experience, in defiance as it were of nature's physical laws, have yielded not to dissolution—death, as would inevitably be the result among plants and animals, but instead,—and here's the marvel,—these human beings drawing new energy from some inner secret resources of the spirit, through sheer

strength of some indefinable power of will, which we cannot attempt to explain, have prolonged life, and even had their life and health restored.

It is not ours to attempt to account for these wonderful victories of spirit over body, of life over death. It is enough that they are unexplainable by created science; that no merely created philosopher has ever succeeded in accounting for them.

Intellective life, then, at least of the supernatural order, depends not, as is certain, on its material and created environments.

Moreover, to give another instance of the independence of intellective life. We are speaking, (be it observed,) explicitly of men—the lower order of intellective being, of men in this world. Reading of them we have learned of many in story, who have made life perfect, and have flourished in its enjoyment, even under the most adverse circumstances. But first, it is a known fact, acknowledged by all scholars, that beings of the mere organic world—plants and brutes—in their struggle for existence draw away from one another the means of nourishment. Each plant and brute lives on other plants and brutes. This we have already touched on in previous papers. But unlike beings of this organic world beings of the intellective world in their pursuit of science and happiness are restricted neither by age, sex, or any conditions of climate or country. Everywhere may man learn wisdom, and everywhere has man been the support and life of his fellow-men; everywhere has he made the deserts of life bloom as it were with the graces and virtues of the spirit, and has adorned life with the splendor and loveliness of his heroism.

And, again the reader will call to mind that when we were treating of the interdependence of organic beings, we observed especially that it was a fixed and unchangeable law of all material nature that not only did material life in plant and beast need earthly and material food for its proper development, but that it was also unable to dis sever itself from the influences of its earthly and material environments. This association of matter with matter is a necessary result of nature. But far different is the case with beings of the intellective world,—of the realm of divine power, where in virtue of God's grace and omnipotence, men seemingly in defiance of all the laws of physical matter have held these self-same laws in suspense.

Such were the elevation of their bodies in the air without any material support or prop whatever; their annihilation of space, as it is styled, by their ability to pass through the limitations of space without reference to distance; their power of bilocation, whereby at one and the same time their bodies were in different places at once.

(To be Continued.)

T. C. M.

Thomas à Becket.

The Church of Christ was never in its existence free from persecution in some form. At first its destruction was planned by the Roman emperors, but she successfully withstood all these attempts and came forth from the battle more glorious than ever, and, like the sun, sent her resplendent rays of Faith in every direction. To assist her in this splendid triumph, the great Constantine dedicated to the use and authority of her prelates all of Italy, and really made himself subservient to her commands. But the peace and joy which settled over her members was to be of short duration, for it seems as if her Divine Founder has destined her to be harassed from time to time by internal dissensions, as well as by her enemies from without, to show her divine origin.

Hardly had the successors of Constantine come into power than they wished to have a part in the government of the Church, and for this purpose appointed the bishops and gave them their insignia of office. At first there did not seem to be any reason for alarm, and although protested, yet it was not opposed as vigorously as it deserved, but the pernicious results of this practice soon appeared, and then ensued one of the greatest struggles with her members that the Church ever had.

The princes very often placed in this high office men who would perform their every wish, and were at times not at all too scrupulous in neglecting their duties to accomplish the ends of their masters. The Fathers soon saw that the very structure of the Church was threatened, as the temporal rulers were gradually usurping all ecclesiastical power. The popes made decrees and laws, but apparently with little avail, for the emperors did not wish to give up so powerful a means of gain, and opposed the ecclesiastical authorities for several centuries. It was during the great struggle and before its successful end that St. Thomas à Becket appeared in England as an ardent defender of the divine power and authority of the bishops.

Henry the Second had ascended the throne of England amidst great acclamations of joy and good will from the people, who imagined that having at last a king with English blood in his veins, he would do much to diminish the growing power of the Norman barons. He promised much and appeared to keep those promises by undertaking many expeditions against his enemies. He was about to set out with his army to go into Normandy, when the Archbishop of Canterbury presented to him Thomas à Becket, a young man of poor parentage, but possessed of great ambition and talents. The king was much pleased with him and immediately received him into his retinue,

and heaped favor after favor upon him until he was eventually made chancellor. Becket, although a deacon upon receiving this honor, began to live in the greatest luxury. He possessed large estates and castles, and soon was endowed with so much authority that he seemed to eclipse the king. He was always accompanied by a large retinue of courtiers and attendants, and wherever he went it was with the greatest magnificence. Henry confided and left to his charge all the gravest State affairs, which he always settled to the advantage of the king, and although a Churchman he did not hesitate to severely punish those of his own religion if they dared to criticise any of his acts. On this account he merited for himself much deserved hate and fear, but the king rejoiced in the glory of his chancellor and was pleased to see Becket, with authority second only to his own, show and enjoy his immense power. If he acted contrary to what his station as an ecclesiastic warranted, we must consider the power with which he was invested and also the times in which he lived, when the courts of all Europe were given over to the greatest display of wealth and freedom of dress and manners. Becket knew this, and although seemingly oblivious of his ecclesiastical life never forgot that he was one of the most conspicuous men in Europe. But amidst all this splendor he nevertheless abolished many abuses, regulated the tax, made a standard of money, effected much good and laid the foundation of greater reforms. He loved England and the glory of England, and even when his actions were tainted with unscrupulousness and want of principle, we always find that they were performed in order to gain some advantage for his country.

For this reason Henry never ceased to show his pride for his favorite, and upon the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, using the much-disputed right of investiture and in opposition to the bishops of England, appointed Becket to fill the vacant see. Becket accepted the appointment with much reluctance, but upon being consecrated bishop he seemed to realize that he was no longer a tool of the king but one of God's chosen ministers, and he immediately abandoned the splendor and luxury in which he lived and became an austere and faithful servant of God. He set himself to correct many of the abuses of which he had been the cause, and in this met with stubborn opposition from the king, who, not understanding this new character of his chancellor and being instigated by the enemies of the archbishop, heaped dishonor and shame upon his former favorite. All this was borne with the greatest patience. But when Henry attempted to infringe on the rights

of the Church, then the true character of Becket appeared and he opposed him with as much vigor as he had formerly sanctioned his every act. This so displeased the king that he deposed him from the chancellorship and endeavored in every way to humiliate him.

Nothing daunted, this champion of God and of the Church never faltered, but upheld his dignity as strenuously as ever. He opened his house to the poor, fed and clothed them, and especially interested himself in the priests and those in minor orders, whose condition was deplorable. For these acts he was dearly loved by all except those in power, whom they incensed the more. Even the bishops, who had condemned him for his manner of living while in secular life, now denounced him, and even went so far as to renounce him as their primate. What a sad, noble and divine appearance this great man presented when he, in his full robes of office, entered the council chamber where the king and bishops had assembled to pronounce judgment upon him, and defied them all to do an injustice to God's holy Church.

Upon leaving this assembly, he feeling that, being now hated and feared more than ever, his life was not safe, fled by night from England and sought refuge in France. Here he was protected by King Louis and received letters from Pope Alexander the Third upholding him in his stand against King Henry, but he was not long secure from that monarch's anger, for by misrepresenting him to Louis and the Pope he won them over to his cause, and once more Becket was forsaken by all and had to depend upon charity for his very sustenance.

Sometime afterwards, Henry fearing that eventually the Pope would sanction the acts of Thomas, consented to a reconciliation and promised to redress the grievances of the archbishop, who then returned to England. Shortly after his return he again enraged the king by excommunicating several bishops and barons for their adherence to the king in his usurpation of the rights of the Church.

Henry, being at this time in Normandy, was greatly enraged upon hearing this news, and exclaimed: "Have I no one who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" He had hardly uttered these words when four knights, thinking that the king wished to have the archbishop dead, swore that his desire would be fulfilled. They immediately set out for England, thence to Canterbury, and having forcibly entered the archbishop's residence, demanded him to reinstate those whom he had excommunicated. When he refused, these assassins followed him to his chapel, where at the vesper hour, in the presence of his Lord and God,

they murdered this venerable old man at the very altar steps.

This deed incensed the whole Christian world, and Henry, although he had his wish, received very little happiness from it, for the Pope hurled his anathemas against all concerned in this saint's death, and it was only after a most severe penance and a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas that the king was pardoned. England was rid of this great man, but the example which he set was soon followed by others, and the contest so long raging between Church and State regarding the right of investiture soon came to an end by the glorious victory of the power of God.

How much of this triumph may be attributed to St. Thomas it is hard to tell, but there is little doubt that his perseverance in guarding with his life the power of the Church, produced results that eventually entrusted to her alone the authority to appoint bishops and give to them their power and sign of power, temporal as well as spiritual.

A. J. PLUNKETT, '96.

OLD IRELAND.

Far hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave, an ancient sorrowful mother,
Once a queen, now lean and tattered, seated on the ground,
Her old white hair drooping dishevelled round her shoulders,
At her feet fallen an unused royal harp.
Long silent, she, too, long silent, mourning her shrouded hope
and heir,
Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow because most
full of love.

Yet a word, ancient mother.
You need crouch there no longer on the cold ground with forehead
between your knees,
O, you need not sit there veiled in your old white hair so dishevelled,
For know you the one you mourn is not in that grave,
It was an illusion, the son you love was not really dead,
The Lord is not dead, he is risen again, young and strong, in
another country,
Even while you wept there by your fallen harp by the grave,
What you wept for was translated, passed from the grave,
The winds favored and the sea sailed it,
And now with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country.

WALT WHITMAN.

Labor Organizations.

In this age of enlightenment, when we hear the busy hum of wheels in the factories and the shrill whistle of the locomotive as it speeds on its way to distant cities, do we ever reflect as to the great power that makes all this activity possible? True, we may say on first thought; steam is the great agent, or its more modern competitor, electricity. But let us go a little farther: Was it not man who made these mighty giants the slaves of man? Is his labor not necessary to control them? Is he not the most important factor that enters into their performing the work for which they were intended? But this necessity of the labor of man is not confined by any means to the particular agents mentioned, but is needed in every occupation and undertaking of life.

This world of ours however, is not entirely made of men who are so constituted as to look upon labor either as necessary or pleasant. There are many who by cunning, or possibly by labor itself are placed in such a position that they can command the labor of many fellowmen; these are termed capitalists. And in accordance with the idea of selfishness originally implanted in man it is an impossibility for them to reach that terminus in their life's journey at which they might cease to grapple for the world's goods and say; "I am content."

These men are always striving to amass great wealth, and in most cases caring very little about the means used to obtain it. They consider the man who must labor for the support of self and family but a mere tool to help them on to their selfish end, which exists only in their imaginations. If our working man then is placed in such a position he will surely look around him for the best means of protection from the insatiable greed of those who can command labor.

Having done this he has decided that unity is the strongest bulwark he can raise against his powerful adversaries; so, calling his fellow-sufferers he forms what is known as a labor organization. This has for its aim the recognition of what are considered the rights of the laboring man; protecting him against monopolies, freeing him from the powerful grasp of capitalists, and insuring him a just requital for his labor.

The benefits of such a pooling of interests are many. It removes those who are under its protection from the state of crouching supplication in which they were formerly compelled to exist in order to insure the necessities of life to themselves and those dependant on them. To better consider the benefits of such a cooperation on the part of

the wage earners it would be well to view his trials and the means employed to lessen them. Take, for example, one of our thousands of mill workers, who are obliged to work the longest possible time for the smallest possible recompense. He must rise very early every morning in fear of the scathing rebuke if he is not punctual; obliged to remain silent when he is told that wages must be reduced, for there comes up before his mind a picture of dear ones at home who look to him for the alleviation of every trouble. Can it be denied then that anything which removes the weight of such a dread of power, though only in part, is a benefit? And how does organization tend to remove these evils? When men band themselves together for the attainment of any end, individual interest must be set aside and all attention given to the common good. And so it is in this case.

When any resistance is made to the injustice of employers it is not made by the individual but by the mass of workers. In a body they make known their grievances and use every means to bring about a peaceable settlement; but when this fails absolute resistance or what is known as a strike, is the only alternative. And here appears the dark side of the picture, which, alas, seems to be a necessary accompaniment to every human invention.

Then work is suspended and this suspension of work is very often followed by riotous mobs setting aside law and order endangering the lives of others and making everything disagreeable. In the home of the striker despair sits at the hearth and gloats over the moanings of the mother and the cries of the children for the food that is not forthcoming.

So this idea of unity has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, but let the laborer look forward to a time when his lot will be a happier one. Let him look forward to that bright future which is pictured to us and see if he cannot find a solace in contemplating what may be.

And it is to be hoped that when X-rays will have been superseded by greater discoveries the world will bring forward one who will discover a means by which an equilibrium can be established between the commander and the commanded. Then the wrangling that we continually hear will have ceased and the once greedy capitalist will meet his employees with a benign smile and while giving them the reward of their labor will have that sublime thought uppermost in his mind: "A man's a man for a' that."

H. T. NELSON, '97.

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EDITORIALS.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D., of the Catholic University, lectured for the first time in our college on Monday evening, February 24th, and although America's celebrated English critic styled it a "little talk," his lecture was at once instructive, intensely interesting and oftentimes amusing. Dr. Egan referred to Shakespeare, the thousand-souled, with great earnestness, depicting with the most realistic effect the decline of his influence on modern writings, and in contrasting Shakespearean literature with that of to-day he arraigned, in expressions full of satire, the authors of popular, fashionable literature for the decadence of our novel. The bitter tirade, but only too true, directed toward the literary fashion of the times was just, and it would be advantageous to the world of literature should others, who are capable and who understand contemporary life and its needs, arise in all their mental force and provide a disinfectant for this contagion spread by the modern novel. The influence which fiction exerts upon civilization is too greatly underestimated. That it is fully as patent as the pulpit we do not hesitate to assert. The novel is bought, read and discussed by the great non-church-going classes; it has a fascination for many for whom the words of the preacher have no meaning, and whatever doctrine the author

advocates his readers accept and defend with all their might. He frequently asserts that all clergymen are hypocrites, and his socialistic principles are branded in the hearts of millions, while those *who know* either refuse to check this slaughter of human souls, or are unable to do so. How noble in its purpose would be the school whose principles would be founded by men of the Maurice Francis Egan stamp! Every man who can should write something that will be worthy of the test of criticism; something which will open the eyes of the populace to the beautiful, the true and the good, and which will stand as an eternal monument to his name. However, for the present let us be optimists. Let us hope the near future will bury this destroyer of Christianity, and bring forth a novel instructive to the mind and a grace to the soul.

ASTONISHING as have been the discoveries made in electricity during this century, the continuous development of the science makes speculation as to its future growth a matter impossible to conjecture, even among the most sanguine. During the past few weeks, while the outer world was completely absorbed in the study of international law and engrossed in the interesting spectacle of great nations politely warring with each other, a simple experiment of incalculable value was being performed by Professor Roentgen, of the University of Wurzburg, which was to startle the learned scientists of all countries, and even command the attention of apathetic amateurs. The story of the "new photography" and cathode rays, which penetrate opaque bodies, and the revelations of a Crooke's tube, under Professor Roentgen's manipulation, has been thoroughly explained through the press. Since it has already been successfully used to locate fractures in the human skeleton and other derangements of the internal organs, we may safely conclude that the Roentgen ray will be of inestimable benefit to the surgical profession. It has also been employed to detect flaws in iron castings and, if rumor is to be believed, Edison is attempting to photograph the human brain. Universities and colleges are despatching, almost daily, bulletins of the successful experiments on the new photographic process, and physicists are giving out as facts things certainly more strange than fiction. For instance, the report comes from London that one Ingles Rogers has succeeded in photographing his thoughts, and asserts that he can perform the same office for others if their thoughts run in the proper channel. Mr. Rogers merely produces

objects of definite form, and has not invaded the realm of abstract ideas. But even at this stage of his progress what a wealth of possibilities his scheme unfolds! What a boon it would be to the plodding student, when worn out with the grinding process of a long college term, he finds his brain filled with a confused mixture of all kinds of knowledge, and useless at the critical moment of a final examination! A happy prospect now greets him. Armed with a concealed weapon, in the shape of a Rogers camera, and cajoling his worthy and most erudite teacher into a suitable mood, he could elucidate his own mind by simply pressing the button, and the professor would unconsciously do the rest. We trust that the possibilities of the new discovery will be inexhaustible, and even though it should not extend its sphere of usefulness into the sacred precincts of abstraction, it may, at least, be of wonderful value to suffering humanity.

THE winter has been almost bewildering in the variety of its significant events and our American newspapers have not had need to manufacture sensations for dearth of live and stirring news. The Atlanta Exposition which created such a favorable impression upon the nation during its concluding weeks, was about to come to its final moment in an exceeding blaze of triumphant glory, when the entire world was aroused by the conflicting rumors of war. England has been encroaching upon both African and American rights; Italy has suffered a severe blow in Abyssinia which has greatly lessened her military prestige, and the Cubans with that wonderful tenacity, boldness and determination characteristic of their race, are exerting a last noble effort to obtain their liberty, liberty the dearest of all earthly possessions. Probably there is no race of people in the world which deserves more and receives less stimulus and assistance from other nations than the Cuban. For the second time within a half century the Cubans stand a precious example of valiant patriotism, braving the thousand storms raised by the armies of their mother country, which hover over their fair and fertile land and resisting by almost superhuman endeavors the uncivilized and inhuman treatment of the Spaniards. Of all nations the American should be the last to place one stone in the way of the Cuban in his zealous, heroic strides to seize the priceless gem of freedom and yet there are some whose lack of sympathy is exceeded only by their lofty and contemptuous ignorance of

Cuban affairs. When we consider that Cuba is the only land wherein bread is a luxury of which the poor man cannot partake; that it is the subject of the basest and most outrageous system of taxation known in modern times; that the methods of punishment inflicted by the Government, rival even Siberia itself, it is no wonder the Cuban groans under such injustice and seeks, as a last resort, in the gore and horrors of the battle field an, at least, temporary relief from his sufferings. Fortunately in their present extremity the command of the forces has devolved on two men, endowed with that courage, activity and perseverance which the emergency requires; men of peculiar and fertile genius upon whose brow the chastening hand of time has left its white impress, who will stimulate the spirit of the patriots, rouse them to new and fresh exertions and even prepare the way for the final triumph of Cuban Independence.

TWINING around our hearts are affections whose luster never dims. They are the memories of '93 life at Villanova which the simple mention of the name of Father McEvoy conjures up. On Easter Sunday at St. Denis' Church, Ardmore, Pa., Very Rev. Fr. McEvoy our Jubilee President will celebrate the silver jubilee of his ordination to the holy priesthood. We tender him our congratulations, and on behalf of the students of Villanova and of those who were guided by his masterful hand along the paths to wisdom in their college course, we wish him many more years of that strong, active and vigorous health in which he enters upon the twenty sixth year of his priestly duties. So well and so widely known are his accomplishments and achievements in his quarter of a century, in the Augustinian habit, that it would be supererogatory to detail them here. Charged, though he has been all those years, with the administration and supervision of large parishes in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and conscientious and indefatigable as he has ever been in the discharge of each and all of his public duties, yet in spite of his engrossing labors, his marvelous industry enabled him to accomplish much extraneous work. In recalling his noble deeds the words of the prophet Jeremias recur to our minds. "The Lord is good to them that hope in him, to the soul that seeketh him." May you, most highly revered Father McEvoy, continue to exercise your pastoral solicitude over the faithful "and when the Prince of Pastors shall appear may you receive a never fading crown of glory." *Ad Multos Annos.*

THE Athletic Association, this year, bids fair to sustain its reputation for placing first-class teams on the diamond as the present indications are most favorable for creditable achievements in base-ball circles. Financially the association was never in better condition, and material is not wanting so with the hearty support and universal concurrence of all the students it is unreasonable to predict aught but success to the players. That we extend our impartial efforts in their behalf is essential. Unity is strength and in proportion to the manner in which we unite to support the team so will be determined the number of victories. The pessimistic individual, with his words of disparagement, will undoubtedly register on the list of enthusiasts, but it remains with us to see that his pathway be not strewn with roses. Should any one entertain any opinions which he thinks worthy of consideration, let him submit them to the chairman of base-ball committee and they shall receive the attention due to their weight. By doing this each one may have a voice in the affairs of the association and produce universal concord, thereby enthusing the participants in the game to greater efforts. In encouragement lies the greatest inroad to success and if we wish the players to play winning ball, if we desire to see the *White and Blue* wave as triumphantly in the base-ball annals of the future as it has in past and to crown the season of '96 with laurels as profusely as in former years we must be strong in unity, sincere in encouragement and hearty in support.

EXCHANGES.

The end of education is the title of an essay in the latest issue of *Notre Dame Scholastic* in which the writer has had something to say and has said it well; and although he takes exception to many of our modern philosophers, who say that this is an age of specialties, even in education, yet his reasoning is clear and we quite agree with his conclusion in which he says:

But the arguments in favor of a liberal education are living examples of its usefulness in life. The greatest men in England and America—throughout the whole world in fact—are men whose erudition emanated from the intellectual training they received at college. They themselves advocate the sort of education which has rendered the histories of Greece and Rome so familiar to modern times while nations fully as great in other respects have sunk into oblivion.

The Boston College *Stylus* is worthy of no inferior place in the rank of College journalism, and were it not for its unwieldy size, it might well vie for supremacy with any of the current magazines whose columns are almost entirely supported by the students whose progress they represent. In the February issue there are many well written essays, particularly those entitled "England's New Poet Laureate," and "Greek Pronunciation." The writer of the latter, from the evident study which he has given the subject, seems to admire Greek more than the average student.

In consideration of the appeal made by the newly appointed staff of the Catholic High School *Journal*, in their leading editorial, *viz.*: Not to be too harsh in our criticism, we will give them the benefit of the plea which they have made in their own behalf; but we surely think they lack good taste in the arrangement of the February number, and we can scarcely find any excuse for the very disorderly arrangement of the essays and advertisements.

The Georgetown College *Journal* for February is particularly devoid of interesting reading matter, except perhaps to the immediate relatives of the students. It is little more than a *quasi diary*, containing reports of the different societies and some personal notes. Strange that the representative of such an established institution of learning would not continually display at least a few choice specimens of the literary advancement of its students.

The latest copies of the *Normal Echoes* lie before me. This is an admirable little paper, furnishing very interesting reading. "How to Teach Geography" and the pretty poem, "Why" are deserving of particular notice; the admirers and lovers of the *Wheel* will likewise find some valuable information in the article on the "Bicycle." However, as an improvement to the *Normal Echoes* we would suggest an exchange department.

After reviewing the February number of the Holy Ghost College *Bulletin* one will inevitably conclude, that, if its leading articles are written by the students, they have certainly attained a high degree of excellence in the art of writing, since such contributions as "Early Christian Literature and Schools," the dirge "So Early Flown" and "Poetry in Religion" possess rare literary merit.

We extend a hearty welcome to the *Voice* of the W. D. H. S., Chicago, which has just paid us its first visit. We hope to see it often.

The Sacred Heart Review says that THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY is an excellent College Journal.

SOCIETIES.

V.D.S.—On Saturday, Feb. 29, the Debating Society assembled in the College Library to listen to a very interesting discussion regarding the negro. But prior to the debate, according to the recent custom, Mr. G. A. Buckley chanced to be the one to make a short extempore speech. The subject was "The advantage of taking a college degree before adopting any of the professions." The choice proved to be a very good one as Mr. Buckley, in a very few moments, presented many standpoints from which to view the matter. He showed that he was quite well fitted to speak at length on the subject and deserves much credit for the manner in which he acquitted himself. Then followed the question for debate, "Resolved, that the Negro is not advancing." Mr. E. J. Wade opened for the affirmative and in a very eloquent manner presented for consideration some persuasive arguments in which he pointed out the characteristics of the negro, and the little progress made by him during the last thirty years, which was very much against the negro. Then Mr. E. P. McKeough took his stand for the negative, and in his well known happy way, endeavored to show from what a delusion his opponent was suffering. His arguments were good and gave evidence of familiarity with the question. But when Mr. H. T. Nelson, the second speaker for the affirmative, began everyone was surprised, for instead of his usual unassuming manner, he laid down facts and cited incidents that were sufficient to convince any judge, and would have done so had not Mr. A. X. Dooley been on hand to assist his colleague with evidence so conclusive, and delivered in such a forcible manner, that it became very difficult to decide the contest. As usual the question was opened to the house and friends for both sides were found. Messrs. Buckley, E. J. Wade and Shanahan were particularly spirited in their remarks, and advanced many facts to prove that the negro is advancing. When the debaters had finished the Rev. President made an interesting review of the arguments presented on both sides and gave his decision in favor of the negative. Our next debate will take place Saturday 21, inst.

V.A.A.—The Villanova A. A. held its regular monthly meeting on Saturday, March 7. The meeting was called to order by the President, D. C. Flynn, and after the reports of the Secretary and treasurer had been heard, attention was turned to athletics in general. The possibility of a spring field day was discussed, all the members seemed anxious about the matter and were not backward in manifesting their approbation of the project.

A committee consisting of Messrs. E. P. McKeough, E. J. Wade and J. A. McDonald, was appointed to take the matter in hand. Then followed a lengthy discussion upon base-ball, and many of the members offered, what will undoubtedly prove valuable, suggestions as to how the candidates for the team could reap the most advantage from the means of training placed at their disposal by the association.

The President reminded the members of the great necessity of being prompt in paying their dues and giving all possible assistance. The meeting then adjourned.

The candidates for the team are daily seen working in the gymnasium and nothing but favorable criticism of their work is heard. Although many of the old familiar faces are missing from the ranks, yet the breach will be filled by players who have shown thus far that they are, at least, willing to work hard in order to put themselves in proper condition. As soon as the weather permits we will see them on the diamond and expect a favorable showing.

The manager is busily engaged in making out a schedule. The games scheduled up to date are—

April 18.—Atlanta A. A. at Villanova.

" 25.—Delaware College at Newark, Del.

May 2.—Montgomery A. C. at Villanova.

" 9.—Drexel Institute " "

" 16.—Delaware College " "

Our Easter Entertainment.

On Wednesday evening, April 15th the members of the Dramatic Society and Glee Club will be pleased to welcome their friends and patrons to the Easter play. The entertainment will consist of a comedietta in one act, entitled "A Friendly Game," some very select vocal and instrumental numbers, and a very funny farce called "The Centennial Traveler." The comedietta is one which was made famous by the celebrated Rosina Vokes Company. The farce will surely send every one home in the best of humor. On this occasion we will use for the first time, our new and complete stage outfit, now being prepared by the scenic artist and stage carpenter of a prominent Philadelphia theatre.

Personals.

The members of our College Glee Club received a great deal of praise for the creditable manner in which they acquitted themselves at Fr. O'Brien's entertainment a short time ago.

The following were among those present at Dr. Egan's lecture: Very Rev. Fathers Driscoll, J. J. Fedigan, N. J. Murphy, O'Brien, McErlain, D. P. Egan and D. A. Morrissey, Professors Powers and Fontaine, Patrick Duffy, Esq., Mrs. Mellon, Misses E. M. Gleeson, Annie Hayden, Mary Barr and Sarah Wagner.

SPLINTERS.

Cocoa.

Sardines.

"Willie!"

"Utique."

"Rat catcher."

"Black Mike."

"Peties Michael."

"Fireside Companion."

"You *had* two dishes of coffee."

"I awsked, but I cawnt get it."

He will be seventeen in April. (God bless the *mark*.)

Moral:—Do not put on your overcoats too soon.

It's a wonder Willie doesn't get on to himself?

He often speaks of Dante,
Of him speaks praises nice;
But when it comes to Shakespeare
Poor Dante "cuts no ice."

"Is that the bell, boys?" "Oh *yes* sir!!!"

(What fools these mortals be.)

"Corporis exiqui," read the boy and gazed at the teacher as unchangeable as a *spinx*.

Eddie and Willie have pulled off some good bouts, but Eddie will not be satisfied until Skinner wer and Mac don the mitts.

All was still and silent as death
Not a sound was heard but our breath,
When the starving cry rent the air
"Have you got any more *prunes* to spare?"

"Meeting of the—after last—" Our readers will fill in the blanks and send the correct answer to us.

"So beautifully bound, etc., etc., it would be an ornament to any library." Of course it would; we knew all this before.

Lost.—Between Villanova station and—, *won guum* shoe. *Sootable* reward will be given if returned to the Green Room. B. M.

"I wonder why our quoudam multi-named gentleman is now called the *tin soldier*?"

"Si, we sincerely believe your trials every morning outweigh even those of the "Morning Herald." Mr. D.—

They tell of many a great big fire.

How Cr(e)a(zy) boys were wandering there
D-rawing water with rope and—*wyer*

While many a shout Brogan the air.

Judging by the way you say it, there will be a new College needed if he "calls you down again." Somebody take warning.

"If that is so I don't think that *he* exists." It was an awful thing to say but he was awfully interested on that *dark* question.

Oh tell me where did Willie go?

And what did Willie get?

They say that Willie *grabbing* went
But that's not so you bet.

Sully says that his pants don't fit well around the shoulders. If the new woman had said this we wouldn't have been surprised but you should know better, *Sul*.

Oh he was a *picture* fair to see

No fairer e'er graced artist's easels—

I mean our once famous "little Bil lie"

Who had to go home with the *measles*.

"Pretty soon you'll have race track in your room." Well if you do not you will have it somewhere else; wont you, Eddie?

AN ANSWER TO THE PÆAN IN LAST ISSUE.

A fly upon a fly wheel lit,
to-wit!
And it said, I'll move this wheel a bit
(Oh, nit!);

But the fly wheel, it was fly,
And it caught the belt's hook eye,
And it moved! The fly cried out, 'Tis I
Moved it!

By a babbling, bubbling brooklet's brink
(Grasp the link?)

A swan was wont to wink
and blink;
And it gave its life away
Just to sing one roundelay;
It will sing again some day,—
I don't think!

Now, then, reason out the why,
Oh, fly,

If *your wheels* so swift and spry
and sly!

Sing, oh, swan! sing clear and strong,
Your pæan is your funeral song,
We'll watch your spirit flit along—

Jack and I
Swans Sing Before They Die:
The Swan Has Sung.—Requiescat!

So you think you're going to make things hum,
yes some,

And the rest of us had best succumb,
be dumb!

But your *humming*, it will keep,—
Wont you look before you leap!—
Better sow before you reap,

By gum!

Here's a story you should read,
and heed;

Food for thought, so take your heed
of feed;

And the moral you can find,
If you but make up your mind,—
If you *wo'nt* see, you are blind

Indeed!

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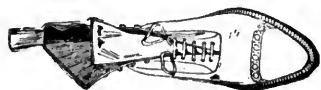
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Villanova Monthly

Vol IV.

Villanova College, April, 1896.

No. 3.

LEGEND OF THE EASTER LILY.

Here is a legend of long ago,
Breathing a tale of the risen Christ ;
Told when the lilies of Easter blow,
Touched to life in the morning mist
By a magic kiss from the dewy mouth
Of the spirit hid in the wind from the South.

Easter eve, and the wind was high,
No hint of spring in the woodlands bare ;
And trooping adown the evening sky,
Grim pilgrim-clouds of the upper air,
In the night were lost, when the hermit poor,
In his rough garb, knocked at the abbey door.

The porter opened to him who stood
Trembling with cold in the wintry blast,
And begged him eat of their homely food,
For it was not written the weak should fast.
"Nay, nay!" said the hermit. "I touch not meat
Till my sins be shriven at Jesus' feet.

"Yester-night, as I kept my watch,
Telling my beads on my cheerless bed,
There came a knocking upon the thatch,
And a mystic voice in the darkness said :
'Go thou to the abbey of Ercilthorne,
Awaiting a sign in the Easter morn.'

"Here am I come, be the duty mine
Earthly pleasures and joys to foreswear ;
So I pray thee lead to the chapel shrine,
For I need no comfort save that of prayer."
And so to the dim of the altar light
He led the hermit and bade "good-night."

And when the day dawn broke in the East,
Greeted by chiming tongues of brass,
They that followed the white-haired priest
To the celebration of holy mass
Found the hermit prone at the altar, dead !
Pale, in the light that the tapers shed.

On a graven cross on the marble floor,
Over the tomb of a saint, he lay,
With arms outstretched as the Christ of yore
Hung on the cross of Calvary ;
And out of those lips, so sainted by prayer,
Grew a wondrous flower, divinely fair.

This is the legend of long ago,
Breathing the love of the risen Christ ;
Mystical tale of the buds that blow
At the holy season of Easter, kist
To life anew by the dewy mouth
Of the spirit hid in the wind from the South.

THOS. A. DALY, '87.

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THOS. A. DALY, '87.

Patrick Henry.

Fame !—A very insignificant looking word it is, to be sure, but really more highly prized than words twice and even triple its size. From time immemorial, history tells us that this precious flower has been as diligently pursued in the vales and nooks of politics, science and other departments, as it is at the present day. Some men after ceaseless efforts have obtained the object of their search quite suddenly, who, as Byron says, wake up in the morning and find themselves famous; others have come upon it gradually, finding its intoxicating perfumes growing stronger as they approach nearer the coveted prize.

Amongst the former is numbered Patrick Henry, with whose name every schoolboy is familiar.

On May 26th, in the year 1736, he came into this world, selecting as his first stopping place, Studley, Virginia. His father was a Scotchman, but his mother was a native of Virginia.

In his early youth he showed a great distaste for books, and all he wished for was to go off by himself to fish or hunt in solitude.

After it was found of no avail to attempt to keep him at school, his father started him in business, but in a short while it turned out unsuccessful; a second and even a third attempt was made to start him for himself in different business enterprises, but they were failures like the first. Just about this time, however, occurred something which would mark anyone as a genius or a fool: penniless himself, he married an estimable, but also penniless daughter of a neighbor.

Being driven to despair, as a last resource, he turned his attention to law, but with only six weeks of study he applied for admission to the bar. Justly enough he met with great difficulty, but great talent being discovered in him, he was admitted.

Although for the first time in his life, he labored hard at his profession, existence was almost unbearable to him, with no practice to support a family upon. But this was soon to change; he had now reached the crisis of his life, and was about to pluck the lovely flower of Fame.

In a very exciting case between the planters and the clergy, concerning the salary of the latter, all the legal talent for miles around had given up the case as lost to the planters; but as a last straw they grasped at Henry, who succeeded, in one of the most interesting and famous cases ever held in Virginia, in winning a victory for the planters. The people were so astounded and moved by his wonderful eloquence that, at the decision of the court, they lifted him to their shoulders and bore him about. His time had now come and his suc-

cess was assured, for the account of the case spread most rapidly; and as he walked abroad people would turn to gaze upon and admire him as the wonderful young lawyer.

But even now he paid dearly for his indolence in youth and his great dislike for study, for when a case of jurisprudence came up, he was put to rout by those whom he could overwhelm with eloquence in a question of natural right and justice.

We have now reached a point in our hero's life when began that famous historical event known as the War of the Revolution, in which, gradually the infant nation losing patience at the continued cruelty of the mother country, like the child who has given up all hope of peace and kindness, rebelled, and threw off the maternal restriction, never to return to that cruel parent again.

In all the gatherings and meetings held by the colonists for the common weal, Henry was a prominent figure, and none were as bold or forward in their plans or suggestions as he. At one meeting, especially, held by the Virginia Convention to discover the best mode of procedure, he made himself an historical character. Different plans were offered and discussed, but all these appeared too weak and inefficient for the existing state of affairs to suit him, when rising, he made a resolution for war in which occurred those memorable words with which everyone who has handled a recitation book is familiar: "I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

The effect of this speech was electric, and soon the whole house was in disorder; everyone was frantic and the resolution was adopted with a rush.

In the early stages of the war he occupied many distinguished military positions, but resigned them all. In the year 1776 he was also made first Republican Governor of Virginia and held this high office of public trust for many subsequent terms.

During one of his terms of office as Chief Magistrate, an anonymous letter was sent to him to aid that vile scheme of raising General Gates to the place of Commander-in-Chief instead of Washington; but Henry enclosed the disgraceful epistle in a manly address to Washington himself, who sent a grateful and cordial reply.

Both during and after the Revolution he delivered many an eloquent appeal on various subjects, but the greatest effort of his life was in opposing the Constitution, which, for some unknown reason, he greatly feared. But, as we all know, his opposition was fruitless, and deservedly so. Mr. Henry, too, gradually saw its beauties and value, and no one adhered more strongly to its doctrines than he did afterward.

His success in court was phenomenal, and what greatly aided his abilities as an orator was his knowledge of human nature. Since his boyhood he was much given to the study of all those with whom he came in contact, until, as a lawyer facing the jury, he had its members at his mercy, as his keen insight taught him how to formulate his arguments so that they would strike with precision, and awaken readily a sympathy that never failed to make a deep and lasting impression.

Perhaps some will say on reading this, that he was another example of the usefulness of study and labor in youth, since he became famous without their assistance; but upon looking closer they will find that the ignorance resulting from the lack of study and diligence was really the great bane of his career, as is shown by the poor defences he offered to his opponents when it came to a matter of law; and indeed, in many cases he sincerely deplored his lack of knowledge and his want of application while young.

Although lacking in book-lore his knowledge of human nature was extensive and his experience large and varied, and as he once said to a great bookworm, well advanced in years: "We are too old to read books; read men; they are the only volumes we can peruse to advantage."

Patrick Henry was possessed of a fine voice and a commanding person which lent great weight to his persuasive eloquence; but he was also possessed of that sterling character which we attribute to the ideal patriot, bold, honorable and affectionate, and as an orator, statesman and patriot his name will shine as brightly as any in the historical firmament of our country.

E. P. McKEOUGH, '96.

St. Augustine of Hippo

TWENTY-FIRST PAPER.

Yet in support of these marvellous displays—real loving demonstrations—of super-human divine energy, we have the strongest kind of documentary evidence,—proofs far stronger in their character than are usually required among men in their transactions of even the most important kind. Of this class is the Holy Bible—the Word of God—Divine Writ itself, which relates the manifold exercises of this wonderful power of intellective being in the person of Christ our Lord Himself.

Holy Scripture tells us that when after the deicide on Calvary had been laid the Sacred Body of our Lord in the Tomb, by no other power than His own almighty Will, He raised Himself therefrom—from the embrace of death itself, that

He had so gloriously vanquished. And again that after this resurrection from the Tomb, while one day in company with His disciples, suddenly and in a wholly unexpected way, He vanished from their midst. (S. Luke, xxiv, 31.) And still again that at the meeting of His friends and followers—the Apostles—in the supper-chamber at Jerusalem, where with doors closed they had gathered in order to discourse on the wonderful events of the last few days, Christ suddenly entered among them—stood in their very midst, without having employed any sensible means of ingress into the chamber. (S. Luke, xxiv, 33-36; S. John, xx, 19.) Moreover that at Emmaus, where two of His disciples were conversing about Him, and the events of the last few days, (this was shortly after Christ's Resurrection from the dead,) He appeared to them, but in a guise so different from His wonted appearance, that for the moment they knew Him not, not till He chose to make Himself known to them. (S. Luke, xxiv, 13.)

To the Magdalen, who in her grief at the loss of her beloved Master and Benefactor was standing wrapt in meditation near the now empty Tomb, the Lord appeared in the guise of a stranger—a gardener. (S. John, xx, 14-16.) Moreover at His glorious Ascension, which took place in the sight of a great multitude of witnesses, Our Lord raised His Body above the earth, and thence ascended into Heaven.

These instances of supreme intellective will-power on the part of Our Lord are merely a few of the many displays of omnipotence recorded in Holy Writ,—in the Gospels and other writings of the New Testament. This exercise of the most exalted, superhuman, Godlike, nay really divine power in the person of the Son of God, of which the above instances have been singled out from very many in the revealed Writings, is utterly unexplainable by mere created reason; we know they happened; of this we are perfectly sure; though we understand not in what way they were wrought; and yet the accounts given therein—in Holy Writ—of the visions of Our Lord, His appearances and disappearances, His changes in aspect, the same as His walkings on the waters of the sea, are facts irrefutable by any laws of sound criticism.

It may be observed that these facts taken from the Bible narrative are here noted simply to show by still further proof the truth of our thesis,—the independence from, or rather the non-dependence of, pure intellective nature, on the laws which underlie and govern mere material and organic nature.

Nor was this display of intellective independence

from matter, which we have been relating, limited merely to its exercise on the part of Christ, our Saviour Himself,—the Man-God. Wonders that He Himself worked in Himself by His own divine power, He caused to be repeated in the person of those whom He loved.

For by the same divine power of His Will, which He Himself had called into service in order to show to His followers the divinity of His Being,—by this self-same power. He imparted too to His apostles and disciples, and even to many of His blessed servants of later days, powers of similar character.

The history of the faithful children of God proves that many of His followers excelled in a most notable way in the supernatural and divine gifts of His Spirit. Among other things they were proof against poisons; serpents, wild beasts and harmful animals hurt them not; out from the bodies of their fellow-men they drove away diseases and even evil spirits; they moved mountains; passed over lakes, rivers and seas dry-shod; and in divers other ways, all set down in story, showed their sovereignty over material creation. They, at least many of them, scrutinized the unseen, held as naught the limitations of time and space, had the gift of prophecy and of bilocation, and—in the most remarkable manner—exercised their mastery even over their relentless enemies—the spirits of the eternal abyss.

In fact the more one reads and studies the history of Christianity,—the story of its heroes,—of its saints and martyrs, its ecstasies and wonder-workers, the more clearly and convincingly will he observe this history to be a vast and unassailable record of the predominance of spirit over flesh, of the power of intellective will over matter.

Such then are the main differences, we have been describing, between the powers of the mere organic world and the almost limitless character of spirit-power in the intellective world.

Summing up the attributes of this intellective world we will be justified then in declaring that because of its elevation, its sublimity above mere matter, its essential and elementary independence from all organic environments, intellective being is well-nigh limitless in the range and sweep of its energies and faculties, and (with divine aid of course) that the intellective creature is able to grasp all truth that may be revealed to it by God Himself, and even in a way lead the life of the Infinite Being of God—the All-powerful, All-wise, All-good.

Such then is intellective life at its best,—the only one really worth seeking, cherishing, living. Now then to the question—clear and pointed,

What is life in the excellence of its nature, in the grandeur and quasi-infiniteness of its powers, in the fullest grasp of its beneficence? We may reply, frankly and unhesitatingly, that viewing life as we have described it in all its varying features—the organic—the lowest, and the intellective—the highest, we may not—can not—for one moment, since we fully recognize the weakness of our powers, essay ever to explain to their full all the potentialities, all the complexities, all the beneficences of life, whether rational, or irrational.

We may not even suggest, let alone give, a reason for all life's infinitely varied phenomena in detail in plant, brute, in human or angelic, being.

For because of the utterly invisible character of life's principle, of its hidden and mysterious nature, even in the tiniest creatures of the organic world—the diatoms, we are forced to the conclusion that life in its inner as well as its outer workings, whether these be wholly spiritual, or mainly physical, or material, in their origin, is in large measure a mystery to us.

Moreover,—we understand it well enough, since the experience of ages is rich in instances of the perversion of the human intellect in its hunger for forbidden fruit, were any one to attempt to comprehend life in its fulness, in its immense variety of richness, this would be to seek more knowledge than really is needed for the purposes of happy life itself. For the question—whence he came—concerns man never so much as the question—whither he's going.

With regard then to our ignorance of many of life's mysteries,—we admit our lack of knowledge frankly,—we know but little of them. Even with regard to the simplest and feeblest organisms—plants, that is life in its most material aspect, let alone the higher organisms—brutes, we do not pretend, except in a certain vague and in the main a not wholly satisfactory way, to tell wherein consists their life-power. No, we cannot explain fully even their bodily structure, or understand how each plant and brute is quickened throughout by its own individual principle of activeness. In brief, deeply though we may feel this ignorance, we must fain avow our inability to grasp the nature, attributes and possibilities of plant and brute life.

Yet are we not ashamed of this avowal. For the mysteries of life have always been, (—and may we not as truly say, will always be?) a puzzle to even the wisest of earth's sages. Yet never has this want of knowledge disturbed their serenity of spirit in the wise, hampered their beneficence, or made their righteous conscience any the less enjoyable.

Moreover,—it's an instructive commentary on the feebleness of the human understanding, one

that is well worth noting, that man has never, even at his very best, been quick to fathom, or even grasp, the unseen. He is, as a rule, slow, at times even to stupidity, to understand what is purely material—sensible—the visible before his very eyes. Yes, it is really singular to note how little man knows of the outer material world around him.

T. C. M.

(*To be continued.*)

FILI, ACQUIESCE CONSILIIIS SUIS.—Leo XIII.

To counsels of thy Mother Child give ear,
This motto of our Pontiff we revere,
Our Pious Union's badge and emblem dear,
These words he wrote to which we all adhere.

The second Eve, the glory of our race,
Whose spotless soul no sin did e'er deface,
'Tis meet should speak that counsel, full of grace,
To all who yearn to see the Saviour's face.

With gifts of Holy Ghost she was replete;
Her sinless soul was made His chosen seat
Ere Gabriel Archangel did complete
The praise from high, or her with "Ave" greet.

Midst doubt and dark despair, the gentle hand
Of her who next to Christ, her Son, doth stand
Pre-eminent with God in counsel grand,
Shall guide to a home beyond this land.

From ancient yore her name was wisdom's seat,
This gift divine here found a dwelling meet
In her whose bosom was the sole retreat
From error's ways and Satan's vile deceit.

—W. A. J.

The Pleasures of Travel.

In this age of rapid transit, when the methods of travel have been reduced to a perfect science, and the dangers and delays that formerly prevented many people from going abroad have been removed, nearly the whole human race has become a band of tourists.

Distant cities have been united, as it were, by a close chain of railroads, and distant friends are separated by but a few hours' journey; and even a trip across the mighty deep, and into the heart of the Zulu land, is looked upon now by the traveling public as a journey to be accomplished in a few weeks.

Hence, since traveling has thus been stripped of many of its former perils, and made a pleasure, and its facilities placed within the reach of even those of limited means, it has become a common thing to travel almost the entire globe just for a vacation.

However, like many other human pursuits, it has its disadvantages as well as its advantages; but as we are not now concerned with the former, we will overlook them and briefly consider only its delights and benefits.

The pleasures afforded the traveler, like all others, are enjoyed in proportion to the perfection of his education, sensibility and artistic taste. If we could all perceive and learn from our travels as did Milton and Goldsmith, we might well say that we were amply benefited by the time thus spent.

The human mind is curiously attracted to whatever is strange, antique or novel, and the curiosity that such things arouse forms the attraction which induces us to seek and to admire them. On the other hand, sameness or want of variety produces monotony, which leads the mind to eccentricities, if it be continually subjected to it. Still, as it is not always convenient to gratify our curiosity by the real or the original, we are often compelled to content ourselves, at least for a time, by viewing an imitation or reading a description of them.

What an inexhaustible store and endless variety of pleasures are presented to the traveler! The beauties of nature and art, the mouldering monuments of fallen empires and former greatness, and innumerable other relics of antiquity and of vandalism, in both Pagan and Christian ages, are but a few of the objects of his wonder and admiration.

To properly understand and thoroughly appreciate the many advantages afforded the tourist, one should first have stored his mind with all available information regarding the places and things for which each country is famous. For, as the ignorant miss many of the choicest and most refined pleasures of life, even those easily available, so the traveler, ignorant of the history of each country, loses the real delights offered by travel.

For example, what a difference between the pleasures of two tourists visiting the birth-place of classic literature and philosophy, if they are told that here it was that Homer and Demosthenes lived and wrote, or here is the Pass of Thermopylae; or if passing over the Mediterranean they view the ruins of ancient Carthage, and if proceeding farther they visit the once powerful and wealthy capital where Cleopatra ruled in all her glory; or if retracing their steps they view the tomb of the immortal Virgil, and finally they gaze on the Eternal City; what is the difference, I ask, in the pleasure afforded the two, if the one is ignorant of and the other acquainted with events of the past? The one comprehends at a glance the harmony of the Grecian poet and orator, and recalls the scene of a handful of patriots defending the entrance to their country against the powerful army

of Xerxes; or again, the voluptuous city of Carthage with all its wealth and grandeur looms up before him, and he pictures to himself the decisive battle of Hanibal and Scipio, which brought just retribution to a city of such corrupt morals; when gazing on the tomb of Virgil he recalls the wanderings of Æneas and the founding of the Eternal City, which is, beyond doubt, the most interesting city on earth.

These are among the many objects to delight the traveler; for each particular country furnishes its peculiar instruction and pleasure. Our own country, although not so old in historic interest, yet presents many places and objects worthy of the greatest admiration and study of the traveler. Thus it is easily seen that the pleasures of the traveler, which are numerous and sublime, are, nevertheless, modified by the degree of learning and taste of the traveler, for "the mind is a kingdom to the man who gathereth his pleasures from ideas."

GEO. A. BUCKLEY, '96.

The Present War in Cuba.

The present formidable strife in Cuba, which by no means is an isolated phenomenon, has continued throughout another month to absorb the serious attention of the country. For six long, weary months the Cubans have struggled on and on, here bearing hardships such as cause horror to spring up in every human heart; there suffering the tortures, which alone the longing desire for freedom is able to sustain; here hungry and foot-sore, yet ever persevering and hopeful; there witnessing husband torn from wife, child from mother, everywhere struggling nobly, bravely on against the ferocious tyranny of the Spaniards. This condition of affairs might be pronounced wildly unreal, were it not for the irrefragable documentary evidence which emanates from the pens of authorities who have gone to Cuba for the sole purpose of obtaining a perfect knowledge of the land as it exists in its present state of chaos. Naught but woe and lamentation greets the traveler on every side. To the American particularly does this situation appeal. More than a century ago our forefathers, oppressed by a similar system of taxation, actuated by the same principles and stimulated by a like desire, united to throw off the yoke of tyranny, hanging like a pall over their fair and fertile soil, which the British Government refused to remove. How they fought and won still shines resplendent on Glory's page. Victory crowned their glorious efforts. Great Britain's tyrannous

rule was no more, and from the date of George Washington's inauguration in the presidential chair the United States has so extended its boundaries, so increased its riches, and become so powerful in its government, that to-day she stands pre-eminently the greatest nation in the world. And just as she, with a mere handful of patriots, so triumphantly changed the unjust attitude of her mother country, may we not hope that in like manner Cuba also, "the fairest land human eyes ever saw" will, with the indomitable courage of her soldiers, overthrow the Spanish beaureaucracy enthroned on the island, and gain the freedom which no other people ever more richly deserved? May we not hope to see that self-sacrificing hero of innumerable battles, General Gomez, exalted to the highest throne of excellence, when his country shall have become free, which his bravery and wisdom merit? The causes of the war are manifold, of which the most potent is taxation without representation. No Cuban has a voice in the affairs of his country. True, she has representatives in the Cortes at Madrid, but the Spanish members never attend when her welfare is to be discussed, while the government itself has always turned a deaf ear to their forcible and well-formulated arguments. The commercial laws which were established in 1882 declare that Spanish products shall not be taxed at Cuban ports, and yet Cuban exports pay an enormous duty in Spain. The sugar planters are granted bounties, but by the time the sugar has reached Spanish ports, the profit therefrom has been consumed by the heavy taxes. Year after year there come swarming into Cuba scores of Spanish office-seekers, with no intention other than to plunder and rob. By right of their nationality they gain favor with the governor-general, and henceforward their success is assured. He is vested with the power to remove anyone who is considered dangerous, and history proves that his parasites have prevailed upon him to thrust into prison, and oftentimes to put to death innocent victims. Then, about a decade ago, to wrest the voting franchise from the Cubans, Spain imposed so high a poll tax upon them that many who were ruined in their previous struggle were debarred from voting. The heads of the Spanish commercial houses, by their own declaration, receive partners in their establishments, a position which gives them the right of suffrage. Thus every Spaniard controls a vote.

After each rebellion Cuba was compelled to pay the debt thereby contracted, but was never relieved, during these periods, of the accustomed taxation. Thus are the Cubans kept in a state

of poverty and degradation, while the Spaniards thrive and become rich. In the year 1894 the Cubans again made a vigorous plea for just representation, which was, to all appearances, granted, together with many liberties; but, alas! liberties to be found only on paper. However, the moment that the Spanish Government again betrayed its trust and proved faithless to its Constitution it alienated the respect of its province, and fanned their spark of discontent into an all-consuming flame, terrible in its consequences. In the summer of the following year, determined once more to place its fate in the God of battle, all Cuba arose and revolted. Since then the outrages perpetrated by the Spanish soldiers have daily caused the hearts of the most callous to ache. The piteous moans of famishing children; the groans of old men, who have lived to see what never could be embodied in words; the screams, scarcely human, of men and women writhing under punishment, and all the vain voices of blood and agony that die away in that ravaged land combine to throw our Revolutionary War in the shade. So great is their dread of the Government that they have been known to abstain from attempting to save lives in imminent danger because of their fear of being imprisoned as witnesses, or punished as guilty of the death of any they might vainly attempt to save. Under these woeful, agonizing circumstances should we marvel at the heroic persistence of the Cuban in his efforts to gain his freedom? Of course, the revolutionists have not been unfailingly successful. Neither were our old Continentals. But the spirit is there, and the languors of the tropical climate and the soon tiring impetuosity of the Cubans are matched against tyrants possessing the same weaknesses in a more marked degree. If revolution after revolution fails, yet it will not die, and it is only a question of time when Cuba will join civilization and throw off the mediævalism of Spain. Yet there is no reason to doubt the ultimate success of the present movement, for in the few months of its activity more battles have been fought than in the entire war of '78; the number of men is larger and volunteers are refused by the hundred for the lack of arms and ammunition, and even these are daily slipped into the island by stealth. It is estimated that Spain has 70,000 men in the field, yet the state of the Cuban cause shows that, besides the aid of yellow fever as a destroyer of the unacclimated conscripts, the revolution is inspired by the holy zeal of desperate and determined patriotism.

EDWARD T. WADE, '96.

"These, Our Actors."

When the friends and patrons of our Dramatic Club entered our hall on Wednesday evening, April 15th, they were agreeably surprised to find no trace of our old stage trappings, but before them they saw a beautiful new drop-curtain, representing a scene on the banks of "Lago Maggiore." The old draperies which had hung on each side of the drop had vanished, and in their stead, hung in graceful folds two handsome garnet plush curtains. When the curtain was raised for the production of the first of the three plays selected for the evening's entertainment, a handsomely painted oak breakfast-room met the eye. The play was a one-act comedietta, a favorite with Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew, entitled a "Happy Pair." Messrs. Flynn and Tichenor as "Mr. and Mrs. Honeyton" respectively, interpreted the pretty sketch in a most delightful manner, showing how easily misunderstandings may arise, and how, oftentimes, "Lovers' quarrels are but the renewal of love."

The second part of the programme consisted of another comedietta, "A Game of Cards," and the players, Messrs. Wade, McKeough, Hazel and Kelly, displayed much dramatic ability in their rendition of their respective parts. The quarrel of the old chevalier with his friend, the bluff M. Mercier, was at once humorous and pathetic, and Anatole and Rosa, the lovers, immediately won the sympathy of the audience.

The entertainment concluded with a farce called "The Centennial Traveler." In it Mr. McCullough, as the traveler, was, in looks and actions, irresistibly comical, and the continued laughter bore witness that he was duly appreciated. Mr. Sullivan as "Mrs. Bunz," the Teuton boarding-house keeper, whose table boasted of two cheeses, limburger and smeer, was also successful in eliciting applause. Master Bachler, as "Jocko," the mischievous monkey, helped the fun along immensely. The evening was, indeed, a most pleasurable one.

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Philadelphia.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 3, 1896.

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will present the sterling Irish Drama

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preceded by the charming curtain-raiser

"A GAME OF CARDS."

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THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY,

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VILLANOVA, PA.

APRIL, 1896.

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GLAD, joyous spring, in all its vernal beauty, greets us once more. Now each night the glorious king of day declined, hastens with prone career to the ocean isles and in the ascending scale of heaven the stars, that usher evening, slowly rise to warn us of the approach of the summer months, when we are wont to lay aside the cares and tasks of student life, and recline on the couch of quietude and ease. It has come, bringing in its train the tender freshness to the foliage; to bid the beautiful flowers to bloom in all their brilliancy. The melodious song of the nightingale and the cheerful note of the cuckoo are heard again, spreading pleasure and happiness over all creation; the very air seems purer and clearer, and the melancholy glory of the deserted wide-spread branches now bedecked with the beauties of budding leaves. As the last sprinkle of snow dissolves slowly on our green slopes under the mild spring sunshine, it makes the student pause in his musings and, glancing backward, wonder at the progress of fleeting time. He suddenly realizes how the years slip by—old Horace sang the song ages ago: "Eheu!

fugaces labuntur anni"—and how Father Time weaves his white among the black, how he drives his furrows deep across the brow. Yea, fellow-students, this is the season of the year when we look back to the fall term, some with the utmost satisfaction that they have done their part well, others with the deepest regret because their good resolutions have long ere this been shattered and tossed to the winds. To the latter do we especially direct our words. We bid them bear in mind that the advent of warm weather is not far distant, and that during the remaining cool days they should put their best foot forward in preparation for the final examination. Just as when the luxuriance of sunshine may be interrupted by a day of rain in the valleys, the obscuring veil of mist rises, the sun breaks out the next morning and the mountains don fresh suits of ermine, so may we after our vacation clothe ourselves anew in the garb of earnest study, and thus by removing the clouds which perhaps have gathered about us, firmly determine to acquit ourselves creditably on that day of all days, the twenty-fourth of June.

ANTI-CATHOLIC feeling still runs high, to which the late most unjustifiable demonstrations because of the unveiling of the statue of Father Marquette, the explorer, civilizer and educator, bear witness. The State of Wisconsin has tendered to Congress a life-sized statue of Père Marquette (as one of the two that she is entitled to place in the national Valhalla), the Jesuit priest who played so great a part in the exploration of the lake and upper Mississippi regions during the seventeenth century. Because Marquette was a Roman Catholic, the A. P. A.'s wanted to blow his marble image into atoms—to destroy the sculptor's beautiful effect of the likeness of him who, "with no arms but a cross, no incentive but a desire for good, no support but his own intrepid and generous soul, opened to the Old World a region boundless in area, fertile in soil, healthy in climate, replete with riches, endowed with nature's beauties, and to-day the home of millions of intelligent and thrifty people." What an open demonstration of the spirit of fanaticism is this! How praiseworthy in the *ideal American citizen*! And yet what a shame to our enlightened nineteenth century! We should expect better things from the intelligent men of our time; we are familiar with it, being a part of it, and we know that its ruling spirit is not that of religious intolerance. We also know from the teachings of the modern philosophical school of history that the popular mind and feeling, how-

ever abrupt and unreasonable their outward manifestations may be, are strictly logical in their development, and that the masses are ruled by irresistible hidden currents of historical life, not the less powerful because they act at great depths below the surface. A. P. Aism and its foolish aims are too well known and so universally condemned that any treatise on their miserable existence would prove futile in our pages. The late outburst of its antagonistic spirit but again declares to the public that its adherents are swayed by nothing but caprice, by uncontrollable gusts of passion, or at best by a blind and defective intellect.

VERY slowly and reluctantly, yielding to the pressure of public opinion, the universities have first tolerated, then countenanced and, in the course of generations, at last openly approved new systems of thought which revolutionized the hoary but comfortable routine of past ages. One of these systems embraces largely the idea of advancing athletics in all colleges and universities, which has received the universal approval of Americans, who believe that man's education should equip him most completely, if not for his profession, then in a more general way for the struggle for existence. It should enable him to utilize to the very best advantage the conditions which surround him; but devoid of athletic training he comes to grief as a fine mind in a sick body is a precious jewel in a worthless case. The highest intellectual type for humanity must embrace the most perfect hygiene of the physique. The truth of this statement has been powerfully demonstrated in the past Athenian exhibitions in which the bold representatives of America's brawn and muscle have again won the highest honors which can be gained in the athletic world. The spectacles were worthy of a new Homeric Iliad. After fifteen centuries, during which the Greek spirit has still kept alive "the glory that was Greece," despite the ravages of the Turks, the Olympic games have been revived upon the ancient soil of Athens. The young athletes of the New World have met and vanquished the descendants of the old heroes of the golden age of Pericles. Athleticism in its essential modern sense had its birth amid these old scenes. Greece gave to the world the healthy ideal of a beautiful mind in a beautiful body; and the Christian world of to-day has found a valuable soul of truth in the old Pagan theory. This past international congress of athletes has been a fitting and picturesque tribute by Athens to the entire world.

EVERY day it is becoming more evident that no part of humanity can be hurt without pain to the whole. The inhuman and almost incredible outrages inflicted upon the Cubans by their mother country are, at last, drawing forth a world-wide sympathy and a protest almost unprecedented in swiftness. The quick and burning indignation expressed so universally and so forcibly in America is all the more significant owing to the unusual feeling of friendship that has thus far existed between this country and Spain. How it will terminate is a matter of conjecture. It does seem strange that Spain, once so powerful in its armaments, so all-wise in its government, should now pursue, with such relentless vigor and tyranny her hopeless conquests in Cuba. But war is war. If we examine the great revolutions that this world has seen, we shall find that, though divergent in circumstances, they had all very much in common. They have all arisen from the fact that some one had what some other one wanted. The present revolution in Cuba—for revolution it undoubtedly is—has in it much of what was seen in olden times. Like the others, it has been brooding for years. It would be hard to locate or date the first sowing of the seed. Deep and hidden from the eye of superficial observation, the fire has burned luridly. There *were* rumblings beneath; there was sulphur in the atmosphere, but now the fire has gained strength and has eventually burst forth with tremendous effect. Woe has come to those who lingered near the crater's mouth. From wealth and affluence the Cuban has been hurled to poverty and suffering—yet suffering emanating from a just cause—for the sake of liberty. Justice sits enthroned in their souls and guides their actions and inspirations of daily life. Even though they fail in their present attempt and Spain does not recoil from its radical measures, the causes being unchanged, the effects will be identical, and the same deplorable scenes will be enacted from time to time. It is hard to understand why this enlightened age should bend a knee before them.

THE success which the Thespians have attained in dramatic circles, for the past few years, has encouraged them to explore new fields. On the 3d of June they will stage two productions in the Walnut Street Theatre of Philadelphia, and if their receipts may be measured in proportion to the efforts extended on behalf of the enterprise, no fears need be entertained as to the result. We offer our best wishes for a huge success, and invite our patrons to come and witness these productions, as their presence will do much to encourage them for future achievements.

EXCHANGES.

All those who are acquainted with the task of an Ex-man will agree with the writer that the continued increase in the number of exchanges means more work for him. Yet it affords great pleasure to review so many excellent journals, and especially to note the intercollegiate union that these magazines are effecting, and the interest with which one college watches the progress of the other. But, notwithstanding all the refined entertainment offered by the bright covers and brighter pages of our Easter visitors, the attractions of the spring weather are greater, and sufficient to win the hardest student or the most constant reader from such pleasures, and to allure him to the peripatetic shades, where he will be taught a greater lesson by awakening nature. Hence, in facing the large number of exchanges that crowd our desk, it may be well to add, in justice to our contemporaries, that should some very meritorious literature be overlooked it can be attributed to the above causes together with the want of space, rather than to indifference.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines as a worthy addition to our long list of exchanges: *The High School Herald*, Jersey City, N. J.; *The Chronicle*, Brooklyn, N. Y.; *Mercersburg Monthly*, Mercersburg, Pa.; *K. H. S. Enterprise*, Keene, N. H.; *St. Vincent's Journal*, Beatty, Pa.; *Union School Quarterly*, Glens Falls, N. Y.; *The Philalethean*, Myerstown, Pa.; *The Guard and Tackle*, Stockton, Cal.; *The Students' Journal*, New York; *Praeco Latinus*, Phila., Pa.

After a long absence *The Mountaineer* again visits our sanctum. Since we are not anxious to lose sight of so excellent a magazine, it is to be hoped that its coming will be more frequent in the future. The latest numbers contain choice reading in poetry and prose, of which we consider the following worthy of special mention: "Spirit of Twilight," Byron's "Childe Harold" and "George H. Miles and His Poetry."

The Orphans' Bouquet is a valuable paper, reflecting the true spirit of its mission, and should be a regular visitor to every home. The poems which adorn its pages contain very beautiful thoughts.

In the April number of the *Collegium Forence*, there is a brief but pithy article which rightly insinuated the advantages of a college education, and also shows by statistics the many chances of success extended to a college graduate that are withheld from those who have not been benefited by such a course of studies.

In the *Amulet*, the essay entitled "Art, the Handmaiden of Religion," is a beautiful piece of word painting. But it is a pity the artist permitted his pen to soil it with such spots as "Romish Church," and "the weary procession of saints they represent."

The *Carmelite Review* is a journal of rare literary merit and is ever replete with instructive essays.

St. John's *University Record* for March contains two very instructive articles entitled, "Celebrated Schoolmen" and "The French Revolution." The former is a brief sketch of the life and work of two great scholars, St. Thomas Aquinas and John Duns Scotus, whose names and works are familiar to every student of philosophy. The latter shows the principal cause of that great evil which befell "The fairest daughter of the Church," and in concluding the writer points out, in the words of Leconte, "That a people without a religion, without a worship, and without a church is a people without a country and without morality, destined inevitably to sink to the level of slaves; that contempt of religion had been the ruin of the French monarchy, and would be the ruin of every people whose legislation is not founded on the unchangeable principles of morality and religion."

The following is a list of the exchanges received since our last publication: *The High School Argus*, *The College Forum*, *The Bucknell Mirror*, *The Chisel*, *The Manitoba College Journal*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *Acta Diurna*, *The Holy Ghost College Bulletin*, *The Collegium*, *The Niagara Index*, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Purple*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *Normal Echoes*, *Niagara Rainbow*, *The Viatorian*, *Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian*, *The Catholic High School Journal*, *The Boston Stylus*, *The Voice*, *St. Joseph's School Day Gleanings*, *The Agnetian Monthly*, *The De La Salle*, *The Georgetown Journal*.

Baseball Schedule.

Besides the three games mentioned in another part of our Monthly, the following games are arranged:

- May 2. Montgomery A. C. at Villanova,
- May 7. Wynnewood A. A. at Villanova,
- May 9. Drexel Institute at Villanova,
- May 16. Delaware College at Villanova,
- May 21. U. of P. Freshmen at Villanova,
- May 23. Open.
- May 27. Penna. M. Academy at Chester,
- Decoration Day, Rockfords, two games at Wilmington,
- June 6. Open,
- June 10. Manhattan College at New York.

Baseball.

The Villanova College boys opened the season for '96 on Saturday, April 18th, when the Atlanta A. A. team, of Cobb Creek, Pa., was subjected to a galling defeat. The day was a perfect one for a grand exhibition of the national game, and about two hundred spectators were present when the stocky young collegians took the field for their preliminary practice. Their appearance was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers, and the dash and vim exhibited in every movement infused great confidence in their enthusiastic supporters. No one in the crowd could see how the defenders of the *white* and *blue* could lose that day. But now the representatives of the Atlanta A. A., more familiarly known as the Cobb Creekers, with their towering forms and hopeful countenances, appear to take their turn. Their well-known title recalls an item of history in Villanova's baseball career. The old score book of the College nine from 1866 to 1874 records a game played with the Atlanta nine of Cobb's Creek, on October 25, 1868. The scene at the end of the nine innings, during which the College nine had been "goose-egged" once—in the sixth—and the Atlantas seven times, was 47 to 7, in favor of Villanova. The Rev. Father Sheeran, vice-president of the College, now venerable prior of the monastery, was umpire. The scorer, John McMahon, and three of the players, Jas. Wynne, catcher, Jeremiah Ryan, short stop, and Chas. Marsden, third base, subsequently entered the ecclesiastical state and were ordained priests. On November 7th, of the same year—1868—a return game was played with the Atlantas, with the result, 32 to 25, again in favor of the College. This game lasted two hours and forty minutes. The president of the college, Rev. Ambrose A. Mullen, was umpire. So we find history has repeated itself as the Atlanta A. A. nine of 1896, although successful for a few innings in maintaining a good lead, was unable to do much with our youngsters. The game after the fifth was devoid of interest and was called in the eighth on account of darkness, when the home team had placed the issue beyond a doubt. The following is the score:

VILLANOVA.						ATLANTA A. A.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Downes, c.	3	4	7	0	0	Burns, lf.	1	0	4	0	1
Barth'ski, cf.	2	4	0	0	0	Devine, cf.	3	2	0	0	0
Hayden, 2b.	5	4	1	4	0	Lynch, c.	2	3	7	0	1
Herron, ss, p.	3	4	2	2	1	F. Patton, lb.	2	2	5	2	2
McArdle, p, ss.	2	1	2	0	0	Smith, ss.	1	2	1	1	0
Moy'han, 3b.	2	1	2	2	0	P. Patton, p.	0	2	2	3	1
Rogers, lf.	2	2	3	0	1	Devlin, 3b.	1	1	2	0	0
Conway, lb.	1	1	7	0	1	Shay, rf.	2	2	0	0	1
McCull'gh, rf.	1	1	0	1	1	McGill'an, 2b.	1	0	3	0	1
Totals	21	22	24	9	4		13	14	24	6	7
Villanova	0	0	3	3	0	3	11	1	—	21	—
Atlanta A. A.	3	1	0	4	4	0	0	1	—	13	—

Runs earned, Villanova 10, Atlanta 4. Two-base hits, Downes, McArdle, Rogers, Conway, Lynch. Three-base hits, Hayden, Herron 2, Devlin. Sacrifice hits, Rogers, Burns. Stolen bases, Moy'nhan, Rogers, McArdle, F. Patton. Left on bases, Villanova 8, Atlanta 7. Struck out, by McArdle, 2, Herron 4, Patton 6. Hit by pitched ball, McGilligan, Patton. Passed balls, Downes, Lynch 2. Time of game, 2.40. Umpire, Hazel.

MANHATTAN COLLEGE, 13; VILLANOVA, 5.

With great joy and three rousing cheers were the Manhattan boys greeted on Wednesday, April 22, and as the many old faces appeared on their

nine, the meeting on the green this year seemed but to increase the friendly rivalry between the two colleges. During last season two games were played, each team winning one, and great was the anticipation previous to the game, which would for a time proclaim the victors. Let us hope this will be only for a time because, sad to tell, the New York boys carried off the honors of the day by not only winning by a comfortable margin, but also by playing a magnificent game. On our part it is the old, old story of placing a man in a new position. The visitors could do little or nothing with Herron's delivery, and did not get a hit for six innings. Then, in the face of the most wretched support, he let up, and in the remaining innings they knocked out eight singles. For Manhattan, McDonald at first played a beautiful game, as also did Kelly behind the bat. The other features were the pitching of Driscoll and the all-around playing of Hayden. The score is as follows:

VILLANOVA.						MANHATTAN.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Meynihan, 3b	2	0	0	2	1	McDonald, 1b	2	2	14	0	0
Hayden, 2b	0	2	0	1	0	Glennon, 2b	3	1	1	2	0
Downes, c	1	0	8	4	0	Driscoll, p	2	1	0	7	1
Herron, p	2	1	0	4	1	Kelly, c	3	1	7	0	0
McArdle, rf	0	2	0	0	0	Cobalan, of	2	1	1	0	0
Conway, lb	0	2	11	2	0	Cotter, lf	1	1	3	0	0
Rogers, of	0	0	4	0	0	Castro, ss	0	1	1	4	2
Kirsch, ss	0	0	1	4	3	Shea, 3b	0	1	0	3	1
McCullough, lf	0	0	3	1	0	Dowd, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	5	7	27	18	5	Totals	13	9	27	16	4

Earned runs—Villanova 2, Manhattan 4. Two-base hits—McArdle, Conway, Driscoll, Cotter. Struck out—by Driscoll 6, Herron 4. Time of game, 2.20. Passed balls—Downes. Bases on called balls—by Driscoll 2, Herron 3. Umpire—Hazel.

DELAWARE COLLEGE, 18; VILLANOVA, 15.

After traveling to Newark, Del., with the hope of receiving the treatment which was accorded to the Delaware College students on our own grounds last fall, the ball team was woefully disappointed. It goes against our grain to set up the oft-repeated howl of "robbed by the umpire," but if ever there was any claim of justness to the cry, there surely was on Saturday, April 25th. Even to a disinterested spectator it would seem that the rankness of the decisions was premeditated, and to all it was painfully evident that the umpire was determined to win that contest in spite of the inability of the players in whom he placed his confidence. We have been beaten oftentimes, and are not fond of complaining, but this time the all-powerful judge was so barefaced in his robbery, so absurdly unfair in his decisions, that we feel justified in offering an excuse for the loss of the game. The one redeeming feature of the was the playing of Rogers in left field. The score:

VILLANOVA.						DELAWARE.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Moynihan, 3b	3	3	2	4	2	Osmond, c	3	1	14	1	1
Hayden, 2b	2	2	3	0	2	Willis, lb	1	1	7	1	0
Downes, c	1	2	5	2	1	Phillips, p, rf	2	1	1	2	0
McArdle, p	1	0	0	4	1	Davis, 3b	2	2	2	0	2
McCullough, ss	3	1	2	4	1	Wilson, lf	1	1	0	1	1
O'Donnell, rf	3	3	0	0	1	Reed, ss	2	3	0	0	3
Rogers, lf	1	0	3	0	0	Baldwin, 2b	1	1	0	1	0
Conway, lb	1	1	12	0	1	Gamble, cf	3	4	3	0	1
Kirsch, cf	0	1	0	0	0	Wolf, rf, p	2	2	1	3	1
						Steele, 3b	1	1	0	0	2
Totals	15	13	27	14	9	Totals	18	17	27	9	11

Earned runs—Villanova 5, Delaware 6. Two-base hits—Moy'nhan, McCullough. Struck out—by Phillips 3, Wolf 3, McArdle 4. Passed balls—Downes, Osmond. Bases on called balls—by Phillips 2, Wolf 2, McArdle 4. Umpire—Lynch.

SPLINTERS.

"Telegraphy."

"Our turn next."

"I'll not go up!"

"Sporting Dutchess."

"Did you see that walk?"

"Be sure you do it brown."

"And when you do the town."

"Laff! Show youah ignomus!"

"You should see Bill dodging (?)."

"Let's have a few oranges." Yes.

Henrique's latest: "Fry my eggs *easy*!"

"You ain't mad, are you, Johnnie?"

"There, Pat —; forgot he was dead."

"For if you don't, the doers will do you!"

"That's the best day's sport I ever had."

"Where's the nutmeg *beater*?" He's not a cook.

"Lord Sponge" fits him better than "Lord Hawk."

"She loves me and I do not blame her."

Give Si. a chance to tell us once more about the relay races.

The newspapers prate about Weyler,
And his cruel mode of warfare;
But Eddie's favorite is Taylor,
Whose praise he's wont to declare.

Evidently Domine F. is glad his married life is at an end.

Our play was largely attended, but it was by "special request."

Let "Texas Bill" and "Mr. Smith" beware! Even trees have ears.

"Ah you deah?" "Yes, I'm here."

"Pleece don't lefe me!" "Naw! I'll take ye wid me."

I wonder what made John M. laugh so much on Friday evening?

"Tommie R. was quite sick that evening." So we've heard.

It seemed like old times to see Dannie "in the box."

Are the Snake Charmer and the Goddess of Milk cans acquainted?

Will you please tell us about your walk on Thirteenth St.?

Whence came Eddie's beautiful Easter Sunday complexion?

Eddie F. thinks he saw that blonde dog enter the room but is not sure.

"Phwere did yez git Mickavoy's clothes?" Pretty hard on you, Charley.

Can a man marry his widow's sister? N. B. Do not dwell too long on this question.

"Your lordship looks rather flushed this morning."

"I'm all sun burnt."

"I'm so hungry, I could eat a *horse*!" "There's plenty in the *stable*." Yes, Mac.

The boys do not understand why Bro. Joe is getting so jocular. Who knows?

"Oh how delightful." They felt so the night they sang those touching words.

"Ain't it," prunes, apricots or hash? Well what is it? "Ask the *Monkey*."

Will some one tell Eddie L. what Mr. F. keeps! Is it a hotel or a dry goods store?

"Do you want *me* Mr.?"

"I want *you* but not the other fellow."

"We can do as well as the boys." "You see we have the real women; that's to our advantage." "Nit!"

Word has been sent to the Splinter Eds. that "the *Kerr* is on the scent." Yea! But for what?

He said a great deal but about all we could understand from his lordship was: "I hit 'em in the mouth."

Bill has instructed Charley to throw a pitcher of water on him when he starts to walk in his sleep. If he isn't willing, "there are others."

He said he was "horribly disappointed." What a shame! But he has entirely recovered now; haven't you William?

"You are patience personified!" Well, what can be said for you Jimmie?

"Somebody said I fell asleep while walking around bounds." "I wonder if it is true?" We guess so, Paul.

The night was calm, Fair Luna with her court held sway.
All nature dozed, exhausted from the humid day.

But what was that? Whence came those sh ieks so wild and shrill?

All books are left—no villians shall those ladies kill!

In motley garb all to the scene did run.

Arriving there we quizzed with fear each trembling one.

They said, poor things, 'tween gasps they saw a man,
Truth is when he saw them he cut and ran.

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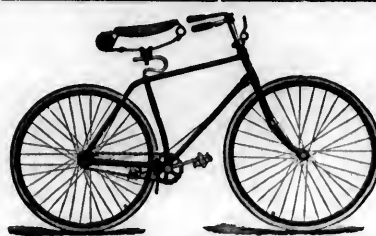
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IN THE GARDEN.

I spied her, my darling, my Mildred,³
Playing amid the flowers,
And I thought there was flowret no fairer
Than this bright bud of ours.
"I am making a garden," she told me,
"All for myself, you know,"—
And I saw the beheaded daisies
Planted in one white row.

I followed again to the garden
As she scampered by next day,
And I sighed for her childish sorrow
For the daisies that withered lay.
I clasped to my arms my darling,
I smoothed the curly head,
I kissed from the trembling lips the words,
"The flowers I planted are dead!"

We see in the fruitful garden
Of a soul that is pure and fair,
Flowers of exquisite fragrance,
While our souls are parched and bare.
We deck ourselves with the fairest,
"I have planted a garden," we say;
We rejoice in the borrowed beauty,
Alas! for one short day.

Oh, who will join in our sorrow,
Who will weep with our tears,
When in the morning's awakening,
The blight in the blossoms appears?
What profit, O Lord! our pleading,
If in response it is said,
The garden was there for the planting,
But the flowers, my child, are dead!

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If in response it is said,
The garden was there for the planting,
But the flowers, my child, are dead!

JOHN I. WHELAN, 95.

Lessons From Nature.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

How true the above words of the poet, and how beautifully do they express our own feelings on the subject. Even though we cannot use our pen as well and clothe our ideas so beautifully, yet all of us have felt that indefinable sensation which a pretty landscape or a fine day produces within us. How we long to be able to seize pen or brush and put forth our feelings on paper or canvas. No wonder so many writers and painters under its subtle charm have laid their greatest works cheerfully on its altar. And in our hearts we can understand the disease of the much-persecuted "Spring Poet." Let anyone stroll out into the country on a pleasant day, when the sun is shining overhead, unobscured by any clouds, with the green hills and dales stretching away before him in that inimitable manner which Nature has of disposing them; while many varieties of insects and birds are busily engaged about him amid the flowers and shady trees, singing gaily at their tasks in the way peculiar to each. He stretches himself on the sweet grass beside a clear little brook, from the bottom of which smile up at him the tiny white pebbles, while the brook, flowing hurriedly along, mingles its lovely music with the various songs of life all around it. Now let us ask this person, whosoever it may be, whether, listening to Nature's teaching, his inmost soul was not stirred. Can he answer in the negative? Ah, no, since it was the Creator whom he heard manifesting Himself to all His creatures in those sounds of Nature.

Art, we must all confess, is truly beautiful and has been brought to a high state of perfection, but in comparison with Nature, its original, we pass it by unnoticed. Oftentimes we are led to think that she is trifling with us, she gives us such a hard lesson. Who is the painter that can give us colors blended like those of the sunset? The sculptor who can lead captive by his chisel the unattainable perfection of the human form and place it in his figure of clay; or the musician who can reproduce the dirge of the sea, the carols of the brooklet or the inspiring song of the cataract?

See the child as soon as he obtains the use of his limbs. How delightedly he takes to Nature as to a fond parent. All through the day he plays upon the grass as on the bosom of his mother, amused by the flowers, birds and animals he sees. As he grows older, "Mother Nature" becomes a boon

companion to him. How lonely, indeed, would he be if there were no rivers upon which to skate or sail, or on hot days into which to escape from the wearisome humidity; no animals or birds to hunt, and in the season of plenty, no fruits to enjoy. Sorry, indeed, would be his plight without the company of this jovial companion. He has now arrived at manhood, and in his old friend he now finds a teacher. Those pranks of hers which he formerly looked upon with indifference and regarded as the tributes of friendship, he now begins to view with a new interest, and discovers a new and interesting lesson in each. He wanders into the forest and beholds the feathered songsters which he once pursued in boyish thoughtlessness, industriously and cheerfully building a home, feeding their young, or engaged in some such bird-like duty. At once he receives a rebuke for all his time wasted, and learns the lesson of cheerful occupation from these creatures. Here the closing of the flowers at evening teaches him that the time for toil is past, and now is the season for rest, but not for riotous pleasure; and there he is admonished that the mightiest of worldly things must have an end by the sight of an old coin lying almost hidden on the ground, slowly but certainly succumbing to the remorseless touch of Time. And so on through every act of Nature we may find something interesting and instructive. Nothing is done in which we may not find a moral. In this respect, namely, viewing Nature as a teacher, we will endeavor to mention a few of the lessons which she daily teaches us.

After the icy grip of winter has been loosened, we know that spring is coming by the melting of the snow and ice, the increasing heat of the sun, the return of the birds and many other infallible signs. The high temperature and the advance in vegetation remind us of summer as surely as do the appearances of ripeness in the vegetable world, and the steadily lengthening nights tell us that autumn and winter, respectively, are at hand. Nature, through this successive coming and going of the seasons, inculcates a lesson of life as year after year she tells us that "life, too, has its springtime of promise, its summer of bloom, its autumn of harvest, its winter of rest."

In all earthly gatherings there are always some distinctions made. Whether it be among the beasts of the field or the men of the court, a few are always sure to receive more privileges, to be treated with greater respect and to possess more power than others. Is it so with Nature? Does the rain avoid the head of the king, or the sun send its rays with less force upon him than upon others?

Perhaps history errs when it tells us that the ocean did not recede at the command of that peevish old king (Canute) who, possessing unlimited power throughout his own kingdom, considered nature also under his sway. In this we may see the relation we all bear to God. As the Scripture says: "Thou art but dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." On that last day when all will be gathered together before the judgment seat of the Almighty, no one shall receive a harp better trimmed or made of purer gold than his neighbor, because he possesses a few more thousand of the "filthy lucre."

At sight of the rainbow in the heavens, what is the thought that first presents itself to our minds? Is it not that this beautiful arc of colors was given by the Author of Nature as a pledge of His infinite mercy? to assure us that never again would He send a deluge? This being done, it should give us a greater love for mercy and forgiveness toward our fellow-men, since God Himself has sent us poor, erring creatures this sign of His clemency.

In the volcano we find another interesting lesson. Peaceful and serene indeed does it appear, populous cities nestling around it, and its sides luxuriant with trees and foliage of every description. We are charmed with it, and consider it a choice spot in which to dwell. But, lo! what a change! Before we are aware it is belching forth fire, smoke and lava, and dealing destruction and ruin for miles around. What is not destroyed by its showers of stones, soon falls victim to the noxious gases coming forth. And what a scene of desolation and havoc is presented after all this. Where once Peace reigned amid plenty, grim Ruin now sits amid fitting surroundings of death and want. From this we may learn that "things are not what they seem," and that we should not believe everything too readily. We ought not to receive everyone as a friend without some acquaintance, or, having trusted too quickly, the knowledge of his treachery will come to us like the eruption of the volcano, as sudden and destructive.

Although these few lessons compared to those taught us daily by the mysterious workings of this wonderful power are but as the fly to the myriads of his brethren continually darting about us, yet they serve to show us how, by a little consideration, we may discover a moral in her every act. As everything in this great teacher is "true, good and beautiful," so the lessons which we learn from her must be naught but true, good and beautiful, since her slightest move is regulated by the infinite wisdom of her Author, who shows Himself in this material form to us

weak mortals in order to give us an idea of His power and great love for us. Therefore, by giving more attention to the teachings of nature and by heeding her commands, we cannot but live a beautiful life of rectitude, true to ourselves, to our fellow-men and to our God.

E. P. McKEOUGH, '96.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

TWENTY SECOND PAPER.

In the course of ages,—we may be allowed this brief digression as germane to the subject,—it is singular and yet withal a very instructive study to mark how unevenly have run the currents of human thought, human knowledge. The scholar cannot fail to observe that while by long study, experience, and revelation, men, (in seeming defiance of the common laws of scientific thought), have reached to a fair, even a thorough, knowledge of the unseen world of spirit, of the character and workings of the human soul, of the nature and beauties of the inner, the invisible, the higher life,—it is strange, we repeat, and apparently a contradiction, that with all this perfectness of ethical knowledge, man should know thoroughly so little of the world of sense,—of the things around him in the world of matter,—things that every day he sees, feels, hears, touches, tastes;—that creatures not of God's highest kingdom, not of the spiritual, the divine, the infinite world, (as might not so unnaturally be expected), but that creatures of the very lowest, the most material world, the one even wholly devoid of life, should of all others be the least open and known to him.

Yet, this is a fact of every-day experience that we do not understand thoroughly very many, if any at all, of the manifold evolutionary processes of life even in its lowest form—the plant. Except in a broad and rather misty way we cannot tell by what agency the seed-germ buds, how the plant is fashioned—shaped, colored, ripened, multiplied. Our ignorance of the mysteries of being embraces even the very commonest and simplest elements of matter. For of primal and rudimentary forms of inorganic being, that is mere matter, man to-day, even the ablest scholar, naturalist, physicist, chemist, biologist, despite his most searching study, is almost if not as utterly in the dark as were the ancients in the beginning of the world's story. So far all true scientists avow readily and humbly their ignorance of the intrinsic character of matter. So far the elementary composition of bodies has tantalizingly defied all thorough scientific research.

Yet on the other hand, vastly different is it with

regard to the human world, the moral, higher, invisible spirit world, (may one not even add the divine world?) This inner world of intellective being is plainly laid open to our gaze and study. We know well what this inner world is in its character; we recognize its magnificence and splendor, the gloriousness of its truth, beauty, and grace. And we mark, admiringly and reverently, its attributes, its powers of beneficence and benevolence, its efficiency for every form of good; and even (be it said however mournfully) its capacity too for every form of evil.

For of the intellective world man knows, in fact has always known, a great deal. Mankind has never been in ignorance of the nature and characteristics of the human soul, the grandeurs of its powers and faculties—intellect, will, memory. Man has been at home in his knowledge of the varied workings of these faculties; in his study and contemplation he has not ignored even the realm of divine grace; and has learned, with regard to truth, virtue, goodness, happiness, all that really goes to make up the integrity of life, in order to make it intellective, rational, better and happier.

We may then rightly conclude that everything that serves closely and needfully the purposes of life is known absolutely, clearly, so vast is the field of ethical knowledge. While on the contrary whatever regards little or naught these vital principles of happiness,—the nature of the prime elements that enter into the composition of the material world, of the heavens, the earth, their waters, their denizens, (apart from their existence, which is evident to his senses), man knows with little certainty. So obscure, conjectural, and of merely tentative character is the world of theoretical physics.

Or,—to state the same proposition in briefer form, man's knowledge of the unseen—the inner world, the realm of intellective life, is thoroughly ripened into perfection; while his study of visible phenomena of the outer—material world—is yet almost wholly in its infancy.

And with this twofold reflection on the feebleness of the human understanding, and the grandeur and immense development of the same understanding with regard to all that goes to make life happier, more blessed, lasting, Godlike, we return to our analysis of life. We therefore state it as a firm and luminous principle to be viewed as a beacon-light in all ethical conduct, that though we know not by any means fully the inner nature and character of life,—first and chiefest of the divine endowments, are in fact unable to analyze it except roughly even in brute and plant, to number its bearings and workings, to comprehend it in its material and grosser phases, yet by reasoning, ob-

servation, the study of its phenomena, its properties, its effects, we may easily without any very great difficulty judge of the capabilities—the sweep and range—of life at its best.

As the result of our study and research in these papers six corollaries then are to be drawn from our reasonings, and boldly to be declared as the leading axioms of all ethical guidance.

First. That all life, all energy, all perfection—visible or invisible, comes from God—the Author of all things, the Supreme Giver of all good, the Endower of life, the Prime Mover, Director and Preserver of the world, material and spiritual; that in His adorning beings with life, and each living creature with its own manifold excellences, its powers to multiply goodness and reap the reward of its labors, He has endowed it with the means needed to display these excellences, to exercise these energies, and in the case of the intellective world, He has perfected them with power unto all beneficence, all learning, all sanctification.

Second. With the evidences of God's creation—of the divine bounty—everywhere around us, all pointing in divers ways to these primal fundamental endowments of life, behold the consequence than which no other can be reached by thoughtful reverential mind; that, namely, life (divine in its origin) is always a blessing of God, always dependent on Him—its Source and Principle—for its further graces and charms; and that the last term—the noblest province (so to style it) of true intellective life, that is the reason of its institution by God and of its manifold endowments from Him, is to declare and make manifest the divine attributes of His own divine power, wisdom and goodness.

Third. That to do this truly, fully, heartily, is the specific province of every intellective creature,—the term, or vocation of all intellective life in the create, in whose loyalty to this service will lie its utmost perfection, in whose completeness of development will consist the fullest integrity of each one's individual understanding and will.

Fourth. This supreme, joyful, and quasi-divine perfection of the individual creature in its understanding and will, this development of its energies through the power of the Creator ripened and adorned by the power of the Sanctifier, will be the resultant in it of its harmonious fulfilment of the divine purpose as viewed by the intellect and loved of the will during its life of nature and its life of grace.

Fifth. Through this twofold power of God, the divine agency working on two distinct yet converging lines—Nature and Grace, the intellective creature, reaches happiness—the term, or goal, of

all intellective and therefore, reasonable and most natural perfection.

Thus in every intellective creature the perfection of its nature, the development of its energies, of its understanding and will, the integrity of its happiness—its life, is viewed in twofold light. There is the natural development of the understanding unto truth and the natural development of the will unto righteousness. This is the natural integrity of the creature's life,—the perfection of mere nature,—the initial, preparatory stage toward final happiness. And then there is the supernatural development of the creature, the perfection of its understanding and its will through the special graces of the Sanctifier, by which the understanding is enabled through faith, which is supernatural reason, to grasp all truths, to comprehend the Infinite Truth of God; and the will is enabled through grace, which is supernatural goodness, to do all good, to fulfil the Will of God. The one perfection results in wisdom; the other in saintliness. And this twofold perfection in the creature is thus the final term of its intellective life, which however was reached in its utmost conceivable degree once only in the history of the world, in the Person of the Son of God made Man. For in Christ only, in whom were united at His Incarnation the Divine Nature of God and the created nature of man, dwelt the Holy Spirit of God—the Illuminer and Sanctifier—in all the plenitude of His Truth and Righteousness. And Christ only through His union with the Father and the Spirit did the Will of the Father perfectly in all things according to the will of the Father.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

"Bear on! our life is not a dream,
Though often such its mazes seem;
We were not born to live of ease,
Ourselves alone to aid and please,

"A word or glance which we give "without thinking,"
May shadow or lighten some sensitive breast;
And the draught from the well-spring is wine in the
drinking,
If quaffed from the brim that affection has blest.
Then be kind when you can in the smallest of duties,
Don't wait for the larger expressions of love;
For the heart depends less for its joys and its beauties,
On the flight of the eagle than the coo of the dove."

The Sources of Knowledge.

One of the most marked characteristics of the human mind is its love for knowledge, and the eagerness with which it pursues whatever contributes to its gratification and development.

From the moment the first light of reason manifests itself until the clouds of approaching dissolution overshadow the intellect, the desire to know all that comes within the limits of the comprehension is as unseparable as reason itself.

In this matter man has no choice, as it is a craving born of nature, since ideas will rush upon him regardless of his efforts to exclude them; and experience proves that the mind hungers for knowledge as the body does for food.

That versatile faculty, called reason, which distinguishes man from the brute, is not contented with the perceptions of yesterday, it is constantly in search of other novelties which in turn must give place to new impressions. Thus, reason is ever on the alert for whatever contributes to the satisfaction of this craving for knowledge. It is through this medium that we endeavor to secure all we desire, either for our present or future happiness. When, for example, we ask ourselves, how shall we accomplish a purpose, the first thought is, by what knowledge shall we guide our actions as the best means to that end.

Since, therefore, there is in us so strong a desire for knowledge, and its acquirement is so essentially necessary to the strength and guidance of our noblest faculties, let us briefly consider what are its principal sources.

The first thought that this question suggests to us is truth and happiness, the two objects which reason is always seeking. Hence, no amount of falsehood can bestow happiness, nor be called knowledge, however closely it may resemble truth. The mind finds no pleasure in untruth, for it abhors it even in childhood before the reason and understanding are well developed. What is it that makes the fabulous tales of the nursery so interesting to the child? Is it simply the story it admires? No, it is the implicit confidence in the truth of the story. This is evident from the fact that as soon as the child discovers the fallacy or improbability contained in them, it no longer hears them with a relish.

This, together with experience of maturer years, proves that knowledge is truth; and since reason, assisted by philosophy and theology, teaches that God is the first cause, He must necessarily be truth itself, and hence, the first source of knowledge. Knowledge is truth, and truth is an equation between the intellect and the thing; but this

equation must be a fixed principle by which the mind is guided in determining truth, and God is this principle; therefore, God is the first source of knowledge.

Psychological truths have ever been most important to the speculation and study of man.

Even when the light of true faith was obscured by the clouds of infidelity, we see men striving by means of their fallible reason and the rules of philosophy to penetrate the darkness in search of the first cause—God. Education and the logic it implies invariably guide our attention not only to our present happiness, but likewise to the life beyond the grave. We are unable to close the door of reason against such contemplation for any length of time, for, though banished for a time, the persistency with which it returns will finally demand admission.

The writings of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero and other pagan writers, clearly demonstrate that these gifted minds, these instructors of notions, urged on by their conviction of the importance of such truth to all mankind, were never endeavoring to find a satisfactory solution to this momentous problem.

But reason left to herself will grope in the dark and search in vain for the highest truth; for spiritual aid is indispensable in the search for spiritual truth.

The time came, however, when man was no longer left to wander unassisted through the labyrinth of pagan philosophy, nor to stray amid its ramifications in search of such truths; faith and revelation finally intervened, removing all doubt and error, and instructing him to his entire satisfaction. The contemplation of a being of infinite perfections is sufficient to convey to the mind ideas of the sublime which truly can be included under this source of knowledge.

Thus we see that the mind in search of truth tends to the first truth—God; and, therefore, we must conclude that God is the first and principal source of knowledge.

But there are many other sources, of which nature is considered second in point of importance; first, because being created by the God of truth it must reflect to a certain degree the truth and perfections of the Creator.

"Thou hast not left Thyself without a witness, in these shades, Of Thy perfection. Grandeur, strength and grace Are here to speak of thee."

To nature we always turn for our experimenting, as an unerring source of knowledge, since she is ever true to her fixed laws and incapable of perversion.

"The laws of nature are the thoughts of God," and the great progress of science and mechanical art is due to the close observation of these laws and the revelation that such study imparts.

Who has not learned lessons from nature?

To one she speaks in the language of poetry, to another in musical numbers, another she charms through the spirit of her native woods and mountains, but with all she communes in silence, harmony and grandeur, and in expressions which suggest the love and omnipotence of the Creator.

"My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finish'd yet renew'd
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lessons of Thy own eternity.

What is the bright, cheerful lay of the lark, or the enchanting, melancholy song of the nightingale but the melody of nature's joys which finds a distinct echo in the human heart?

Let us now turn to another source of knowledge, namely, ourselves in our communication with our fellow-man, to whom we impart our thoughts through the medium of language.

This truth is so evident as to need no proof for its support, since a moment's consideration will recall that we received all our information in this way before the mind was sufficiently trained to experiment with nature or to act independently. Under this head, however, there is another source called literature, so abundant that, as a great scholar once said, it is better than all possessions of wealth, better than all outward acquisitions.

Since "literature at its best is the highest expression of the highest human thought," and the possession of such literature is within the reach of all, we are not astonished at the fact that men today acquire more knowledge in the brief period of their existence than they who formerly lived far longer.

After this cursory glance at the principal sources of knowledge, it is not surprising that men have such a thirst for the delightful waters of knowledge, and accumulation of such treasures as reason dictates shall be most valuable to them. For—

"What is man,
If the chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feel? A beast—no more.
Sure He who made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused."

G. A. BUCKLEY, '96.

St. Nicholas and the Doves.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

'Tis a legend of the past
 (In old books and paintings seen),
 Of the Augustinian hermit,
 Nicholas of Tolentine ;
 How within his cell he lay
 Once upon his pallet bare,
 With a mortal sickness on him,
 And the sunshine, like a flame,
 Thro' the western window came.

How it lit his wasted cheek,
 With the glory of the skies !
 Touched his pale ethereal temples,
 And illumined his lifted eyes ;
 And a halo seemed to shed
 Round his tonsure on his head !

'Till he cried : " O brother ! see
 What a glorious light it is !
 Jacob's ladder, thronged with angels
 Must have been, indeed, like this !
 For the blessed spirits go
 Up and down with constant wing,
 With their tender voices calling
 And their white hands beckoning !
 Ah ! if God should deem it best,
 I would fain go up and rest."

But the Prior said, " Nay, nay "
 (Bending o'er his saintly son),
 " Thou must not depart, Nicolo,
 Till thy ministry is done,
 And it is the Master's will
 (Now thou art so faint and ill),
 Thou shouldst for a time relax
 Those austerities of thine ;

Which have worn thy feeble body,
 To a shadow,—son of mine !
 Therefore, thro' obedience,
 You must break thine abstinence."

At a sign a monk appeared,
 Bearing on a wooden dish
 Two small doves (a feast prepared
 Solely at the Prior's wish ;
 And the good Superior
 Turning to the saint once more
 Said : " O true and faithful son !
 Make the victory complete ;
 Scorning ev'ry foolish scruple,
 Take, and through obedience eat."

Nicholas looked up and smiled,
 Tranquil as a little child ;
 Took with outstretched hand the doves
 (Roasted at the Prior's wish)
 And serenely made the symbol
 Of the cross above the dish.
 Lo ! a miracle of faith !
 Ere the monks a word could utter
 They beheld the little creatures
 On the dish begin to flutter,—
 Ope their eyes, stretch their wings,
 Happy, shining, little things !

Thro' the sunny window fell
 Ivy shadows on the floor ;
 And a fragrance from the garden
 Floated thro' the open door ;
 It was spring-time in the land
 (Tender grasses and golden mist),
 As the little doves exulting
 Settled on Nicolo's wrist ;
 Then upsoaring through the air,
 Whilst the hermit smiling lay,
 Round his bed went sailing,
 In a grateful, graceful way,—
 Till, at last (the window neared),
 Thro' the vines they disappeared.

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EDITORIALS.

THE time is fast approaching when the colleges of the country will hold their days of exhibition or graduation, when some of the young men go home to pass the holidays in all the joys of youth, while others will bid a long farewell to their Alma Mater, ere departing to struggle for mastery in the heartless world. Hence, it seems to be a favorable moment to say a word about the question that more or less occupies the attention of all who think seriously of the future education, and particularly college education. The word itself signifies the bringing forth from a state of ignorance and rudeness to that of knowledge and culture. Accordingly, the proper state of mind for anyone beginning a course of learning is the recognition of his want of learning. There is nothing so hurtful as a spirit of pride; for this blinds the mind, makes one overweeningly confident of his powers and loath to receive instruction. The first requisite, therefore, for sound education, is a humble state of mind, a disposition to be taught and to receive lessons with docility. We come now to a more directly practical part of our assumed task, and complain of the sadly neglected condition of young men who will not enter college because they fail to see the use of Latin, much less of Greek. As for philosophy, they say, a man can make a fortune without philosophy; as if a fortune should be made the god of one's life! How often do we

hear of wealthy Americans traveling in foreign lands, whose children are looking forward to brilliant futures, but who themselves, tortured by the necessity of having to come in contact with educated people and learn daily their own inferiority, rush from place to place. Surely no greater boon can a parent bestow upon his child than a thorough college education. Every man should receive a higher mental training, and the place to lay a foundation for such is in the college. Of the need of it there can be no question. The greater number of able, educated Europeans who, from political causes, have had to leave their native country and come to ours, and the large number of Americans who nowadays study in European universities, all of whom retail to us the wildest phases of infidel, metaphysical and social doctrine, are a sufficient argument to decide the matter should anyone be in doubt. We would urge parents who have had the experience of the world, who are the natural guardians of their children, to appreciate the value of a college course which will make every young man far more able champions of truth than our young men of the past have been.

THE increasing enthusiasm evinced by the supporters of the College ball team has nerved the players to exert every effort to crown the remainder of the season with a series of unbroken victories. That encouragement is essential to success has been thoroughly demonstrated. The opening games were disappointing to the admirers of the sport, as a consequence of which, there was a woe-fall falling off in attendance, all interest in the result of the contests was lost, and for a time the players themselves were as indifferent as the students. Then there came a change in the positions, and with it a return of that which turns many an apparent defeat into victory. Let us have enthusiasm, hearty and constant, and with all due sincerity we urge each and everyone to cheer on the boys at every opportunity. Considering that success to the team is success and fame to the college it represents; that the honor and glory attendant upon a victory redound also to the credit of those who have labored earnestly and persistently to assign the most able players to the respective positions, and that upon their shoulders rests the reputation of their Alma Mater in the baseball world. It is difficult to conceive why we fail to manifest, proportionately, a like degree of interest under the remorse of defeat as when victory perches upon our banner. True, it is natural to feel despondent in the face of defeat, but despondency should not be permitted to rule our very beings

and cause us to sacrifice judgment and common sense to its wilful dictates. We earnestly trust the students will continue to be a unit and ever extend their impartial, honest approval of the praiseworthy endeavors of the players who spend hours in daily practice for the glory of their College.

THE death of the late Shah of Persia may involve great issues, for while the country is neither rich nor powerful, it holds an important place in the politics of the Old World. England, Russia and France have incessantly struggled for ascendancy in the councils of the Shah, whose country lies on the Russian highway to India and Turkey. The dead monarch was assassinated while at prayer in his private mosque, and by his demise Persia has lost the most competent ruler that ever essayed to control its barbarous people. His long reign did much to civilize the Persians, and his personal magnetism accomplished more for the peace and welfare of the country than all the strategies of war resorted to by his predecessors. He had traveled further than they ever dared, and thus had gained a clearer insight into the schemes of European potentates. He preserved peace where less cautious hands would have taken the sword, and, perhaps, have perished by it. During his long reign his people progressed at least as far and as favorably as those of any Mohammedan country, and certainly did not retrograde as fast as the Turks have done. He was a semi-barbarous ruler, but by no means an unskilful one, as he devoted the greater part of each day to his own education. His successor is a man of middle age, who has seen nothing of the world and little of his own country. It is impossible to predict his policy. His accession, however, certainly adds to the responsibility of the Russian and British embassies at Teheran.

THE terrible disaster in St. Louis and its environments has sent a terror of horror throughout the world. The appalling details that have been sent out from the stricken communities reveal a confusion of death and ruin equaled by few calamities in this century. Conservative estimates claim that the number of dead and wounded will reach far into the hundreds. How many millions are represented in the devastation is even yet a matter of conjecture. The one terrifying fact only is clear, that a great metropolis, a modern city of brick and stone with thick stanch walls and giant monuments to the skill of architects and engineers, has felt the blasts of nature's immeasurable and concentrated forces of destruction, and brick and stone and iron, and the stanchest defenses that science

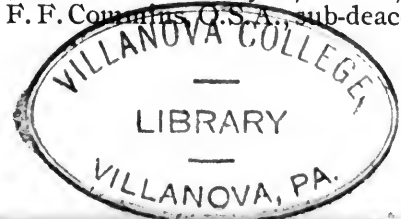
can devise have been swept away. More lives have been lost in other disasters recorded in history, more widespread destruction has been caused, but all are eclipsed, in terrifying effect, by this convincing and awful demonstration that not all the safeguards of even a city of the first class can withstand even for an instant the fury of the elements. Death came to the multitude in one sudden annihilating shock. When floods come, there is at least a race with death; when fire rages, there is at least a battle with death; but when that grim destroyer the cyclone whirls itself into their midst there can be no race or battle possible to the victims. The floods of fire that followed in the wake of this storm found the harvest of death and ruin already gathered. The sufferings and grief of the thousands of homeless have stirred the great heart of the country to its very depths. In truth, it is a consoling fact that although the entire populace seemed to be buried in the political war, yet when the news of St. Louis' terrible misfortune was sent broadcast over the land, the pulse of the nation was felt to be beating only for the unfortunate people of one of its great cities.

Ordinations.

On Saturday, May 30th, at the Cathedral in Philadelphia, Archbishop Ryan ordained to the Holy Priesthood, four Augustinians of Villanova, former prefects in our College. Those ordained were the Rev. W. W. Donovan, M. A. Ryan, F. F. Commins and F. S. Riordan. The day following, Trinity Sunday, Father Donovan celebrated his first Mass at Villanova with the Rev. W. A. Jones, O.S.A., as assistant priest. Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., preached. At Chestnut Hill, Father Ryan officiated, assisted by Rev. N. Casacca, O.S.A., Rev. C. A. McFadden, O.S.A., preached. Father Commins celebrated at St. Denis' Church, Ardmore, the V. Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., assisting, Rev. J. F. McGowan, O.S.A., preached. Father Riordan celebrated at Bryn Mawr, with Rev. J. J. O'Brien, O.S.A., as assistant and preacher.

May Celebration.

The Annual May Celebration occurred at Villanova on Sunday the 24th. The Societies of the Parish, the College Students and the Clerics of the Monastery marched in procession through the College grounds, and after stopping before a shrine of Our Lady, where the Magnificat was chanted and addresses made by the Sunday-school children, they proceeded to the Church. Here the statue of the most Blessed Virgin was crowned. After which a sermon on "Devotion to Mary" was delivered by Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A. The ceremony was closed with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by V. Rev. F. M. Sheeran, O.S.A., with Rev. M. A. Ryan, O.S.A., as deacon and Rev. F. F. Commins, O.S.A., sub-deacon.



Baseball.

VILLANOVA, 26; WYNNEWOOD A. A., 13.

On Wednesday, April 29th, the college nine met and easily defeated the Wynnewood A. A., of Philadelphia. It was a game remarkable for hard hitting on the part of the College players. Rogers played second base for the first time, and accepted eight chances. McCullough pitched an excellent game, keeping the hits well scattered. The score:

VILLANOVA.						WYNNEWOOD.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Moynihan, rf.	6	4	1	0	1	Daly, 2b	2	1	1	4	0
Hayden, 3b	3	3	3	2	1	McEwen, ss	0	2	0	4	1
Downes, c	4	3	8	1	0	Maher, c, lf	1	1	4	2	2
Herron, ss	1	4	1	2	2	Cunningham, lb	1	1	13	2	1
Conway, lb	2	1	10	1	0	Devlin, rf, c	2	1	3	0	1
O'Donnell, lf	1	0	0	0	0	Reardon, cf	2	1	0	0	0
Rogers, 2b	3	1	4	4	0	Fitzpatrick, 3b	1	2	3	2	1
Kirsch, cf	2	1	0	0	0	Fahy, rf, p	2	2	1	2	1
McCullough, p	4	2	0	4	0	McCormick, p, rf	2	2	2	1	1
Totals	26	19	27	14	4	Totals	13	13	27	17	8

Earned runs—Villanova 10, Wynnewood 6. Struck out—by McCullough 8, McCormick 3. Two base hits—Moynihan, Herron, Maher. Three-base hits—Hayden, Herron. Home run—Kirsch. Time—2 hours, 20 minutes. Umpire—Hazel.

VILLANOVA, 25; MONTGOMERY A. C., 15.

That once formidable aggregation known as the Montgomery A. C., opposed the College nine on Saturday, May 2d. From the first inning it was evident that they were no match for Villanova's representatives; in fact, they played so wretchedly that the game was devoid of interest. Barr, their invincible twirler, was in the box, but he seemed in a generous mood, presenting a number with passes to first base. When he did manage to get the ball within range of the batsman it was sent into safe territory. After four agonizing innings he was compelled to retire, and Hoffman, another "star" of bygone days, succeeded him. His shoots and curves were given a warm reception, and after two innings he followed Barr. Fairman volunteered to pitch the remainder of the game, and fared no better than his predecessors. For Villanova, Herron and Conway did good work in their respective positions, as did Hayden at the bat. The fielding of Montgomery was the worst seen on the diamond this year, each player contributing to the error column.

VILLANOVA.						MONTGOMERY.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Hayden, 3b	5	3	3	1	1	Huelon, lf	3	0	2	1	1
Murphy, ss	6	2	1	1	1	Pomroy, 3b	3	1	4	0	3
Downes, c	4	3	8	1	0	McCallion, lb	3	2	7	0	1
Herron, p	3	3	0	5	1	Hoffman, cf, p, lf	1	0	0	2	1
Conway, lb	1	2	7	1	0	Brennan, c	2	0	8	0	2
McArdle, rf	0	1	1	0	0	Eyre, ss, cf	3	3	2	1	2
Kirsch, cf	2	2	2	0	1	Barr, p, ss	0	0	1	1	1
McDonnell, lf	1	1	2	0	0	Fairman, 2b, p	0	2	0	2	1
Rogers, 2b	3	2	0	1	1	Bevan, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	25	19	24	10	5	Totals	15	9	24	7	12

* Called at end of eighth inn'g.

Earned runs—Villanova 12, Montgomery A. C. 4. Struck out—by Herron 4, Barr 2, Fairman 1. Two-base hit—Herron. Three-base hits—Hayden, Downes. Home run—Hayden. Time, 2 hours. Umpire—Hazel.

VILLANOVA, 17; DREXEL INSTITUTE, 7.

On Saturday, May 9th, the Collegians crossed bats with the team from Drexel Institute. McArdle started to pitch, but gave way to Herron, who had the Institute players completely at his mercy, while McCormick was hit freely.

VILLANOVA.						DREXEL INSTITUTE.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Hayden, 3b.	2	2	2	0	0	Geyer, 1b.	1	2	10	0	1
O'Donnell lf.	2	3	2	2	0	Van Deuson, 2b, p.	2	2	2	4	1
Downes, c.	3	4	8	1	0	Cowan, cf.	1	0	1	0	1
Herron, lf, p.	3	3	0	4	1	Potter, lf.	1	0	0	0	0
Conway, lb.	2	3	6	0	0	Morehead, p.	0	0	0	1	0
McArdle, p, rf.	2	2	1	0	1	Drake, c.	0	1	4	1	0
Rogers, 2b.	1	2	2	0	1	Shimm, 3b.	0	0	1	0	1
Kirsch, cf.	1	1	0	0	1	Doyle, rf.	1	0	3	0	0
McCullough, ss.	1	0	0	1	1	Ives, ss.	1	1	0	2	2
						Willis, 2b., p.	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	17	20	21	8	5	Totals	7	6	21	9	7

* Called at end of seventh inning.

Runs earned—Villanova, 9, Drexel 2. Struck out—by Herron 3, Morehead 2. Two-base hits—Hayden. Three-base hits—Downes 2, Herron, Rogers. Home run—Conway. Time, 2 hours and 15 minutes. Umpire—Hazel.

VILLANOVA, 21; DELAWARE COLLEGE, 12.

When the team from Delaware College appeared on the diamond on Saturday, May 16th, enthusiasm knew no bounds, for everyone expected the home team to redeem themselves for the defeat they had suffered at the hands of Delaware. And the expectation was fully realized, for when the smoke of battle had cleared away the score stood 21 to 12 in Villanova's favor. Downes played an excellent game behind the bat, and many an unfortunate Delawarian was obliged to retire after attempting to purloin second base. The playing of Hayden and Conway was also of the brilliant order, while Steel and Osmond played winning ball for Delaware.

VILLANOVA.						DELAWARE.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Hayden, 2b	2	2	7	1	2	Steel, cf	3	0	5	1	0
Downes, c	2	2	5	3	0	Willis, 1b	1	3	6	0	1
Herron, p	3	2	1	5	0	Osmond, c	0	2	6	0	0
Murphy, ss	2	3	1	4	0	Davis, 2b	0	2	4	2	2
McArdle, rf	4	2	0	2	0	Wilson, lf	2	1	4	0	1
Conway, lb	3	3	9	2	1	Cameron, ss, p	3	1	2	2	1
McCullough, 3b	1	2	3	0	0	Baldwin, rf, 3b	1	3	0	1	0
Rogers, lf	3	3	0	0	1	Pratt, 3b	1	0	0	0	1
Kirsch, cf	1	1	1	0	0	Wolf, p, ss	1	1	0	2	0
						Gamble, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	21	20	27	17	4	Totals	12	13	27	8	6

Earned runs—Villanova 10, Delaware 5. Struck out—by Herron 3, Wolf 5. Two-base hits—Herron, McArdle, Davis. Three-base hits—Conway 2, Rogers, Baldwin. Time—2 hours, 10 minutes. Umpire—Hazel.

VILLANOVA, 23; ST. ANNE'S, 13.

On May 22d the team representing St. Anne's A. A. fell easy victims to the College nine. In the first two innings McIlhail managed to retire the Collegians after nine hits had been made, which, together with errors, netted eight runs. Toner, his successor, was hit hard and given poor support. For Villanova, O'Leary, at third base,

played a game hard to duplicate, while Downes, Conway and Hayden carried off the honors at the bat. In this game the utility of team work was illustrated and sacrifice hits were numerous.

VILLANOVA.						ST. ANNE'S.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
O'Leary, 3b	5	3	3	4	0	Conroy, 3b	1	0	2	1	2
Hayden, 2b	3	4	2	3	0	Kilroy, ss	1	1	1	0	0
Downes, c	2	5	6	1	0	Toner, 2b, p	1	1	0	2	0
Conway, 1b	1	4	9	0	0	Jones, cf	2	0	2	1	1
Herron, p	2	2	0	2	2	Burns, 1b	1	1	7	0	2
McCullough, ss	2	1	1	3	1	Gillen, rf	2	2	1	0	0
McArdle, rf	2	3	1	0	0	Smith, lf	4	1	1	0	2
Rogers, lf	3	3	2	0	0	Conners, c	1	1	8	2	0
Kirsch, cf	3	2	3	0	0	Mellhaul, p, 2b	0	2	4	5	1
Totals	23	27	27	13	3	Totals	13	9	26	11	8

* Hayden hit by batted ball.
Earned runs—Villanova 13, St. Anne's 6. Two-base hits—O'Leary, Downes, McArdle, Toner. Three-base hit—Rogers. Struck out—by Heron 4, Toner 3. Time—2 hours. Umpire—Hazel.

VILLANOVA, 9; PENNA. MILITARY COLLEGE, 2.

On Wednesday, May 27th, the team journeyed to Chester, Pa., to cross bats with the team of the Pennsylvania Military College of that place. The day was all that could be wished for and the boys felt confident of victory. In the first and second innings five wearers of the *White* and *Blue* crossed the rubber, but after that runs came slowly, the cadets making a brave attempt to redeem those costly innings. But there was no hope of overcoming the lead which the Villanova had procured, for there stood Boyle as cool as an iceberg in the face of the wildest cheering by the adherents of the Military College. He was the great stumbling block in their road to victory, and eleven brave soldier boys returned to the players' bench endeavoring to find the hole in the bats they had used. Space will not allow a review of individual work, but every player performed his part in winning the game. The game itself was remarkable for clean, fast playing by both teams. It took the home team six innings to advance a man as far as third base and then only to have him caught off the base by a quick throw. In the seventh inning two passed balls and an over-throw allowed two of the home players to cross the plate. Then cheer after cheer rent the air, but the enthusiasm was short-lived, for after that there was not a semblance of a run.

VILLANOVA.						PENNA. MILITARY COLLEGE.					
R. H. O. A. E.						R. H. O. A. E.					
Hayden, 2b	2	1	1	2	0	Holston, 3b	1	2	2	0	1
Murphy, ss	1	1	0	4	1	Arnold, ss	0	0	0	3	1
Downes, c	1	3	9	1	0	Harris, 2b	0	0	3	4	1
Conway, 1b	1	2	11	0	0	Carr, lf	0	0	2	0	0
Boyle, p	1	1	0	2	0	Ward, c	0	0	2	1	0
McCullough, 3b	1	1	1	1	1	Arnold, rf, c	0	2	1	0	0
McArdle, rf	0	1	0	0	0	Davis, p	1	0	1	1	0
Kirsch, cf	1	0	4	0	0	Bowers, cf	0	0	5	0	0
Rogers, lf	1	1	1	0	0	Meinhard, 1b	0	2	10	6	0
						Riekfus, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	9	11	27	10	2	Totals	2	6	27	9	3

Earned runs—Villanova 6. Two-base hits—Downes, McCullough. Three-base hit—Boyle. Struck out—by Boyle 11, Davis 4. Time—1 hour, 55 minutes. Umpire—Williams.

EXCHANGES.

The literary efforts of the contributors to *The College Forum* are worthy of commendation, since each essay reflects care and individuality. The May issue is made particularly attractive by "Schiller and Goethe," whose names are so closely linked together in German classic literature, the former of whom has often been styled the Shakespeare of our times. "An Unsolved Problem," which offers encouragement to those who are willing to abandon the present modes of travel in favor of the air-ship; and a neat little story entitled "A Leap-Year Adventure."

Judging from the large number of editors on *The High School Argus*, one would expect to find in this magazine more and better reading matter. We hope, however, that the efforts of the new staff, "to advance until *The Argus* of the High School of Harrisburg shall be second to no other High School journal in the State," shall soon be crowned with success.

The Easter number of *Acta Diurna* contains the conclusion of a pretty story entitled "Emma and Eginhard," and the "Eulogy of an Ass"; in the latter the wisdom and sagacity of an ass are amusingly vindicated.

The Sunbeam for April contains some very worthy compositions, notably, "Two Violets," "James Russell Lowell" and "Shylock;" but its exchange department is sadly neglected.

The short essays of the 1900's in *The Agnetian Monthly* are all well written; if we take them as a criterion, 1900 will witness some excellent contributions to *The Agnetian*.

"The Master Poet of the Jesuits," in *The Fordham Monthly*, although made familiar to us through the columns of *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, is, however, worthy of repetition; the reasons given by *The Fordham* for its re-publication are likewise valid. The two papers on "Chaplains in the Civil War" are valuable.

The space allotted to athletic notes in *The Bucknell Mirror* proportionately overbalances that assigned to the other departments. This, however, is not censurable if its editors have vandalized all mottoes but the following, "Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano."

The Sacred Heart Review ever contains subject matter as varied as it is interesting and instructive.

"Printemps," "Espirina," and all the poems contributed to *The Index* by this gifted writer are ever a source of pleasure to us. His muse is happy and faithful. "The Atomic Theory" is profound and instructive, and bespeaks the author's thorough acquaintance with this extraordinary subject. We suppose, however, that the name Democraus, instead of Democritus, is a typographical error.

SPLINTERS.

"H₂O."

"Break away there!"

"Haven't yes any oys?"

"Let's have another dash."

"All serene along the line."

"That's the coldest ice I ever felt."

"What are you trying to do, show us up?"

"Thursday is my day off." Are you sane for the rest of the week?

"Where's the yellow blacking?" Then he wondered why they all laughed.

If this is Villanova proper, will someone tell us where is Villanova "improper?"

"It's the best thing in the world." And Eddie ought to know whereof he speaks.

In his opinion "We sleep to live." Well, certainly you ought to live a long life, Paul.

His object in life is "to get an education." It's well he has something to keep him awake.

Si, with his assistants, the two Eddies, are now ready to take in mopping. Samples of their work cheerfully shown at their headquarters.

Would that we could reproduce in these columns that inimitable laugh so often heard coming from the culinary department. Our fortune would be made.

Being told that the second box in the theatre was engaged, Si wanted to know how we were to get in. Plans and opinions on the question are solicited.

Jimmie D. says when he is in one part of the College he knows well enough in what direction the city lies, but when in any other, he doesn't know anything about it.

Frankie B., just at the critical time, comes to our rescue by telling us that if we hold our nose while drinking the milk we will not taste the garlic. Thank heaven for this, Frank.

The football fiends have cried "down;" the prize-fighting cranks "threw up the sponge," but we are now in the clutches of the baseball fans. May heaven bring us through this season!

The V. R. P. was telling us his birthday was in March until it was recalled that we ate ice-cream on his former birthdays, which left no further doubt on the subject. It's May 15th, by the way.

He said a *Trappist* he would be,
And said it very earnestly.
But what he'd trap he did not say,
Perhaps a rat, or some old jay.

"Pipe," you'll have to leave Eddie alone hereafter; you are jollyng him too much of late.

Did you see him go when he heard the voice of the V. P. calling him from the Dramatic Hall?

"Chic" and Jack McC. are said to have arranged a foot-race. Whoever wins will do it in a walk.

"When you get your hair cut, why don't you get it clipped?" Isn't that something dangerous, Zip?

"Samson was a great ball-player, wasn't he?" It is more likely that he was a great pianist, Mac.

What were your feelings, Bill, when Charley told you who they were? It was an awful mistake for you to make.

"Stop that! Do you want to pound the padding out of that spring?" Nothing was farther from his intention, Dennis.

Say, Mac, wouldn't it be a good idea if you ate down there altogether, and saved them the trouble of bringing up your food to you?

"They've mopped the flure, and now they do be throwin' in corn. They wants to raise a crop, I guess." One joke for him. Who is it?

Teacher—"What is the feminine of songster, Mr. K.?"

Mr. K.—"*Singstress*."

B. M.—"What's the abbreviation of German-town?"

F. G.—"Why, Chestnut Hill, of course." Then indications of a storm became manifest.

Eddie may have a wonderful laugh,
And those of Jimmie and "Nit" are fair,
But a cross between a shriek and a laugh,
Is hers that almost raises your hair.

According to the Homerites, the "New Woman" has no claim to the adjective "New," since she is mentioned in the Second Book of the Iliad. Verily, as dear old Shakespeare says, "There is nothing *new* under the sun."

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Commencement



Number

OF THE



Villanova





Monthly

July 1895



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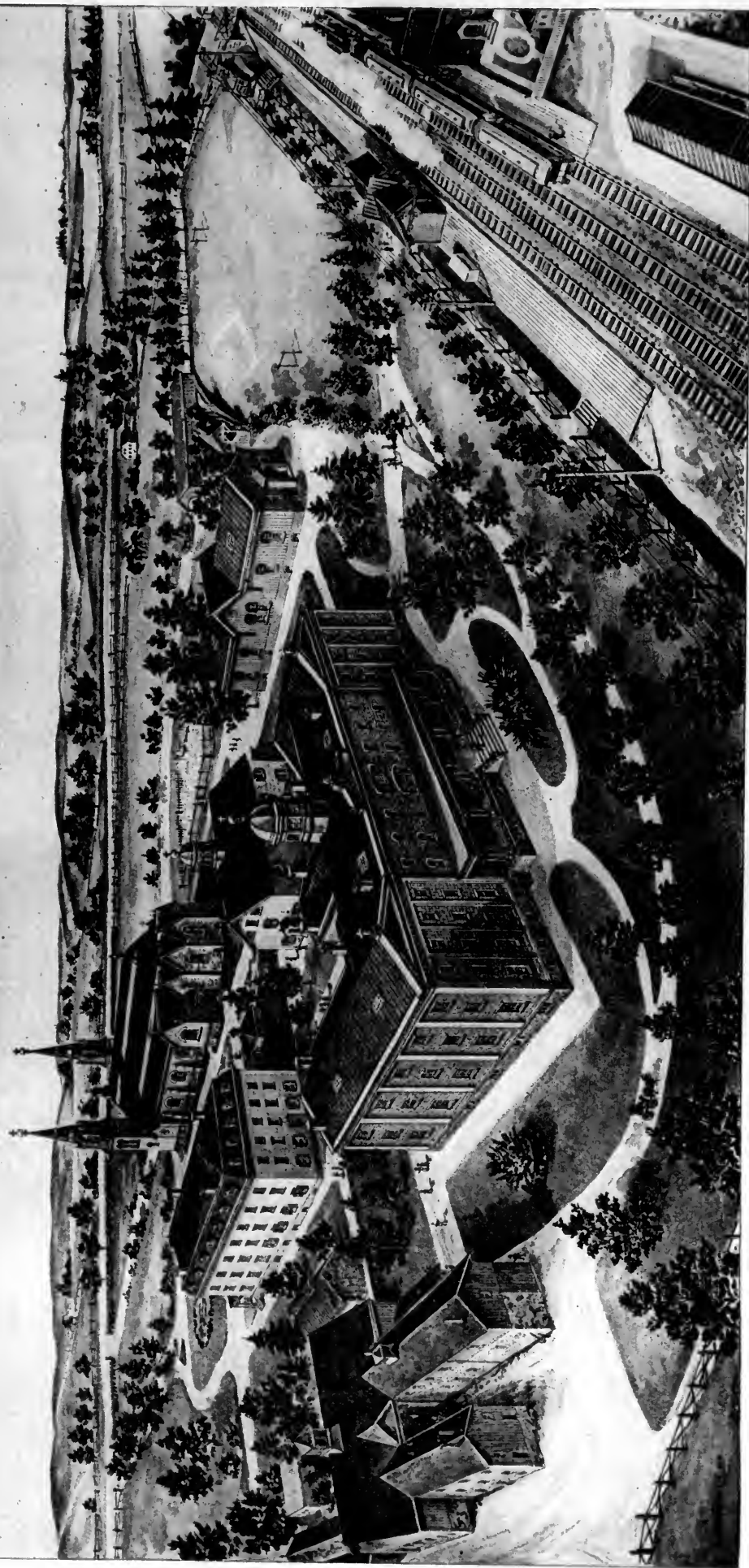
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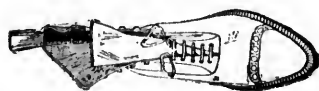
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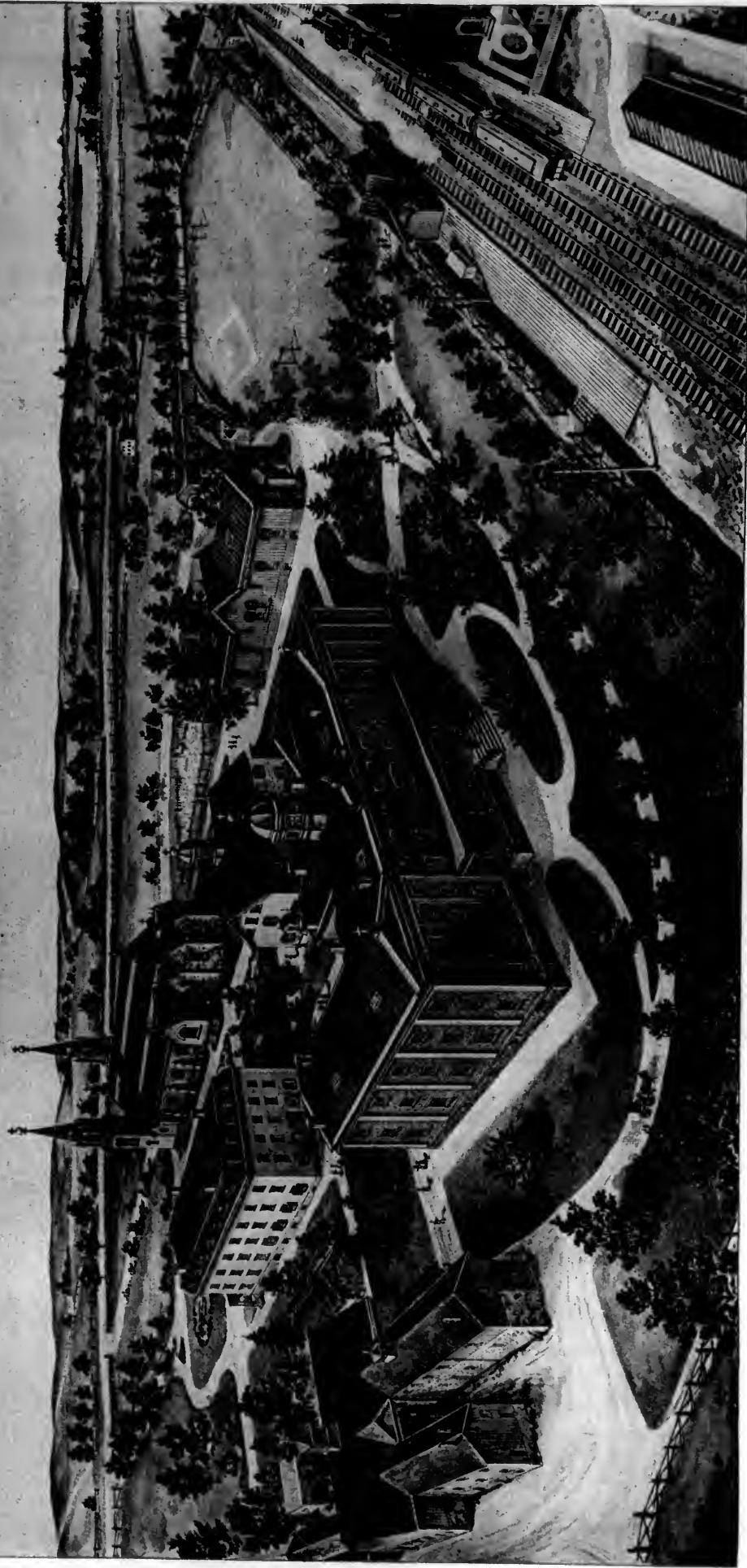
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Villanova Monthly

Vol IV.

Villanova College, July, 1896.

No. 5.

I LOVE YOU!

I was an urchin bashful but brave,
She was a neighbor's child,
And I loved her, though never a word she gave,
Nor ever a sign that she knew it, save
The look in her eyes so mild.

If she glanced at me, my face grew red,
If I spoke, she would turn away ;
But a something there was in that down-cast head,
That told me as truly as though she had said
She would like to have me stay.

So I walked by her side—I was eight years old,
Six summers her young life knew,—
And we gathered the daisies of white and gold,
And our fortune by means of their petals told,
And the fortunes we felt were true.

For I loved her,—so the daisies said,—
(How I loved those daisies then !)
And *she* loved me,—she hung her head,
But hand-in-hand we homeward sped—

* * * * *

I was never to see her again !

The funeral cortege passed our door,
I peeked through the lowered blind.—
The daisies her grave are growing o'er,
My old heart bleeds for that young heart sore
Of the lad that she left behind !

I love you!—Ah, me! the words I've heard
When I knew the lips they lied ;
And again have I heard, when my heart was stirred ;
But sweeter was the unspeken word
Of my little love that died !

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

Fifty-third Annual Commencement.

On the day preceding the Commencement a Requiem was celebrated by the Vice-President for the deceased students, and on Commencement morning the President celebrated the Mass of Thanksgiving.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather when the exercise began, the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity by friends and patrons of the College and relatives of the students.

The fifty-third annual commencement of Villanova College occurred on Thursday morning, June 25. The College buildings were tastefully decorated with flags and bunting and the Dramatic Hall where the exercises were held was bedecked with the College colors, white and blue, the Stars and Stripes and the Ensign of the nation.

Promptly at 10.30 A. M., V. Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A. president of Villanova, escorted the Rt. Rev. Bishop McGovern, who presided, to the stage. The College Faculty, the class of '96 and many visiting clergymen followed. A pleasing feature in the exercises was the wearing of caps and gowns by the graduates for the first time, the Bachelors of Art were distinguished from those of Science by the Class colors, the former wearing maroon, the latter blue.

After a selection by the Schmitz Orchestra, Rev. W. A. Coar, vice-president of the College, welcomed those present to Villanova's Commencement and after a word on the occasion which brought them together, he extended to all the visitors the freedom of the grounds and buildings.

Among those present were Very Rev. Laurence A. Delurey, O.S.A., president, Rev. Walter A. Coar, O.S.A., vice-president, Rev. John B. Leonard, O.S.A., Rev. Charles J. McFadden, O.S.A., Rev. James F. McGowan, O.S.A., Rev. Richard A. Gleeson, O.S.A., Rev. William A. Jones, O.S.A., Rev. J. Frederick Medina, O.S.A., Pierce A. Arnu, A.M., Denis O'Sullivan, A.M., Pr. Hoar, Very Rev. Francis M. Sheeran, S.T.B., O.S.A. prior, V. Rev. T. C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A., Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., Rev. N. Cassaca, S.T.L., O.S.A., Rev. F. F. Commins, O.S.A., Rev. M. A. Ryan, O.S.A., all of the College.

Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, O.S.A., Provincial of the Order, V. Rev. C. A. McAvoy, O.S.A., Ardmore, Pa., Rev. J. J. O'Brien, O.S.A. and Rev. J. J. McErlain, O.S.A., Bryn Mawr, Pa., Rev. J. J. Fedigan, O.S.A. and Rev. J. J. Farrell, O.S.A., Atlantic City, N. J., Rev. M. A. Hand, Wayne, Pa., Rev. T. F. Herlihy, O.S.A. and Rev. J. E. Vaughan, O.S.A., Chestnut Hill, Rev. J. Nugent, O.S.A., Ardmore, Pa., Rev. D. Regan, O.S.A., Hoosic Falls, N. Y., Rev. J. Reilly, Reading, Pa., Rev. Fr. Heuser,

Overbrook, Pa., Rev. Winters, V. Rev. D. Waldron, O.S.A., Phila., Rev. N. J. Murphy, O.S.A., Phila., Rev. Frs. Sinnott and Rafferty, Phila., Bros. Isadore, Arthemian, Basilian and Aloysius, Phila., Patrick Duffy, Esq., John A. Ward, Esq., J. Mahon, Esq., Messrs. Woodford, Scattaglia, McVey, and Gallagher.

The following degrees were conferred, Rev., Walter A. Coar, Vice-President of the College making the announcements and Rt. Rev. Thomas McGovern, presenting the degrees: Bachelors of Arts.—Edward T. Wade, Chicago; Edward J. Wade, Lawrence, Mass.; Dennis C. Flynn, Oxford, N. Y.; Edward P. McKeough, Hartford, Conn.; George A. Buckley, Baltimore, Md.; Andrew J. Plunkett, Stamford, Conn. Bachelors of Science: William B. Kennedy, Granville, N. Y.; William F. Hazel, Lyndonville, Vt.; Walter L. Burns, Lawrence, Mass.; James H. Hayes, Boston, Mass.; James L. Kersch, Rosemont, Pa. Commercial Diplomas.—Thomas J. Rogers, Pottsville, Pa.; James P. Murphy, Lansingburgh, N. Y.; John F. Jones, Wayne, Pa.; Thomas F. O'Connor, Jersey City, N. J.

The following gold medals were awarded:

For Gentlemanly Conduct to William B. Kennedy, Granville, N. Y., presented by the President and Faculty.

For Christian Doctrine to James H. Kelly, Wilmington, Del., presented by V. Rev. C. M. Driscoll, O.S.A., Provincial.

For Logic to Edward T. Wade, Chicago, presented by the Alumni.

For Classics to Edward P. McKeough, Hartford, Ct., presented by Rev. James H. O'Neil, Middleboro, Mass.

For English Literature to Henry T. Nelson, Oakford, Pa., presented by Joseph F. Farmer, A. M., Jersey City, N. J.

For Mathematics to James L. Kirsch, Rosemont, Pa., presented by Rev. J. T. Emmett, O.S.A., Lansingburgh, N. Y.

For General History to James A. McDonald, Andover, Mass., presented by Drs. Jarvis and Steinbock, Philadelphia.

For Elocution to Edward T. Wade, Chicago, presented by T. F. Herlihy, O.S.A., Chestnut Hill.

For German to Henry T. Nelson, Oakford, Pa., presented by Rev. J. P. Curran, O.S.A., Waterford, N. Y.

At a recent Chapter held at Villanova College, Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., was placed at the head of the Missionary band. Father Geraghty's experience has well fitted him for that work. He is an earnest and forcible preacher. Those desiring his Missions should address him at Villanova College, Delaware Co., Pa.

ORATION.

EDWARD P. MCKEOUGH, '96, HARTFORD, CONN.

Almost daily in the transaction of human affairs, which fall to the lot of each, we meet with the word "skeptical." And at first thought what meaning is conveyed to our minds by this word? Instantly, a conception is formed in us, of a person, to whom we cannot even begin to tell anything, when, with a shrug of the shoulders and a most supercilious curl of the lip, he draws out the favorite expression of his kind: "I don't believe it." In the language of Webster, this species of the rational animal (but I am almost sure the word should be irrational) is defined: "One whose doctrine is, that no fact or truth, however worthy of credence, can be established on philosophical grounds."

This is putting it very strongly, but with no more strength than truth, for from beginning to doubt in small and trivial affairs, he has gone on until at last in the ungovernable pride of intellect, he rejects the belief in everything, even in God, Himself.

This is the particular phase of skepticism which concerns us, namely, the infidel, the skeptic who denies the existence of anything, but what is apparent to the senses, and, therefore, with whom there is no supernatural or immaterial world.

Let us take one of these persons for the sake of example and trace him through his career of unbelief. We will see how he begins; what pleasures he receives and what triumphs are his, in a word, what a fascinating and alluring life he leads, and with what tranquility and resignation of mind, exhausted and wounded, he lays down his helmet and shield, after the fierce battle of life has been fought, to find out, too late, that he has been fighting for a lost cause and to discover with rage that his endeavors for the wrong standard, which he followed, were in vain.

To begin, we will view him as a young school-boy, bright and beautiful, indeed, under the spell of innocence and health. Life, truly, has very little care and trouble for him, so long as his usual supply of enjoyment is not interfered with. There are lessons to be learned and recited and then there are birds' nests to rob and a good swimming pool to test or some other boyish diversion.

Ah, there is certainly no skepticism here, unless it is an overwhelming doubt and strong disbelief as to whether Johnny Jones or Tommy Brown, or some other hated rival can worst him in a fistic encounter; whether his enemy's prowess or the baseball diamond is mightier and whether his father professes the better party in politics. We are all skeptics of this sort when we are boys.

Later on, as this thoughtless youngster grows up and begins to see more of the world, we may perceive a change, slight it may be, but noticeable. He mingles more with men of the world and accepts their ideas and ideals. He sneers at the goodness of his companions and begins to doubt the authority of his parents. The boy is transformed into a man; his head is turned. He now manifests a decided dislike for anything religious. His attendance at church, very seldom at the best, is now but to please his family or to make a display before the eyes of the world. About this time, he wonders why his friends are not struck with his great learning, his vast store of information; why he does not receive positions of honor and trust, that his gigantic intellect may make itself felt.

Ah, his friends are, indeed, struck, but not with his great learning, nor his vast store of information, nor his gigantic intellect; but they are struck with his leaning towards the bad and his utter contempt for what is good; his independent and domineering spirit towards others and his increasing utterances, downright blasphemies, to which he is becoming accustomed.

Let us now bid farewell to this all sufficient youth, who is almost ripe and already promises to become one of the largest and most luscious fruit on the tree, to the great satisfaction and daily increasing glee of the skeptic gardener, Satan.

Many years have now passed since we met our young friend, who possessed the talents for a grand and brilliant career, but was, when we last saw him, in a fair way to abuse, rather than use them in the proper direction.

We meet some acquaintances, and in the conversation that ensues, we discuss a famous speaker, who is to deliver a lecture in the Opera House that very evening. As his aesthetic tendencies, and his blasphemous declarations are well-known and much talked about, we experience a curiosity to hear and see him, to see what kind of a man he is, and hear what his arguments are.

We enter, take seats, and await the appearance of the speaker, he soon appears and begins his harangue after having been greeted by a round of applause. At his on-coming, we notice something very familiar about him and wonder where we could have seen him before.

But wait. Yes, now we have it, he is our young friend whom we had almost forgotten. Yet what a change. Not the least vestige remains in his countenance of the innocence so plainly seen in his boyhood; the thirst for knowledge and lofty ambition, in his youth. We see nothing now but the appearance of one who has lived as he pleased,

without the necessary restraints of religion and conscience. One who has satisfied every passion without fear or shame, until satiated, he is beginning to turn away with disgust ; but yet, he must continue to put on a bold front, although, in his heart he is wearied with his life and convinced of his error ; he is forced to earn his bread by it and toward the world, he must always be a skeptic, in fact, it has become a business with him, the more blasphemy he utters the greater will his receipts be.

Another crowd surges in and as he sees them, he raises his voice, and with unnatural impudence continues his arguments, which are only empty sayings, adorned with gems of rhetoric and delivered with eloquence, each and every one of which has been refuted time and again. Nevertheless, the majority of the people, captivated by his silvery tongue and specious sophisms, go away musing on the words of Shakespeare, " some rise by sin, some by virtue fall."

We will leave him now to his unnatural occupation of heaping abuse and contumely upon his God and Creator, and view him in the most important and solemn hour of his life, namely, his last.

That last hour which tells the tale, in which he must die in peace with his maker or in enmity. If in peace, he will go out of this world confessing his former errors and acknowledging God, that he may make atonement for his awful life and thank Him that he has been spared to die a peaceful death, in comparison with what he might have expected. If, on the other hand, he dies as he lived, cursing and tempting God to crush out his miserable life in some horrible manner, he will go down to an awful existence, where, for eternity he must admit there is a God. And well might he have feared his future condition and departed in anguish and despair for ;

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

In whatever manner he dies, what an awful lesson we receive. What a picture he presented in his boyhood, as innocent as the lily and as dear to God as one of the saints.

Oh God ! that this beautiful child should so change, as to lose his trust in Thee, and, thereby, turn to hate the true, the good and the beautiful which are only found in Thee ; yea even to mock Thee and dare Thee to do Thy worst. What a man must he be ! in truth, he is not a man that would do this, but a beast, for when anyone goes so far as to deny the existence of truth, virtue

and beauty, which are God, he falls from the level of man and only deserves to be ranked amongst the lowest animals, which in their own way, have love and respect for their master.

Let us imagine for a moment, this beautiful and well-arranged world of ours to be peopled, entirely by men of this infamous class. Let us suppose skepticism to be the ruling doctrine, and law and religion to be thrown aside, as of no account, since every individual follows the promptings of his own passion. Then vice instead of virtue would be respected ; indolence, instead of industry ; lust, instead of chastity ; and man, instead of God. The arts and sciences would not be cultivated, for when man does not look above material things, he allows the intellect which distinguishes him from the irrational animal, to fall into disuse and only exercises his animal instinct. Commerce, architecture, education and all the other blessings which are found amongst men who believe in God, love and respect Him, would here be naught but empty terms, having no significance whatever. In short, these men would be like the Yahoos which Dean Swift tells about in his Gulliver's Travels, where the horses have the intellect and the men are without it and act like beasts. Accordingly then, we can see the sad condition of the human race without the mild and governing influence, which teaches us to turn to the good and reject the bad.

Can such men be happy, say you ? No indeed, having fallen away from their Creator, they have given up man's gift of happiness.

With no expectation of joy, and no fear of punishment, hereafter what a life any one's must be. That of the dog is more noble and exalted than he who adopts for his God that, motto, " Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die."

Of what service I will ask, can such a one be to his country, or his fellow-man ? Putting himself up as the only idol to adore and serve, and denying the existence of everything good in this world, how can he be patriotic or neighborly ? He is rather an incubus on his race, the greatest obstacle to its enlightenment and progress, and the chief source of all the wretchedness and misery by which the sunshine of man's happiness is obscured.

How grateful to God ought we then to be, that we have been spared such a fate. Every day of our lives, remembering that we are Christians and Catholics, we ought to thank him from the bottom of our hearts. Taking warning from this then, let us turn closer to God and obtain a deeper love for truth, virtue and beauty, and when temptations to doubt afflict our souls, let us humbly kneel

and pray in the words of the sainted Cardinal Newman :

Lead kindly light amidst the encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on.
 The night is dark and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on.

VALEDICTORY.

EDWARD T. WADE, '96, CHICAGO.

Where can be found a more sublime, a more enthusing theme for the young American to dwell upon than the subject of patriotism? The very word fills our hearts with a love of country second only to that love which is due to our Creator. From the time when the Father of his Country was first installed as the head of this nation then only in its swaddling clothes, to this June day it has stirred American citizen to love their land, to bow to her; it challenges them to guard, as the treasure of their souls, the magnificent inheritance which he bequeathed to them. While our feelings are raised to their sublimest elevation in the contemplation of the past it cannot be denied that they are somewhat depressed in the contemplation of the present, as never was there a time in the history of the republic more opportune for the germination and growth of true patriotism than the immediate present. Though liberty be not less dear, ambition is more powerful. Liberty has been cherished around the fireside until it has become a household word and has even impressed upon the minds of the most reckless the value of its possessions, but passions and prejudices creep in which tend to subvert it or make it but an empty name. Liberty here, and incidentally the cause of human freedom throughout the world is too weighty a trust not to be watched with the tenderest care. And we the young men of the country should be its guards. The land of Washington and of Franklin, of Henry and of Lee, of Adams and of Jefferson must continue to be the hope and the asylum of the oppressed. We have a country surpassing an empire in magnificence and yet is only vested with the simple grandeur of Republican dignity. "We have lords but they are lords of the soil proud of no title so much as freedom's sons" When the temples and trophies of other nations shall have mouldered into dust, when the glories of their name shall be but the legend of tradition "philosophy will rise again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington," a century has passed and Washington's republic still remains; it has grown, the infant has become the giant. The

terrible ordeal, that Civil War, that one disturbing element which for a half century divided the American people on sectional lines and became the fruitful source of discord and attempted disunion found at last its final settlement in the arbitrament of the sword and has been placed forever beyond the possibility of revival. It was, however, the one test needed to give to her the consciousness of her own vigor and potency and never was the country so strong in all the elements of life, so menacing to its foes as when the sun of Appomattox shone on her banner and revealed upon its azure ground the presence of the full galaxy of her stars. Fortune's favors have indeed fallen most generously on American's sons. They have liberty which, although dearly purchased has made the land in very truth "the most magnificent dwelling place prepared by God for man's abode." Our government is the rule of all for the welfare of all.

In the infancy of our national existence we threw off the oppressor's yoke; in our youth we were the admiration of the world and may we not hope that in our manhood we shall ever be a blessing to mankind? To be such the highest order of patriotism is required. It must be willing to give time and labor and money, to sacrifice the best that a man has on the altar of his country. It is undoubtedly more prosaic than dying for one's country on the field of battle but the man who devotes his life to preserving the honor of his country, and perpetuating free government is as much of a hero as the one who falls upon the field of battle. Happily there is no demand for him to prove his patriotism in war while there is a great and pressing demand for him to prove it in the peaceful duties of citizenship. He is not the truest or most useful patriot who boasts of his willingness to fight in a war which may never come, or should never come, but he gives her his service in a struggle that is already in progress. What our country requires is an army of patriots to exterminate such citizens as corrupt politicians who would filch from us all "that made it the best to live in and the easiest to die for." This is a patriotism which tries men's souls because it calls for quiet, self-sacrificing, unremitting labor; but it is the only patriotism which will save American institutions from destruction and make the American name, the symbol of human progress, honored throughout the world. We should become all it is possible for us to become. To do this we must strive from youth to age even unto the end. The end, and to-day by striving thus we have come to the end of our college careers.

Ah! why do we not rejoice and feel glad at so

happy, so prolific a culmination of all our college aspirations? Have we not envied the seemingly fortunate ones of former years as they stood here in all their manhood, full of vigor, of life and of hope replete with a store of esoteric wisdom culled from the minds of these rare dispensers? How greatly we admired their prowess, their talents, their abilities, and in the excess of our enthusiastic veneration we pictured how changed the world would be when so much genius would be thrust upon it. Little did we know of the sentiments that filled their hearts, of the fears that oppressed their souls. But to-day, as we stand in their places, a stern realization of the misleading significance of that word "graduation" dawns upon our senses. We feel indeed that life is but just beginning. The many years spent within Villanova have been but a gorgeously tinted dream in a realm of happiness, of serenity, of peace. And since we are doomed to a sad memory of that which once has been and never more can be, let us pause on the threshold of our new existence and muse awhile on dear old Villanova. Villanova! How musical, how tranquil a title our *Alma Mater* bears! In fancy let us journey back a few years and think with what a thrill of pride and of prejudice, of doubt and of fear we first made her acquaintance. How indifferently we viewed the picturesque landscape that adorns our college home! How uninteresting appeared the ever attractive campus! How suspiciously we regarded this and that companion, and with what positive awe we beheld our new professors. But the enchanting atmosphere of this charmed enclosure soon dispelled the mists of grim uncertainty, and we felt ourselves being led gently and gradually into a brighter sphere of thought and action. Our minds and characters seemed to undergo a process of elimination. Our hearts and intellects at once crude were being nurtured by the most zealous of teachers who sought to endow them with a classical appreciation of the true, the beautiful and the good, and at the same time to furnish them with an example which shall endure unto the end of time. How soon we grew to love this favored spot and how quickly were formed those ties of friendship which shall last while life lasts.

With no little sense of shame do we recall a sudden burst of temper amidst a spirited debate; a savage dart of sarcasm aimed at some unconscious offender; a lingering bitterness over an unexpected defeat—ah! yes, we have all experienced these shadows in our brief careers, but a curious anomaly presents itself in the fact that even the most bitter of college rivalries will now be but a

pleasure to remember. Who can forget our triumphs on the gridiron and on the diamond? Will the day ever dawn when the victories on the college green shall fail to awaken a responsive chord within us? How proudly waves the white and blue year after year from yonder flagstaff, and will we, can we ever forget the cheer upon cheer that filled the air for our heroes as the grand inspiring cry for old Villanova's glory rang out? Oh? to-day brings back the past, not only with its joys, its realities, its events, but more powerfully still its thoughts of what might have been.

Regrets and broken resolutions flutter o'er our souls like some swift-winged bird and warn us that the past belongs to God alone, that the present only is ours. Would that the firm, reliable discipline of Villanova could ever go with us to urge on a vapid ambition, to strengthen us in our trials, and to spread around us her protecting mantle of safety. And when I think of that life which opens long and wide from the morrow, I am led to wonder where we will ever feel safe again. But the hours grow apace, and even amidst our recollections comes the omnipresent warning that time awaits our farewell message. To Fr. Delurey then, as our beloved President, we must say a last good-bye. We thank you for your ready sympathy, the scrupulous fidelity with which you ever served us, for your widespread thoughtfulness for the honor and glory of Villanova. We regret that this parting should be saddened by the reflection that in the buoyancy of youth we have oft indulged in an irrelevancy of conduct which has caused you annoyance and pain. Attribute it not to a spirit of ingratitude for over our lives you have exerted an influence which shall be deep and permanent. Fain would we put off these doleful utterances, pregnant as they are with a new-born sorrow, as we sever in turn the endearing links of college attachments. Ah! 'tis hard to part with you Fr. Coar with whom we have been so intimately associated and who has been in very truth "our guide, our philosopher, our friend." Do you think, my classmates, in traversing the corridors of time you will ever find a sanctum so alluring as that wherein he presided, where we were so oft wont to go to beguile many a lonely hour, to lay down our burden and come forth refreshed? In him we found one who could appreciate the enthusiasm of youth, the sympathy of humanity—whose methods were founded on the rock of firmly-established principles and whose discipline was never made repellant. We thank you Fr. Coar for the sound, practical advice you ever ministered for the illimit-

able interest you have taken in all concerning our welfare.

To our professors we owe a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. That we have fallen far below those lofty heights which your painstaking efforts deserve we know full well. To-day indeed we realize that had we been more attentive to your instructions we would have reaped a richer harvest of merit for ourselves and have been of far greater credit to the institution. Your patient kindness we shall never forget. And now we must say good bye to those who have shared our joys and our sorrows, our successes and defeats. Yes, boys, the Class of '96 leaves you to-day. No more shall we enjoy the blessed privilege of life amongst you. We leave behind your cheery presence, your jolly fellowship, and that bantering wit "which oft did chase dull care away." We know that place cannot change our affection; time will but sanctify the memory of the good old days together. Fraternity here established, her happiest vantage grounds, and life under this propitious roof seemed like an ideal family. Each has followed the other's progress during the year, to each is the honor of our College home equally dear and as the years roll on we'll follow you still, always hoping to find Villanova's boys among those great progressive souls that gild with all that makes it glorious. My classmates, we too must part. Would that expression could mirror my feelings as I repeat this last adieu. For many years we have looked forward to this day when we should embrace for the last time our *Alma Mater*! Do we realize how much we have been to each other? How we have been wont to mutually extend and receive support? Shall we do so well when this assistance be withdrawn? Hitherto we have been journeying through the higher world, in the lands of immutable laws, drinking of the fountain of knowledge; but mathematics cannot solve earthly problems nor can logic untie the Gordian knots of politics and ethics. We must take into the future those sturdy principles, those noble purposes here so persistently inculcated. And in after years when some of us shall have sought the North, some the South, others the East and some the West should the path be narrow and the way seem bleak and lone and dreary, far away in the distance like a gleaming lantern in a dark and starless sky, may we behold our old class motto luminous with its golden promise, "*per aspera ad astra*." *Alma Mater* fare thee well! May Fate weave for thee an immortal veil. "Length of days be in her right hand and in her left hand be honor and glory; may her ways be the ways of pleasantness and all her paths be peace." Friends, the class of '96

bids you farewell. "Farewell a word that must be and hath been; a sound that makes us linger yet farewell.

"Fare thee well
And if forever, still forever,
Fare the well."

THE address to the graduates was to have been delivered by John T. Lenehan, Esq., President of the Alumni, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., but on account of an unavoidable circumstance, at the last moment, he was prevented from being present. In his absence Bishop McGovern, who presided, was asked and kindly consented to fulfil that part of the program. After entertaining, for a few minutes, the audience with a portion of his fund of humorous anecdotes, he directed his remarks to the graduating class, and, dwelling particularly on the gift of counsel, gave some very practical advice to the young men about to follow their various avocations.

After the exercises were finished a bounteous repast awaited the patrons and friends of our College, and to that they were escorted. During the course of the dinner the toastmaster, Father Delurey, called upon several for speeches. Among the speakers were Bishop McGovern, Fathers Fedigan and Sinnott, Patrick Duffy, Esq., and J. Henry Magee, who received an unusual round of applause. Mr. Magee is one of the first class of graduates of Villanova College.

DURING the evening the Alumni assembled in the College Library, and after some preliminary remarks were made the regular business was begun. Mr. James E. Dougherty, Postmaster of Haverford, Pa., was elected President; Rev. R. A. Gleeson, Vice-President; Rev. John B. Leonard, Secretary; Rev. L. A. Delurey, Treasurer. All the graduates in arts and sciences were formally admitted to the association. Then ensued a long discussion as to the advisability of changing the time and place for future meetings, and a committee, consisting of Fathers Gleeson, Delurey and Leonard, was appointed to take charge of the affair.

After the business was transacted the annual banquet was partaken of. Many short speeches were made, and all expressed themselves as having passed a most enjoyable evening.

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Villanova Monthly



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MONSIGNOR MARTINELLI.

A brief biography taken from the September number of the Spanish magazine, *La Ciudad De Dios*.

Ten months have scarcely elapsed since the Most Reverend Sebastian Martinelli was re-elected in the general chapter at Rome to the very important office of Prior General of the Augustinians, an office which he had just resigned at the expiration of the constitutional term. We were all hoping to enjoy the fruits of his paternal solicitude and exemplary virtues, and we anticipated the great benefits which our Order would acquire from his extraordinary prudence and indefatigable zeal, when, to our surprise and partly to the destruction of our fond hopes, the news at once sad and agreeable has come to us of his promotion to a high ecclesiastical dignity.

Leo XIII, renowned all over the world for his wisdom and sagacity, wishing to send to the United States of America a worthy successor of His Eminence Cardinal Satolli, has fixed his eyes on our Most Reverend Fr. General Martinelli and has appointed him by a decree of the Sacred Congregation *de Propaganda Fide*, dated August 7th, titular Archbishop and Apostolic Delegate to that extensive and important nation.

Although we feel profoundly grateful for the affectionate regard and wise disposition of the Holy Father, since, by distinguishing our Superior in this manner, he has honored us and all the members of the Augustinian Order, yet such feelings cannot diminish our grief at the loss which we sustain.

In a word, sentiments of joy, gratitude and grief are in our hearts to-day; and we can find no more appropriate way of expressing them than by relating briefly the life of this illustrious Prelate, so full of precious recollections, which, told in detail and by some other pen than ours, would be a source of edification and pleasure to all who would read it.

Sebastian Martinelli, brother of Cardinal

Thomas Maria Martinelli who adorned the Church of God and the Augustinian Order by his learning and virtues, was born on August 20, 1848, near the town of Lucca, in Tuscany, his worthy parents being Cosmus Martinelli and Magdalen Pardini.

Endowed with a beautiful disposition and with a lively genius, it was not long before the seeds of the good instructions which his parents, and afterwards a pious priest, had implanted in his tender heart, began to grow and blossom and bear fruit, for in the fulfillment of his duties as a student he was always a model of fervor, modesty, obedience and diligence.

About the close of his fifteenth year, a period of life in which other boys full of the impulses of youth spend most of their time in sports and diversions of various kinds, he voluntarily and resolutely renounced the vanities of the world, and, abandoning his parents and country, directed his steps to our sanctuary of Genazzano. There, on the 6th of December, 1863, following the example of his two older brothers, Thomas and Aurelius, he was clothed with the habit of the Order of St. Augustine. As he had not yet reached the canonical age, he could not commence his novitiate until a few weeks later, the short interval being spent in the convent as an *educandus*. He made the profession of simple vows on the feast of the Epiphany, 1865.

In his devotion to a life of piety, which is the culture of the heart, he did not neglect the culture of the mind; and as he acquired the first by leading an exemplary life and by being assiduous in prayer, so he acquired the second by indefatigable study, convinced that both ought to be united in harmonious companionship for the proper fulfillment of his duties of life, and for the greater service of God, the Church and society.

Being called to Rome, he was fortunate in having as his professor of Philosophy, Theology, and other kindred sciences, Fr. Luis Lejuacá, afterwards created Cardinal, under whose direction

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Being called to Rome, he was fortunate in having as his professor of Philosophy, Theology, and other kindred sciences, Fr. Luis Lejuacá, afterwards created Cardinal, under whose direction

Martinelli, always studious and diligent, advanced with marvelous rapidity both in learning and piety.

His regular studies being concluded in 1872, after a brilliant examination he obtained the degree of Lector and taught Philosophy in the convent of Santa Maria in Posterula at Rome, where he was also Master of Discipline. He afterwards became Professor of Theology and other sacred sciences, until, having finished the five years of regency of studies, he received the degree of Master of Sacred Theology on the 18th of September, 1881.

A few days later he was unanimously elected Postulator General for the canonizations and beatifications in our Order, and in this capacity obtained the canonization of B. Clare of Montefalco and the beatification of Ven Alphonsus of Orozco. Through his efforts, also, a decree was recently issued in which the virtues of Ven. Stephan Bellesini were recognized, and we can thus hope that within a few years the Augustinian Order will have another of its members enrolled among the Blessed.

In 1889 he was elected to the dignity of Prior General in the chapter held at Rome, and three years later the Pope appointed him Consultor of the Holy Roman Inquisition. In the six years of his generalship he made many visits to the convents of his Order, not only in Italy and Malta, but also in Ireland, Belgium, Bohemia, Cracow, and two years ago, in the United States of America. By his influence and largely by his labors, the long desired union between the Augustinians of Spain and the main body was effected, and a revision of our former Constitutions was made which resulted in their reduction to a shorter and clearer form.

Finally, on the 28th of September, 1895, in the general chapter assembled in Rome, he was not only re-elected to the office of Prior General, but also confirmed as such for a term of twelve years, thus showing the unlimited confidence which his illustrious acts inspired.

On the 30th of August of the present year he was consecrated Archbishop by Cardinal Rampolla, who is the Protector of our Order and Secretary of State, and in a short time will start for North America to undertake the arduous and honorable commission which the Holy Father has entrusted to him. A wide field is opened for the activity of Mons. Martinelli, but we have no doubt that his solid virtues, his indefatigable zeal and his great diplomatic talent will rise even to a greater height than on former occasions, and will redound to the glory of his official position in a country full of youth and life, and in which the Catholic Church has achieved and will achieve such great victories.

Mgr. Martinelli's Visit.

Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, Papal Delegate, visited our college and remained from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning. He was accompanied by Monsignor Sbaretii, auditor of the Papal Delegation, and Very Rev. Charles M. Driscoll, O.S.A., provincial of the order.

In the afternoon the auditor saw the foot-ball eleven of the college defeat the Philadelphia Dentals.

In the evening the visitors were entertained by the students. The following program was rendered:

1. Music—"La Fanfare des Dragons" *Boscovitz*
 2. Music—Pilgrims' Chorus from "I Lombardi" Glee Club
 3. Address of Welcome Henry T. Nelson, '97
 4. Hunters' Chorus Glee Club
 5. Music—Sonata in D *Diabelli*
 6. "Julius Caesar," Act III, Scene II The Forum
- CHARACTERS—Marcus Antonius, A. X. Dooley; Marcus Brutus, W. J. Shanahan; Cassius, J. H. Kelly; First Citizen, J. F. Hayden; Second Citizen, M. T. Kennedy; Third Citizen, J. D. Murphy; Fourth Citizen, H. M. Shelley.
- CITIZENS—J. McDonald, L. Delaney, P. Gaffikin, E. Fox, P. Gallagher, J. Kerr, J. Ford, J. O'Neill, J. Downes, W. Feeney, T. O'Connor, F. McCullough, T. Rogers, J. Breslin, J. Heenan.
- GUARDS—J. Bagley, J. Diver, H. Conway, J. McCloskey.

7. Hymn—"Viva Leone!" *Gounod*

A bouquet of exquisite white roses was presented to the Papal Delegate at the end of the performance by F. Reilley Nolan on behalf of the younger students.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

It affords me supreme pleasure to bid you, in the name of the faculty and students of our College of Villanova, a most hearty welcome. Villanova is always pleased to welcome within her walls the dignitaries of our holy Church. She has often had the honor of entertaining bishops and archbishops, and, indeed, on one occasion her closing exercises were presided over by the first Apostolic Delegate. To have in our midst the second representative of the successor of St. Peter, and to recognize in him an Augustinian, nay, more, the prior general of the illustrious order to whose kindly guidance we have been intrusted, is, in very truth, an honor to be proud of. We realize that our efforts to do sufficient honor to him in whom that greatest luminary of the nineteenth century, our Holy Father Leo, has seen a fitting representative of himself, must be but weak. The honor and duty of bidding you welcome to our *Alma Mater* has been assigned to me. The duty is an easy one, thanks to my fellow students, for do not their faces, beaming with pleasure, speak louder than my feeble words? In the words of Shakespeare, the immortal, we welcome you:

"Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
It must appear in other ways than words;
Hence I scant this breathing courtesy."

Mgr. Martinelli replied in English, expressing his happiness in being once again in Villanova College, a pleasure which, he said, was enhanced this time because the boys were here, his previous visit as head of his order being made during vacation. He referred briefly to the great advantages obtained by the students in having a thorough religious and secular education, and expressed the hope that he would be able to be present at the next commencement. He also announced that he had obtained for them an extra holiday.

The address was engrossed on vellum and presented to His Excellency.

Among those present at the reception, besides the Faculty, were V. Rev. C. A. McEvoy, O.S.A., Rev. N. J. Murphy, O.S.A., Rev. T. F. Herlihy, O.S.A., J. J. O'Brien, O.S.A., J. E. Vaughan, O.S.A., and the following laymen: Messrs. A. A. Hirst, P. J. Duffy, D. O'Sullivan, Dr. J. J. Morrissey, Class of '81.

Reminiscences of an Ancient Scottish Town.

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

Perhaps it is to the fact that our country is comparatively new, and must perforce move quickly in order to make up for lost time, that we are compelled to look for the cause of the American disease,—that driving desperate haste with which we do all things, that entire expending of energy which bends everything to our will, but which, also, of its very fire, consumes those milder and nobler qualities of the mind, requiring time and care and even solitude for their proper cultivation. Nature has supplied our souls with varying chords, alike responsive to the touch, but the music of the finer strings is never called to life by the strong, prosaic hand which has such perfect control over the harsher ones, whose every note is sounded in the key of money or of fame. Here all is confusion and strife, the restless hurrying of the human tide. Towering buildings in their artificial beauty attest the ingenuity of man. Everything is gigantic, everything is new.

Let us turn from the noisy doings of our more progressive country to the serene quiet of an old-world picture; let us pause in our mad rush for honor, to rest in the languorous beauty of an old-fashioned city, whose almost every breath is redolent of the chivalry of a now forgotten age.

Where the lashing waters of the Atlantic beat in softer measure upon the shores of the Firth of Forth, the eye beholds the wonderful cantilever bridge, acknowledged to be the greatest triumph of engineering the world has yet seen. In the immediate vicinity is the ruin of old Rosyth Castle, where the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, was sheltered upon her escape from Loch Leven; and two miles to the west, as the crow flies, rises the picturesque town of Dunfermline, the metropolis of Fife, and a Royal Burgh of the United Kingdom. Situated on a slope that rises gradually from a peaceful valley, the morning sun shines down upon the red-tiled roofs of its houses; upon the crumbling, moss-covered walls of the ancient Royal Palace, where kings were born and died, and upon the majestic ruin that once was a Benedictine Abbey, beneath whose marble floors the remains of a line of kings have mouldered into dust. It is truly an old-world picture; and the faded glory of past centuries descends upon us, as we wander through the narrow streets, lined with long rows of stone houses, or explore the recesses of the hoary monuments of a country's former greatness.

In a panoramic view of the city, the Abbey, that grand and venerable structure which, for eight centuries, has withstood the ravages of time, is the

one great figure. From whatever side the town is viewed, its walls rise majestic, and its tower, bearing aloft upon its four-faced surface the sculptured inscription, "KING ROBERT THE BRUCE," tells us that the ashes of the hero of Bannockburn have found a resting-place within its sheltering walls. We could not, therefore, better begin our recital of the beauties and the antiquities of the place, than with a passing description of "The Old Abbey Church."

The foundations of the Abbey were laid by order of King Malcom Canmore in, or shortly after, the year 1070, but its completion was not effected at the time of his death, in 1093, when he was slain at Alnwick Castle. It is worthy of note that the first suggestion of raising this mighty temple came from Malcom's queen, Margaret, the Saint Margaret of the Church's calendar, whose tomb still stands outside the Session-house of the modernized portion of the building. The mention of this sainted lady's name recalls one of the many pretty legends in which the locality abounds.

When the Saxon royal family of England was driven from that country by the usurpation of William the Conqueror, the widow and daughter of Edmund Ironsides attempted to reach Hungary, of which country the Queen was a native; but the tide, or rather let us say fate, bore them northward. Their boat came to anchor in a little bay in the unknown waters of the Forth, almost at the very spot where now the monster bridge joins its shores together by iron bands. When this sheltered and secluded spot was reached, the Princess Margaret is said to have exclaimed, "I hope we shall yet be saved;" and from this expression has the bay, even to this day, been called "Saint Margaret's Hope." Malcom, who was residing at Dunfermline, hearing of their plight, invited them to his court; an offer which was gratefully accepted. They continued to reside with him, and, in 1070, he married the Princess Margaret. It was at her request, as we have mentioned, that the church was built and appointed the place of royal sepulture, although it was not raised to the dignity of an Abbey until half a century later, when David I brought to it thirteen Benedictine monks from their monastery at Canterbury.

Additions were made to it from time to time, each designated by a new name; so that we have the Old Abbey Church, the New Abbey Church, the Lady Chapel, the Eastern Church, etc. An idea of its magnitude may be readily conceived. It was used continuously as a place of worship down to the time of the Reformation, in 1560, when, together with so many other historic and religious monuments, many of its chapels, including all the splendid tombs in the Eastern Church, were entirely

demolished. When part of it was rebuilt, in 1818, the workmen engaged in clearing the ground came upon a subterranean vault, in which lay a body encased in a double fold of lead sheeting, which had been wrapped around it as a cere-cloth.

But rather than anticipate the sequel to another beautiful and authentic story, we must go back, in point of time, to the days when King Robert Bruce was fighting for the freedom of his country. The Crusades, as we know, were ended in the latter part of the thirteenth century, but the eyes of Christendom were still turned wistfully toward the land which Christ had sanctified by His blood, that land which was still in the power of the infidel. Robert Bruce had made a solemn vow that, when he had secured the independence of his beloved Scotland, he himself would lead another Crusade to the Holy Land. That independence was secured when, at the memorable battle of Bannockburn, he completely routed the forces of the English King. The time for the fulfillment of his vow had come. But, as though the full measure of his eventful career had been rounded out, Bruce was stricken with leprosy, and the world is left to conjecture what might have been the result of Scottish valor before the walls of the city of David.

With the memory of his solemn promise still present in his mind, however, from his friend Douglas, faithful to him even to the rendering of the last tearful service upon his death-bed, he exacted a vow that he would at least deposit his heart upon the altar of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, a promise which this other Pythias died in attempting to fulfill. Douglas fell, fighting the Saracens in Spain; but it is related of him that, in the encounter, hurling the silver casket which contained the precious relic into the midst of the fighting infidels, he shouted, "On, gallant heart, Douglas will follow whithersoever thou shalt lead." Douglas died, indeed, and the heart that beat high for freedom and for faith never reached its goal, but was brought back and deposited in the Abbey of Melrose, where it is venerated to this day.

Bruce's body reposed in the Abbey of Dunfermline, but in the destruction which accompanied the Reformation, its exact resting-place was lost sight of, and for almost three centuries was sought in vain. The finding, however, of the encased body among the ruins at this later day gave rise to the hope that now, indeed, the grave of the beloved Bruce might once more be honored with a tablet suitable to his glory and commemorative of that national freedom which he had won for his Scottish brethren. The ceremonies were removed in the presence of due ecclesiastical and municipal au-

thority, and the skeleton of a man was disclosed, with the ribs on the left side sawed through, according to the rude surgery of his day. There could be no doubt that these were the remains of the Bruce, and they were viewed with swelling hearts and bated breath, and again covered to await a suitable resting-place in the chapel then building. There he rests within the chancel, wrapped once more in his original winding-sheet, and the brazen plate above his tomb proclaims to the reverent eyes of the beholders that here is the "Sepulchrum Roberti De Brus, Scotorum Regis."

Other interesting reminders of past grandeur; the stone coffins authenticated as being those which contained the remains of two of Malcom Canmore's sons; the towering stone pillars with their deceptive circles; the bartizan near the roof, where the monks were stationed during divine service; the Latin inscriptions on the various tombs, telling of virtuous matrons and of men true to their God and their king; although we suffer these to pass with but a single word, it will require no great flight of the imagination to picture the one grand total when Malcom and his sainted queen knelt before the church's altars, while "through the long-drawn aisles and fretted vault, the pealing anthem swelled the note of praise."

Close to the Abbey, and ranking next to it in interest, are the ruins of the Monastery and Royal Palace. These are the property of the crown and a custodian, appointed by Her Majesty's Board of Works, exercises a general superintendence over the place. Here we find new cause of wonderment and admiration, in the stability of the walls and grandeur of the ruins; in the artistic beauty of the groinings, and the carvings by no means rude, and in the mournful melancholy with which our poetic imagination clothes all. An English historian says that the extent of the monastery was so great that three princely visitors, with their entire retinues, might be accommodated with lodgings at the same time, without inconvenience to one another. All that now remains of it are one wall and the gable end of the Frater Hall, or Refectory.

There are several beautiful illustrations of the perfection which the art of the sculptor had reached in those days. In the gable end there is a large Gothic window made entirely of stone, and said to be one of the finest specimens of its class extant. A tower connecting this building with the palace is beautifully arched beneath, and forms a gateway across the street which skirts the enclosure. A six-penny bit to the attendant in charge is the "open sesame" to all the legendary lore of the place. Here the monarchs of Scotland

lived from a very early day down to the union of the two crowns. Here Charles I, of England, was born, with no foreboding of his tragic end. The hoary-headed attendant will show you the room where first his eyes opened to the light. An antique piece of statuary, which has withstood the relentless touch of time, can be seen on the projection of a portion of the ceiling of this room. From the lettering, which is in Latin and hardly legible, we may gather that here is represented in stone the visit of the Angel Gabriel to her who was "full of grace."

While recalling these scenes of royalty's one-time dominion, we must not forget to mention "Queen Margaret's Cave," so called because it was to this retreat that Scotland's tutelary saint repaired for her daily devotions. The story goes that King Malcom was somewhat disconcerted at the repeated absences of his royal consort, and prompted by curiosity or suspicion, followed her one day to this secluded spot. Finding her absorbed in prayer and edified at this evidence of her piety and fidelity, he had the cave enlarged and an altar erected within it, at which the queen might make her devotions with greater solace and convenience. The cave is now reached by a rather precipitous descent from one of the streets of the town; and the traveler will find only a well of crystal water from which he may drink, and a rude bench whereon he may rest whilst thinking of her who fled to this solitude from the pomp and splendor of an earthly court, to hold converse with the King of Kings. Much of the rock has been cut away, no doubt by relic hunters, in the category of whom the writer must number himself, for he, indeed, broke off a piece of the soft sandstone which forms the side of the cave, and plucked a fern from beside its entrance, reminders of a pleasant half-day spent in its vicinity.

Only one other similar building will claim our attention at the present writing—the "Abbot's House;" and we will say nothing more of this picturesque building than to call attention to the peculiar inscription above the door, as indicative of the regard which the Abbot Pitcairn had for that maxim which we still use:

"Sen vord is thrall and thocht is fre, keip weill thy tonge, I coinsell the." (Since speech is a serf and thought is free, keep well thy tongue, I counsel thee).

To speak of Dunfermline as it might well be spoken of, a manufacturing and bustling town, with the smoke curling from the tall chimneys of the most extensive linen factories in the kingdom, with its library and baths and public park—this,

indeed, I could forego; for I love it more for its historic grandeur, its living, breathing memories of a day that is past, a glory that is departed. From these recollections, chaste, simple, grand, my mind turns with reluctance. But ere I bid farewell to this delightful locality, let me recall a drive made from this ancient town to a neighboring village, ever associated in my mind with Dunfermline, and for that reason mentioned here.

Our trip that day was made in a two-horse *brake*, as it is called, to a charming old ruin, the entailed property of the Dukes of Argyle, and rejoicing in the somewhat lugubrious title of the "Castle of Gloom." It is situated high up on one of the many hills in the vicinity, and from its eminence commands an extended view of the surrounding country. It was practically inaccessible to a rival clan. Hills surrounded it on all sides save one, where, at its base, a deep ravine was made by the confluence of two small streams or burns. A hostile army could be repulsed from the battlements, as there was no possible mode of access save by a descent from the hills and a re-ascent of the one on which it stood. It was captured, it is true, by strategy, when the Argyles had gone to render assistance to a neighboring clan; but that pertains not to our recital.

A beautiful legend attaches to the place and deserves repetition. Long ago, as all legends run, a fair princess (all princesses of storied times are fair), was imprisoned in the castle because she would not accede to the wishes of her father, who desired her to wed a neighbor chieftain. The lady had a knight of her own, who was brave and true, but whose efforts to rescue her proved unavailing, and the princess languished long in durance vile. It is but natural that in her sadness all things should seem sad, and so she gave to the fortress its name of "The Castle of Gloom." The one hill which she could behold from the single window of her guarded room, and to which she must have looked long and frequently in the hope of succor, she called Dolor, from her own great sorrow.

In the splashing of the two little streams, which met beneath her casement, she heard but the plaintive echo of her own repinings, as though their waters kept time in sympathy with the beating of her heart. She named the one the Burn of Sorrow, the other, the Burn of Care, and to the place of their commingling she gave also the name Dolor. A little village, which has since sprung up at the foot of the hill, perpetuates this name.

The castle still is standing, a mute but not inglorious reminder of a chivalrous past. The massive walls remain indeed; the old stone stairway

winds its circling path in almost impenetrable gloom to the battlement, but it echoes now no step save that of the antiquarian or the curiosity seeker ; no eye looks down with eagle glance upon the heathered slope ; no martial array of warring Highlanders appears upon the horizon ; only Dolor Hill, gloomy, solitary, grand and the peaceful village at its foot.

St. Augustine of Hippo.

TWENTY-THIRD PAPER.

To behold infinite Truth in all its loveliness and beauty is thus the highest perfection of the understanding ; to do infinite Righteousness the supreme happiness of the will.

In the mere create this perfection of mind in the Truth of God, this happiness of will in the enjoyment of His Righteousness and Glory, realized only in its fullest grandeur in the Person of the God-Man, is tempered by the limitations of its finite nature.

For the created understanding, no matter to what sublimity of union with Divine Truth it be raised, can ever comprehend the grandeur, the majesty of God wholly as He is, as the Son knows the Father. Nor can the created will, empowered even by the Holy Spirit of God in the fullest union of friendship with God of which it is capable, ever love the richness and worthiness of the Divine Majesty of God and do His will as fully as the Son loves and does the will of the Father, and as the Father loves the Son.

The capacity of the intellectual creature for union with the Infinite Being—to know the Truth, to love the Truth, to enjoy the Truth, wherein consists the supreme perfection of the creature—the chief honor, glory, happiness and delight of its understanding and will, is then measured by the receptivity of each individual being in the intellectual world, which in no case ever can be of boundless character.

In all studies of ethical—intellectual—perfection, ever observe carefully this distinction, the test of right understanding, that, namely, in the intellectual world there are but two entities of fundamentally distinct and different nature. There are the two beings,—One Infinite, the Supreme Being—God, the other finite, limited being—the creature ; and that in the union through His Goodness of the Infinite Being with the finite being is implied no identification of nature, no confusion of attributes, no sameness of works. (Absurd, indeed, would it be to hold otherwise.)

For, as in creation, God is ever distinct from His works, so does He give to each creature its own separate, individual being, its own proper endowments. All these perfections of the creature, for excellent, indeed, are all the divine gifts, are like unto His, yet withal they are but mere likenesses, albeit noble and quasi-divine imitations. So in the supernatural world, the life of each intellectual creature illumined as it will be by the Light of divine Truth, ennobled by the Righteousness of divine Goodness, is yet not really divine, only Godlike, not infinite, only a divine imitation. For the imitation is God's own work.

Thus the likeness between the intellectual creature and the Infinite Being, Grandeur and Loveliness of God is one not of the creature's own fashioning, but of the Maker's pure benevolence of will. And this is our last conclusion.

In order to develop these truths with greater clearness, and distinctness, we have observed (as will be remembered) three great and distinct characteristics, or features, in all created being, whether lifeless, that is belonging to the inorganic world, or living, that is belonging to the organic or to the intellectual worlds. And these features—fundamental endowments—of all created being some in higher, others in lower degree, viewed in its three distinct and separate classes of simple being, organic and intellectual life, are (1) the unity, order and beauty everywhere recognizable in each individual entity ; (2) the serviceability, or usefulness (for self and others) in each being ; and (3) the fruitfulness, activity, or efficiency of each being. These attributes of the divine origin and character of being were noted as marks of its substantial and natural excellencies, as sources moreover of its perfectness, which in the world of creation find their highest development in beings of the intellectual order only. For nowhere is truth realized so fully as in the understanding ; elsewhere it is merely of shadowy, imperfect, figurative, fleeting form ; nowhere does goodness find its home as in the righteous will ; for there can be no perfect enjoyment—happiness, where there is no understanding ; nowhere are good works practised in all their excellence, richness, worthiness, beauty, save by them, who knowing what they do, are free in doing what they choose, and can cherish and enjoy the fruits of this goodness.

For in the perfectness of its understanding, through its grasp of Truth, in the nobility of its will, by its clinging to the Infinite Good, and in its independence of that will from all other creates, alone lies the happiness of the creature ; and in this understanding, this love, this self-determination, this freedom, this independence alone is the

creature like to God, to imitate Whom is the aim of all intellectual life.

By this triple endowment of real individuality, serviceability and efficiency in each create, the work of God displays then, according to the measure of its nobleness and energy of nature, the attributes of its Maker and attests His Power, Wisdom and Bounty.

We may observe in the world of the higher life, of the intelligent and reasoning being, to which hitherto we have made only passing reference, that the endowments of the create (noted above) are evidences furthermore of the benevolence, liberality, generosity, mercy and providence of God, the Supreme Being. For while in His material world these divine excellences have been displayed only in shadowy form, in the intellectual world, as we have shown, they have been and are realized, as far as the limitations of the create admit, in all the fullness, richness and beauty of their divine Type. That is to say the real imitation of God is the grand vocation of the eternal world of the glorious life, where to the noble perfection of nature will be and is added the supernatural perfection of grace.

In this eternal world whither every intellectual creature is called, to the fullness of its created knowledge will be joined the fullness of supernatural knowledge; and this will be the glorious perfection of the understanding. To the natural holiness of the intellectual creature will be joined supernatural holiness; and in this increase of divine goodness will consist the magnificent perfection of the will. So that,—it follows closely, the ultimate adornment of every intellectual create will lie in its Godlike truth and Godlike goodness,—a consummation however to be enjoyed by those only, who gifted with the Spirit of God—Creator and Sanctifier, in the fullness of His grace, and forever to live with Him in union with His life in its highest and loveliest form of which they are capable.

This is the higher life of the creature; this the eternal, the divine-like and never-ending life of the saints of God, wherein the intelligent, faithful earnest-hearted, loyal servants of the Most High will renew and strengthen the bonds never to be sundered of fellowship and friendship with their brethren of the true intellectual world. And this is the communion of the saints.

Still clinging to our argument and drawing closely together the different lines of our reasoning they will all be found to meet in this fundamental and central maxim of life: That life is of two-fold character—the life of nature and the life of grace; the one the sequence, the reward, of the

other; both true, both real, both noble, saintly, Godlike in their powers; both rich with happiness, glory, joy in their perfection. The one life is primal, elementary, (to so style it,) given at the outset in creation, enriched, ennobled with all needed endowments of intelligent mind, of beneficent will, whereby one may discern clearly enough and seek heartily enough the goal of this life, and invite the still grander benison of the Maker on the development, progress, perfection of life.

The other life the resultant not of mere nature unaided by grace, for of itself the finite never can win, or reach to, the possession and enjoyment of the Infinite Being of God; but it is the guerdon of a power higher than mere nature, of the supernatural grace—love of the Most High Himself, who helps His creatures to reach the goal of life—Himself, where in adoration, joy and love, the bond between the Creator and the creature will be one of never-waning friendship.

The love of the creature of right mind, right will, for its Creator, will find its consummation only in peaceful, undisturbed possession of undimmed Truth, of Goodness unalloyed. And God alone is Truth; God alone is Goodness.

Of these two lives of which the latter is the sequence—the perfection—of the former, the natural life of the creature is then the probationary, tentative, preparatory school of its existence, the needful stage of all real life on its journey heavenward to its everlasting abode.

While the supernatural life of the creature, in the perfection—the fullness and richness—of its blessedness, is its union with God, in the utmost sanctification of the creature of which its nature is capable, the final rounding-off and polishing of its natural endowments, the completest integrity of its righteousness in mind and will.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

A Mission at Reading, Pa.

The ten days' mission conducted by Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., rector of missions, and Rev. D. J. Sullivan, O.S.A., at St. Joseph's Church, came to a close on Tuesday evening, October 6. Owing to the tireless endeavors of the pastor, Rev. James O'Reilly, there was a large attendance at the services morning and evening. Over eleven hundred confessions were heard during the mission and a temperance society was formed by Father Geraghty.

On Sunday, October 4, the Forty Hours' Devotion was commenced. At its close, on Tuesday evening, Father Geraghty imparted the Papal Benediction. The people are to be congratulated on the good spirit shown and the Augustinians on their successful efforts to make this the best mission ever held at St. Joseph's.

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EDITORIALS.

WITH many misgivings we take the chair vacated by our worthy predecessors, and as we do so a flood of memories rushes over us. We think of you, once the sharers of our joys and sorrows; who, as students, made our college life so pleasant. We wish you success in all your undertakings and will be, in the future as in the past, your friends. But why dwell longer on this sad subject? Let us rather direct our attentions to our new friends. Upon our return to our beloved *Alma Mater*, the absence of many a boon companion was calculated to make us rather poor entertainers; but as we soon became resigned to the inevitable, we began to carefully scrutinize you who had lately made your advent among us. And well were we repaid for our trouble, for we found you as willing to be entertained as we were to entertain. Consequently the otherwise difficult road to mutual friendship has been an easy one. We are now fairly well acquainted, and as you have surely freed yourselves from the grasp of that great enemy of contentment, commonly called the "blues," take a few words of advice as kindly as they are given. Many of you are beginning your college course and should recognize the fact that a firm foundation is an indispensable quality, for the stability of the whole structure. Bear in mind that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and by

making a good beginning half the difficulty of your labors is overcome.

Then that spirit of exclusiveness, so detrimental to the happiness of college life, should be speedily cast aside. Our college is, as it were, a miniature world, within the bounds of which we are compelled to live. Why not, then, let that inborn spirit of good-fellowship assert itself and see if you will not be the gainers thereby? There are many who will, at first, find fault with their surroundings. This is but natural, for college life has many phases much different from those to which we are accustomed at home. But time is a balm that will remedy all. When the student will have become familiar with his surroundings, he will consider what he has, not what he cannot obtain. So may it be with you who have entered upon your first year at Villanova. Our wish for you is success in your studies. We will vouch for your ultimate satisfaction with your new home.

THE last scholastic year was the banner year for athletic sports in most colleges and universities of this country, but the one just inaugurated promises to outshine its predecessor. In all the range of college athletics, there is no sport more favored and admired than foot ball, and what a change is this! But a few years ago it was described as rough, brutal, and fit only for savages to engage in. It is pleasing to note the decrease in the ranks of the enemy of this manly sport, and let us hope that these "calamity howlers" will soon have been relegated to the realms of forgetfulness. Certain it is, there is neither rhyme nor reason in their efforts to frown down this sport. Of course, they but look at it superficially, and in this light it may appear inclined to roughness. But why do they not make a more thorough examination of the game and see its ultimate benefits? In our own college, foot ball, at present, is the undisputed holder of the throne of honor. Our team has started off with a dash and vim, surprising even its most sanguine supporters. Success has been theirs in an unlimited measure, due, without doubt, to the untiring efforts of their captain in enforcing discipline and exacting a strict adherence to the duties of the training house, and to each player's willingness to fulfill the obligations imposed upon him. Yet foot ball and its many benefits are necessarily confined to a very small part of the student body, and there are many who must turn their attention in other directions for recreation and exercise. But surely the most exacting can find a means of exercise, both pleasing and beneficial, on a campus permitting the greatest variety of sports,

and within a well equipped gymnasium, lately supplied with the most approved apparatus. Let us see a more general participation in our sports and gymnasium work; it will invigorate you and remove that monotony too often attendant upon the daily routine of the classroom. Each and every student should be a member of our A. A. You may not be among the few chosen to try your skill in the public contests, but those who are chosen will surely reflect credit upon you and upon your college, for you certainly glory in their success and weep with them in the bitterness of defeat.

THE visit of Mgr. Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate, whose portrait and brief biography appear in this issue, was a source of extreme pleasure to the students of our college, and his words of counsel, though brief, were pregnant with the deepest interest in our welfare. Undoubtedly they will produce a very great effect, coming from one who has always been a close student. What a noble, ideal this dignitary, whose movements are now watched by the whole civilized world, must have followed! As a perusal of his biography will prove, from his earliest youth he was ever a lover of wisdom and has been repeatedly chosen to fill offices of trust; and now he comes to us as the choice of our wise and holy Pontiff, Leo XIII, in the capacity of Apostolic Delegate. It was but natural then that his visit should be looked forward to with the greatest interest. He has come and gone, yet memories of his visit still linger, memories of his departure, and of the cheers that rent the air as he boarded the train. Nor shall we forget the extra recreation that he, in his genial, unassuming way, granted to the students.

We, the students of Villanova College, wish him unqualified success in his very arduous work.

EXCHANGES.

Again our MONTHLY welcomes to her table all her exchanges, both those that she now meets for the first time and those that are her old acquaintances. Again she opens her exchange column to compliment whatever is praiseworthy, and to criticise what deserves censure. Whatever we have to say of other journals will be guided by honest criticism, and we hope to receive similar treatment from others.

We have already received many exchanges and admire the excellent work contained in most of

them. *The Notre Dame Scholastic* is our most frequent visitor, and is, as usual, good. Besides devoting ample space to college notes, it is well stocked with bright and commendable essays. Its last number contains a well written article, "James Clarence Mangan," which is very interesting, both on account of its subject and the manner in which it is treated. After giving a sketch of the poet's sad life the author ably depicts the merits of his works and expresses his hope that in the future more interest will be paid to that gifted exponent of Ireland's literature. "The Prisoner of Zenda," is another article, in which Mr. Hope's abilities as a novelist are favorably considered. Nor does the writer fail to point out the defects which must be noticed by every careful reader of this popular book.

We must congratulate the *Holy Cross Purple* upon its recent and well-directed step towards advancement. Heretofore we have seen it like any of our exchanges, but this year it resembles our popular magazines rather than a college paper. Indeed, as to its appearance, it has made a decided departure in college journalism, which, no doubt, manifests laudable ambitions on the part of its managers. "The Centenary of Robert Burns," in the October number is very interesting and full of instructive matter. The author shows careful reading and a diffusive knowledge of the great Scottish songster.

Among our exchanges we are pleased to recognize an acquaintance so familiar as the *Niagara Index*. It comes to us the same lively periodical that it generally is. In this month's number the editorials are the most deserving of notice. They are well selected. "Our Politics" and "The Ideal in Literature" contain well written and instructive matter, while "Bishop Kean's Retirement" pays a worthy tribute to the eminent ex-Rector of the Catholic University. But most attractive is the editorial, "Hoodlumism." It bitterly censures the disgraceful conduct of the Yale students that hooted Mr. Bryan at New Haven, and pluckily attacks the New York *Sun* on its attempted apology for the students.

"On Friendship," in the *Boston College Stylus*, is well worthy of comment. Though a subject considered almost every day, it never grows old, and when handled in a creditable manner is as sweet and refreshing as ever. As we read it in the *Stylus* it is certainly pleasing. Quotations are very copious, but they are well fitted and add polish to its beauty.

We have also received *The Fordham Monthly*, *Agnetian Monthly*, *The College Forum*, *The Mount* and *The Bucknell Mirror*.

FOOT-BALL.

VILLANOVA, 16 ; SWARTHMORE, 0.

On Wednesday, September 30, our foot-ball team began the season of '96, in a blaze of glory. For the first time in the history of the College they were pitted against the representatives of Swarthmore College. Although on their opponents' stamping ground, they seemed totally oblivious to the deafening cheers which Swarthmore's supporters were incessantly giving. Swarthmore started the game in a way very encouraging to its adherents, but the ball was soon Villanova's on four downs. Then as the ball was carried nearer to Swarthmore's goal, the cheering suddenly ceased, to be heard no more during the entire game. With the ball on the 25-yard line, Hayden skirted the end and after a pretty run carried the ball over the line. McDonald missed the try for goal. During the remaining time of play the ball was always in Swarthmore's territory. Score at end of first half: 4-0.

The second half found our backs going through holes in the opposing line without any great effort and Wright was soon pushed over for a touchdown, after which Breslin kicked a pretty goal. Again the ball was kicked off, and again Villanova came steadily up the field and Hayden carried the ball over; Breslin kicked the goal. No more scoring was done and when time was called, Swarthmore left the field realizing that they had been given the practice which they expected to strengthen their team-play. Final score, 16-0.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>Swarthmore.</i>
Hayden	left end	Wilson
Kirsch	left tackle	Hubbard
Downes (Murphy)	left guard	Verlinden
Deforge	centre	Smedley
Daly	right guard	Walton
Wright	right tackle	Farquar
Shanahan	right end	Cahall
McCullough	quarter back	Gathrop
Begley	left half back	Larison
Breslin	right half back	Patton
McDonald	full back	Broomfield

VILLANOVA, 14 ; DELAWARE COLLEGE, 0.

On Saturday, October 3, the team journeyed to Wilmington, Del., to try conclusions with Delaware College. They seemed to remember the defeat of last year at the hands of Delaware, for the way they started the game showed a determination

to win. After five minutes' play, Wright carried the ball over the line for a touchdown; from which no goal resulted. But Delaware then took a decided brace, and the half ended without further scoring. In the second half, Breslin made a touchdown, after a 40-yard run, McDonald kicking the goal. A few minutes later Breslin repeated the performance; no goal resulting. During the remaining time of play the ball was carried up and down the field neither goal being endangered. Kirsch, Wright and Begley played brilliantly, participating in many excellent plays.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>Delaware.</i>
Hayden	left end	Springer
Kirsch	left tackle	McCabe
Downes	left guard	Marvel
Deforge	centre	Mullin
Daly	right guard	Morris
Wright	right tackle	Baldwin
Shanahan	right end	Vansant
McCullough	quarter back	Breman
Begley	left half back	Davis
Breslin	right half back	Sipple
McDonald	full back	Mears

VILLANOVA, 5 ; UNIVERSITY RESERVES, 36.

Wednesday, October 7, brought Villanova's eleven face to face with the giant-like "Reserves" of the University of Pennsylvania, who have been repeatedly scoring on the "Varsity eleven." Of course we did not expect our team to win; far from it; we did not expect them to make the creditable showing they did against such great odds. Our team is certainly to be commended for the pluckly manner in which it battled. Useless to narrate the manner in which the "Reserves," scores were made, we will give our attention to that part of the game which interests us most. The ball was Villanova's on Pennsylvania's 35-yard line, the ball was passed to Breslin, who stood cool as the sphinx and dropped a pretty goal from the field. The ball was kicked at a big angle and was said to be, by prominent critics of the game, the best goal ever kicked on Franklin Field.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up</i>	<i>"Reserves."</i>
Hayden	left end	Regenberg
Kirsch	left tackle	Zeigler
Downes	left guard	Wheelen
Deforge	centre	Hancock
Daly	right guard	Dean
Wright	right tackle	De Silver
Shanahan (Rogers)	right end	Ambruster
McCullough	quarter back	Weeks
Begley	left half back	Fortescue
Breslin	right half back	Outland
McDonald (capt.)	full back	Walker



VILLANOVA COLLEGE FOOT-BALL TEAM, '06.

KENNEDY, DEFORGE, H. T. NELSON, MGR., ROGERS, BURNS, DALY,
MCCULLOUGH, DOWNES, BRESLIN, McDONALD, CAPT., BAGLEY, CONWAY, HAYDEN,
SHANAHAN, KIRSCH, MURPHY.

FOOT-BALL.

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Daly	right guard	Walton
Wright	right tackle	Farquar
Shanahan	right end	Cahall
McCullough	quarter back	Gathrop
Begley	left half back	Larison
Breslin	right half back	Patton
McDonald	full back	Broomfield

VILLANOVA, 11 ; DELAWARE COLLEGE, 0.

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Wright	right tackle	De Silver
Shanahan (Rogers)	right end	Ambruster
McCullough	quarter back	Weeks
Begley	left half back	Fortescue
Breslin	right half back	Ontland
McDonald (capt.)	full back	Walker



VILLANOVA, 21 ; URSINUS COLLEGE, O.

On Saturday, October 10, the first game on the home grounds was played. This being the first time the greater part of the student body had a chance to witness the play of their team, great interest was manifested. The Ursinus players are a stockily-built lot, and at first made a stubborn stand, but after a pretty run Breslin crossed the line. No goal. The half ended with the ball on Ursinus' 10-yard line. The second half found the visitor's line perceptibly weakened and McDonald soon hit the centre for 15 yards and a touchdown. Goal. On the kick-off, the ball was advanced to the middle of the field. After a few steady gains, Begley was seen to emerge from the scrimmage, head down. Attempt after attempt was made to bring him down, but on he went for a touchdown. Goal was kicked. When the ball was kicked off, it was carried steadily up the field, but, with the ball on the 15-yard line, only thirty seconds of play remaining, Breslin was called upon, and responded with a goal from the field.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>Ursinus.</i>
Hayden (Rogers)	left end	Watson
Kirsch	left tackle	Kopendurfer
Downes (Murphy)	left guard	Hefner
Deforge	centre	Stick
Daly	right guard	Beder
Wright	right tackle	Kopenhaver
Shanahan	right end	Shelly
McCullough	quarter back	Grist
Begley	left half back	McKee
Breslin	right half back	Kelly
McDonald	full back	Lerch

VILLANOVA, 5 ; HAVERFORD, 4 ;

The game of Wednesday, October 14, was looked forward to as the all-important one of the season. Haverford, through a neighboring college, has refrained from all athletic contests with Villanova for many years and the meeting of the teams of the two colleges on the gridiron naturally aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The day proved to be very unfavorable and the Haverford gridiron was very soft and muddy. As the teams faced each other it was plainly visible that the Haverfordians were much heavier than our own team and hopes ran high on Haverford's side of the field. But when the game proper began they realized that our men were to be very much in evidence, especially when "Shorty" McCullough was seen ambling up the field with a Haverford player thrown carelessly over his shoulder. Up and down the field the battle waged for twenty minutes, McCullough, Begley

and McDonald tackling like fiends. At this point Haverford, by good end runs by Haines, made a touchdown. No goal. The second half, at first, was repetition of the first, neither goal being in any great danger. But with about three minutes to play the ball was Villanova's, near the middle of the field. "Play quickly, boys," cried Captain McDonald, and the way they responded kept the opposing line in a constant quandary as to what was taking place. Haverford's 15 yard line was reached with but twenty seconds to play and our hopes were falling fast. But, no, the ball was passed to Breslin and he dug his toe into it; it went sailing over the bar and the game was ours. Breslin was borne from the field on the shoulders of his admirers and demonstrations of joy were the order of the hour.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>Haverford.</i>
Hayden	left end	Hallett
Kirsch	left tackle	Stadlman
Downes	left guard	Else
Deforge	centre	Swan
Daly (Murphy)	right guard	Freeman
Wright	right tackle	McCrea
Rogers	right end	Butler
McCullough	quarter back	Varney
Begley	left half back	Holloway
Breslin	right half back	Haines
McDonald	full back	Morehouse

VILLANOVA, 10 ; PHILADELPHIA DENTALS, O.

When the team lined up against the Dentals, Saturday, October 17th, several substitutes were found on the line, and from the showing they made it is safe to say that our team is exceptionally strong in this department. The game was wanting in features, save Breslin's long run and Begley's tackling and running. Villanova's goal was never threatened, but it was very noticeable that our team did not display the same snap that has characterized its play against stronger teams. Its defensive play was strong while the aggressive was far below the usual.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>Philadelphia Dentals.</i>
Burns	left end	Capoon
Kirsch	left tackle	St. Martin
Downes	left guard	Shipman
Deforge	centre	Bean
Daly	right guard	Jones
Wright	right tackle	Champagne
Wilson	right end	Lewis
McCullough	quarter back	Flynn
Begley	left half back	Smith
Breslin	right half back	Keefe
McDonald	full back	Lipscom

SPLINTERS.

Springer.
 Paul Jones.
 Night shirts.
 Captain Mickey.
 Hear the lightning?
 Who pinched the shoes?
 I'm yellow, but I'm Irish.
 Howard has joined the gang.
 O——. Don't you remember?
 Charlie does not believe in signs.
 Mickavoy, bring back that picture.
 Good night, Mike, I'll see you later.
 Who says Pennsy can't beat Yale; eh, Joe?
 A: What kind of a bird do you call that?
 B: Why, you blooming farmer, that's a chicken.
 We had a pull on McKinley, but couldn't work it.
 O, Father, I'll study real hard if you'll let me go.

IN THE VIRGIL CLASS.

Prof.—Why is "thymo" in the ablative case?
Student—Ablative of *time*.

Have you a wheel? he softly asked
 As he smoothed her silken tresses.
 And the maid flushed, and broke away
 From this Knight of the Wheel's addresses.
 "What do you mean," quoth she in scorn,
 And the sweet thing's eyes flashed fire,
 "When I have wheels, I'll come to you
 For an everlasting tire!"

I went off on a wheel last night
 I felt so gay
 At the thought all day
 That I thought I'd never get away,
 But I did, I say,
 I went off on a wheel last night.

I went off on a wheel last night
 I felt so sore
 And spilled so much gore
 That I cursed a blue streak and swore
 I'd ride no more
 When I went off on a wheel last night.

The "flyer" took a "flying start,"
 He's flying now up higher,
 On angel-wings and sundry things—
 No puncture in his tire.

The bicycle craze has struck the town,
 And the cynic says that he feels
 That an X-ray, shed on every head,
 Would discover nothing but wheels.

SOCIETIES.

The Villanova Athletic Association held its first meeting of the year on Thursday morning, September 17th. All the old members that had returned were present and many new members were admitted. The following officers elected for the present term: President and Manager, H. T. Nelson, '97; Vice-President, H. T. Conway, '98; Secretary, M. T. Kennedy, '99; Treasurer, J. J. McCullough, '97. The following committee was appointed to select the candidates for the foot ball team: J. F. Bagley, J. A. McDonald and J. Breslin. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one and most encouraging to all concerned.

On Saturday evening, September 19th, the Villanova Literary Society held its first meeting. After the admission of new members the officers for the year were elected: President, Mr. E. G. Dohan, O.S.A.; First Vice-President, H. T. Conway; Second Vice-President, J. A. McDonald; Secretary, H. T. Nelson. Howard A. Shelly, H. A. Adams and J. B. Ford were appointed Directors. After some remarks by the President relative to the great benefits to be derived from a judicious use of the Library, the meeting adjourned.

On Tuesday, October 6th, the members of the Junior and Senior classes formed themselves into a debating society with Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., as Moderator; A. X. Dooley was elected Vice-Moderator and H. T. Nelson, Secretary. Messrs. M. T. Kennedy, P. Donavon and J. L. Kirsch, Literary Committee. The first debate will take place Monday evening, November 2d, when the present burning political question will be discussed by Messrs. H. T. Nelson and W. L. Burns for sound money and Messrs. W. J. Shanahan and J. J. McCloskey for free silver.

Our Visitors.

Since the College re-opened we have been honored by a visit from Rt. Rev. Thomas M. A. Burke, Bishop of Albany, N. Y., Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, Bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Felix Cabells, who was a student in our College from 1865-69, now Lieutenant-Colonel in the Spanish Army; Rev. Fathers Sinnott, Quin, Higgins and many of the students' parents and friends. We were also favored with a visit from Father Pambianco, newly appointed secretary to Cardinal Satolli.

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No. 7.

A BROOK.

The gently winding little brook,
On its laughing, joyous way,
Sweet tales of hope and joy and love,
To the daisies fair on its bank above,
It tells both night and day.

It tells of the robin with breast so red,
Of orioles proud and gay,
Of lofty trees where they build their nest,
And nestle their young and sleep and rest
In the boughs that gently sway.

It tells of the lilies so pure, so white,
And it has so much to say
That, by the happy or mournful song
That it sings to the stones as it glides along
—White, and yellow, and grey—

That the golden sun from his realms on high,
As he looks with brightest ray,
Wonders what this tell-tale little brook,
When the twinkling stars from the heavens look,
Speaks in its childish play.

A. J. P., '96.

INTO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

CHAPTER I.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

He who would seek the philosopher's stone must sacrifice much of his life in that pursuit, and he who throws himself, heart and soul, into the social problem will find his better energies more or less subservient to the mad whims of the sectarist of the day, be he communist, socialist or what you will. It was no idle whim that prompted Ralph Cosgrove to take up his pen in behalf of the Workmen's Union; nor yet was it a Quixotic philanthropy that had induced his scathing arraignment of the ministry for its summary treatment of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. He was

filled with a fire whose origin he could not trace; a man whose energies, perhaps never properly directed, had produced no fruit save the meed of literary and journalistic fame his caustic articles had brought him; an enthusiast, a dreamer of wild Utopian dreams. He dabbled in, nay, he plunged wildly, as he did all things else, into metaphysical studies. His articles were wild and weird, uncanny and gruesome; they were bizarre, novel. He was a success, as the fickle-minded public measured success. He would have been lionized, but he shunned society and hated its vanities and caprice. He was not exactly a woman-hater, for he had not yet considered them other than as a part of the *genus humanum*. When he would come to think of them in *species*,—but that would be when he would not dare to lift his eyes to an honest woman's face!

Was man, by the exalted faculties of his soul, proximate to the angelic nature; or, by reason of his corporal passions, a mere animate brute? Can a man so subject his material to his immaterial self as to hold converse with the spirits of the unseen world? Does a criminal act, always urged on in his crimes by a perverted will; or, his will overpowered by his pandered flesh, can he be said to be impelled merely as brutes of the lower order? Such questions, often dangerous in themselves and destined to lead to disastrous consequences, his busy mind was constantly evolving. His religion was but nominal, and his reasonings were oftentimes as wild as the wildest deductions of irreligious men. But he was no iconoclast; he believed in God, yet his untrained mind could not see God in everything.

It is in one of his thinking moods, as he called them, that we find him in his apartments in Deane street. Seated at a desk, his hand supporting his brow—from which the dark hair had already begun to recede, although he was hardly twenty-five—puckered now into deep lines of thought, he presents at once the appearance of the student and

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the Bohemian *littérateur*. Intellect is stamped upon his forehead; strength is written in his face, softened by a mouth perhaps too small. As he mechanically knocks the ashes from the cigar he has long since forgotten to smoke, a step on the stair arouses him from his reverie, and he turns half expectantly to the door as the latter is boisterously pushed open.

"Hello, Ralph, old boy," cries a cheery voice, "I have great news to tell you!"

"Great to you or to me?" queries our friend.

"Ah, there you go again; always making distinctions. And, of course, you have been brooding over some social problem. Here, slip on your top-coat, and, while we drink in a little fresh air, I'll tell you of my approaching trip to New York."

"To New York?" questions Ralph, at once interested. "Why this is news."

Arm in arm they descend the creaking staircase. Ralph's apartments were by no means luxurious; the house was dingy, and the neighborhood the rendezvous of journalists, clerks and such as looked for ease and comfort rather than elegance. The friends were in marked contrast to each other. Tom Harley was fat and jovial, red-faced and red-headed. He was Irish, and his philosophy was his wit. The latter served him better in his business than any knowledge of *thrif*le extract distinctions, and the only *quid* he wanted was what he facetiously called his "tobaccy." He was an expert salesman in a linen draper's establishment, and his intelligence was of the practical kind that runs to pounds, shillings and pence.

"Yes," he was saying, "we have the chance of securing a very large order from a house in New York; that is, it all rests with me."

Tom nodded his head to Ralph's look of inquiry, and then rattled on:

"Yes; we have been sending the Yankees samples of the pure Irish web—and Belfast never sent out better than these—but this morning we learned that a Fifeshire firm had sent an agent yesterday by the "Castropia" from Glasgow to head us off, as it were, and foist upon the unsuspecting American the Scotch imitation for the genuine Irish weave."

"And you expect to beat him at his own game?"

"'Tis yourself is the quick reasoner. Yes; I sail to-morrow morning, bright and early, by the "Camptruria," and 'tis a race between the Shamrock and the Thistle."

"Well; I wish you luck. Do you go alone?"

"Alone, as far as business is concerned, but I found out that our old friend Burleigh has secured passage in the same steamer as myself."

"What, Burleigh of St. James?"

"Yes. His governor is in a pretty bad way, and they think an ocean trip will do him good. I may be back with them, too. Then you and I will adjourn to Roxie's and dine off my commissions. Hello, what have we here?"

Their further progress had been obstructed by a large crowd which had just come into view, turning the corner of a narrow side street. With the instinctive curiosity which seems inherent to our nature, they elbowed their way into the crowd. A dismal picture met their view. Two "blue-coats" were dragging a criminal off to justice. The prisoner, making futile efforts to escape, presented a perfect picture of impotent rage. His face disfigured by passion; his eyes bloodshot and glaring; his hair ragged and unkempt, he was evidently an object of loathing to all about him. Nay, there was one look of commiseration cast upon him. Ralph, resisting the detaining hand of his companion, drew nearer to the wretched figure, laid his hand gently on his shoulder and inquired:

"My poor fellow, what have you done? Why are they dragging you off to prison?"

The effect was noticeable on the apparently hardened wretch, upon whose soul fell those kindly words, as drops of water upon an arid soil. His face softened, and, as he ceased struggling, he murmured:

"Ah, sir, if they were all like you——"

"Your kindness is misplaced," gruffly exclaimed one of the officers.

"Howbeit, it has tamed this wild beast some," said the other, as, with a hand now disengaged, he began to mop his red face with a handkerchief of like hue.

"Then it is too bad, kindness is such a scarce article," rejoined Ralph.

Officer number one, remarking that "Chaps as didn't know what they was talkin' about ought to keep out of it," started once more towards the patrol station. Further inquiries proved that he was about right. The prisoner had been taken open-handed—caught in the very act of a revolting murder. His victim was an old man, whose throat he had cut with a butcher knife, and the bloody weapon was in his hand when the officers rushed in upon him. He had always been known to the police as a villainous character, predestined to the halter. He was a socialist; one of those who make war upon wealth. And his victim was an old man, whose only crime was that he was rich. The scene had a depressing effect upon Ralph, who walked on for a time in silence. Tom, seeing that his friend was still brooding over it, turned into one of the public squares, thinking to

attract his attention to the autumnal beauty of the trees. Presently Ralph spoke; but it was as though a continuation of an interior conversation.

"Perhaps it was years and years ago," he said; "but no doubt there was some provocation which led up to the perpetration of the crime."

"Oh, drop that human beast and turn to something more savory," cried out Tom.

Ralph turned towards him, as if only then aware of his presence.

"I can put myself in his place," he said, "and can almost fancy a passion so mastering my will that I myself could do this same deed!"

Tom grew alarmed and gave his companion a searching glance, as though he feared that Beatty & Co. might soon be in need of "an upright and promising youth" to learn the linen business, *vice* Thomas Harley, deceased.

"Yes," continued Ralph, "I can imagine wrongs, not merely personal but against my class, which would make me hate the powerful and the rich. With a hate increased each day by violence and neglect and contempt, I could feel myself becoming a mere sensual thing throwing off the thralldom of reason and living in thoughts of blood. Yes; with one of my hated foes before me, I could press my knees upon his chest and with my hands upon his throat, I could kill——"

While he was speaking, he crouched down over his imaginary victim, his eyes dilated, his fingers twitching spasmodically. He had lost his hat in his excitement, and his dishevelled hair added to the wildness of his appearance. The transformation was as complete as that from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde. Tom Harley was astounded at the violence of his friend's emotion. This, surely, was monomania. He could hardly understand the subtle workings of a mind whose outward expression he was now witnessing. He feared not only the immediate consequences to Ralph, but he was alarmed to think of what must surely befall him in the future if he should continue voluntarily to subject himself to these paroxysms. But his object now was to recall his friend to a sense of his surroundings. His native instinct made him feel, rather than know, that he must gain his attention by meeting him, as it were, on his own ground.

So raising his walking-stick he touched him rather sharply on the shoulder saying:

"Be thou knighted, Sir Henry Irving, thy 'Iago' hath raised thee from the common herd."

Ralph started; then, rising, he glanced timidly into his friend's face. The latter was screwed into some unrecognizable mass, which the owner thought was a similitude of that of England's

queen. The effect was extremely ludicrous and the bent of Ralph's mind was turned.

"What have I been saying?" he asked, sheepishly.

"Oh, you were going through a rehearsal of one of your heavy parts; you are an aspirant for Thespian laurels, eh?"

Ralph pressed his hands wearily to his forehead.

"I feel weak and tired," he said, "let us return."

"I would certainly like to see you safe at home," returned Tom, "but I must call into the office, before it gets quite dark, I must leave you here but," and he placed his hand affectionately on his friend's shoulder, "I don't think you are quite yourself to-night and I want you to promise me that you will go straight to your apartments."

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied the other, absently. So they parted. Tom could never account for the impulse which prompted him to return, but hastily retracing his steps after he had gone a few yards, he overtook Ralph just as he was leaving the park. Standing in front of him he grasped both of his hands and said:

"I may not see you again for three or four weeks, but we are friends, are we not?"

Ralph nodded his assent.

"If either of us needs the other, he will seek him out? Good bye!"

Ralph stood gazing with a softened expression after his retreating friend. "Leaving England is making Tom rather squeamish. The old man loves me, it is true." And he sighed. Thus they parted.

CHAPTER II.

THE MARK OF CAIN.

Ralph strolled leisurely homeward, his thoughts of a melancholy, though not so gloomy a cast. As he turned into Old Hall street, the shadows were falling and the street lamps had been lighted. He encountered a number of workmen trudging wearily home from their toil and he was speculating as to the daily wage of each. A drunken brawl had attracted quite a crowd in front of a corner tavern and he was thus forcibly reminded of the unpleasant scene he had witnessed a short time before. Poor fellow, he thought, the hangman's noose is the next chapter in the unfortunate story of your life. And who shall say that another is not morally responsible for that crime ascribed to you and for which you must pay the penalty?

Fast relapsing into that state of forgetfulness of his exterior self which we have once before witnessed in him, Ralph unconsciously turned into one of the quiet residence streets so near to, yet so

far removed from the busy thoroughfare, and was now walking apparently without definite aim. His promise to Tom Harley was already quite forgotten, or rather, it was driven out of his mind. He reverted to his surroundings only sufficiently to notice that he was now in a locality where the acknowledged well-to-do people resided, and where peace and quiet seemed to reign.

"It is discouraging," he said, half aloud, "to one of philanthropic bent to find so much indifference and repugnance among those in whose hands lies the power for so much good. How can we blame the wretches for their frenzied acts?"

He had paused before an old-fashioned but stately stone dwelling, attracted, fascinated, he could not tell why. What impulse drove him to mount the iron railing and peer in through the uncurtained window? Was it fate? or the subtle working of some unseen, unknown power? Ralph was seized with a powerful trembling as he gazed into that lighted chamber. And why? Was it fear? There was nothing in the sight before him to suggest other thoughts than those of home and kindred.

An old man, whose whitened hair hung sparsely o'er his brow, was seated at a centre table upon which his mail apparently, and papers had been laid. Some opened letters had been cast aside and on their scattered heap there gleamed a narrow blade of steel. Ah, the secret of Ralph's agitation is sufficiently explained. He lives again the scene he heard described and which he had so vividly reproduced before his friend. Well might Harley have feared to leave his friend in such a frame of mind. What hand is there to stay, what voice to calm him now, recalling him again unto his better self. Oh, better to have missed seeing a hundred employers than to have subjected this virtual madman to so violent a temptation. A stray ray of light from one of the many glass pendants of the chandelier falls upon the blade of steel. Farewell now to all hope that Ralph's better self would assert itself. His eye has been attracted by the metallic lustre and with one bound he has cleared the railing. Not pausing to raise the sash, he crashes through the window and strides towards the helpless old man. With one hand he snatches the slender blade, the other outstretched to seize his victim by the throat!

"Kill! Kill!" whispers the demon within him, and with a hollow laugh he prepares to obey. Will no hand stay; will no voice call him back to reason? Yes, his guardian angel appears in a fair-haired child whom he had not previously noticed, crouched in a corner of the room. She had evidently been too much terrified to speak, but now, just as the consummation of his crime is

about to be effected, she rushes forward with a wild scream, and falls senseless to the floor. But the spell is broken. Ralph recoils. The weapon falls unheeded to the floor, where the point becomes imbedded in the thick, soft carpeting. In the revulsion of feeling, Ralph shudders to think where else that glittering blade might have found a resting place. Now he suddenly remembers that the man sitting opposite to him, the man whom he was just about to murder, will require from him a full account of his unwarrantable intrusion. Perhaps he will hand him over to justice! Ralph trembles. His eyes for the first time seek those of his intended victim. What was there in that glance to induce such a paroxysm of trembling? Huge beads of perspiration stand out upon his forehead, his knees almost refuse to support his tottering frame, he feels suffocated and faint. For in those dull eyes before him no life-light gleams. Half unconsciously Ralph leans across the table and touches the hand that lies upon it. That one touch suffices. Horrible discovery! *The man is dead!*

The air becomes stifling. Ralph can scarcely draw a full breath. Yet he makes a herculean effort to move, for withal comes an inward prompting to fly. Fly! Fly! Whither shall he fly, and the dull, cold eyes of that murdered man shall not follow him? "Flee from the wrath to come!" The words come back to him from somewhere in the dim vista of the past. He raises his hand to his head as though to stop its throbbing and enable him to think. He wipes the clammy sweat from his heated temples and in doing so glances by chance into the large mirror above the fire-place. He recoils as though from a vicious blow. A crimson streak defiles his pallid brow, a streak of blood! With a despairing shriek he dashes from the room. *He had seen the mark of Cain!*

(To be continued.)

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

TWENTY-FOURTH PAPER.

The study of created truth, of the world of matter and spirit, of plants, of brutes, of men, leads them naturally, easily, as was within the purview of the Maker, to the knowledge of the increated truth, which is God Himself. This was the chief purpose of God—the Creator.

For by one's knowledge of the material and outer world of being, of things felt, seen, heard, the student learns of the spiritual and inner world of being,—of the unseen world of grace, and thus as a consequence, by the uplifting of his mind, the centering of his powers on the primal Truth, he is

enabled all the better, truer and easier, to learn of and follow the ways of God. And in this knowledge of the divine will lies all righteousness. To know oneself rightly—thoroughly—is thus the pathway to one's knowledge of his Maker.

And again, so closely, intimately are all truths intertwined, so closely, naturally, not to say supernaturally, are these two beings—the created and Increate—man and God—associated, that one's knowledge of God is the basis of all one's full and perfect knowledge of self. For the currents of human thought, of human learning, of human genius, run equally and naturally in either direction—upwards or downwards, to the study of the unseen world, or the study of the seen. Each one of these worlds leads to the other. For man discovers truth in his study of God; he discovers truth in every create. We are speaking of the sober-minded scholar, of the truth-loving student, of the man of righteous sense. And for man to discover truth in its fulness, is the vocation of his understanding.

And that man only is your true philosopher, true lover of learning, who thus aims at getting at truth in its all-round features both in God and in God's works. This is all-round, perfect knowledge of causes and their effects, of beings and their attributes,—a science which because of its truthfulness, healthfulness and loveliness, is the basis of all true intellectual perfection, of the fullest integrity of the intellectual creature.

Moreover as one's knowledge of visible creatures leads necessarily to his acknowledgment of the Invisible Maker and Blessor, that is as the study of physics leads necessarily to the study of metaphysics; so does one's knowledge, reverence and love of the powers and graces of the Most High lead back in turn to a truer, healthier and happier knowledge of life itself. And this is the ethical perfection of the intellectual creature.

For this very reason, as I trust the reader of these papers will have observed,—to lay down our groundwork strongly and solidly for future reflections on God, on His nature and powers, on the higher life, on the glories and beauties of the intellectual world, for this reason have we treated at somewhat of length and in detail of the material and earthly universe of God's creation. We have spoken, (as the reader will remember,) of being both in its inorganic and its organic forms,—of life in its animate and sensitive phases in plant and beast. For a sound knowledge of these two great, albeit by no means chief orders of being, aids greatly to one's understanding of the higher life, of the intellectual, the spiritual, the glorious life in and with God—the supreme and infinite Spirit. And to know and

enjoy this life is the supernatural vocation of the creature.

And thus we have shown how in His wisdom the Maker of all things has aimed to reflect Himself in these two great orders of being; how in them in various guises—in earth, in sky, in water, appear His attributes—His power, His glory, His beauty; how too in His instruction and uplifting of man unto knowledge and sanctification chiefly by His incarnation, His life, His death,—in all these features of His earthly mission He has chosen to make use of these two orders of being—the material, the spiritual,—for man's sanctification and glory.

For through symbols has God taught man; through symbols has He saved man. With water He laves the sinner, and cleanses him from his guilt of soul; with bread and wine He feeds man,—with the bread that He has turned into His own Body, with the wine which is His Blood; salt He gives to man as the sign of His divine wisdom; oil as the sign of the unction of His Spirit; the wood of the Cross He employed in consummating man's salvation, as with the Flesh He took from His mother Mary He began it.

Worthy then of man's earnest, honest, loving study is the world of the visible create, because of its divine resemblance, because in it by divine love are employed God's energies, because with it has the Son of God allied Himself in His incarnation as Man.

The more deeply then you study physics—the so-called science of material things, of earthlies—visibles in all its varied branches, and (but mark this clearly,) the less you neglect as trivial and unimportant each smallest being in the world of visible nature, in just so far will become higher, sounder, and healthier your knowledge of life,—of life in its noblest forms in the created spirit, of life in its divine forms in the increated God,—which knowledge is the noblest aim of the intellectual creature.

For these two beings in whom reigns life, the increated Deity and the created spirit alone will be for all time forever reigning together, God in His creature through His grace, in His glory, and the creature in God in the fulness of charity. And when in the destiny of ages its mission shall have been fulfilled, the created world, all matter—all visibles, all earthlies, shall be dissolved into their primitive nothingness, and the unthinking, unreasoning worlds of plant and beast shall vanish from the stage of life; then “the old heavens and the old earth shall pass away,” and naught else will remain but life, the living Spirit of God and life the living spirit of the create. And the chief mission of the created spirit is to fulfil the will of the increated Spirit of the Most High, when

symbolism will yield to reality, the create to the divine, and death give way to life.

Hence are these studies of the physical, the material, the visible world of created being and life useful in high degree to the searcher after truth. Though you are to observe that strictly speaking no study of the visible is necessary for the development and perfection of intellectual life.

In fact the main, if not the whole, value of physical studies lies in what they teach us of intellectual life,—of its dignity, its purposes, its works. Take away from these studies such help, as we have been speaking of, whereby man is lifted to a nobler plane of intellectual action, is made happier, better, and as any one of sense will acknowledge, these self-same physical studies become then of little value, are really undeserving of the best and heartiest efforts of the student. The study of the physical—the visible—world is then but a means to an end—to reach the invisible and spiritual world, the vocation of every intellectual create.

In the survey we have been making of the visible world of creation we have given every now and then glimpses of the eternal world of God, of His benevolence. For in the visible world—in the grandeurs, the beauties, the glories of His earthly handiwork, He has mirrored, as it were, the grandeurs, the splendors, the lovelinesses of Himself,—of His own divine life. The visible world is thus a symbol of the invisible world, the material world of the spiritual world, the earthly world of the divine world.

The reader may at times find it a little difficult to bear in mind all the varied reasonings we have employed in these papers to show this divine symbolism in the create. All deep study especially when prolonged is apt too to become irksome, besides being difficult. But he need not keep always in steady view the numerous and ever-changing phenomena of the Deity in the visible world. God is seen alike in any one of His creatures. Alike in the leaf, in the dew-drop, in the whirlwind, is displayed His power.

All then the reader really need remember is that material life in its various phases in plant and beast merely foreshadows, as it were, divine life in God; that in these two orders of the living create all their excellences, all their activity, serviceableness, beneficence, are merely symbolic of real merit, of the works of the just, of the never ending perfection of life in its noblest form, in its highest degree in God.

Let the student remember in whatever he studies this principle of symbolism,—this relationship between the visible and the invisible worlds, and

he will have learned earth's story well enough for our purpose. And whatever else earth may have to tell of itself apart from this main point we may set aside as being of little present concern or importance. We are mounting to a higher plane of truth. Bear then only this truth in your mind; in your studies, your researches, your meditations ever be on the watch for it, grasp it, nourish it, cherish it: That in the higher range of life, on which we shall shortly enter,—the life of the intelligence, of truth, of righteousness, there will you descry in all its real inner, lasting excellence what you have so far but dimly viewed,—the spirit of true activity, the spirit of good works, in healthful, hearty play; there will you see in all their grandeur and beauty the works of God's benevolence in the intellectual world of His wisdom and bounty. For intellectual life we view as consisting of two very distinct phases or orders of excellence, of which we may style the one as the outer, the temporary, the preparatory stage of the creature. The chief aim of this form of life is the study of the Creator in His creatures, to discern in His works the way to enjoy life with Him. And this study means work,—the labor of the understanding, the endeavor of the will, of which the outcome is known as virtue. This is the natural stage of intellectual life, the preliminary labor of the healthful intellect and will.

The other phase or order of life, which is wholly inner and eternal, consists chiefly in the study of the Maker of all things in Himself, so as to discern in Him all truth, to enjoy in Him all blessedness. This is the sequence—the reward—of the virtuous natural life. And moreover this is the supernatural stage of intellectual life—the goal of all righteous, hearty endeavor, of which the former is merely the threshold, the starting point towards the everlasting, supernatural and divine goal, which is God Himself, who is the end of all things, as He Himself has been their beginning. There will the study of physics yield its place to the study of metaphysics; the study of the visibles to the study of the unseen, of the true, the right; the study of the creature to the study of God.

We may here observe that this two-fold form of intellectual life, the visible and the invisible, the natural and the supernatural has ever been the study of the world's real sages. Thither to insure the true development of their race, on healthful lines of natural knowledge and natural goodness, to fashion their fellow men into truer semblance with the Deity, to mould their lives into greater, heartier readiness to do His will or briefly, to make life better, stronger, purer, holier, more divine like, has been the main aim of all righteous rule, of all human laws, as it always has been the chief aim of the Divine Ruler, of all divine legislation.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

The Marble Waiteth.

"Reserved he moved among the throng, a King who trod alone,
A world of fancies, vague and fair, an empire of his own.
A spirit gifted great was his, and power to him was given,
To prison in the rugged rock, a splendor caught from heaven."

Who is this toiler, chisel in hand, awaiting in breathless suspense the result of his every stroke, early and late, ever picturing to himself this one loved project, this one thing so dear to him, working steadily, never faltering and never for a moment allowing the dark presentiment of disappointment and failure to enter his studio? We wonder if misfortune has compelled this sculptor to enter the broad field of labor, or if natural inclination and ready talent, caused him to adopt this profession, or is he one who, spurred on by ambition for fame and renown, ceaselessly desires to surround himself with masterpieces of art and thereby attain his end. And does he not attain his end? Will not the choicest praises of fame and renown be showered upon him, who gives to this rough and shapeless mass the likeness of a living thing, aye, almost the very life? Of what more is finite man capable?

Shall we enter this studio, and in our criticism predict the future success or failure of our artist? No! Let us rather give our attention to another and greater receptacle for the works and contributions of the artist. We will contemplate the huge grand studio of life, in which each and everyone of us is an artist hewing and shaping his own destiny out of the great borrowed marble of time. The marble is a divine gift. The very tools but loaned the artist,—talent graces even his very failings. Some receive many tools, others few, but as little is expected of the artist, with dull and roughened tools, so will He who has given them require far less.

Yes truly the marble waiteth.

"Carve it, we must, yet only as we will
Artists who work with pencil or pen,
With chisel or brush for the praise of men,
What e'er ye do, what e'er ye design,
Seek first the Kingdom of God
When all else shall be given to you."

How different the views taken by the artists in life's vast studio!

To each of us is given this plastic clay to mould, for are we not endowed with a conscience? But ah! how few persevere in keeping it in its marble whiteness? Woe to him who brings this cast to

his Creator marred and sullied by sin. The pages of history tell of many and lasting monuments reared by great and noble souls. How gladly, then, would we erase those darker portions revealing our loss of courage, treachery and failure; but we may not hoard the glittering gold and disregard its clinging ore. What is not to be encountered in this work? While many present grand and beautiful images, many, on the other hand, show but rough and shapeless masses chiseled by careless hands—careless, because they fail to keep before them the one bright star of hope, ever shedding its radiance over the dreariest night of despondency.

God commands us to carve of the purest white, that we may be with him for evermore. Perhaps the work is imperfect or rude-stained. If so, turn back, O! Artist, deface those faulty lines. Let not that which should prove thy fame destroy it forever. Haste and complete thy work. We fear for the realization. Work late, work early, work surely, for the stone will yield to thy mighty blows, and the heavenly beauty of this completion shall make thy life an angel's vision of eternity.

JNO. F. HAYDEN, '99.

Mission at Villanova.

A very successful mission of one week, commencing Sunday, October 25th, and ending Sunday, November 1st, was given at St. Thomas' Church, Villanova, by Rev. Fathers Geraghty and O'Sullivan, O.S.A. The attendance at the exercises was gratifyingly large, many coming from the surrounding towns of Wayne, Bryn Mawr and Rosemont to participate in the devotions. Each evening at 7.45 o'clock there was the recitation of the rosary and a sermon, followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. In the absence of Rev. Father Geraghty, rector of the Augustinian Mission Band, the closing services were conducted by Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, O.S.A., who preached a powerful and moving sermon on "Perseverance."

Then the entire congregation, numbering about 800, renewed their baptismal vows. The sight presented by the entire congregation standing, each with a lighted candle, repeating the solemn formula, was one guaranteed to produce a deep and lasting impression on those present. Benediction, at which the Papal Benediction was given, brought the exercises to a close.

About 750 persons approached the sacraments. An Arch-Confraternity of Sts. Augustine and Monica, with an enrollment of about 200 members, was established by Rev. Father Geraghty.

More than 700 persons were made clients of Our Lady of Good Counsel, receiving the white scapular as the badge of their fealty.

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ELECTION is over! With a sigh of relief the weary campaigner puts aside his infallible arguments for his favorite doctrine for four years more and the regular routine of affairs goes on. Now that the country has passed through a political crisis that has excited a more general interest than usual, let us hope for a return of national prosperity. Though many are divided in their views of the political questions of the day, yet, the people having manifested their choice, all political enmity should be forgotten and the fact that we are all united under the Stars and Stripes distinctly remembered. Although the contest just ended was one in which ultimate good, rather than party principles, was considered; although during the campaign one party predicted nothing but evil as a result of its opponent's victory, yet patriotism should now rise paramount over all such considerations. Patriotism, the nurturer of heroes, the powerful defender of humanity! Who would be so base as to consider political prejudice before the honor of his country? The powers of this element of man's nature are irresistible. Patriotism it was that made our forefathers go forth with dogged determination to free themselves from the yoke of a foreign power. Patriotism, that in our own day makes the great forces of a once formidable nation of little avail against a handful of determined patriots. If then, the present government has for its basis principles which some think injurious, they know full well that present remedy is unattainable and that they must look to the future for redress. Their tendency to

impede the general prosperity is but a boomerang which will return with overwhelming force. Far better would it be for such to lend their aid to all that might give immediate aid to the business world and set the wheels of trade going with a merry hum. What difference whether a Bryan or a McKinley is at the helm. If his subordinates, to a man, perform their duties faithfully he will surely co-operate with them and the American Eagle will flop its wings as of yore and bid defiance to all who oppose it.

WHEN the Puritans first set foot on the historical Plymouth rock history tells us they immediately appointed a day on which they should give thanks to God for their safe voyage and other blessings which He had bestowed upon them. Through various modifications and changes, yet always essentially the same, it has come to our own time as an annual holiday. To some, with the thought of Thanksgiving Day, loom up in their fertile imaginations, visions of turkey, surrounded by its inseparable companion, cranberry sauce, while to others it is more than a day of feasting and merry-making. God in his goodness and mercy has placed us here to work out our salvation and though our lot may seem to us a hard one, nevertheless, we can readily find many things for which to be thankful. Ingratitude is such a heinous crime that no one would be willing to be adjudged guilty of it, while its contrary is a virtue most praiseworthy. Though the clouds on the horizon of life may be dark and threatening, though sufferings o'ertake us, we should ever remember that to be, is to suffer. With the advent of this national holiday we should revert to the time elapsed since its former celebration and find in what way we have utilized those precious moments that can never be regained. If, negligently, they have been fruitlessly employed, but the future is still before us and the burden of life is still to be borne. That future holds forth golden opportunities. Shall we grasp them or shall we let them pass unheeded? Man, as the architect of his own fortune, has it in his power to accept or reject all such opportunities and on his shoulder rests the responsibility. From the rich, lolling in the lap of luxury, to the beggar, asking alms at the street corner there is occasion for gratitude. In whatever position we are placed it is easy to conceive one more miserable and then arises the necessity of gratitude. As we gather to partake of our Thanksgiving dinner let us give ear to that voice within us which bids us think of the poor and homeless and to thank God for his kindness.

THE benefits of frequenting the reading room must be apparent to all, but all are not quick to take advantage of the benefits it holds forth. Now that those cold wintery days are approaching, it will be hard to find a more genial companion than a book of an instructive nature. To the intelligent reader the pages of a book open up a new and fanciful world. The author is followed carefully in all his descriptions and though the wind may be howling without, the reader may be carried in imagination to the sunny groves of the South. The mind, by thus dwelling on the thoughts of a standard author, becomes pregnant with thoughts of a similar nature, his whole being seems actuated by something higher and nobler than before and life's burden gradually grows lighter. If such good results may be obtained by a careful perusal of a good book, why not turn our attention in this direction to a greater extent than we have heretofore? The history of our peerless literature is teeming with the names of writers of every description. To such a degree is this true that the most fastidious can be satisfied. From the lofty genius of such as Shakespeare and Milton, writings of every grade may be found and very many of them are capable of affording supreme pleasure. Let all, then, be active members of the various literary societies and frequent their rooms as much as time will permit. Aside from temporal pleasure that may thus be obtained, there are more lasting benefits attached thereto. Thus you will lay the solid foundation for soundness of thought, increase your elegance of diction and then see more clearly that

"At Learning's fountain it is sweet to drink.
But 'tis a nobler privilege to think;
And oft, from books apart, the thirsting mind
May make the nectar which it cannot find.
'Tis well to borrow from the good and great;
'Tis wise to learn; 'tis God-like to create."

J. G. SAXE: *The Library*.

Now that the foot-ball season is over, we may consider the achievements of our representatives on the gridiron with feelings of pride. Their record is one fully calculated to inspire greater efforts in other fields of sport, and place our college in touch with the leading institutions in the athletic world. Foot-ball, to be a success, demands a rigid observance of the laws of training and many a pleasure must be sacrificed to rightly observe these laws. Yet gladly did our brawny tacklers refrain from participating in anything that would injure their physical condition. That they have benefited themselves by so doing is beyond question. Flushed with victory, they have not overestimated their

strength, but have played earnestly in all their contests. For these reasons they are looked upon by their fellow-students as deserving of the greatest encouragement. How long we gazed with jealous eyes upon the laurels of our neighbors, Haverford and Swarthmore! How great was our disappointment as year succeeded year without even a trial to manifest our abilities! But the season of '96 was destined to procure, at least, a chance to conquer or be conquered. With forebodings by no means encouraging, we saw our team prepare for the coming battles; but lo! the aspect is suddenly changed; they emerge from the contest unscarred, bearing with them these long-coveted laurels. Not satisfied with this, they have successfully been pitted against great odds and have invariably been a credit to themselves and to their college. Surely there is a page in the annals of Villanova for the foot-ball team of '96! And when time has separated them, as it surely will, they will still be talked of by those who saw their efforts as the heroes who, like Cæsar, came, saw and conquered. In memory there will be a pleasing remembrance for those who did so much to place the *White* and *Blue* where it would wave proudly o'er the heads of its opponents.

ST. CATHERINE'S FEAST.

Wednesday, November 24th, was the Feast of St. Catherine of Alexandria, patroness of philosophy and philosophers. In accordance with a time-honored custom, it was a holiday for her clients in Villanova.

The day opened auspiciously with High Mass, which was attended by the faculty and students.

The celebrant was Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, provincial; deacon, Rev. W. A. Jones; sub-deacon, Rev. Mr. F. E. Touscher; master of ceremonies, Mr. E. J. Murtaugh. The choir, under the direction of Rev. J. B. Leonard, sang Leonard's Mass in E. Rev. W. A. Coar's magnificent vibrant baritone and Rev. F. Medina's sweet tenor were heard with fine effect in the solos.

The members of the philosophy class spent the forenoon rambling about enjoying the picturesque scenery in the vicinity. The third eleven played with an aggregation from the Philadelphia Catholic High School.

In the evening a "gaudeamus" was held in the monastery, which was greatly enjoyed. The philosophy class held a reunion, which was a veritable "feast of reason and flow of soul." A dainty spread, kindly furnished by the Very Rev. President, proved an enjoyable climax to a very delightful day. We feel sure that as the young men wooed the sleep-god, Morpheus, Milton's beautiful tribute to their favorite study kept humming in their brain:

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of Nectar's Sweets,
Where no rude surfeit reigns."

FOOT-BALL.

VILLANOVA, 10; SWARTHMORE, 0.

On Wednesday, October 10, the Swarthmore eleven came, saw, but failed to conquer. Flushed with their recent victory over Delaware College they anticipated but little trouble in making amends for their former defeat at our hands. They even went so far as to say that nothing less than thirty points would satisfy them. They were fully satisfied, as the score will show. On several occasions during the first half they carried the ball very near our goal, but each time they were met with a stubborn resistance. They showed a slight improvement in team play since the last game, but this was rendered useless by their inability to hit the line with any effect. In this game Shanahan, McDonald and McCullough did most of the tackling, while Begley and Rogers carried the ball in a very creditable manner. The first touchdown was made after three minutes of play, when Kirsch was pushed over the line, but the goal was not kicked.

In the second half Begley succeeded in carrying the ball over and goal was kicked. During the remaining time of play the ball was kept near the middle of the field.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>Swarthmore.</i>
Hayden	left end	Hubbard
Kirsch (Murphy)	left tackle	Wilson
Downes	left guard	Verlinden
Deforge	centre	Smedley
Daly	right guard	Watson
Wright	right tackle	Farquar
Shanahan	right end	Cahall
McCullough	quarter back	Gathrop
Rogers (Begley)	left half back	Patton
Breslin	right half back	Way
McDonald	full back	Broomfield

VILLANOVA, 0; WEST CHESTER, 18.

Battling against a team averaging 35 pounds per man more than ours the team was defeated at West Chester on Saturday, October 24. In spite of their weight every man tackled well, and it was only by plunges through the line that West Chester was able to score. In the first half McKenzie and G. Johnson were pushed over the line. In the second McKenzie again crossed the line, Cashman kicking the goals. McDonald, Begley and Wright tackled well and Hayden proved a good ground gainer.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>West Chester.</i>
Hayden	left end	Roberts
Murphy	left tackle	McKenzie
Downes	left guard	Cashman
Deforge	centre	Corcoran

Daly	right guard	James
Wright	right tackle	Rich
Shanahan	right end	Harkness
McCullough	quarter back	Dicks
Begley	left half back	W. Johnson
Breslin	right half back	G. Johnson
McDonald	full back	Wunder

VILLANOVA, 12; URSINUS COLLEGE, 4.

On October 28 the team journeyed to Collegeville to meet the Ursinus College team for the second time. At the start of play it was evident that Ursinus had improved in team play and their tandem plays soon gave them a touchdown. Lerch missed the try for goal. On the next kick-off Villanova received the ball on a fumble and Breslin soon skirted the end for a touchdown. Goal. Again Ursinus took the ball steadily up the field; our two-yard line was reached. But here McKee fumbled and Hayden was off up the field with the whole team at his heels. Goal. In the second half no scoring was done. Shanahan, Hayden and Kersh played a good game, as did Lerch and Shelly.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>Ursinus.</i>
Hayden	left end	Waltman
Kirsch	left tackle	Kopenhaver
Downes	left guard	Bodder
Deforge	centre	Styck
Daly	right guard	Heffner
Wright	right tackle	Spotts
Shanahan	right end	Shelly
McCullough	quarter back	Gresh
Begley	left half back	McKee
Breslin	right half back	Packer
McEonald	full back	Lerch

VILLANOVA, 12; PHILA. DENTAL COLLEGE, 0.

On Saturday, October 31, the team disposed of the Philadelphia Dental College. The game was remarkable for the rough playing of the P. D. C. and our own all-around good work. More scoring might easily have been done, but Capt. McDonald wisely refrained from working the men too hard and resorted to punting. McCullough and Breslin did good work. Breslin carried the ball over in the first half and McDonald in the second, goals resulting from both touchdowns.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>P. D. C.</i>
Hayden	left end	Petty
Kirsch	left tackle	Gay
Downes	left guard	James
Deforge	centre	Champagne
Daly	right guard	Wilson
Wright	right tackle	Waters
Shanahan (Wilson)	right end	Green
McCullough	quarter back	Keefe
Begley (Burns)	left half back	Flynn
Breslin	right half back	Smith
McDonald	full back	Lipscom

VILLANOVA, 28; JEFFERSON MED. COLLEGE, O.

With several positions filled by substitutes the college team defeated J. M. C. on Saturday, November 7. The Jefferson ends were repeatedly skirted for good gains. Breslin and Kirsch made splendid runs, aided by good interference. All the plays were gotten off with such rapidity that the Jefferson players seemed dazed and unable to follow the ball; to this is due the large score. In this game Wilson and Rogers ran well with the ball and McCullough did his usual good tackling.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>J. M. C.</i>
Wilson	left end	May
Kirsch (Burns)	left tackle	Sciple
Downes	left guard	McBerry
Deforge	centre	Morton
Murphy	right guard	Devine
Wright	right tackle	Yowter
Shanahan	right end	Hearn
McCullough	quarter back	Spratt
Rogers	left half back	Cadwallader
Breslin	right half back	Matheny
McDonald	full back	Gibbon

VILLANOVA, 24; PENNA. MILITARY COLLEGE, 6.

With the cadets of P. M. C., at Chester, it was a continual practice in retreat, double quick, on Saturday, November 14. Their guards back play was the only one on which they could gain and even it eventually failed. Long runs were the order, Breslin, Hayden and Begley carrying the ball. The interference was the finest of the year and, what is better, the runner always followed it. Wright put up his usually good game, as did Shanahan and McDonald. The touchdowns were made by Breslin, 3; Hayden and McDonald. Goals: Breslin, 2. For P. M. C., Filde scored; B. Thistlewood kicking the goal.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>P. M. C.</i>
Hayden	left end	Arnoldi
Kirsch (Rogers)	left tackle	Hardenburg
Downes	left guard	Lewis
Deforge	centre	Lyon
Murphy	right guard	Filde
Wright	right tackle	Harris
Shanahan	right end	McManus
McCullough	quarter back	B. Thistlewood
Begley	left half back	Holman
Breslin	right half back	J. Thistlewood
McDonald	full back	Wood

VILLANOVA, 4; SOUTH JERSEY INSTITUTE, 6.

On a day rendered almost oppressive by the heat the college team was defeated at Bridgeton, N. J., on Wednesday, October 18. In the first scrimmage Wright ran 60 yards to S. J. I.'s 2-yard line and Hayden was pushed over the line. No goal. After this gains came slow and when they were

made the Institute's official graciously made them null and void. Although it is against our principle to cry "robbed," yet his prejudice was so manifest that it disgusted even the spectators. Although our team work was not up to the standard, yet we should have won hands down.

Our team was considerably weakened by the absence of Begley, who played only during the last few minutes.

<i>Villanova.</i>	<i>Line up.</i>	<i>S. J. I.</i>
Hayden	left end	O'Brien
Kirsch	left tackle	Goodman
Downes	left guard	Anderson
Deforge	centre	Greedy
Murphy	right guard	Garton
Wright	right tackle	Vanhorn
Shanahan	right end	Denn
McCullough	quarter back	Wright
Rogers (Begley)	left half back	McGalliard
Breslin	right half back	Wollseiffer
McDonald	full back	Garrison

November 13 the scrub team defeated the C. M. F. team by a score of 10-0.

November 26 the third eleven defeated the R. C. H. S. team by a score of 18-0. Jos. Keenan's runs were the features of the game.

SOCIETIES.

V. D. S.—Monday evening, November 2d, while the citizens of our grand Republic were anxiously awaiting the results of the Presidential election, the members of the Senior Debating Society were discussing the all-important financial question. The contestants were Messrs. Nelson and Burns, Shanahan and McCloskey, the two former arguing for sound money principles; the latter for the free unlimited coinage of silver. The arguments advanced were an evidence of close and careful study. While all did well, Messrs. Nelson and McCloskey distinguished themselves on the respective sides.

Messrs. Dooley, Hauber and Mahon also spoke at length. A very lively interest was manifest throughout the debate. The decision was rendered in favor of free silver.

On Wednesday evening, November 11th, the Juniors assembled to listen to a debate: Resolved, that inventions are advantageous to the working classes. Messrs. Downes and Shelly for the affirmative, Messrs. Fox and Murphy for the negative. On account of the earnestness shown by the participants in these two debates we have every reason to believe that many a pleasant and instructive debate will be held during the coming months.

V. L. I.—Plans are being made, in fact are almost completed, to have monthly entertainments consisting of essays and discussions of the celebrated authors and their writings.

EXCHANGES.

The interest manifested in our national election by our October exchanges merits the praise of all admirers of college journalism. For is it not praiseworthy to see the student turn from his textbooks to employ part of his time in studying the ponderous questions of his country, and to contribute his mite, however small, for the instruction of his fellow-students, or perhaps of those who exercise the privileges of citizenship? The education which the young man receives at college is a preparation for life's battle, and he would, indeed, be poorly equipped to discharge his duties as a citizen if he had not a knowledge of his country's politics.

The Owl, representing Ottawa University, is a first-class college paper, which any journal should be pleased to number among its exchanges. In it, besides the serious essay, which occupies too much space in most college periodicals, poetry and fiction are found agreeably blended. Its latest number contains a charming story, entitled "The River Quelle." It is a tale of the pioneer days of Canada, pervaded with a soft religious sentiment, and successfully describes the hardships of the early settlers on the northern frontier.

"College Journalism," in the October number of the *Georgetown Journal*, should be of interest and consideration to every editor. In the first place it is an official article as it comes from the pen of the president of the Catholic College Press Association. Then, again, though a most important subject, it is seldom considered in our college journals, and an editor should never neglect to study it whenever the opportunity is offered. The writer has manifested sound and mature thought upon his theme. Besides comparing the different methods of managing college papers, he points out the advantages of the editor, and advances good arguments in behalf of college journalism. Concluding, he says: "They who are drilled in the school of college journalism may never ambition the laureate's leaf, but they will be capable of forming a discriminating reading public, which, with the present auspicious display of literary talents, will assure us that the future will not hear a new Cardinal Newman say of American literature: 'It is made, and it is Protestant.'"

The College Forum, published by the Philokosmian Literary Society of Lebanon Valley College, is good. Its essays are weighty, and of a high order, which characteristics might well be looked for, as B. S. or M. A. is generally found after the writer's name. "The Ideal Education," in the October number, is an excellent article. In it the

defects of developing the faculties disproportionately are well portrayed, and the ideal education described as the moral, the intellectual and the physical symmetrically combined.

The Mount is, indeed, a lively sheet of college literature, but would be better appreciated if some of its articles were drawn out to a greater length. It is characteristic of this periodical to publish several short articles of fiction or descriptions, which, though interesting, would be far more meritorious if they were not so brief. In its last issue the poems, "A Woman's No," and "The School Bell," would enliven the pages of the gravest magazine.

The Record, of St. John's University, publishes a biography of William Marris in its latest number. It is a good criticism of the poet's qualities, and is both timely and well written.

SPLINTERS.

Sinkers.

K. D. U.

Roger's dormitory.

"Dat ain't good grammar."

That light has sixty horse power.

"What is the feminine of *Amo*?"

There's a new bully come to town.

"Don't get too *Balbus aedificat murum*."

Oh, yes! Villanova has lots of attractions.

Ask Pipe about that Jersey "peach" on the train.

"Professor "Bill" has composed a new piece of music.

"Old Active" got three hundred lines for general weariness.

The Dentals came here with their forceps ready for work, but found that they had mistaken the place.

Many may have participated in birthday parties, but all will acknowledge that Georgie V. cannot be equaled as an entertainer. We are anxiously awaiting another opportunity to a Vail ourselves of a repetition of *the* event.

The night was long, the night was cold,
The poor man was infirm and old,
They knock and knock, but he's in bed,
The words he used are best unsaid.

Give me a coat, the "hobo" cried,
They looked at him with much distrust,
A goodly lot in the hall he spied
Just one I'll take and then I'll dust.

But an "eagle eye" was looking on
And a lively chase he gave;
The bundle was searched for aught to don,
But nothing was found for Jim to save.

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Villanova Monthly

Vol. IV.

Villanova College, December, 1896.

No. 8.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

I look from my casement across the snow ;
There is a star in the heavens bright,
And its soft light beams with a holy glow,
As it shed on the shepherds of long ago,
On that first glad Christmas night.

There's a voice that is singing a grand refrain
Of Glory, and Peace to earth.
'Tis the same sweet theme of the angel's strain,
And the angels again, in that voice proclaim,
The tidings of Jesus' birth.

There's a tiny treble of church bells' peal ;
I respond to its rhythmic chime.
At the Altar crib in His house I kneel,
And the peace that has come to earth, I feel
In the gladness of Christmas-time.

Christmas Festivities.

As the revolving years bring a return of the joyous season of Christmas, it is pleasant to reflect upon the manner in which this glorious feast is celebrated. Every country has its particular Christmas festivities. It is generally thought that those in vogue among us are the offsprings or survivals of the customs prevalent in England a few centuries ago. Still, when we compare them, we are inclined to look upon our manner of celebrating as a strictly modern institution. There was more mirth in the English Christmas of long ago. Studied politeness or the refinement of our age did not then prevail ; but rural customs and jollity held royal sway throughout the length and breadth of the land. The fun of the old time merry-makers was boisterous, and not at all compatible with our present mode of life. Theirs was the pleasure of a simple, unaffected society, untainted by the artifice and affectation of a more cultured age.

Christmas ceremonies in England are time-hon-

ored. The initial task in mediæval times was to gather the holly and mistletoe to decorate the homes and churches ; a custom which we still retain. Then came the cutting of the Yule log. In the morning the mirthful party went to the forest and hauled home a log cut from an elm or the root of some grotesque tree. They placed it in the hall, and it became an object of interest for the entire day. Seated upon the Yule log, the merry-makers sang their festive songs, and extended their wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Night fall crowned the festivities, when the log was burned upon the hearth, after it had been enkindled by the embers of its predecessor of the year before.

Carol singing was a pleasing and distinguishing feature in the Christmas celebration of those merry days of old, when men were cast in more heroic moulds. The singers serenaded the homes of the rich, and with sweet melodies filled the air of the cold wintry nights. The "waits," or those who were skillful with musical instruments, assem-

bled in the play houses, and furnished amusement appropriate to the gayety of the occasion.

Gift-making then existed, but it was not the customary means of acknowledging friendship that it is with us. At Yule-tide, the great landlord entertained his servants and tenants with the greatest cordiality and hilarity. In those feudal days, master and man, peer and peasant, sat side by side on Christmas Day in convivial friendship. The boar's head was an indispensable feature of the feast. It was carried to the dining hall with the pomp and ceremony of mediæval pageantry. First came the trumpeters, blaring forth the joyful tidings, followed by the choral singers, intoning canticles and Christmas hymns. The household was next in the procession, and, lastly, walked the ostentatious butler, "observed of all observers," on whom devolved the distinguished duty of carrying the boar's head.

As time went on the people abandoned the rustic customs and resorted to the manners of a more polished, yet artificial, civilization. Though the English people have always kept pace with the progress of modern fashion, a spirit still lingers about their Christmas festivities which links them with the joyous, rural, homebred merriments of their ancestors. There is something about the family gatherings and holiday revels that savors of the good old days of yore. Nevertheless it is lamentable that the charms of simplicity and lustiness are gone. They prevailed in a vigorous and hearty age, and find no place in the elegant, but less characteristic, society of our time.

In the United States Christmas festivities have none of that flavor of gayety which characterizes them in the old countries. The Russian peasant, with his bowl of borsch, the Hungarian, with his goulash, or the Switzer, with his Geneva fritters, enjoy a more Christmas-like feast than we with our mountains of turkey and oceans of cranberry sauce. In the colonial days our forefathers celebrated Christmas by gorging themselves with fat turkeys and geese. That they held religious exercises, we are also assured. Truly we have preserved the customs they have established, and no doubt exercise them with the same spirit; for our comparatively cold observance of the greatest holiday on the calendar of Christianity, is worthy of our Puritan ancestors.

In childhood we are delighted with the gifts of the Christmas tree and the tales of the feigned Santa Claus, but as we advance in years the attractions of the glorious festival are worn from our minds, and, excepting that it commemorates the greatest event in the foundation of our faith, we are inclined to consider it only as a day of enjoy-

ment for children. If, as is supposed, we have derived our Christmas festivities from the Yule-tide customs of Englishmen of a dozen years ago, we either did not imbibe their spirit or allowed it to wither away under the blight of modern fashion. The merry Christmas greetings exchanged among us are cold and formal as compared with the flow of true joy and kindness in other lands. To us they are not the lingerings of the holiday customs of a noble ancestry, which, though fading away, are still to be revered.

However, in our observance of Christmas there is source for real joy. It is a time for calling together the members of families whom fate has caused to drift apart. It is the season for gladly gathering around the festive mahogany, and for retiring from bleak nature to assemble at the blazing, paternal hearthstone, the scene of domestic mirth, to talk over the halcyon days of youth.

Our Yule-tide celebrations are feasts not wholly unmingled with mirth. They are still the brightest pictures that hang in memory's storied hall. If modern fashion had not chilled the traits of merriment peculiar to our ancestors, the beautiful feast of the Nativity would be commemorated in a more fitting manner. So that when near the end of life's book, we could review its pages with sweeter recollections than ever the frigid observances of the present will recall. A. X. DOOLEY, '98.

INTO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

(continued)

CHAPTER III.

THE EXILE.

"Coldly the beam from yonder sky
Looks o'er the waves that onward stray;
But colder still the stranger's eye
To him whose home is far away."

Ralph rushed wildly through the streets impelled by a desire to hide, if possible, even from himself, and instinctively choosing the quieter thoroughfares. On, on, he cared not whither, only to escape from the sight of men, whom he felt must read in his face his shame. Now he heard a step approaching. He felt that it must be the officers on his track. He hid beneath an archway until his fancied pursuer had passed. Once he was inclined to deliver himself up to justice. This would be manly, heroic. Then he laughed, a hollow, mocking laugh. What had he to do with heroism? He who was a — ! He shuddered, but did not pronounce the name. Whole years of torture he

suffered in that one night. Thoughts of friends came crowding thick and fast upon him of hopes, ambition, shattered idols. He had thrown himself into the gutter, and that must now be his portion. He cursed his psychological studies as the cause of all his woe. There was now no need of sympathetic reasoning; his imagination need no longer conjure up possible situations. He was face to face with a reality that could not be shaken off, and in that dread reality he was suffering the tortures of a living hell. Yet, not like the impious, he cursed not God as the author of his being. Alas! he did not even think of Him. His sorrow had none of that sublimity by means of which it chasteneth. His sorrow was great, his anguish violent, but he had much yet to suffer, even the repentance that springs from a supernatural motive would bring balm to his troubled spirit. On, on, wearily, he traversed, now hiding, now skulking along in the shadow of some passing vehicle. Coming suddenly into the glare of a street-lamp he received a new shock by glancing at his hand. It was still stained with blood! He screamed aloud at the horror of it and dashed recklessly down the street. He must wash it away. Alas! an ocean of water would not cleanse the stain from his heart. Once he thought of throwing himself into the river, but something restrained him. He felt that he must suffer in the living. And he was afraid of death!

He arrived at length at a public park where there was a fountain playing, and plunged wildly into the water. His one thought was to free himself from that stigma, that silent voice of death. He laved his aching brow and felt somewhat refreshed. Respite short-lived! He could see even by the uncertain light that the water about him was discolored, polluted by the blood. "O, wretch that I am," he moaned in despair, "that the very waters cry out against me and proclaim my guilt." But the sudden plunge into the chilly water had in part restored his distracted mind. He could think, and so it occurred to him at once that the small amount of blood that had cleaved to his hand from the touch of the dead man could not thus have multiplied itself. He glanced at his hand. It was bleeding from a gaping wound. He had washed away the congealed blood and the wound was bleeding afresh. The violent mental emotion he had undergone had made him insensible to physical pain. Now he could feel the latter; he shivered, too, with the cold. But blessed boon! He could think! He began to connect ideas that did not run riot over the subject of murder and of blood. He tied his handkerchief about the bleeding hand and came out of the water.

Where was he? He looked about him. The

place was familiar. He had been there recently. Ah, yes, he remembered. It was here he had come with Tom Harley. Tom Harley! What a ray of hope comes with the repetition of that name! He seeks out the spot where they had that day parted. In his abandonment to the revulsion of feeling he kneels down and kisses the earth, and, with almost a prayer, rises from his troubled heart, which, if it reach its fulfillment, will descend as a benediction upon his kind-hearted friend. He recalls the latter's words at parting. "Yes, I can go to him," he cries out. "I have need of his friendship now if ever friend had need of friend."

Ralph looks at his watch, but is not surprised to find that it is now close on to midnight. He has taken no notice of time since the occurrence of the horrible affair, and knew neither the amount of ground he had covered nor the time that had elapsed. His path had perhaps been in a circle. When one walks heedless of what direction he is going a strange impulse seems ever to drive him to the right. He realizes, however, that he has little chance of meeting Tom until morning; also that early on the morrow the ocean greyhound will be bearing him away from England's shores. He must see him ere he departs. The friendship of Tom Harley shines out before his half-bewildered vision as the beacon light to a storm-tossed mariner. In the discovery that the blood upon his hand was from that wounded member, Ralph realized that he had gashed himself whilst breaking through the window of the murdered man's house. The knowledge that the blood of the dead man was not literally, in its revolting reality upon his hands, brought only a temporary surcease to his anguish of mind. He realized only too well that the uplifted blade had not been necessary to effect his diabolical purpose; he knows that even as he sprang into the old man's chamber, the rage and hate his features expressed were sufficient to shatter the glass of the old man's life and cause the few remaining sands to run out. Alas, he feels that he has been the cause of the old man's death! Little meed of comfort does it bring to him now to know that his hand had not descended upon his intended victim. He has wilfully deprived an innocent man of his life, and his future must be the atonement.

He is, therefore, none the less overwhelmed at the thought of his guilt; but the reaction has set in and he acts in a more deliberate manner. He carefully avoids meeting any stray passer by, pulling his hat more closely over his face, and starts for his lodgings. But once there he is consumed by a fever of excitement. He cannot rest con-

tented within those four close walls. He fears pursuit. He trembles at the slightest sound. He feels his own presence too much in that narrow enclosure and longs to be out under the open sky. He smiles bitterly at the thought that he is leaving home forever. For he must get out of the way. Tom Harley is sailing for New York. He, too, will sail if he has to go steerage. So he resolves. Quickly he places a five-pound note in an envelope addressed to his landlady; and another he addresses to the proprietor of the coffee house where he has taken his meals. He hastily crams a few necessities into a portmanteau and rushes from the house. He breathes more freely when in the open air, but the shadow of a tree across his path or a rustling sound among the branches throws him into a paroxysm of terror. Miserable, indeed, is he "whose conscience with injustice is afflicted."

And so, for the balance of the night, wearily and warily, he walks the street. He is surprised himself at the cunning he displays in avoiding his fellow pedestrians; and all the time he is wondering if they could ever have had such a weight of grief and shame to bear as that under which he is suffering. Long before morning breaks there is bustle and confusion at the docks. He takes up his position behind a lot of bales and waits for the arrival of the passengers. The fakirs are busy sorting out their wares, there is much shouting and mingling of threats and curses, but he heeds not. Day has dawned and the passengers are preparing to embark. He distinguishes quite a number on the vessel and wonders how they got on without his knowledge. He remembers that under circumstances similar to this of early sailing the steerage passengers boarded the vessel the night before. He wonders if all the berths are taken, and now for the first time he fears he may not be able to take passage. But his mind is so full of the idea of getting away from the scene of his guilt that he mentally resolves to stow himself away in the hold of the vessel.

A number of the constabulary coming into sight, Ralph instinctively crouches beneath a bale. He remains thus concealed for what appears to him an interminable length of time, until he is aroused by the sound of a voice crying out the morning papers. *News, Mercury, Post.* He must obtain a paper at all hazards. He looks out from his hiding place. The coast is clear, and he hails the boy.

"*Mercury*, sir?" calls the boy.

"Give me all of them," answered Ralph; scarcely knowing what he was saying.

The boy looks at him in surprise, and hands

him a copy of each. Ralph throws him half a crown, and waves him off. His munificence has gained him another friend.

With trembling fingers Ralph unfolds the paper. He almost totters as he reads the head-lines on the first page:

MURDER!

AN OLD MAN BUTCHERED IN COLD BLOOD!

Ralph is in an agony of despair. His secret is divulged; his name will go down to posterity as that of a murderer. For, surely, he cannot escape detection now. He crushes the papers convulsively in his grasp; only to smooth it out once more, fascinated, impelled to read the sickening detail. Yet he grows more confident at the next few words. 'Tis not *his* murder that is written of. (How easy it has become for him to speak of *his* murder! Half unconsciously he asks himself if he is getting accustomed to that word of infamy.) He recollects that it is of the murderer whom he met in company with Harley that they are telling.

QUICK AND EFFICIENT WORK OF THE CONSTABULARY. THE VILLAINOUS BUTCHER CAUGHT IN THE ACT, etc., etc.

It seems so long ago since Ralph met that poor fellow. Poor fellow! Yes, he could of a verity sympathize with him now. His lot was cast forever among the outcasts and the degraded.

Ralph has no heart for reading the details of that other crime; but scans the paper eagerly, looking for that which he fears most to see—a description of his own deed. Column after column he scans the several papers feverishly, but finds no mention of the duplicated crime. A resultant sense of quiet comes upon him. His secret was is yet his own; his and the little girl whose cry had startled him in the death chamber. He thinks of her now for the first time since the affair, and with the thought comes gloom again. Will she betray him? May she not already have spoken! It seemed he was to enjoy no peace of mind. Disturbed in his retreat by the men removing the bales, which had constituted his hiding place, he shambles off in the sneaking gait of the night before, and seeks another hiding place. He goes over the papers more closely, scrutinizing each so carefully that it seemed as though his eyes would burn the secret from out the printed page. Finally, in the *Mercury* he reads the following notice:

SUDDEN DEATH OF ROBERT HARGRAVE.

Robert Hargrave died last night at his home on High street, under peculiar circumstances. A member of the family found him dead in his chair in his sitting room, about eight o'clock. He had evidently died without a

struggle, and there were no marks of violence upon his person. A most peculiar incident was that the papers scattered upon the table were stained with blood. It is quite evident that it is not that of the old gentleman. The police will try to solve the mystery. A broken window-sash seems to confirm a theory of robbery and murder; but nothing in the room had been disturbed. The little granddaughter of the deceased was found lying unconscious on the floor of the room. She will, perhaps, be able to throw some light on the matter. At present she is in a precarious condition, and unable to speak.

Ralph devoured every line, every word, with passionate eagerness. He was, as yet safe. No one could connect him with the crime. He would fly the country. It was not until afterward that he realized that another might be made to suffer for his crime—one of the unfortunates whom he had been so prone to pity. But time was passing quickly, and he must make haste to see his friend. The cabin passengers were embarking. It was within an hour of sailing time. Ralph hesitated no longer, but ran up the gangway. He chanced upon Tom Harley wandering aimlessly upon the upper deck.

"Helloa!" cried that worthy. Then, noticing Ralph's haggard appearance, "Have you been doing the villain's work again?"

Ralph staggered as if he had been struck. "Hush," he said hoarsely; "I must sail with you for New York."

"Why, what mad impulse is this? Your work—"

"Listen. You told me that if I should need your help I should come to you. All night long have I paced the dreary streets until I could meet you here. I need your help and I have come to claim it. I must go to New York."

Tom grasped his friend's hand and gazed intently into his face. What he saw there it is hard to say, but he sighed.

"It may be hard to manage, but I have a plan."

Then he related how he had received a note from Burleigh the night before, stating that his father had had a relapse, and that he was afraid they would not be able to embark.

"He is to let me know this morning and will send me the tickets for redemption," Tom concluded, "but it seems several people have got wind of the affair and have applied for the berths. You know there are always a number who never know they are going to do a thing until the time for action comes."

While they were speaking the steward approached with a letter for "T. Harley, Esq.," which he handed to that honorable gentleman. It contained the tickets, as also a note saying that Burleigh had

given a letter to a Mr. and Mrs. Price, who were to present it at the purser's office and claim the tickets in case he would have had to return them.

"I would have sent the tickets to Mr. Price," the letter continued, "but I knew you expected them and I thought you might have made some conditional disposition of them. I have instructed the purser to give Mr. Price the first choice and hope that you, too, will see that that is carried out."

"I will not, then," said Tom, "but you will have to sail as Jim Burleigh, my boy, who has left his father at home. And you'll have to pay for your *father's* ticket, just the same."

Ralph had no scruple as to sailing under an assumed name. Any name was better than his own, he thought; nor did the question of money trouble him. He would pay anything, do anything to get away. He had been fasting now for almost twenty-four hours, so that when Tom proposed that they go down to breakfast, Ralph readily acquiesced. He wished to strengthen his body that his mind might be aided. While they were at table the vessel slipped away from the dock and went steaming down the Mersey. Ralph was leaving home and country, but not with regret. There was a new life before him, and the new life would redeem the past.

CHAPTER IV.

'TWIXT SMILES AND TEARS.

The "Campturria" had been out now two days, and our friends were having delightful weather. Many acquaintances had been formed, and the passengers, as they paced the deck or lounged lazily upon the steamer chairs, seemed as one large and happy family enjoying a reunion. Tom had had a little of introduction to the captain, and was now acquainted with every one on board, but Ralph stood out as the one grand, solitary figure, gloomy, and to at least two of the fairer passengers delightfully poetic. When all was gayety and mirth, his features expressed no joy. Where every one was sociable, he expressed all advances. He had not confided his trouble to Tom Harley, but the latter ignoring this lack of confidence on the part of his friend, was doing all in his power to "bring him 'round." He thought Ralph was in "one of his moods," and ascribed it all to the much-abused social question. So he did not bother his head much about prying into the immediate cause of his friend's hasty voyage.

But to a woman of the sentimental class, Ralph was a subject "just too lovely for anything," and the two ladies, before hinted at, proposed to lay siege to the Castle Cosgrove, and take it by storm.

And when a woman wills—well, she generally gains her point, especially if she be of the species *Americana*, but with results not always to be foreseen. Miss Anguish and her friend Miss Gushe were returning from a month's vacation in the beautiful lake district of England, and were, consequently, full to overflowing with poetry—Wordsworth and Byron. Speak of poetry, and your fair friend thinks of Byron. She will tell you that she just dotes on Byron—he had such lovely eyes and hair, and he wore his ruffled shirt unbuttoned at the throat, you know. Yes, Byron was a great poet. And to the firm of Anguish & Co., Ralph looked like Byron.

"He looks so melancholy," quoth Anguish.

"Yes, there must be a woman in it," answers the Gushe.

"I would just love to know."

"Oh, I'm quite sure of it. And I think—" here a giggle punctuated the sentence—"I think she must look like *me*!"

Two giggles.

"You silly thing. Why?"

"Because he has been looking at me for the last half hour. Say, Lola, how does my hat set?"

"Just lovely. Isn't this *too* delightful!" The subject of this paroxysm had been standing against the rail, buried deeply in thought. He had for the novice changed his name, but his self he could never change. He had begun to think now of the possibility of another having to answer for his crime. How could he dare bequeath his infamy to another. He was beginning to think he had done wrong in leaving England. Better to have stayed and face the music, he said bitterly, than to run the risk by another suffering for his deed. He thought of this continually, and began to look upon it as a certainty that another innocent man would die as the result of his mad act. Fate was forcing him, step by step, down into the depths. It is in such a mood as this that we find him when the fair Americans prepare to lay siege to his heart.

(*To be continued.*)

"The Sign of the Cross."

The theatrical world is all agog over a play which promises to be an epoch-maker in its history. Wilton Barrett, the well-known English actor, during his recent tour through the United States, wrote a drama which has set the tongues of two continents a-wagging, and which has opened up a new field in dramatic literature.

"The Sign of the Cross," as the name implies, has a decided religious tendency, which has caused it to be lauded by both press and pulpit.

This fact alone has aroused much curiosity, and has caused much animated discussion among the critics and the general public, noticeably the clergy, as to the morality of the play.

The dramatic, pathetic stage pictures with which the play is replete, carry the spectator back to that age of depravity, when imperial Rome grovelled in cruelty and licentiousness such as causes one's very blood to grill at the mere mention.

Marcus Superbus, the young, handsome and wealthy Prefect, is commanded by Nero to butcher the Christians "to make a Roman holiday."

Marcus prepares to execute the order of his royal master, but finds that he has fallen under the spell of the alluring charms of a young Christian maiden, named Mercia, whom he had by chance recently rescued from a howling mob in the streets of Rome. Here arises what seems to be an insurmountable obstacle, upon which turns the whole plot of the play, and which allows the introduction of many striking dramatic effects. Marcus' admiration and friendship for Mercia give him his first real idea of what true maidenly purity is, and cause his soul to revolt at the gross licentiousness of the society in which he has hitherto been a petted darling. He forsakes his former dissolute companions and retires into solitude to meditate upon the serene beauty and angelic virtue of Mercia, which has excited such strange, new sensations within him.

His attentions to the lovely Christian virgin, who has not as yet exchanged a dozen words with him, become the topic of conversation in Roman clubs and boudoirs. Echoes of his infatuation reach the court. His former intimates meet him with cruel gibes and sneers. Berenis, a patrician lady, whose unsought love he had spurned, womanlike, becomes his bitterest, most unrelenting enemy.

A number of Christians are imprisoned in the palace of Marcus, among whom is Mercia. Marcus, angry and disgusted, abruptly leaves a party of roisterers carousing in his banquet hall, retires to an adjoining room and orders the Christian virgin before him. Conscious of his intense passion for her and realizing the awful duty before him, he begs her to renounce Christianity and become his mistress. Mercia, calm and indomitable, prays to God for strength and perseverance. The conversation is suddenly interrupted by the bacchanalians, who stagger into the room loudly calling for their host. Finding him alone with his new-found innamorata, the carousers stand aghast and begin to revile them. With eyes turned heavenward, clasping a white cross upon her breast, Mercia stands, chaste and cold as a marble statue,

disdainful of the insults of the scoffing Pagans. Silent, pensive, watching the peerless Christian maiden with wonder and admiration, sits Marcus, her lover. Finally, infuriated at the abuse heaped upon her, the Prefect leaps between her and his erstwhile boon companions, and drives them from the room. Drawing the curtains, he looks appealingly towards Mercia. The scene closes with one of the most impressive stage pictures in a play replete with thrilling dramatic climaxes.

The holidays are fast approaching, and the games and sports of the amphitheatre are ready. Some of the Christians are to be burned at the stake; some are to engage in single combat with Rome's most tried and doughty gladiators. Mercia and the women are to be thrown to the lions. When Marcus hears the Emperor's decree, he becomes frenzied with grief. He resolves to rescue his loved one, though it should cost the friendship of Nero himself. He supplicates the Emperor to spare her life, and so powerfully and pathetically does he plead that he attracts more sympathy than the condemned girl herself. The royal monster appears to be moved by his prayers and supplications; but refers the decision of the case to his Empress, Poppa. She, hard-hearted as himself, knows no pity. The sentence stands unchanged, and Nero withdraws with his suite, leaving Marcus pleading and madly threatening vengeance.

The last scene is a thrilling close to a series of striking climaxes. In a dungeon in the amphitheatre, the Christians are assembled praying and anxiously awaiting the hour of death. Mercia is seen walking among them, speaking words of cheer and encouragement. Especially does she encourage the boy, Stephanus, who, with his limbs broken and bleeding, is about to yield and deny his faith. The martyrs are led, group by group, into the arena. Mercia alone is left. Suddenly the bars are battered down, and Marcus stands before her. Again he asks her to speak those long-wished for words of love, but he asks in vain. Puzzled at her seeming indifference, which has worked such a wonderful transformation in his one-time besotted soul, he asks her to explain the mysteries of that religion, which rendered her so different from all the other women he had ever known. She begins to explain the doctrines of Christianity, and the fire of faith becomes enkindled in his soul, growing stronger and brighter as she proceeds. At the end he openly declares his desire to follow in the footprints of the "man of sorrows who, for his redemption, died on the bitter tree of the cross." Then he hears from the lips of his beloved Mercia those long-sought, long-hoped-for words: "Marcus, I love you." Taking her by the hand, he turns to

the Praetorian guard, standing ready to bring the maiden martyr forth, and says: "Haste, thee, to Nero, and say that Marcus Superbus, his one-time Prefect, is now a Christian." Marcus and Mercia walk into the arena hand in hand where the beautiful blossom of their love blooms into the red rose of martyrdom.

Such is a brief synopsis of "The Sign of the Cross." It is a revival along the line of the ancient miracle plays. It is a noble effort to make the theatre more than a medium of amusement, and, perchance, it may prove the forerunner of a reformation of the stage. The diction of the drama is not all that could be desired, still the author is true to every circumstance of fact and character. His thorough knowledge of stage craft satisfies nearly all the demands of dramatic art. By reason of sensuality and coarseness, which is introduced, the play has been pronounced immoral by some prudes. The impartial critic will, however, easily note that these alleged defects are placed in juxtaposition to the austerity of the early Christians, thus accentuating and emphasizing the triumphs of virtue over vice. The disgusting inebriety of Glabrio; the sickening effeminacy of Philodemus, and the incredulous barbarity of Nero, enfeebled by vice, are true pictures of the darkest epoch in Roman history, and stand out in vivid contrast with such beacon lights of manliness, purity and sobriety as Favius, Titus and Mercia. One cannot but be deeply impressed and edified by the sentiments of morality which pervade this drama.

"The Sign of the Cross," is a marked departure in theatricals, which we would do well to carefully consider. When the stage assumes the role of teacher of morality, a great revolution will be wrought in modern society. Such a revolution is not at all improbable. The stage is capable of impressing men's minds in a more striking and realistic manner than the learned emanations of eloquent divines or the most brilliant lucubrations of the most talented journalists. "The Sign of the Cross" may never win literary fame for Wilson Barrett, but it will certainly achieve for him an honorable and lasting place in the history of the thespian art.

A. X. DOOLEY, '98.

WE are asked to announce that classes will be resumed January 5th. Hence you are urged to return on the preceding day to be fully prepared for regular work.

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"MERRY Christmas to all, and to all a good night!" In these few words all the feeling of this happy season is contained. Though the author of them is unknown to fame, still he has had the good fortune to couch in a sentence what might fill pages if we could but express our feelings.

Christmas awakens the strongest and most pleasing associations of any festival of the year. The child longs for the bright dawn that it may run to the capacious stocking and gleefully survey its contents, placed there by that great dispenser of gifts, Santa Claus, famed in song and story. This childish happiness becomes infective as those, who have passed the bright morn of life, think of the time when they too were the recipients of these childish treasures. Now heart turns to heart, and the world feels that talismanic touch which makes us feel that we are all brothers. We thus become more impressed with the dependence of man upon man for enjoyment.

Yet, joy-inspiring as this time is, have not many of its traditions been mutilated in their transmission? Modern refinement has certainly destroyed many of the pleasing phases of this festival. In those good, old, merry days which poets love to sing and novelists weave into their stories, men had a keener appreciation of Christmas and its attendant pleasures. Now their ideas have expanded,

and they have forsaken many of those innocent joys in which they formerly delighted. Stripped, as it surely is, of many former, boisterous customs, Christmas has yet the power to awaken most benevolent sympathies. As the wintry winds howl without, the ruddy glow of the bright fireside seems to suffuse each face with a kindly welcome.

This feast, which is a commemoration of the event which brought peace and happiness to the human race, serves to tie more tightly the bonds that unite us, those which the world and all its vicissitudes tend to sever. Even the season of the year tends to make us realize the pleasures obtainable from a more ultimate commingling with our fellow-men. Bedecked with a gaudy dress of green, or revelling in all the pomp of autumnal glory, Nature inspires us to ramble forth and view her manifold beauties. Now, shrouded in icy garments, she does not hold forth the same allurements, and we are led to seek recreation in social amusements.

Then does happiness become reflective, and every face wreathed in smiles and beaming with joy causes two-fold enjoyment since it is a delight to kind hearts to see those about them contented and joyful. The despondent may receive some mite of gratification without paying the least attention to the happiness of their neighbors; but by so doing they will never be gratified in the possession of that feeling of sympathy and interest in others which is the very essence of a merry Christmas.

THE athlete has now comparatively few diversions to suit his taste. The college athlete finds it a time when he may give special attention to his class work. Many are now fallaciously arguing that college athletics conduce to make shiftless idlers out of young men. Still, we have but to point to the array of institutions entertaining liberal views on the question of sports. In institutions where the authorities are extremely conservative in this regard, there is, on the other hand, a great danger that the students will become sapless, back-boneless specimens of the genus homo. Happily the number of such institutions is exceedingly small, and we find throughout the land that the faculties of our colleges, are, as a rule, the first to encourage athletic contests. The year just closed has been a remarkable one in this respect. Most of the minor colleges have placed teams in the different departments of sport, and not only is this the case, but, what is more, they have, in many instances, surprised those laying claim to great superiority in athletics. This fact speaks well for the minor colleges, and also for

college athletics. It speaks well for the minor colleges, since it goes to show that they are developing a hardier, more doughty class of students. It speaks well for athletics in our colleges, since, by their aid, students receive a stimulus to greater efforts. Our own college has not been by any means an exception in this matter, and rapid strides have been made toward athletic prowess. We can truly say that by comparing the names of our athletes and their work with those appearing first in their respective classes, we will find that our boys are peers among peers. After viewing the magnificent results brought about by regular training, we are led to ask how any one can be an enemy to the manly contests on ball field, cinder path or gridiron?

Where are we to search for "mens sana in corpore sano," if not among the students who are actively given to sports? Let us then turn him down who says that college athletics are, as a rule, indolent, and, by actively participating in all that tends to develop the body without neglecting the mind, furnish proofs positive to the contrary.

IN NAMING Very Rev. Dr. Conaty to the rectorship of the Catholic University at Washington, Our Holy Father has certainly made a judicious selection. Though it was with feelings akin to disappointment that we read of the resignation of Bishop Keane, who wrought so untiringly to promote the interests of that seat of learning, still his successor cannot but prove worthy of the great trust confided to him. Filled, as he is, with a zeal for higher Catholic education, he must certainly prove an admirable rector for so important an institution. The duties that have fallen to his lot are, at present, arduous and multifarious; nevertheless we feel sure that his characteristic courage will not forsake him, and he will continue to build up the University along the lines so nobly begun by his predecessor. We congratulate, and sincerely wish him an unqualifiedly brilliant career at the head of what bids fair to become the foremost educational institution in the land.

FOUR YEARS have elapsed since one, who is still in our midst and revered by all, determined to establish a college journal at Villanova. Confronted by seeming insurmountable obstacles, he, after much labor, succeeded in accomplishing his design. We are now closing the fourth volume of our "Monthly," and, looking back through the few years of its existence, we realize how much he has done to make it the success that it is. Whatever

success we, his assistants, have achieved in conducting the various departments confided to us, is largely due to his kindly words of advice. Our attention is next turned to our list of subscribers, and we find that a goodly number have deemed the emanations from our staff worthy of consideration; yet, strange to say, many subscriptions remain unpaid. We know it is naught but forgetfulness, and that the slightest intimation that their subscriptions are due, will cause them to respond in their usual cheerful manner. As we send forth the receipts for subscriptions received, our sanctum will beam with all the joys of the season, and we will say from our hearts: May the New Year have abundant blessings in store for our faithful subscribers.

Shakespeare and the Modern Novel.

Shakespeare! What memories his immortal name invokes! Memories of the days dead beyond recall, when the stage was practically the chief means of culture, when books were an almost unknown factor, and when people went to the theatre to be educated and taught the different phases of human nature.

Shakespeare was himself an actor, and that, no doubt, helped to pave the way for his success as a dramatic poet. He was acquainted with the ways and customs of the stage, not that such knowledge could have been much of a help to him, for the theatre of the Elizabethan period was not the gorgeous palace of to-day. There were then no tiers of richly-carved boxes, hung with silken curtains, no handsome stage settings. On the contrary, all was plain and crude. There were no roofs, no scenery, so important in the modern theatre, and on which most of the theatrical managers depend much for the success of their productions.

Many things, common necessities to the middle classes to-day, were considered luxuries in the age of "good Queen Bess." The people then had not such comfortable homes as we enjoy, hence it was far more pleasant to attend a performance of one of Shakespeare's plays at the Globe Theatre, on the Bankside, than to sit at home in a small, stuffy room, lighted only by a flickering, sputtering tallow "dip," with no books to help one while away the dreary, leaden-footed hours.

On the modern stage everything must be real. We have real rocks, real water, and almost real lightning. If, during the progress of a play, the heroine is to be drowned, she falls into a lake of water; but it was quite different in Shakespeare's time. In "Hamlet," Ophelia is drowned, and in a beautiful, pathetic speech—a speech, which once

heard can never be forgotten, Queen Gertrude recounts to Laertes the story of the said occurrence, and we are spared the drowning scene.

It seems strange that the people of to-day, cultured and refined as they are, prefer plays of a spectacular order. We witness an extravaganza, and from the beginning to the end, we sit enraptured; our eyes are feasted with scenes of entrancing beauty, scene succeeds scene, each more glittering than the former, and when it is over we must confess that we saw a production which was pleasing for the time, but carry away nothing which can tend to elevate the mind.

It was not thus in Shakespeare's time. Take for instance his plays; the speeches, the situations and the climaxes were the same then as now. The people of his time, although they did not have the educational advantages of the nineteenth century, must have been intellectually superior to us. They went to hear Shakespeare, out of pure love for the art; they saw the history of their country portrayed on the mimic stage; they listened to the inspiring speeches of Hamlet and the tender passages of Juliet; it was that art which is the noblest of all, they loved and supported.

Women were not allowed on the stage in that elder age, and the female parts were entrusted to boys. Their talents and abilities must have been of the highest order, when we take into consideration the fact that they successfully enacted such difficult roles as Desdemona and Ophelia.

It is the eye chiefly to which the play-house of to-day appeals, and not the mind. The stage abounds in sensational dramas, and they are patronized by even the most intellectual class. What is the matter with society? Is it degenerating? No; that cannot be, for never before in the history of the world was there ever a more refined, more intelligent people than the English-speaking people of our *fin-de-siècle* age.

What then is the reason? The most important cause of this transformation is the influence of the modern novel. When Shakespeare lived, fiction was an almost unknown art. The only way a person could be amused was by going to the theatre. Shortly after Shakespeare's age, the dramatic art began to decline and has been doing so ever since, until now it seems to have fallen into its "age of the sere and yellow leaf."

The novel is akin to the drama of to-day; it begins and ends with a sensation. Each chapter closes with a startling climax which works the mind up to an unhealthy state of activity. It abounds in all kinds of absurdities and love scenes. Of course there are the beautiful maiden, the handsome, wealthy young lover, and the schem-

ing villain, all of whom have become traditional. The hero and heroine make love in a most thrilling, gushing manner. The evening is cool, the moon floods the earth with silvery splendor, vividly recalling Artemus Ward's burlesque, "Oft of a Silly Nite." Under such favorable circumstances, the gay lover falls upon his knees in the dewy grass and implores his innamorata to be his forever! O, joy! O, rapture! she consents; and then follow the usual denouements, with which we are all so familiar, so that it is quite unnecessary to give even a brief synopsis of them. These are the books that go to make up much of our young people's mental pabulum, while Shakespeare is neglected. O, shade of Annie Hathaway!

Such is the novel of the present day. It contains speeches and incidents that a century ago would have caused our ancestors to hold up their hands in holy horror, and caused them to reckon the authors as worthy candidates for the mad house. Society ladies, and ladies who do not move in "society," read and discuss the different characters while driving to the matinee or while shopping. They even weep over them. These are the books that our lads and lassies devour. Is it any wonder, then, that the stage and novel, being so intimately connected, that the drama has fallen upon such hard lines?

In a recent publication we are shown a fair specimen of the up-to-date literature. The heroine calmly informs her "best fellow" that she likes him, but will not marry him, fearing if she does, she may meet some one afterward whom she might like better. She has no objection to make an agreement with him to the effect that, if she does, she can leave to go with a handsomer man. The demoralizing effect of such books cannot but sap the morals of our young people.

Away with such books! Several decades ago the cry would have been, "Burn them! Burn them!" That is what should be done to-day. If such books were unknown, and people would read only classic works, what a change there would be, not only in literature, what an upward trend in public morals! Society would be cleaner, healthier; moral character raised to a higher plane. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Of late the new woman has been much in evidence. She wants to do innumerable things that pertain directly to the sterner sex. She has appeared on the stage, but we see most of her in fiction. Writers have literally exhausted their vocabularies in depicting her many virtues, critics have loudly extolled her many superior gifts, and the world is all agog over this new specimen of the genus mulier. But she isn't new, by any means; she is

pretty much the same woman who has borne the human race for 6,000 years, and is really the great conservative and controlling force she has always been and ever will be. Let us take women for granted, and have done with all these vapid inanities about her.

Pardon this slight digression, and I'll promise not to do so again. There is no doubt but that Shakespeare purloined many of the plots of his plays; this we will admit; but that Bacon wrote his plays, never. In some of the immortal Bard's plays, we find indelicate passages. It is true that in some cases he might have been more careful in the selection of his language, but when Shakespeare wrote, morality was by no means what it should have been. Shakespeare's language, compared with that of his contemporaries, is remarkably pure.

Shakespeare is an immortal. Much of his wit is as sparkling as the day he first penned it; the powerful speeches of Othello, Macbeth and Hamlet are as magnetic and thrilling as in days gone by. Shakespeare died two hundred and fifty years ago; his noble brain has long since returned to dust; but his characters live and speak as when that brain was busy creating them.

Many great poets have lived since Shakespeare's time, but he is the greatest genius of our world. He left us the richest legacy of all the dead—the fairest treasures of the rarest souls that ever lived and loved and wrought.

To use the words of a well-known writer: "Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death, and all the sunlight of content and love, and within which was the inverted sky lit with the eternal stars. As a drop of dew contains the image of the earth and sky, so all there is of life was mirrored forth in Shakespeare's brain."

HOWARD M. SHELLEY, 1900.

The Opening of Our Annual Lecture Course.

Dr. J. J. Morrissey, class of '81, now a well-known physician, practising in New York city, opened the annual course of lectures Thursday evening, December 17th. His subject was "Professional Education." After defining education in general and showing its aim and scope, he pointed out the golden opportunities which await the aspiring, ambitious student in the learned professions, especially law and medicine. He confuted the

popular fallacy that a young man's chances for achieving success at the bar or in the healing art to-day are fewer than in days ago, as many a garrulous "laudator temporis acti" would have us believe. We promise our readers a rare intellectual feast, for we intend to publish the Doctor's thoughtful and intellectual effort in full in a future issue.

We wish to say to Rev. Father Gleeson, who accompanied Dr. Morrissey, that his impromptu remarks were as clever and witty as any we have ever had the good fortune to hear. There was an Irish raciness about them which left a decidedly pleasant flavor on the minds of his hearers. We hope soon to have the pleasure to have both these gentlemen with us again, and to be both instructed and amused by the brilliant scintillations of their genius.

The Human Tragedy.

Methought in some strange dream

My soul did hear a play

That sadder far than any "Lear" did seem,

Or Aedipus in Greek skies far away.

The stage was the green earth

'Neath its blue dome above,

And in this play were Life and Death and Birth,

Sorrow, Despair and Pain and mocking Love.

None know from whence they roam,

Who on this stage may be—

Its great lamps hung within the distant dome,

Its chorus the deep thunder of the sea.

As o'er some desert waste

The caravans pass by,

So do the distant generations haste

Across the rolling earth and sun-swept-sky.

And ever sad the play

Seemed on this earth that whirls

In its small orbit swinging far away—

Lone Star of Sorrow 'mid the moving worlds.

From ages long ago

The seers and sages sought

In vain to read Life's riddle here below—

Find what the play doth mean with its strange plot.

But Sphinx's lips are dumb.

For this no man may know;

From whence from out the dark the players come,

Or whither back into the darkness go.

In thought too deep for tears

I stood with soul oppressed

And fain would pray, but still I heard the jeers

And the loud vulgar laugh at the fool's jest.

Above new worlds had birth

In depths no eye may scan,

While on this ever-changing stage of earth

Swept by this endless tragedy of man.

EXCHANGES.

For some time past the poor arrangement of matter in college journals has been the exchange editor's complaint. But, notwithstanding his repeated charges, we still often find the local items robbing the literary department of the space to which it is entitled. Truly, athletics, societies, etc., deserve a place in the college paper; but, when the paper aspires to literary merit, they should be a secondary consideration. No characteristic is more attractive in a college journal than a systematic arrangement of its matter, but unfortunately this characteristic is wanting to many.

The Alumni number of the *Mountaineer* is very interesting. Its columns are filled chiefly with an account of the Alumni reunion. It is pleasing to read the sentiments of students of "days gone-by," returning to their Alma Mater, especially at times of reunion.

The *Niagara Rainbow*, published at Loretto Academy, an institution for the education of young ladies, contains literary matter which places it among the best of its kind. It does not exemplify the statement that woman is mentally inferior to men; for it puts to shame many periodicals published at colleges famous for the education of young men. Most of the magazines of ladies' colleges that we find among our exchanges are flimsy specimens of journalism, filled with giddy essays and letters, but the *Niagara Rainbow* is an exception which ought to be appreciated.

The November number of the *Amulet* contains two noteworthy essays, "The Villain in Literature" and "Addison's Verse." The latter is especially good. Addison's fame, as the author remarks, rests principally upon his prose, but as it was his poetry that first won reputation for him we would do well to study it upon its former merits. The article is written clearly and well, and is an able criticism upon the subject.

The *Viatorian*, of St. Viator's College, Ill., though not a voluminous production, can justly lay its claims to merit. The talent of its staff seems to be well balanced, and each article deserves an equal share of praise. "My Last Day at Home," a contribution in its November number, is particularly pleasing to a student.

The *High School Argus*, of Harrisburg, is a model High School paper. Its literary department, though not as extensive as might be desired, often contains articles of a high order. In its November number "The Temple," a poem of some length, is an excellent contribution.

Among our other exchanges we also mention the *Ursinus College Bulletin*, the *Normal Echo*, *St. Vincent's Journal*, the *Messenger*, of Rich-

mond College, the *Delaware College Review* and the *Sunbeam*.

The Annual Retreat.

The annual retreat for the students began Sunday, December 13th, and continued three days. Our esteemed President, Rev. Father Delurey, O. S. A., opened the exercises with an impressive and eloquent sermon on "The Object and Necessity of Spiritual Retreats."

Rev. W. A. Coar, O. S. A., prefect of studies and discipline, conducted the conferences, which were veritable models of their kind. An admirable instruction on "Vocation" by the Rev. President was a very noteworthy effort and one which was highly appreciated by the students.

A general reception of the Sacraments by the students brought the exercises to a fitting close Thursday morning. Rev. Father Jones, O. S. A., enrolled a large number in the white scapular of OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

Under the Library Lamp.

An admirable prayer book is that entitled "The Augustinian Mission Manual," just issued by H. L. Kilner, & Co., Philadelphia. It is a complete Catholic prayer manual, compiled by an Augustinian Father, especially for the use of the members of the Pious Union of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Its many excellences will, however, strongly recommend it for general use. It contains, besides the devotions proper to each branch of Catholic worship and sacramental function, a mine of information upon correlated matters, ecclesiastical dates, regulations, etc. The book is gotten up in very handsome style.

Art Work of Montgomery Co., Pa., a very handsome volume in nine parts, the production of the Parish Publishing Co., of Chicago, contains beautiful half-tone pictures of St. Thomas' of Villa Nova Church and the College buildings.

Quarto-Centennial History of the West Chester State Normal School, by Prof. A. T. Smith, Ph. D., is an interesting sketch of that well-known institution. It is a complete record of the doings of the school from its foundation in 1871 to the present time. The letter-press is relieved by a number of well-executed, half-tone pictures of the school buildings and former presidents. We congratulate Prof. Smith upon his work as compiler of the centennial memorial, and extend to the faculty and students of the Normal School our best wishes for the continued prosperity of the institution.

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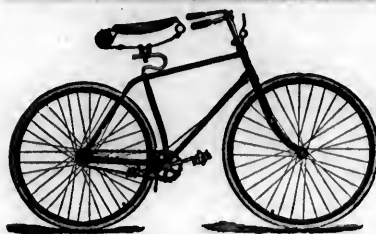
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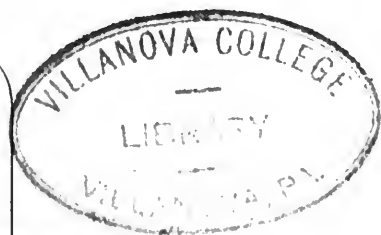
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THE

VILLANOVA MONTHLY



.. JANUARY ..
1897

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EDITORIALS.

The Monthly.

With this issue, the MONTHLY enters upon the fifth year of its existence, and it has been thought proper that it should don a more up-to-date form. We believe we have made a nearer approach to what a first-class college journal ought to be. We hope for the same loyal support from our friends in the future as in the past, and we promise to do our utmost to keep the MONTHLY up to the new standard of excellence which we have set for it. Although the major part of the labor must necessarily fall upon the shoulders of the editors, still they would be pleased to have their fellow-students as co-laborers, and would be glad to have them contribute literary matter suitable for such a publication.

40156

The object of the MONTHLY, primarily, is to encourage the study and practice of English composition, to place the students in touch with those of other colleges, and to keep the old boys informed of the doings at Alma Mater. So then, boys, let us give a long pull, a strong pull, a pull all together, and make the MONTHLY a grand success.

The Old Year and the New.

The old year, hoary with the snows of age, exhausted with the labors of its life, tottering under the weight of days, stood trembling upon the brink of the grave. The closing day of its life was waning. The last sunset threw its golden beams over the white robe of the departing monarch. The stars came out on the tented field of night to keep their vigils with him. Around the ruddy hearths in many a rustic home and stately mansion, gathered God's children to watch "the old year out and the new year in."

The hours fled slowly by—nine—ten—eleven—how solemnly the last stroke of the clock floats out upon the hushed air. It dies gently away, swells out again in the distance, and seems to be caught up by the spirit voices of departed years, until the air is filled with melancholy strains. It is the requiem of the dying year. Tenderly, mournfully, it lingers upon the ear and sinks into the heart; slowly it dies away. The old clock strikes twelve, the grave opens and closes, and the old year is buried.

Turning with saddened hearts from the tomb, a gush of joyous melody bursts upon us. The bells are ringing out the gladdest notes from a thousand church steeples. Peal upon peal, the music comes, until an exultant chorus seems to fill the air and reverberate from the sky. It is the chorus of welcome to the new-born year, 1897.

"Brave and strong,
Bright as Phoenix has the young New Year,
Out of the ashes of the old, leaped forth
To rule the world in triumph."

That each and every one of our readers may avail of all the happy possibilities of the New Year and achieve the

highest success and truest happiness, is the sincere wish of the VILLANOVA MONTHLY.

Here and Now.

"Not To-morrow, but To-day; not Over Yonder, but Here." So we might epitomize the wisdom of making the most of the present. Man, though so short-lived a being, is apparently moved by a contempt for what is; ever hurrying on toward what is to be—that ever-receding point, fair with the enchantment which distance always lends. The space between those promised successes or gains or pleasures is to be hastened over as quickly as possible, no matter with what charms it may try to hold the heedless eyes and stay the wandering, restless feet.

Always something Over Yonder: some lofty mountain peak, some fertile and far-reaching prairie, some enchanted castle peopled with fair women and brave men, some vast virgin forest, shot through with sunlight—these, in their turn to become part of the undervalued present. We neglect to gather the bouquet of little joys we might have plucked by the wayside, for the sake of some blood-red blossom far off Yonder, which, when we approach, may prove gaudy and scentless.

Most of us have an undefined idea, a thought we blush to own, which we do not put into words, but express plainly enough in deeds, that "now" is somehow less potent and pregnant with opportunities than "hereafter." Some misleading voice within us seems to whisper, "Wait, Not Now." The tide must be taken at the flood, for opportunity never repeats itself.

"When the great Clock of Destiny strikes, Now,"

it strikes but once. If we are to be holy, or wise, or happy, the time to make a beginning is now. The virtues, above all things, cannot be deferred. The ways leading up to certain coveted positions are low and narrow; and though the man who treads them may say to himself, "One day I shall walk

erect," when the time arrives, he is likely to find that stooping has become a habit.

If it is surprising that man should delay to be good or wise, it is even less explicable that we find him hesitant to be happy. He still continues to defer, unwarned by the example of him who spends all his days in toiling to rear a palace, and before he can occupy it the narrow, windowless house has opened to receive him. Wiser was the course of a certain lady, who said, when advised against contracting a marriage not prudent from a worldly standpoint: "But at least, whatever happens, I shall have been happy. Some people, you know, are never happy." It was feminine logic; yet, in its way, this reasoning of the heart—for the heart has reasons reason cannot understand—was sound. It is much to have been happy; it will be a rich picture, of which time can never dispossess us. And though to certain natures "Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," driving the iron deep into their souls, to others it is consoling to look back from the desert to that smiling oasis of the long, golden years of the past, and to feel that life has not been all a trackless waste of sand. Verily, wise is he who is not afraid to be happy. Perchance, when we lie gasping in the clutch of that monarch to whom prince and peasant must alike yield allegiance, we shall regret not less than our sins the harmless pleasures we have missed. If there is something in the end to blot from the pages of the book of life, it will not be its joys. Rather, they will illumine the leaf like a flower-garland, hiding from sight many a blot and tear-stain.

We human creatures are always awaiting the tremendous triumph, the thrilling ecstasy, the inestimable reward. The merchant will not pause in his quest after gold to feel himself rich until he has become a multi-millionaire. The poet vexes his soul trying to

"make a song

The birds would care to sing,"

instead of being content if his strains are echoed by his fellow creatures. Let us be richer than wealth, more famous than fame, more beautiful than beauty, and then we will be happy.

Always it is Over Yonder that allures us, with its greener grass, its fairer slopes, its higher mountains heights. We pass by a hundred possible enjoyments, to pursue a single problematical bliss. We are so miserly of our happy emotions that we grudge to spend them upon small occasions. It is the small occasions that predominate in existence—the glimpses of loveliness, the snatches of song, the broken strains of melody.

What can give us back the enchanting, empurpled sunsets at which we did not care to gaze lingeringly?

What can recompense us for the langorous perfume and oriental blushes of the rose, by which we so often pass unheeding?

Some day these apparently trifling things, whether missed or scorned, shall cry upon us as with "the voice of an only child from the grave."

The elements of every-day happiness are so simple, that not to be happy is a crime against life. Truly our lives are set to the music of singing birds. Those who have been journeying toward some wondrous honor or glory which lures them on like an *ignis fatuus*, find that it recedes as they advance, or, if attained, discover that it is not so bright—or perhaps their sense of enjoyment has been blunted by age. Then Over Yonder will dawn on them as dull a place as Here.

He only is the true philosopher who uses life as the usurer does his gold, and employs each shining hour so as to insure an ever-increasing rate of interest. He does not bury his gift nor waste it in frivolity. "Like the old Doge of Venice, he lives to a green old age, but does not seem to wear out: *Senescit inon Segnescit*." And he truly lives twice, as an old classical poet expresses it, his life like a rich Autumn day, growing lovelier towards the close, inasmuch as he renews his enjoyment of the past in the recollection of his good actions and pleasures "such as leave no sting behind." This is the true philosophy of life, "that divine art which transmutes every moment into the pure gold of heroic and changeless immortality."

College Friendships.

Evanescient as the dream of Alnascher, the holidays have passed. We are back again within these halls, "sacred to thought and to God," to continue the work of laying deep and solid the foundations upon which to rear life's superstructure—a vast, stately cathedral. Again we have met as school-fellows, and that feeling of good-fellowship, which seems indigenous to the dear old Villa, and which serves to add zest and lend charm to life here, seems to be more pervasive than ever.

What rich, priceless pictures these college days paint for us to hang in memory's storied hall. Pictures to be lingeringly brooded over when touched by the soft, mellowing tints of the golden years of the future, when, perchance, remorseless fate will have caused us to lose one another in the darkening mists of life. Other friendships we may know, other hearts may learn to love us, but there are no loves, no friendships half so deep or strong as those we form in the bright, halcyon days of our college career. Truly has the poet sung of these friendships:

"Old books, old wine, old nankin blue,
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace that Time makes—
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best."

Let us cherish, then, the friends of our youth, and

"—their adoption tried,
Grapple them to you with hoops of steel,"

ever striving to keep brightly burning the fires of cordiality and love as best we may, for the night of Time is long and its winds cold and blighting.

The American Catholic Soldier.

The customary January lecture in the annual course has been postponed until Washington's Birthday, February 22nd, owing to the Yule-tide vacation, and the fact that, since

their return, the students have been busily engaged in preparing for the mid-winter examinations.

General O'Beirne, Commissioner of Public Charities of New York City, will deliver the next lecture. He will speak upon "The American Catholic Soldier." A very delightful evening's entertainment is promised, for the General has a deserved reputation as an instructive and fascinating speaker, while his renown as a gallant, volunteer officer in the Civil War and his successful career in politics, are bits of household history throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Mid-Winter Examinations.

The mid-winter examinations are fast approaching, and the necessity for careful preparation must be evident to all. Better far to take time by the forelock and review our matter, so as to make a creditable showing, than to go about croaking about bad luck "when the ball is over."

It occasionally happens that collegians, who have been "soldiering" all year, secure good marks in the examinations, but their example is to be deprecated rather than emulated. In college, as in every-day life, it is the industrious who carry off the prizes, while their less energetic fellows stand by and criticise. Buckle down to work, my hearties!

Noteworthy Improvement.

The recent introduction of gas with Welsbach burner attachments into the college, has proved a veritable boon to the students. It affords increased and more comfortable facilities for study, which the boys are not slow to appreciate and take advantage. The new burner gives a powerful, withal mellow light, which is at once restful to the eyes and conducive to making study a real luxury.

WE would call the attention of our readers to Dr. Morrissey's, '81, scholarly lecture on "Professional Education," in this issue. It will amply repay careful perusal.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

A HUMBLE worshipper at thy famed shrine,
 Immortal Shakespeare ! tremblingly I come
 To sing thy praise—but ah ! my lips are dumb !
 I will but tell thee, then, what joy is mine
 Sweet commune with thy gifted soul to hold,
 Listening and learning human lessons rare
 That thou alone canst teach. Thou dost unfold
 New worlds of fancy ever bright and fair
 Whereto the soul on swiftest wings may hie,
 And there, forgetting her imprisonment
 Amid this world's grim care and misery,
 Be lost awhile in wondrous ravishment.
 Oh ! may'st thou ever be, as now thou art,
 An inspiration to my mind and heart !

R. A. G.

NEW POETIC STAR.

SEVERAL years ago, persons of bookish tastes were surprised to see a new star appear suddenly in the literary firmament. This new luminary was Mr. Francis Thompson, a talented young Englishman, who, before his sudden entry into higher literary circles, had contributed to an obscure magazine, named "*Merrie England*." His first volume, modestly entitled "Poems," was acknowledged by the critics to give evidence of much splendid talent, and won for the author a foremost position in the republic of letters. Francis was urged by his father to pursue a medical career, but the love of literature was mistress of the young man's heart, and nothing could swerve him from his purpose of devoting his life to literature.

To letters he tenaciously clung, and for years knew

naught but privations and sufferings. Then he published his little book, and cast it upon the waters, as it were, and it returned to him not ten but a hundred-fold. To use the oft-quoted words, applied to Byron, "He awoke one morning, and found himself famous."

Has Mr. Thompson any claim to the place to which he has been assigned? To the skeptical, one can but reply, in the words of the seraph to St. Augustine, "Tolle, lege." We have but to read his dainty volume to become an almost fanatical admirer of this sweet, new Catholic singer.

We may find nothing in his book to equal Tennyson's "Holy Grail," or "Locksley Hall," but Mr. Thompson has not reached the age, and lacks the experience, of the late poet-laureate. Time alone can tell what the full fruition of Mr. Thompson's poetic genius will be.

We will notice that he makes frequent use of such obsolete words as "totty," "lowlihead," and scores of others, and he has no hesitancy in coining words to suit his fancy or the exigency of the metre. These defects certainly detract from the beauty of his poems; still no one can read his volume and not appreciate the beautiful sentiments and delineations with which the pages fairly teem. His is a high ideal. There are no shallow, no mediocre flights, but a sublime soaring into the highest realms of poesy.

The first part of the volume contains poems addressed to a benefactress who came to his aid in time of need. The opening poem, "Before Her Portrait in Youth," is very beautiful. "Manus Animam Pinxit" is an appeal to his lady love to be ever true and loyal, for should she prove otherwise the knowledge would kill him. Extract from this poem :

" But, ah ! if you, my summer, should grow waste,
With grieving skies o'er cast,
For such migration my poor wing was strong
But once ; it has no power to fare again
Forth o'er the heads of men."

"To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster" is very funereal in tone, and "A Corymbus for Autumn" is a mosaic of

richly-wrought poetic figures. Keats, in his "Eve of St. Agnes," has nothing to equal these lines :

"The calm hour strikes on yon golden gong,
 In tones of floating and mellow light,
 A spreading summons to even-song.
 See how there
 The cowed night
 Kneels on the eastern sanctuary stair.
 What is this feel of incense everywhere?
 Clings it round folds of the blanch-amiced clouds,
 Upwafted by the solemn thurifer,
 The mighty spirit unknown
 That swingeth the slow earth before the embannered Throne?"

The moon is described as appearing

"In vesture unimagined fair ;
 As if she had trodden the stars in press,
 Till the gold wine spurted over her dress—
 Till the gold wine gushed out round her feet,
 Spouted over her stained wear,
 And bubbled in golden froth at her feet."

In his masterpiece, "The Hound of Heaven," he pictures the soul of man pursued by Divine grace.

Mr. Thompson's diction reminds one forcibly of Keats, but his subject-matter is as far removed from that of his unhappy, poetic precursor as pole is from pole. Keats is a pagan through and through, while Thompson is a loyal Catholic. His poems are filled with that lofty morality which Catholicism alone imparts. Indeed, he could not be otherwise, for he received his training in that famed nursery of saints and scholars, Stoneyhurst College, conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Thompson's poems proclaim him a master of poetic forms, a word artist of consummate ability, and a deep and original thinker—a combination which promises to win for him an honorable and abiding niche in the stately temple of English literature.

HOWARD M. SHELLEY, 1900.

PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION.

A Lecture Delivered at Villanova, December 17, 1896,

By DR. J. J. MORRISSEY, '81,

New York City.

I ASSURE you I very deeply appreciate the honor of the invitation extended to me by my friend, the President of Villanova, to address you this evening on such an important subject as that of Professional Education. I do not come before you in the capacity of an adviser or as a teacher, for I am afraid that in either I would be a most lamentable failure. But I return to these hallowed surroundings—hallowed by the tender memories and dear associations of the past, of that period when I, too, sat upon those benches and listened to the voices of teachers, many of whom have passed to the great majority—I return, I repeat, to say a few words in counsel to you who have not, as yet, girded your loins for the battle of life. When I come back to my dear old Alma Mater, it is as a child to its mother, for no matter where my lot in life has been cast, I always feel that here, at least, I can find peace of mind, contentment of disposition, nay, I do not say too much, happiness of heart. So will it be, I trust, with you. The trials and sorrows of your student-life are more than overbalanced by its joys and pleasures, and, in your future years, you, too, I trust, will ever look on Villanova with happy hearts and loving remembrance. Oh! the happy days of youth; oh! the joyous days of study. How I envy you the possibilities of the future if now you will be true to yourselves and true to your God. Study, that you may learn; study, that your minds may be filled with truth; for truth gives vigor, endurance, and, above all, the power to do what is right. Will you allow me to say, and will you pardon me for saying it here in the presence of some of my old teachers and even dear friends, that, as a student here, I did the best I knew how and left the rest to God, and the

habits of study which I formed in dear old Villanova have ever been with me. To-day the proudest boast that I can make is not that I am a physician, though I glory in my noble profession, but that I am still, and hope ever to be, a student.

Before we approach the subject of Professional Education, it seems to me to be proper that we should have an exact understanding as to what is meant by education in general. We may define education in its aim, and in its object.

The aim of education, the humblest as well as the highest, is to produce harmony, and that both within the individual himself and between him and his fellow-man. Now, there can be no distinct harmony within the individual unless there is agreeable relationship established between the moral and physical faculties with which man is endowed. That is a proposition almost self-evident in character. Being so admitted, that so-styled education which develops, for example, the physical well-being of the individual, and ignores the higher, spiritual parts, is incomplete and unformed. So also, it may be affirmed that when the mental faculties are cultivated to the exclusion of the physical, the result is not compatible with our idea of what constitutes true education. Again, we may say that the aim of education is to make a man all that his natural gifts, the accidents of his birth, and the claims of his future profession, will allow him to become.

The object of education is truth in its widest and most distinct interpretation, and as we have said the aim of education is harmony within the individual, and the object of education is truth, the latter may be defined as the harmony of all things as they exist in God. So the closer we approach the Truth, the more clear do our intellectual conceptions become, until finally, when the veil is rent asunder and we come face to face with the Eternal Truth, then the intellect will reap the glory of its nature, as the soul itself will perceive the very essences of things.

From what has been said of the aim and object of education, we can easily determine how absolutely necessary it is

for the educator to be a man of the highest individual moral responsibility. The true educator must be a true man, and his teachings should be the faithful expression of his mind. Want of harmony between a man's moral nature and the principles he seeks to inculcate destroys sympathy. Being a true man, he must necessarily be a religious man, and as religion underlies the whole groundwork of life, it must naturally form a basis upon which the superstructure of education is to be reared.

It is evident, from the preceding, that any education which eliminates God from our schools is no education, as it destroys the equilibrium between the moral and physical well-being of the individual. The recognition of this fact, namely, that there can be no sound education, no true development of character, which after all is the end of education, where religion is not a recognized factor, has been given due prominence of late by writers on educational subjects. Thus the late Hiram Corson stated in one of his publications: "The most practical education is the education of the spiritual man, for it is this, and not the education of the intellectual man, which is, *must* be, the basis of individual character; and to individual character humanity owes its sustainment." "Religion," says Herbart, "will never hold the tranquil place in the depths of the heart which it ought to have, if its fundamental ideas are not among the earliest which belong to recollection—if it is not bound up and blended with all that changing life leaves behind in the centre of personality." Education is not, therefore, as we physicians would put it, a process of alimentation, but it is the growth and progress of the soul manifesting itself in successive stages of development whereby, through its activities and faculties, it arrives nearer to the eternal verities upon which all true knowledge is established.

It is the lack of what might be called the spiritual element in the education of our youth that creates a false atmosphere of intelligence. Men go forth into the great arena of life only having learned the most elementary principles of education, yet deeming themselves able to cope with any and all the

burning questions which the best minds of the age find it difficult to solve. Now, the first and most essential influence, the very corner-stone of our education, of any, and of all education, is for the student to know himself, to accurately gauge, as far as his powers will admit, the limitation of his own capabilities. Once that all important lesson is learned, then he can legitimately proceed to accomplish great results. But until he takes unto himself that fact, that embodiment of all that constitutes the true educational principle, the results will be as foam of the waters, or as Dead Sea fruit.

I have thought it necessary to enter into somewhat of a lengthy, and, I trust, accurate definition of education, for unless we thoroughly understand its general scope and character, how can we properly estimate what professional education means? And I wish to strenuously impress you with the fact which, however superfluous beneath the benign influences and surroundings of our Alma Mater, will yet bear repetition, that there can be no real education, no true development of character, without religion as a basis.

The inborn nature constitutes the very foundation upon which all the acquisitions of development must rest; it is the substratum in which fundamentally all conscious phenomena are rooted—and it were as fruitless to rear the gigantic proportions of a massive building upon a base dug only for a cottage, as to strive and erect the structure of a large, vigorous and complete culture upon an education from which the idea of religion has been eliminated. And when I speak of culture, I mean that which is intrinsic rather than extrinsic, that which is quality rather than quantity, that which is based upon a true consideration of the feelings of others, and finds its richest expression in the choicest refinement of life. Herein it differs from mere cultivation. A man may be cultivated, and yet be a libertine. Not so with culture, which embraces within its truest interpretation right thinking and right living. At times it appears to be a gift hereditarily transmitted, rather than a mere acquisition to be used only when some purpose is to be subserved.

Real culture may be said, then, to be based upon true and

thorough educational principles. And what do these comprise? As a distinguished writer has said, in true education the feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained, true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Since, then, education carries with it not only the advantage of knowledge, but that greater boon of discipline—than which there could be no more desirable attribute to characterize the man who is destined for success in the battle of life—this should be an incentive sufficiently urgent to impel every student to make the most of the opportunities afforded by a collegiate course. As Tennyson has so beautifully expressed it in that grand elegiac, "In Memoriam":

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

Religion is the basis of this reverence of which the poet speaks, and the earlier in life this spirit is implanted in the child's soul, the more permanent and nobler will be the results; and what an attractive series of phenomena are presented to the thinking mind as it contemplates the wonderful evolution of the growing child. We gaze with admiration and gratitude on the brilliant beauty of a summer night when the stars of heaven irradiate the darkened sky with the splendor of far-off worlds, when all nature seems to conspire in awakening those inspirations to higher thoughts, to loftier purposes than those which usually occupy our every-day life. We see the firmament enrolled before us, and still beyond these stars there are other worlds, and beyond these again, in the more distant stellar spaces, still other firmaments and other stars and other suns revolving in the mighty majesty of illimitable space. Yet, despite these, and the other wonderful transformations of nature upon which we gaze day by day, in the child's mind the subtle changes that take

place are still more marvelous. Why? Because the child belongs to a higher, a more glorious world than any of these. Because he is a veritable microcosm in himself, because he has a brain the wonderful convolutions of which are susceptible of the highest development, and a soul which will live when the stars and the firmament of the heavens are no more.

From education to professional education is the transition of the college-bred man to the sphere of his future labors, and whether theology, law or medicine be his choice he will find that the three great professions have their origin in human misery. The domain of the priest is the health of the soul, the field of the lawyer the jurisdiction of the purse, while the physician deals with the ills of the body. Whatever may contribute to the soul's health and righteousness is the priest's duty; the maintenance of the proper equilibrium of the functions of the body the physician's concern; while the equitable preservation of property and of individual rights is the sphere of the lawyer. "Belief in the good of knowledge," as Bishop Spalding puts it, "is not the weakest of the bonds which unite the members of the learned professions; for whether our special study be theology or law, medicine or pedagogy, that which determines our place and power to render service is knowledge and the skill that comes of knowledge." Disease, folly, sin and ignorance make physicians, lawyers, priests and educators possible and necessary, and the infirmities upon which they thrive are so related that he who ministers to one ministers to all. Disease is frequently the child of folly, sin and ignorance; folly, the child of disease, sin and ignorance, while sin is frequently the child of folly, disease and ignorance; while ignorance may be said to be the common mother of them all. Were there no disease, there would be no physicians; were there no folly, there would be no lawyers; were there no sin, there would be no priests; were there no ignorance, there would be no educators. But, unfortunately, human nature is so constituted that disease, sin, folly and ignorance will be ever with us, and,

therefore, the demand for priests, lawyers, physicians and educators will never cease.

When a man has passed through the doors of his Alma Mater and stands upon the threshold of active life, gazing expectantly into the future, a question of great practical importance arises: Which one of the great professions will he adopt for his future work? Will it be law, or will it be medicine? So far as the sacred duties of the priesthood are concerned, they are of such an elevated character that it would be more than presumption for a layman like myself to give advice upon that vocation. But so far as medicine and law are concerned I would say, study out carefully your special adaptability and seek advice from your teachers, who are thoroughly competent from their large experience and deep insight into human nature to direct your special talents to the goal of success. That was my experience. When a student of Villanova I was advised to take medicine as a profession. I have never had reason to regret the adoption of that study. We cannot all be priests, high and holy as the calling is, but we can be good business men, good lawyers and good physicians, and there never has been a period in the history of the Church in this great country when there was such a demand for Catholic professional men, and I am glad of the opportunity afforded me by the present occasion to state that my experience has been that the men educated under Catholic auspices have never had reason to be ashamed of their training. The habit of right thinking and the habit of right doing which have been inculcated in Catholic institutions have given them a splendid basis upon which to rear their professional education. Not that I would have you infer that a college education is a necessary precursor to professional eminence. Illustrious examples are to be found in every city of men, who have attained the highest place in every profession and every sphere of life, and yet were debarred by circumstances from acquiring a college education. For honest and strenuous poverty often produces some of the finest bloom and fruitage of civilization, but most of the world has to move up to a higher cultivation through

gradual steps. These are exceptional instances, and noteworthy on account of their rarity.

To-night I can truthfully congratulate you students on the opportunities afforded you under the guidance of our Alma Mater. She will be a kind and loving mother if you prove to be dutiful and willing sons. Here you can gain more than professional knowledge, a knowledge that is essential to any man following a profession. This especially can be said of medicine, for the wonderful advancement it has made in the past decade demands that the successful physician must not only be distinguished by his accurate knowledge of the necessities of his profession, but he should also be a highly-educated man—an all-around athlete in the intellectual arena,—whose comprehensive mind, whose wide knowledge in the collateral branches of medicine and logical deductions, will lead him unerringly to first principles.

The great bane of our educational system to-day would appear to be its superficiality, not only among those preparing to enter the professions, but even in the humbler arts of life, and the minor departments of labor; a good workman is a rarity. We try to learn too much, and in doing so we learn too little. What men in past times thought worthy of years of study and observation, we fancy can be learned in a few months, as if God had endowed the human mind at this stage of history, with a higher and superior order of intellect to that which our fathers possessed. The youth who wishes to follow a trade does not enter into a legal apprenticeship, as very often he considers it to be a system of slavery, but to the casual observer it would seem as if some distinct advantages in the way of good workmen, and consequently a better order of workmanship, accrued from this system. In medicine great progress has been made in this regard. The majority of the high class medical institutions of our land are rapidly placing their teachings on a graded four years' course. This system has become one of absolute necessity. The horizon of medicine has been wonderfully extended. The revelations of the microscope, the profound investigation into the causes of disease, our more accurate methods of diag-

nosis, the progress that has been made in hygiene and sanitation, these constitute a basis upon which medicine safely and securely rests.

There are many things in common to the two professions which offer an attractive outlook to the thinking student. Both are laboring for the health and culture of the community, and for the uplifting of humanity. Both are powerful factors in the progress of the race, though they may differ on *constitutional* grounds. And though medicine can never be reduced to the exactitude of the scientific basis upon which law is established, yet a charm common to the two is that noble task of the human mind of adjusting the principles of truth to the facts and conditions of life. Aside from the enjoyment to be derived from the mere practice of either profession, it must not be forgotten that there is a vast amount of good to be achieved by the conscientious physician or the prudent lawyer in encouraging morality and up-building human character, which, after all, is a divine work. The practice of law may be said to be based upon precedent, that of medicine upon principles which oftentimes are apt to vary in different individuals. When we arrive at an exact science of man, we may expect an exact science of medicine.

As a keen observer has lately remarked, no profession offers in its conscientious study better opportunities for substantial mental culture, greater satisfaction in its work, or a wider independence of opinion in the broad and liberal interpretation of its principles. But while it is the grandest of professions, it is the meanest of trades. If the work is done for the work's sake, there is a continuous and ever-increasing satisfaction in its pursuit. And I know of no calling in which a man can, with more profit and pleasure, perform his duty, first to himself, secondly to his neighbor, and thirdly to his God; to himself by sobriety and self-control, to his neighbor by the practice of justice, and to God by the observance of his religious duties. And if, in the final analysis of human actions, character be the standard of success, then the conscientious physician will be entitled to wear the laurel wreath. No man, I might add, knows the measure of his

work when he performs it under the guidance of the triple duty, of which I have spoken, or the silent influences he may be constantly exercising unknown to himself, so that when the final record is written, it may not be the great sage or the heroic soldier who will occupy the highest place in the hereafter. No one can tell what the broadening influences of a generous impulse may accomplish ; we see only its immediate effect ; but who can measure its far-reaching consequences. For, even as a single ounce of attar may bear in its concentrated essence the life, strength, beauty and perfume of a thousand roses, so may a single thought eloquently expressed bring comfort, contentment and blessed hope to a thousand hearts.

Men are constantly struggling to master the secrets of nature, and wrest from her the power that brings wealth, position, and fame. Some seek her mysteries for individual aggrandizement ; others, more generous-hearted, for the betterment of humanity ; but, no matter what purposes they may achieve, we should remember that science alone does not fulfil man's highest aspirations. There still remains the spiritual world, over which he has no control ; and, though his mind, from a scientific standpoint, may attain the highest eminence, yet there is no scientific phenomenon that can explain the mystery of a single act of his will. There is always a desire for higher revelation remaining unsatisfied, and this desire will never be accurately and definitely fulfilled until we reach the source of all power, the harbor of all knowledge. His spiritual aspirations transcend his physical knowledge, and it is no satisfaction to be informed that he descends from the ape and will return to nothingness when dissolution occurs. In every man there is implanted the instinct for higher possibilities than those afforded by the cultivation of mere scientific investigations. Never, therefore, permit your mind to become befogged by the nebulae of science ; for, though there may be an apparent contradiction between science and your higher religious duties, it is not so in reality. Science is ever advancing, religion always remains the same. The theories of the past may be the facts

of to-day, but the principle of our religion ever remains without variation.

Do not think that all the prizes have been won by those who preceded you. There are golden opportunities offered to-day in either a professional or a business career, that could not be surpassed in any epoch of the world's history. There are great physicians, great lawyers, great artists, following out their own special lines of study. The highest form of creative imagery will be again recalled, if not surpassed, by some genius of the future. Art did not die with Michael Angelo, nor symphony with Beethoven, and a Scott and a Dickens may yet be found among the coming literary writers of the twentieth century. The human mind is constantly branching out into new fields of activity, and in this practical age the best capital that a man possesses is brains rightly adjusted, for brains makes capital, but capital does not create brains. It is a great blessing for some men to be born poor, for then they have to work and labor in time and out of time, to lift the incubus of an unfavorable environment, and their work develops tenacity of purpose, perseverance, strict application to duty, and other essential obligations which make for permanent success. It is work then, properly directed, which makes life successful. The very curse issued upon our first parent, is a great and decided blessing when regarded from the right standpoint. Work is not a curse, but idleness is, and the idle youth will pass the evening of his life in vain regrets. But when life has been well spent, and the laurel wreath of victory crowns the fruition of years, then we can look back with happy hearts to days gone by, and the sweet memories associated with the passing hours of our golden youth will strengthen and invigorate us like old wines, with their subtle fragrance.

These, then, my fellow-students, are a few of the lessons gleaned from an experience of many years, which I, an old student of Villanova, bring back to you who have not as yet passed from her fostering care. Strive to be men in thought and action. Be true to yourself, and then you will be true to your God. There never has been a period when there was so

much need in individuals and in nations for good, old-fashioned morality. Remember that we as a nation are yet being tried in the crucible of experience, and if we hope to continue enjoying the blessed fruits of that liberty for which our fathers suffered and died, we must find private worth in the citizen, and public virtue in our statesmen. No matter what our position in life may be, either as a business man, physician, or lawyer, we should never permit ourselves to be wrapped up so exclusively in our private affairs as to forget the higher duties imposed by the responsibility of citizenship. As Cardinal Richard has so well put it, "sound morality and manly character are the very heart's blood of a nation's greatness."

THE COLLEGE BELL.

ALONE, apart, thy sombre figure stands,
 Unguarded from the touch of vandal hands ;
 Nor strife, nor sin, nor passion's stormy sea
 Doth rudely break thy midnight reverie.

So silent yet alert dost thou e'er keep,
 So conscious e'en when conscience seems to sleep,
 That the bright stars thy pale-lit visage see
 And wonder at thy taciturnity.

Yet lo ! thy voice disturbs the calm at last
 To call the dreaming band to ages past,
 Or to ascend to virtue's azure mount
 Or to descend to drink at reason's fount.

Again thy welcome sound doth lull to rest
 Each melancholy mind and troubled breast ;
 Each busy care that oft besets the heart
 Doth yield unwittingly to thy sweet art.

Thus each lone hour thy music lures away
 Till evening tones bewail the parting day ;
 The neighboring woods and twilight's brooding calm
 Repeat in sympathy thy vesper psalm.

Thy melody doth change with changing mood
As each new chord doth wake the solitude—
Now mirthful song doth greet the anxious ear,
Now mournful sounds make known the passing bier.

What happy memories my soul suffuse,
When listening to thy blithesome strain, I muse
On days and scenes long past, and music bright
Of voices sweet, and hearts so gay and light.

Full many a victory thy pealing told,
When loud and clear thy fearless music rolled ;
Full many a wind took up thy joyous thrill,
And bore it far and wide o'er vale and hill.

What sad sweet memories suffuse my soul,
Whene'er I listen to thy plaintive toll !
Strange memories of joy with sadness filled,
Of hearts now cold and merry voices stilled.

Full many a death-knell hath the sad note pealed
For hearts once warm that death's cold hand congealed ;
Full many a prayer thy doleful tones inspire
Within the village homes and chapel choir.

Those youthful hours from me have long since fled,
When 'round thy lonely pillar oft I sped ;
Now other ears and other hearts than mine
Respond in joyous throbs to peals of thine.

And so 'twill be when I shall be no more,
When wintry winds around my tombstone roar ;
As our old college queen thou still wilt reign,
And others sing thy praise in youth's refrain.

Then live and ring, dear old majestic bell !
To ages yet unborn thy legends tell,
Of many a heart thy merry song hath blessed,
And many a heart thy dirge hath laid to rest.

M. J. M., '95.

KING CARNIVAL.

IN THE SOUTH, half a hundred years ago, the sons and daughters of all the aristocratic families were accustomed to go to France for the acquisition of European learning and culture. During their sojourn in Paris, they generally became deeply imbued with Parisian ideas and took readily to French customs. A number of gay young Creoles became so fully carried away by these pleasures that they resolved, on their return home, to introduce at least a semblance of French frivolity to the beautiful Crescent City. The task they had set for themselves, was easy enough of accomplishment, for, from the earliest days, Mardi-Gras in this sleepy gulf-town had been held an occasion for feasting and high revelry. The carnival customs were first introduced by the earliest French and Spanish settlers, familiarizing the public with the unlicensed fun attendant on that season. At that time, so many street brawls followed the maskings that it caused a shade of ill repute to be cast over the Shrove Tuesday merry-making. There was no acknowledged leader, and each masker being on the lookout for adventures, grave or gay, the results were so serious that the city awakened to the necessity for a new order of things. Shortly after the arrival of this party of high-spirited young men, they organized the first grand carnival procession ever seen in this country. Needless to say, every success crowned their first efforts; and it is hardly to be wondered that this great institution has grown to be an inalienable part of the city's life and rights. Year after year New Orleans shows that the reign of pleasure is at an end, and the period of sackcloth and ashes begins by the maddest, merriest and most sumptuous fête known to either continent. The old adage, "eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is dutifully lived up to from the time Shrove Tuesday ushers in a wild bacchanale, illustrative of merry times, until the carnival moon drops behind the gray horizon of a pale Lenten dawn.

There is only one reason for the success of the New Orleans carnival, viz.: the very intensity of purpose and

absorption in the feast displayed by the people. In the North people masquerade, it is true, but they do so with such sober face, all the time yawning dismally under their masks, that in the end they achieve nothing but hopeless failure. Those who have had the good fortune of seeing the Shrove Tuesday celebration in the South, will not need to be reminded of this difference.

Mardi-Gras stands far and away the first feast in the Southern calendar. Weeks before, people are preparing for the great event. The Carnival dominates everything. The mysterious manner in which Rex, his court and his "crewe," conduct themselves only adds a keener zest to the bubbling curiosity, ready at any moment to be filled to overflowing among his faithful followers. Year after year, the same gay pastimes serve as a means of amusement for the people. With the arrival of Rex, his court and his "crewe," even those the most sober-minded find it exceedingly difficult to overcome that feeling of jollity which seems to pervade the very atmosphere.

The dawn of Shrove Tuesday finds every pickaninny in the street, wearing his mask with that true nature of mimicry which is an essential of him. Even nature contributes her share toward making the carnival a success, for by Shrove Tuesday tree and bush seem to don their fringed robes of spring verdure, gardens are filled with myriads of exquisite flowers, whose richly-colored censers charge the air with delicious incense; and from the dark leaves of orange trees there spring forth millions of small white blossoms, shedding floods of rich perfume.

The reverence and honor due to Mardi-Gras and its mystical sovereign, has never been omitted, except during the years when war and pestilence ravaged the city. Year after year, the people have wildly applauded the long lines of beautiful floats, picturing everything imaginable that could serve to furnish tableaux. Large shining barges are illuminated by lighted torches, and accompanied by brass bands and the enraptured throngs.

The mystic orders are months preparing for their parades;

they make them a genuine success. The "Comus Crewe" creates a decided sensation. After passing through the principal streets, they give a series of striking tableaux, and close the day with a grand ball in one of the theatres.

Of the other mystic orders, "Momus," the "Revellers" and the "Proteus Krewe," are unquestionably the most secret and powerful. No sooner is one carnival over than each association meets to consider plans for the next. The different subjects proposed by the committees are reviewed by the leader of the organization, the final decision being left to his judgment. Immediately, upon reaching a definite conclusion, a special artist is called in to sketch suitable designs for the floats and character-costumes required. Every detail is costly and correct.

The brilliant carnival festivities culminate in a blaze of glory at the ball in the old French Opera House. Tier after tier of lovely women, dainty in silk and satin, and glittering with jewels, fill the vast auditorium of the theatre; the crimson-lined proscenium boxes are crowded with Creole beauties and their attendant maids. Rex and his queenly consort call upon their faithful subjects to join in this last, mad revel.

The scene is one to inspire the artist's pencil and the poet's song. The word goes round, "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!" The dancers move rhythmically, and the music is like the music of a dream. It is far into Ash Wednesday morning. But hark! the chimes from the grand old cathedral mingle with the voluptuous strains of the carnival waltz. Sleepy beauties, muffled in soft wraps, trip down the blazing stairway and whisper last adieus as their carriages rumble home in the chilly, ashen dawn. King Carnival is dead. Long live the king!

J. F. HAYDEN, '99.

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

TWENTY-FIFTH PAPER.

THIS then we may set down as the chief reason—the main purpose in view—for insisting on the self-development of every individual man. The reason of it—mark this plainly, is that the proper development of every social body in perfection, the influence of every community for good, the wealth of righteousness in every state, depends in large measure on the integrity both mental and moral of each individual member thereof.

Such is the motive that has led the wise sense of the rulers of mankind, of all the law-givers in it, of even God Himself, so to direct the powers and energies of individual men as to have them all each one for himself seek and strive after his own fullest development in understanding, in knowledge, in will, in virtue.

Such is the motive that has led these guides and guardians of society to declare that on this inner whole-souled perfection of individual man, which is reachable only by the attainment of truth and by the practice of virtue, depends the righteousness of society.

In the mechanical world, the tiniest flaw, a mere blur, a speck of dust, can disturb the delicacy of equilibrium in man's work; can throw it out of poise and balance; can destroy its value; wreck its efficiency.

With no less certainty, nay, with just as great, if not far greater, damage in effect, in the social world of church or state, can one evil-minded man, one miscreant, one sole doer of unrighteousness, so disturb the wholesome peacefulness of his community as to lessen its power for good, and even shatter its integrity utterly and forever, without hope of repair.

For wise men have always held it as a dictum in ethics as in physics, that the excellence of any body, any mass, the worth of any multitude, the righteousness, the glory of any community, is to be gauged *ordinarily* in the aggregate by the worth, (be this great or small), of the individual units or members whereof the body is formed.

For a being is ordinarily no better, no nobler, with no more influence for good, with no more refinement of character, than its weakest unit. Individual men are the units of society.

In physics no mass, no beam is any stronger, any more trustworthy, than its weakest and most ignoble part.

This participation by the integral mass of the characteristic that belongs to its inferior and less worthy unit, is in accordance with an invariable law of nature, that holds in all inorganic bodies.

In ethics too, in a very similar way, no community, no state, is ordinarily better, nobler, more righteous, virtuous, honorable, perfect, than its weakest, most human and least trustworthy citizen.

And this measurement of social worth and power by the energy, or the lack of it, in its frailest subject, is also in accord with a rule that naturally controls and moulds all social bodies.

The integrity then of any community of men, the welfare of any state, kingdom, institute, depends on the proper development for good of the inner character of each one of its reasoning and intelligent members.

For this inner integrity of each man's personal character along the lines of his natural and supernatural vocation leads to personal virtuous life,—the realization in him of the righteousness of God.

On the development of this godly character in each individual man depends the power in him of communicating his gifts and perfections to his fellow members in the community.

For by his weakness, not to say his deliberate perversity,—and let this too be marked down plainly and ineffaceably on the tablets of your memory—may one communicate his plague-like feebleness and viciousness of character to those that have their lot cast with his.

For strong, almost irresistible is the power—the influence—of example for either good, or evil life.

And only by this intercommunication of good services,

this interchange of personal righteousness among the brotherhood, is secured the welfare, the happiness, the prosperity, of the community.

For virtuousness is needed in the social mass for the development of perfect fellowship, the security of community happiness, nearly every bit as much as it is needed in the individual citizen, for the development of personal righteousness, the security of personal happiness.

There are social, or civic, virtues, there are forms of social, or civic, righteousness, just as there are personal virtues, which in the summing up of them constitute personal righteousness.

Observe this steadily in your study of mankind, in your reading of history, which, unless you read it wrong, is the infallible guide to the past, that, namely, through righteousness alone,—through good works alone, have states prospered; while through unrighteousness alone have states invariably fallen.

In referring to social integrity, social excellence, worth, prosperity, we have laid it down as an ordinary principle that all social, or community, worthiness depends on the worth—the righteousness—of the individual members thereof; that moreover a state cannot be good, healthy, prosperous, whose individual members, or subjects, are evil.

For pretty much the same law,—so we stated it, holds in social organisms as in inorganics, that, namely, the excellence, or unworthiness, of the mass depends on the excellence, or unworthiness, of its individual units.

But note carefully the terms we have used to mark the difference between the laws, which govern mankind, and the laws, which control mere matter.

Because there is a likeness, a similarity, in the laws, whereby God in His providence rules the great kingdoms of His power,—the spiritual and intellectual creatures of the world, and the senseless and lifeless things therein, confound not this similarity of law with identity, or sameness, of law. There is a difference between them,—between the laws of social organics and material organics, that is vital.

Think not that because no mass of mere physical character is any stronger, any better, than the weakest and least trustworthy part of it, therefore no social organism is any more efficient, healthful, grander, holier, than its feeblest, its most unworthy subject.

No. There is a difference between the two as vast as between heaven and earth, light and darkness, between the intellectual world of God's formal, direct and personal graces, and His world of shadowy, material and wholly symbolic graces. And this difference is the key to the solution of ever so many difficulties in one's study of social good and social evil; and of physical good and physical evil.

The principle that community righteousness in the social mass depends on the personal righteousness of the individual member thereof, holds good and true in all things merely human, merely natural; it is the law for all social bodies wherein reigns not the Spirit of God Himself.

For in such ungodly communities men trusting only in themselves, are proud in their conceits, reckless of the divine commands. For this very reason,—so says Holy Writ, so have declared the wise men of earth,—have the most powerful and glorious kingdoms of the world been shattered, and have crumbled away. They fell because of the baseness, the selfishness, the unrighteousness of some one or other of their individual subjects. Thus, we are told, perished Israel, Assyria, Rome. Thus too in later days have perished the mightiest creations of men.

It may be that this spirit of unnobleness, of self-destructiveness, of horrible, ghastly viciousness, was in the ruler himself, in the law-maker, in the judge, or maybe only in one of his minions, in one of the myriads of his class.

But it matters little to us whence sprang the baseness in the man; or how wide-spread, or narrowed, was this disloyalty to the spirit of righteousness in God.

Yes, in physics the axiom holds good that no aggregate is better, stronger, more availing for the purpose of its maker, than its weakest, most trifling, atom. And this law is invariable.

But the laws of ethics are not wholly the same as the laws of physics. In the intellectual world far different is it when the Lord protecteth. Here in the realm of His righteousness, of His own graciousness and power, in the world of true art, of lofty science, of noble genius, He makes the weak ones of the earth strong, the ugly fair, the unjust just. And the reason of this preservative and corrective power in God is that He best discloses His mighty wisdom and goodness in caring for the helpless. And for this reason in the brotherhood of the saints in Heaven will there be seen those, who, at one time were mere weaklings on earth; were mayhap even disturbers of God's own earthly community, but who are now in full communion with the spirits of the just, with the Holy Spirit of God Himself. So too in the intellectual world here on earth God oftentimes maintains the weak against the strong. In the house reared by His hand, in the guest-chamber enlivened with the joy of His presence, in the council-hall guided by the Spirit of His truth, God sheds His blessings on all; illumines the minds of all; strengthens the hearts of all, and holds all—rulers and ruled—within His protecting care, guarding them in safety, in prosperity, despite their individual unworthiness. This display of God's mercy, graciousness, goodness, is due wholly to the righteousness of His love. Thus the disobedience of Adam—the first and most nobly created of men—kept not the world from its redemption; for this reason the disloyalty of Judas—the basest-minded and most ungrateful of men—barred not the coming of the Spirit on his fellow-apostles. And so the Christian Faith is always strong in the social body of Christ—in His Church, is always triumphant despite the weaknesses of its human associates and its human alliances.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

THE YEAR IN LITERATURE.

The past year was very prolific in books, not good books particularly—just books. About 5,000 books were published in English-speaking lands in 1896. This meant the issue of a book every two hours during the year. An imposing procession, but how insignificant in retrospect. Of this brave array how many forced a way to notice, or gained an entrance to book shelves? Perhaps half a score.

Of course, the special student was not idle. Of the making of books there is no end. He enriched in these twelve months the myriad departments of science with a thousand monographs. In belles lettres was especially busy with contributions to the dozen and one popular series of brief biographies. The best of these were published in England.

The series of "Public Men of To-day," edited by Mr. S. H. Jeyes, and published by Messrs. Bliss & Co., of London, was far away the most noteworthy in this department of letters.

No poet produced a masterpiece "such as will mock the twilight and the night of Time," simply because the race of poetic giants seems to have perished from off the face of the earth, at least, for the nonce. Truly poetry has fallen upon hard lines. Swinburne and Thompson were virtually mute. Watson and Austin sang a little in a minor key. The work of the American poets has been fugitive, and the quality hardly equal to their best. "Verily, they have all been idle singers of an empty day." 1896 saw a new star, however, appear upon the literary horizon in America in the poet-priest of the South, Rev. John B. Tabb, "whose feet are alike familiar with the steps leading up to the altar and to the temple of the muses."

The most distinguished American critic calls him "Virginia's flawless poet," and says: "I know of no other modern songster who puts so much spontaneous feeling into brief carols of which the art is as unobtrusive as it is perfect. They have the brevity and unity of the antique, and the soul of Christendom." A critical paper on Father Tabb's poems

is promised for a future issue by one who knows him as son knows father.

In fiction, Kipling, Besant, Payne, Cable, Howells, Hardy, James, Mrs. H. Ward, Olive Schreiner, *et al.*, were fecund enough, but saving, perhaps, Hardy's novel, "Jude, the Obscure," hardly up to their wonted standard of excellence.

"Jude" is a very readable story. Mr. Hardy is a person of imagination, and he has a fortunate faculty in the matter of writing English.

Marion Crawford's "Casa Braccio" ran in the *Century*, and, while full of weird situations and high-strung amative-ness, made little noise in bookish circles.

In accordance with the spirit of the times, the "wimmen folk" have been very much in evidence. Mrs. Burnett's "A Lady of Quality" achieved a *success d'estime*, to borrow the French phrase. Mrs. Humphrey Ward continues persistently soporific in her latest three-volume, so-called novel, "Sir George Tressady," while Mary Anderson Navarro's complacent superciliousness in her "Autobiography" is, to say the least, irritating. Nothing bothers one more than to think over the novels of the year in search of one which is deserving of universal favor. It is safe to say 1896 will long be remembered, in the publishing trade and by the readers of books, as one rich in the quantity, but decidedly poor in the quality of its literary output. Let us hope 1897 has some pleasant surprises in store for the book-worm.

J. A. M.

INTO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

BY JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

'TWIXT SMILES AND TEARS.

RALPH has not been aware of the fact that, during his gloomy reverie, he has had his eyes fixed in a steady, if unobservant stare, upon the fair face of the conscious Miss Gush. So that now, when at length he rouses himself, he is somewhat nonplussed at the pronounced outward indication that the inmost soul of that adorable creature is in a state of sweet unrest; that her heart is thrilled and flutters beneath that yellow bodice ever as a canary against the gilded wires of its prison-cage. He is annoyed and is about to move away, when he beholds Harley approaching them.

"Harley knows everybody," he soliloquizes; "and he will tell me who they are."

Tom rather enjoyed a half hour's conversation with the fair Americans. They were sociable and much given to repartee; shrewd, indeed, but impressionable, and, therefore, easily deceived. They saw only the bright side of life, and sought pleasure and excitement with all the abandon of children. They were not as shallow as they seemed; beneath their frivolity there was a fund of common sense. Tom had learned much of their adventures in England and was charmed with their ingenuousness. Although they prided themselves on having "graduated" from a celebrated institution of learning, there was yet about them much of the school-girl, and many of their expressions are not to be found in "Webster's Unabridged." But they were natural, and, although they frequently lapsed into college slang, there was about them an evidence of refinement and good breeding. A man who attempted to open up a conversation with them without the formality of an introduction, received a stare

from Lola which, as Tom expressed it, froze him dead in his tracks.

Tom had learned that the girls were expert wheel-women, that they had secured two lovely wheels "for a mere song," and (confidently) they were going to "get them in free of duty, too." Tom was not well up in the matters of the New York Custom House, so he readily agreed with them that they would be able to do so. They spoke of their wheels as of the gender feminine, and for a while it had been difficult for Tom to understand how "she" could have a punctured tire or be geared up to 72. Lola was also an elocutionist and had received a gold medal for her rendition of the fifth scene of the first act of Macbeth. Her friend Lydia confided to Tom that Lola was "just dying to go on the stage."

As Tom approached, they made room for him beside them. They started at once into a very lively conversation, punctuated with "oh's" and "ah's" and many giggles and glances towards Ralph. Suddenly Tom rises, and Ralph, who, all unwittingly, has stood there gazing at them, too much surprised to realize what is going on, finds himself captured by the scout and elbowed over to the enemy's camp.

"Sir Tragicus," says Harley, without a smile, "permit me to present you to the Honorable, the Miss Gushe, and the Honorable, the Miss Anguish. Mr. Henry Irving, ladies."

Ralph frowned at that name, there were unpleasant associations connected with it. But it was Tom's theory that Ralph was best roused from his state of "heroics" by this allusion to the famous actor. Moreover, he had scented a joke from afar. He knew the young ladies had made his friend the central figure in a romance of their own conception, and, being a practical joker, grasped his opportunities. He rightly surmised that the girls could have had no opportunity of seeing Mr. Henry Irving, and the fact that Ralph was traveling under an assumed name, furthered his plan. He argued, also, that the affair would give his friend a "shaking up," which would keep him awake during the rest of the voyage. Lola observed the look of annoyance on Ralph's face, and was at once convinced that the person posing as "Mr. Bur-

leigh," was none other than the eminent actor and the baronet that was to be. She did homage at the shrine of glories and plied poor Ralph with many questions to which, as may be imagined, he gave the most bewildering replies. But it is in the province of genius to be mysterious, and the Anguish was satisfied. The few significant glances which Tom received from Ralph, prompted that worthy to beat a retreat, so with a hurried apology to Miss Gushe, he was off on "some forgotten but important business."

Ralph, attacked on both sides, resigned himself to the position and replied to the double volley as best he could. Yes, he just revelled in Byron, and would be delighted to hear Miss Anguish in her rendition of the "Prisoner of Chillon." To Miss Gushe he acknowledged that he was a great lover of out-door exercise and was an ardent admirer of cycling, though he confessed that business had as yet prevented his attaining any proficiency in it. Miss Gushe was sure he would be an apt pupil, and if they should ever meet in New York, etc., etc. The gong for luncheon sounding, Ralph escaped. He owed to himself afterwards however, that he had really enjoyed the hour, and Tom Harley escaped a reprimand. There was a certain dash and breeziness about the two girls that had the power of making Ralph forget himself and gave him no time for arguing with himself that he, a homicide, had no right to associate with the honest and the undefiled. He thought of this afterward, however, and determined to shut himself up within a cold reserve and to form no intimacies on board. But that first interview with the firm of Anguish and Co. was one of several.

"What do you think of him?" queried Lola of her friend.

"Oh, he's lovely," was the response; "such eyes!"

"And so delightfully mysterious!"

"Yes, I must get his promise to take a spin through Central Park."

"And I must sound him about making my debut."

And so on.

Ralph avoided them all next day. But at dark, as he was moodily gazing over the side of the vessel, Miss Anguish

appeared, ostensibly in search of her scarf. She had seen her opportunity for a "nice quiet talk" about "leads," "heavy parts," and "soubrettes."

"Oh, Mr. Burleigh," she exclaimed in delightfully feigned surprise, "how you startled me! I never dreamed of meeting you here!"

The daughters of Eve take kindly to lying.

"I think I must have left my scarf out here. I can not find it in our room."

Then a search—fruitless, of course—was instituted for the missing article. Ralph's silence did not affect Miss Anguish in the least; nay, it gave her every opportunity to display her powers of conversation and to broach the all-important topic. Ralph's curt and contradictory replies might have nonplussed another, but she well knew that it was part of the nature of a greatactor to be always engrossed in his work and heedless of the lesser things of everyday life.

"I must stifle within myself all desire to associate with these innocent maidens," said Ralph to himself; "they are too good for me to mingle with now. I must be on my guard."

Presently Miss Gushe joins them; and again is he subjected to a double volley.

"What do you think of the stage as an educator?"

This was a foreward pass.

"Well, really, I can't say, that is, I——"

"Mr. Burleigh doesn't talk shop out of business hours; do you, Mr. Burleigh?"

Ralph had been about to intimate that he didn't know much about the stage, but as this counter-question answered his purpose equally well, he replied simply:

"No."

"I have just begun reading the catalogue of the 'Ryder' wheels. I am more than satisfied with my bargain. *She's* a beauty." All this in one breath.

"But," persisted Lola, "don't you think the stage offers advantages to a young woman of talent? What would be

your advice to a young woman of such aspirations, should she not be encouraged?"

"Oh, by all means," answered Ralph, not quite sure whether *she* referred to the woman or the wheel. His mind was inactive.

Someone claimed Miss Anguish's attention just then, and she had to retire, reluctant indeed, and sorry to have lost her golden opportunity.

"Get his opinion," she whispered hurriedly to her friend. The other nodded assent.

"Poor dear, she is very much broken up over it." This in a very mournful tone.

Ralph tried to look his sympathy. He thought of course she was referring to the wheel. How it got to be broken up, he couldn't imagine, but of course it could be repaired.

"Oh, I have no doubt we can fix *her* up again," he said, encouragingly.

"Oh, *will* you?" exclaimed Lydia, fairly dancing with delight at her remarkable success. "How shall we manage it?"

"Well," said Ralph, "I am not much of a mechanic, but I think I am sufficiently acquainted with the theory of the thing."

"Yes," exclaimed she, joyously.

"She's all split up, eh?"

"Yes," tragically; "completely shattered, quite unstrung!"

"Then we must restring her, that's all."

Lydia laughed. Their morose friend was getting quite tacetious. Ralph, too, was quite elated.

"What do I know about wheels?" he said to himself. "But with such a companion in distress, it is necessary that I simulate some knowledge in order to console her!"

"Yes, we will first take her to pieces."

"To pieces?" queried Lydia.

"Oh, certainly. How can we make anything before we break it? Break down, then build up."

"Oh, yes, I understand."

"Then we'll build her up and set her agoing. If she runs smoothly, all well and good, if not ah, well, there may be a screw loose somewhere which will have to be attended to."

"A screw loose?"

"I am supposing that."

"What, that she has a screw loose?"

"That's only a supposition."

"Yes, but we say 'a screw loose' about people whose minds are slightly deranged."

"Certainly. But that's different. Well, say, she's a little out of gear?"

"Out of gear? Ah, Mr. Burleigh!"

"Yes. A little loose in the joints. But that's easily remedied. We could readily make that all right; a little packing——"

"Oh, Mr. Burleigh, surely you don't mean to say that she would—a—would have to—a—have to wear—*tights*!"

"Wear tights? Who? What?"

"Why, *Lola*!"

"Miss Anguish wear tights! Why, you mystify me. Who said——?"

Just then a truant gust of wind lifted Ralph's cap from his head and carried it halfway down the promenade. With a hastily-uttered apology Ralph darted after it. When he had recovered the truant piece of head-gear and returned, Lydia had gone to the rooms. Ralph sought his friend Tom. Perhaps he could unravel the perplexing mystery.

CHAPTER V.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

Miss Lydia did not wait to witness the capture of the runaway cap, but breathless and excited hurried to the ladies' cabin, whither her friend had preceded her.

"I don't know whether I should congratulate you or not, *Lola*," she said, as soon as, after her exertion, she could manage to articulate.

"Why ! Has he spoken ?"

"Yes."

"And he said——"

"Well, he said he though he could arrange for your appearance on the stage."

"Oh, rapture !" cried Lola, joyously.

"But there are conditions."

"Certainly. Hard study, I suppose. But I shall study as never actress——"

"Oh, no, he didn't mention study at all. The fact is, Lola, that whilst he spoke very encouragingly and kindly there was a dreadful air of mystery about all he said."

"I can understand that perfectly, my dear," said Lola, magnanimously. "You don't expect such a great actor to come down from the region of the stars and discourse in plain every-day language."

"But he did use very plain and very ordinary language. Indeed, that is just where the mystery comes in."

"Why, what did he say that was at once common-place and mysterious ?"

"Well, he said—why—now, Lola, dear, don't mind it. Perhaps I didn't quite understand him."

"You alarm me, dear Lydia. Could it be anything detrimental to me ?"

Lydia nodded assent. Then she added : "But only in supposition."

"Tell me. Of course he had to consider the possibilities ?"

"Well, then, he spoke of the possibility of you having a *screw loose* !"

"He *did* !"

Poor Lola sank upon a couch and began to sob.

"But that was only a supposition in case you didn't get along well."

This was more consoling. Lola determined that when the opportunity came she would strive so hard for success that it would be quite evident that all the screws used in her mental construction were in the proper positions.

"Perhaps, after all," she said, "it is only his off-hand manner of speaking; nay, even an expression of the stage, stagey."

"He also spoke of your costume," continued Lydia.

"Of my costume. How thoughtful and how thoroughly business-like he was during your interview."

And Lola began to arrange her skirts in imaginary flowing folds. She had visions of velvet and lace.

"I am afraid you won't admire his taste in that regard, though."

"Why? No train?"

Lydia shook her head.

"Abbreviated?"

"Quite."

"You don't mean—?"

"Yes."

"What!"

"TIGHTS!"

Visions of velvet and lace all vanish. Poor Lola! This was indeed a severe blow. But ah! an inspiration. Surely he was referring to Shakespearean characters in which the heroines are obliged to don male attire. Ah, yes, she remembered now having once seen Modjeska as *Rosalind*. It was all well once more. To follow in the footsteps of the great Polish actress—to be a second Modjeska, that were, indeed, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." She mentally resolved to thank Mr. Burleigh when next they met for having so clearly and so delicately demonstrated all that would be required of her.

In the meantime Ralph was seeking comfort from the mischief-making Harley.

"Yes," he was saying, "made a complete donkey of myself, thinking she was speaking of her wheels all the time, whilst in reality it was about that silly, stage-struck girl!"

"Quite complimentary to my poor friend Lola," said Tom, trying to keep a straight face.

"Friend!" cried Ralph, sarcastically, "and the other one is your 'dear friend Lydia,' too, I suppose! Bah, these women that go about speaking of their wheels as *she* —!"

Tom burst out into a loud guffaw.

"Don't take it to heart so, old man. Ten to one they think it was only a mild joke of yours."

And then the idea of a joke perpetrated by his friend who had been walking around with a funeral face all this time, set Tom off into another fit of laughing in which he nearly strangled. But it was infectious, and Ralph had to join him.

"Oh, the look on the face of the Gushe when she said that word—*tights*! No doubt she went in to rinse out her mouth after having made use of it."

Here they both roared. Tom was delighted at the improvement in his friend. He had not heard him laugh since they had taken passage.

"My little joke is changing Sir Henry into plain Ralph Cosgrove," he said to himself. Then aloud to Ralph:

"Depend upon it they will look upon it as one of your eccentricities. But in order to save yourself from the implication of such a bull as you have just confessed to making, you must continue in your role of Henry Irving, travelling in disguise."

It was too rich a joke and one productive of too much good to his friend to be allowed to sink into oblivion just yet.

"But I object," said Ralph, "and, besides, what is the use of deceiving the girls."

"Well, then, go tell the Miss Gushe you thought it was *wheels* she was talking about. Besides, you may never see them again after we land. And they will be none the worse off for this pleasant bit of deception."

So Ralph consents. But he was not so sure of his part but that he might make a slip. And this, indeed, he did. The four of them were promenading the deck, Tom busy parrying every attempt to revive the topic of the stage. They had stopped, as though by common consent, to look at the dying sun and to admire the glorious reflection in the water. As was usual with him under such circumstances, Ralph's thoughts immediately wended their way to a region of their own where there dwelt an old white-haired man and a lovely

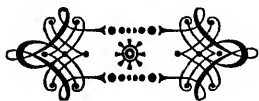
little girl. He was scarcely conscious that they had seated themselves when he received a gentle nudge from his neighbor and heard the word "autograph." He looked from one to the other and then at the album which Miss Gushe was handing him. Taking it up he saw, in large, rough characters the name of his friend,

Thomas Hanley,
Liverpool.

Then he comprehended that the young lady was also an "autograph fiend." He took his pencil and unhesitatingly writing his name, returned it to the owner. A look of surprise overspread her face.

"Why how many names have you?" she exclaimed. Then all looked forward to read. Tom bent his eyebrows into a very ominous frown when he read what his friend had written. Ralph, unconscious of having done anything out of the way, took the book once more into his hand. One look sufficed. A groan escaped him and the book fell to the deck. He had written his own name, *Ralph Cosgrove!*

(To be Continued.)



NATURE'S CHARM.

DEEP love have I for Nature's dower—
 Each spreading tree, each scented flower,
 The softest dews that evening brings,
 The wealth they give to humble things.

I love the radiant monarch's sway
 That ushers in bright smiling day—
 Refulgent beams that blaze on high
 To light the sable-curtained sky ;

The music sweet of wood or grove,
 Where trill the birds their songs of love ;
 The zephyr's sigh ; the brook that sings
 While Fancy writes her wanderings.

I love the stars and the silvery moon,
 Deep peace of night when toil is done,
 When sleep e'en Nature doth invest—
 Lulled by the soothing charms of rest.

Then what can lend more charming days,
 What theme deserves more lasting praise
 Than Nature with her powers of worth,
 Whose voice her brightest choirs sing forth ?

A. J. P., '96.

 UNDER THE LIBRARY LAMP.

New books are as plentiful just now as crocuses in the Springtime. Justin McCarthy has made something of a literary sensation with his "Life of Pope Leo XIII," contributed to the excellent series of "Public Men of To-Day," published by Bliss & Co., London. Many critics of the secular press regard the work as the best essay on the conditions of contemporary European politics that has ever been written. The concensus of opinion of Catholic critics, however, is that the author has gone out of his way to curry

favor with Protestants, by adopting a liberal, apologetic tone in discussing the career of our illustrious Pontiff, nothing in whose life requires an apology.

We are pleased to know that Rev. Father Finn's charming juvenile stories, "Percy Wynne," "Tom Playfair," "Harry Dee," "Claude Lightfoot" and "Mostly Boys," have won such an abiding place in the affections of our younger students. Many of them, it appears, have transferred their allegiance from such old-time popular favorites, "Oliver Optic," "Harry Castlemon," *et al.*, to this new literary idol. Father Finn may always be sure of their most distinguished consideration, and, if it were in their power, they would crown him "King of Juvenile Story-Writers."

The venerable and versatile Mr. J. W. Allies is as active as ever in his chosen field of literary endeavor, and he has recently added another volume to his magnificent, monumental work, "The Formation of Christendom," which ought to make his name known and revered by Catholics of future generations. He has devoted his pen these many years to the cause of the Church, and has proved a tireless and noble worker in the field of historical research. His latest volume is entitled "The Monastic Life," and goes over practically the same ground as that much-neglected mine of research and erudition, "Montalembert's Monks of the West." The peerless Newman excepted, we know of no writer whose style is superior in classic beauty and finish to that of Mr. Allies. We would earnestly recommend the members of the higher classes to form his literary acquaintance at the earliest opportunity, and to drink deep of the pellucid, invigorating stream of his English.

EXCHANGES.

The Christmas numbers of our exchanges were exceptionally good. Evidently each editor strove to make his journal a leader among the holiday publications.

The *Holy Ghost College Bulletin* is a rather voluminous periodical and is well stocked with matter of high literary order. "Kosciusko's Death" is a beautiful and touching poem, and "Lord Bacon," "The Elizabethan Age of English Literature," "The Victorian Age of English Literature," are thoughtful, well-written essays. *The Holy Ghost College Bulletin* ought to attain a high rank among college journals.

THE MONTHLY is pleased to welcome *The De La Salle*. It is edited in very neat style, and its literary department is well filled with interesting matter.

The Messenger, of Richmond College, for December, is the best number of that journal we have ever seen. *The Messenger* is always gotten up tastily, and is in every way an up-to-date paper. Its worth, from a literary standpoint, makes the December number especially commendable. It has a number of good essays, and its editorial page contains much that is worthy of reflection.

"French Literature," a continued essay, in *Mount St. Joseph Collegian*, is a well-written and instructive effort. We recommend a careful perusal of it to all who are desirous of having a good general view of this subject.

Among our other exchanges we also note: *The Niagara Index*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Bucknell Mirror*, *The Mount*, *The College Forum*, *The Collegium Forense*, *The Holy Cross Purple*, *The Stylus*, *The Fordham Monthly*, and many others.

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

Ability to use terse, lucid and elegant English is, in the opinion of Dr. Eliot, of Harvard University, the crucial test of true scholarship. A system of training which fails to

develop accurate, fluent and graceful writers, has failed of its chief purpose, since skill in composition presupposes accurate thinking and a firm grasp of the precepts and principles set forth in the text-books. Good writing is the perfect fruition of the wood of the library and lecture-room, the very bud and flower of a college course. The opinion of the scholarly Doctor is but an echo of a thought which the elder Dumas uttered years ago, to the effect that to be deep versed in text-books is not to be a scholar, for there are the learners and the learned, memory cramming makes one, and the philosophical application of principles, the other.

The poet says :

“ True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.”

The best way to learn an art is to practice it assiduously ; so the surest and quickest way to acquire ease in writing good English is by frequent and careful exercise in composition. After you learn, it is just as easy to write good English as bad English. In return for your trouble, you will stand higher in the estimation of educated people and be looked up to by the uneducated. Perchance only one man in two hundred will be able to appreciate the beauty of your English, but he is the only man in the two hundred whose appreciation is worth anything. Read the masters of English to saturate your mind with their best thoughts and choicest expressions. Study the construction of their writings ; try to unravel the intricacies of some great oration or closely-woven essay, and you will soon find that it is as good a mental discipline as proving the *pons asinorum* or finding the solution of some salt.

The college magazine affords the student splendid opportunity for applying himself to this most practical work within the scope of the curriculum. By fixing his ideas upon paper, to be held up before the public for scrutiny, the student is able to gauge his ability and learn the trend and limitations of his talent. The college paper has been the practice ground for many a writer whose pen won him repu-

tation and wealth in after years in the broader arena of the public press.

A few examples rush to mind as we write, Brisbane Walker, Father Cronin, Dr. Phelan, Conda B. Pallen, Bishop Quigley, et alii aliorum plurimorum, etc.

Speaking of newspapers and magazines, recalls the fact that in looking about for specimens of good English, the student will do well to dip into them occasionally. The rewards offered by wide-awake newspaper owners are so great nowadays that many of our cleverest writers are harnessed to the hack work of the press.

Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, writes a style of inimitable beauty, terse, lucid and witty. Lawrence Godkin, the mugwump editor of the *New York Press*, has command of a wonderful vocabulary and a most suggestive and surprising style. The caustic Alan Dale, dramatic critic of the *Journal*, evinces excellent taste in his reviews of matters theatrical, and writes in a round and informing style, which is animated, picturesque and original, yet never redundant.

A beautiful style, simple yet classic, is that of William Winter, of the *New York Herald* staff. Mr. Winter is a devoted worshipper at Shakespeare's shrine, and has written some of the sweetest tributes in the language to the memory of the "myriad-minded bard of Avon." His writings are replete with high and unaffected moral statements, the very reverse of the phariseeism so often displayed by some modern writers. The noble style of John Fiske will repay close study. Andrew Lang, the genial, elongated English literary censor, is master of an enviable style as every one will declare who knows his "Letters to Dead Authors."

The late Robert Louis Stevenson's style is sometimes uneven, but is often great. He is seen in his most characteristic vein in his books of essays, "Memories and Portraits" and "Virginibus Puerisque."

Horace Greeley was master of a purely American, racy, individual style, and his distinguished contemporaries, the elder Bennett, Raymond, Prentiss and Storey, had extraor-

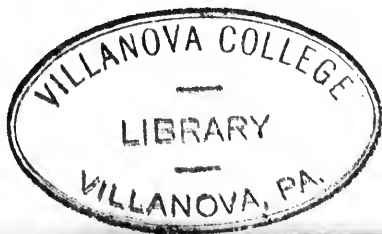
dinary styles—audacious, witty, cunning, reckless, full of humor that amused even while it destroyed.

Joseph O'Connor, editor of the Rochester *Post-Express*, is easily one of the cleverest writers of our country and of our day. He has not only wit, but imagination and feeling also.

Still, newspapers and magazines, at best, are but mental *dessert*, and the mind can no more live upon such food alone and be strong and healthy than can the body alone upon desert. President Garfield made it a rule to read three pages from some English author every day, and he was one of the most accomplished public men, and fluent, graceful speakers of this generation. Be not only newspaper fed and fattened, but be also classic fed and fattened. Let the student seeking models of style devote his leisure hours to carefully studying the Bible, a book of eternal and therefore of contemporaneous interest. Thither it is that all great poets and writers, who have felt within their breasts the inspiring flames of the muses, have run to quench their thirst at the scriptural fountains of ever-living waters. A book in which the human race began to read thirty-three centuries ago, and although reading in it every day, every night and every hour, have not yet finished its perusal. Cardinal Newman's "*Apologia*," Matthew Arnold's "Literary Essays," Channing's "Essay on Napoleon Bonaparte," Sumner's "True Grandeur of Nations," Webster's "Speech in Reply to Hayne," Lincoln's "Speech at Gettysburg," are the kind of works to be thoroughly studied and made part of their mental furniture by every English-writing student who seeks to cultivate that last and most delightful perfection of the literary art—a chastened, pregnant, elegant, fresh, imaginative and fascinating style.

THE DELEGATE VISITS NEW ENGLAND.

Archbishop Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate, visited New England during the Christmas vacation. His journey proved a veritable triumphal tour, the utmost respect and honor



being shown him by all classes. He visited Worcester, Lawrence and Boston. In each city he pontificated, after which he was tendered a reception and banquet.

In Lawrence, he was entertained at St. Mary's Rectory by his religious confreres, the Augustinians. The freedom of the city was tendered him by the Mayor and Board of Aldermen. The City Hall was used for the reception, and over 10,000 persons shook hands with the distinguished guest. The celebration at Lawrence was the grandest in its history.

Boston did itself proud in honor of the Delegate's visit. He was entertained by the venerable Archbishop Williams, and by the members of the Young Men's Catholic Club.

Archbishop Martinelli's visit to old New England was a veritable red-letter event in its history, and will undoubtedly be one of the most pleasant recollections of his sojourn in the United States.

In appreciation of the cordial welcome extended to his representative, Our Holy Father, the Pope, sent his special blessing to the citizens of Lawrence.

FATHER PROVINCIAL'S GIFT.

Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, provincial O. S. A., brought with him from Italy last Autumn two beautiful oil paintings, the works of Gagliardi, a well-known Roman artist. The subjects are two Augustinian Saints, St. Clare of Montefalco and Blessed John Stone. Father Provincial has generously presented them to the college, and they will be hung in conspicuous positions on the walls of the Students' Library. On behalf of the faculty and students, we wish to thank Very Rev. Father Driscoll for this most recent token of kindly feeling for the old Villa and its denizens, and to assure him of our grateful appreciation of his fatherly interest and solicitude for our college and all those connected with it.

THE SOCIETIES.

V. D. S.—The Senior Debating Society met Saturday evening, January 16th, in the Dramatic Hall. Rev. Father Delurey, O. S. A., presided. The question: "Resolved, That Monopolies are Detrimental to the Wage-Earner," was discussed. Messrs. A. X. Dooley and C. McAvoy espoused the affirmative, while Messrs. Kirsch and McDonald spoke for the negative. The arguments adduced by each speaker showed considerable study, and the telling points were liberally applauded by the auditors. At the close, Rev. Father Delurey made some very appropriate remarks upon the advantages to be derived from properly-conducted debating societies. After criticising the efforts of the debaters, he awarded the decision to the speakers for the affirmative, Messrs. Dooley and McAvoy.

The subject for debate for the Seniors' next meeting is, "Resolved, That the Annexation of Canada Would be Detrimental to the Best Interest of the United States." Messrs. Mullane and Hauber have the affirmative, Messrs. Hayden and Donovan, the negative.

The Junior Debating Society will meet Wednesday evening, February 3rd. The question for discussion will be, "Is England Progressing or Retrograding as a Nation?"

V. D. C.—The Villanova Dramatic Club is preparing an entertainment to be given Wednesday evening, February 24th. A double bill, "The Violin Maker of Cremona," from the French of Francois Coppee, followed by "Oliver Twist," will be presented. The rehearsals are being conducted under the able direction of Rev. W. A. Coar, O. S. A., which is in itself a sufficient guarantee of an enjoyable evening.

The Villanova Athletic Association met Saturday evening, January 16th, and accepted games with Ursinus, Fordham, Manhattan, Mt. St. Mary's, and the Catholic University. As there are a number of cracker-jack ball tossers in Villanova this year, the team ought to be able to make a good record in college athletic circles.

PERSONALS.

Rev. J. J. Fedigan, O. S. A., Atlantic City, was a guest of the Faculty recently. He delivered an address at the twentieth annual celebration of St. Thomas of Villanova T. A. B. Society. Many of the Faculty were present.

Messrs. George Hanrahan, Lawrence, Mass., a student at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia; E. P. McKeough, '96, Johns Hopkins; John I. Whelan, '95, Brooklyn Seminary; E. T. Wade, '96, Catholic University; B. J. Wefers, Georgetown University; G. A. Buckley, '96, were visitors at the College during the Xmas vacation.

Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O. S. A., Mission Rector, is spending a few days at the College, prior to his very busy work, from Sunday, 31st inst., until about the first of June. During that time he will conduct missions in New York City, Brooklyn, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, Harrisburg and other cities.

SPLINTERS.

Ride the "Skinner Special."

Try Fr. C.'s new toothache cure.

"McAvoy, I'll kill you in a week."

"Jimmie, make them stop guying me."

Who is the lad that shoots pool so well? That's Herr.

"There is a shed down there for horses and pugilists."

Why can't you fellows call these trousers, breeches?

Old Alabaster says he will spend the winter up in j——l.

Jack—I heard you had a funeral last night?

Mac—Yes, we buried Rosie O'Grady—*Requiescat in pace.*

The latest from Hogan's alley is, that the "Yeller Kid" is "playing possum."

Dr. Carmichael said he had his weather eye open for gold-brick men on his recent visit to New York.

Why did they all jolly Mac when he told them how he knocked out that big scrapper?

Mr. R—— wishes to announce that his superb collection of china is now on exhibition at his headquarters. Open day and night.

Look out, there! that leg has only three chairs.

"Valler" had the "blues" during the Christmas holidays.

There is a little story going de rounds about "Bill." It is something about the scare that the "hobo" gave him. But every one knows that "Bill" is not afraid of "hobos."

Never leave any signs behind you; a word to the wise is sufficient.

"The blow (out) almost killed Jim." There were others.

Talk about "Flim-flam" games, you should see "Room-mate's" "gold brick."

The K. D. U. held a lively meeting a few evenings ago. Much important business, besides election of officers for the ensuing year, was transacted.

"Our cooking days are over."

The boys found out that "Hugh" is a contortionist as well as singer, when he sat on the business end of that writing pen.

"Take back the 'Welsbach' you gave me (nit)."

Are you a Singer?
Nope! I'm a Wheeler & Wilson.
Gee! funny, "ain't" you?

QUERIES ANSWERED.

J. J. D.—Use Anti-fat.

H. Up.—We cannot recommend vaseline as a moustache producer, as we have never tried to raise wind teasers.

W. B.—Your inquiry as to whether the United States is a republic or not, cannot be answered in this department. You might inquire at Washington, D. C.

J. D. H.—Your suggestion to hang those "pants" in the basement to scare the rats, is a good one, but for the fact that there would be danger of setting the building on fire.

J. McC.—Really, Joe, the whereabouts of your stove is a mystery to us. We would advise you to consult a detective, who would no doubt locate it in about one minute.

F. R.—We have never been in the cooking business; but would suggest that you use cream when you wish to make chocolate without milk or water.



Better far to take the kindly advice implied in the words of Horace, when he says :

“ Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.”

Look at the duties of the class-room in the light of aids for the future, which they really are, and half of their disagreeableness will disappear.

Catholic Winter School.

The second session of the Catholic Winter School of America will begin formally on the 29th inst., and all indications point to a most successful opening. The Delegate Apostolic will grace the quaint city of New Orleans with his presence, and will celebrate Pontifical Mass there on the 28th inst. A rare intellectual feast is surely in store for those who attend this session of the Winter School, for subjects that absorb universal attention will be discussed by linguists whose sound principles are talked of the world over.

Such schools are certainly beneficial, for they give an insight to many perplexing questions in such an elevated, yet, withal, simple manner as to make lasting impressions on the mind.

A review of the course of lectures that has been mapped out will show that something will be found to interest minds occupied in every line of thought.

When this movement was first contemplated, it was believed that the people of New Orleans, professed lovers of life and frivolity, could never be induced to turn their attention to things of such a serious nature. But quite the contrary happened. The speakers seemed to be endowed with a magnetic power that held the undivided attention of all who heard them. May this session prove as successful as the former, and may its promoters receive a full measure of encouragement.

Change of Administration.

The time is fast approaching when the president-elect will take up the reins of government and endeavor to guide the nation into a haven where it will be safe from the storms that now assail it. Speculation is now rife as to the probable effects that will follow upon the installation of the people's choice. Will the same dark, oppressive atmosphere still hover over us, or will the bright sunlight of prosperity dispel all the mists that envelop the horizon? Let us desert the fast-decreasing ranks of the pessimist and be as optimistic as possible in our views. Experience teaches that it is darkest ere dawn, and the depleted circumstances of the present may be but a prelude to the greatest prosperity that the future can hold in store for us. Those never-to-be-forgotten days of 1775 were but the forerunners of those days of dearly-purchased liberty, which constituted a priceless gem in the eyes of all nations.

During those restless times of the Civil War, a national election was held, which was signalized by unusual quiet, and gave an example of control never equaled by any free country. The short space of a few months after their disbandment found the one-time members of a great army engaged in peaceful occupations. Our chief magistrate was assaulted by an insane fanatic and the cry was set up: "The republic will never survive." Yet his successor was appointed without a ripple to break the calmness of the sea of national government. Can the future bring forth any greater difficulties?

We are looked upon as leaders in the family of nations, not by reason of the pomp and splendor displayed by our officials; for in such things we are most unassuming. But we are looked up to as the possessors of a government for the people and by the people. Let us, then, place entire confidence in that government and firmly trust that the new administration will set the wheels of trade going with a merry hum and make us the possessors of "those good old times" once more.

Anent the Library.

The reading-room with its choice collection of standard works is certainly an alluring spot at the present time, still its frequenters show a decided inclination to ignore the contents of its well-filled cases and eagerly devour the columns of current papers and magazines. This is certainly wrong. True, it is well to be conversant with the agitated topics of the day, and many interesting articles appear in our magazines; but, as a rule, their tendency is not to aid in forming an elegant style or imbuing our minds with those same lofty ideas that must follow from the careful perusal of a well-written book.

Look to it, then, lest, by attending too earnestly to the daily topics, while neglecting to pay sufficient attention to some master-pieces of our language, we will find our language cramped and harsh-sounding. "Remembering that there is an art of reading, as well as an art of thinking and writing."

Archbishop Ryan's Jubilee.

The approaching jubilee celebration of Philadelphia's distinguished prelate, His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, is a project which has, and should have, the hearty approval of all Catholics.

No trouble should be considered too great to be overcome by the societies of the diocese, to make this a glowing tribute to one who has so endeared himself to all with whom he has come in contact, that to know His Grace is to consider him worthy of the greatest reverence man can show to man. With great wisdom and prudence he has ruled over the destinies of the diocese of Philadelphia, and no matter how enthusiastic his people may be, or with what splendor they attempt to manifest their appreciation of his efforts in furthering the interests of the Church, their efforts will not express in all its fullness the affection they must have for him in return for his fatherly love.

The words of wisdom that flow from his lips in that mellow voice, which so appeals to the heart as to at once make it a captive, have made him pre-eminent as an orator. Who has ever heard him who did not go away feeling that he had listened to one upon whom all the gifts of oratory had been bestowed?

Among his countless other good qualities he has always been a staunch friend of education. No project to promote education but found him among the leaders, no institution of learning but found him ever ready with words of encouragement. If, then, inspiration were needed to give impulse to the now maturing movement which will culminate in his jubilee celebration, surely a review of his efforts in behalf of the church and education would give it.

May he be long spared to his people to disseminate the seeds of faith and encourage the advancement of every good work that has progressed so auspiciously under his leadership.

College Athletics.

Those canvas suits, whose wearers a short time ago absorbed all our attention, have been relegated to their receptacles for another year, and though it may seem rather previous to talk of athletic prospects for the coming season, still they will soon be the all-absorbing topic. Villanova's prospects for a successful year on the diamond were never brighter. The new men, judging from the indoor practice thus far engaged in, are a promising lot. Nothing is now needed but that greatest essential to success, unity. Let all petty prejudices be placed aside and let each work with the sole aim in view of helping to goad the team on to victory. Our teams in the past have been our pride, and now shall want of unity put a blot on our fair, unblemished record in the athletic arena?

From the beginning let our motto be: "We are one," and nothing but success will attend our efforts. That tendency to grumble and predict nothing but failure is most

disheartening to those against whom it is directed, and certainly does not redound to the credit of its originators.

Let us go forward, then, shoulder to shoulder, proudly waiving Villanova's revered ensign and do all in our power to make '97 a banner year in athletics.

The Father of His Country.

The Father of his Country! So do we epitomize all the reverence and pleasant REMEMBRANCE of that glowing star in the historical firmament who was famous from the time he was able to wield that proverbial hatchet until he cast aside life and its burdens. Now that the anniversary of his birth is an event of the near future, we Americans naturally feel proud when we review his many excellencies.

He is the grand unit with which we compare all others. Paramount in energy, resolution, fortitude and skill, his memory inspires others to emulate his example.

When we review the history of his times, all other characters seem to form but a pleasing background for the scene in which he alone stands forth in bold relief.

His was not the life of a dreamer, but one dealing with grave realities. His was the mind in which originated mighty plans; he was the one ever ready to brave the dangers of their adoption.

Faithfully has Byron portrayed our lasting remembrance of his name when he said:

"Washington's a watchword that such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air."

Plague in India.

Still the famine rages in India, and latest reports have it that there will be no abatement before September. With the same report, we learn that Russia's attempted movement to bring succor to these poor unfortunates has proven a dismal failure, and the same movement in England seems to have come to a decided standstill. Where is Europe's boasted sympathy and charity for suffering humanity?

AMOR CONSTANS.

THE stars above to-night are pale—
There's a white moon in the sky ;
And my lover's love from me doth fail,
For a fairer maid comes by.

But the stars their steadfast light outpour,
Tho' the crowned moon is queen ;
And my love for my love doth not give o'er,
Tho' a lovelier love he hath seen.

For the stars do know but still to glow
In the moon's eclipsing rays ;
And my love doth know but to love e'en so
As it loved from the first of days.

WM. McDEVITT.

AN AFTERNOON ON THE ALLEGHENIES.

SETTING out one October afternoon from my hostelry, which was formerly one of the post-houses on the stage route between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, I turned toward the East and proceeded along the old pike.

This place occupied a position almost midway between Altoona and a town by the name of Gallitzin, which lies on the Allegheny mountains, that cross the western part of Pennsylvania. It is but sparsely settled and travel is reduced to a minimum on account of the neglected condition of the roads, so that a traveller wishing to be alone is rarely denied that pleasure.

In this manner I pursued my way and had an excellent opportunity to study the scenery, which is most picturesque. Nowhere, in my opinion, does Nature exhibit herself in more grandeur and sublimity than on the mountains, whose hills and peaks, rising above one another, seem to pierce the clouds with jagged crests. Thus I thought gazing in admiration at

the huge forms of the Alleghenies that rose up around me ;
while these lines came vividly to my mind :

“Ye are the things whose forms robed or unrobed
Do all the impress wear of awe divine,”

Huge hills, forming, as it were, a natural causeway for facilitating the journey of the traveller through this region reared themselves about me ; deep valleys watered by narrow mountain streams, whose ripple made delightful music for the ear ; the sighing of the enormous trees ; the singing of the birds as they sported in the fading foliage, mingled with the faint sound of some miniature water fall produced many varied sensations. The stately magnificence of the trees, with which this section abounds, is one of the chief sources of pleasure to the mountain wanderer. Innumerable wide-spreading oaks, majestic chestnuts here and there embraced by the entwining arms of the wild mountain ivy, extending their long limbs over the earth, which they had covered with luxuriant carpet of leafy material.

These were intermingled with gnarled and stunted beeches and copsewood so closely united as to form one of those inextricable vistas in which the eye delights to lose itself and which the imagination considers as a most romantic place for sylvan solitude. I slowly walked along the path, over which nature had so profusely spread her leafy shroud, awed into *silence* by the sombre impressiveness of this grandeur. I realized what an infinitesimal nonentity I would be among God's works devoid of my immortal soul. Never, until now, did I realize to their full extent the power and majesty of Him who governs all things. As I slowly walked along the side of the mountain I stumbled upon the deserted remains of an old coal mine, whose turmoil and activity, once so prevalent, had long since abandoned it, and nature again was slowly but surely reasserting her claim, so that at a not very distant period this scene of human activity would be entirely effaced. Here and there, as I proceeded on my journey, a pheasant, disturbed from its retreat, would start up at my approach and fly away with a loud hum. A rabbit

or a squirrel would dash across my path and disappear so quickly in the stone grottes or piles of fallen trees, torn down by some ruthless mountain storm, that their retreat was secure from my sight.

Along the road, a mountain stream, augmented by the torrents that had descended from the heights, during a recent storm, flowed rapidly along with the roar of thunder, and in some places made inundations that threatened to engulf the road. Across this a bridge had been thrown at some previous period, when a railroad had been constructed there, and although the railroad had disappeared, the bed of it still remained, betokening, with its curious windings, one of those remarkable pieces of engineering which had been accomplished by Yankee ingenuity in the construction of railroads across the mountains. From thence I ascended a steep declivity and arrived, after a hard climb, at a partially open spot from whence I was enabled to obtain an unobstructed view of the surrounding country. The panorama amply repaid me for my tiresome ascent, for I obtained one of the most exquisite views of my life. The summits of the surrounding mountains, extending as far as eye could reach, gave it the appearance of some huge, billowy ocean, the green of the hemlock standing out in bold contrast against the leafless boughs of the other trees; while the roofs and chimneys of small cabins that some enterprising settlers had constructed just appeared over the top of the opposite mound, and afar off to the right a train was just rounding the famous horseshoe bend at Kittanning Point. To my left the sun, just taking his last glimpse over the earth, made a scene such as few have ever beheld.

At the foot of this mound a little spring bubbles from the earth, and after a short run makes a tiny waterfall into a hollow slab of marble, which, the tradition of that place asserts, was placed there by Father Gallitzin, from whom the town Gallitzin takes its name, in the year 1783, which date is chiselled in the rock over which the spring flows. This spring is said to contain medicinal waters, besides making a

delightful potion for the weary traveller fatigued by his mountain climb.

Here I also refreshed myself, and after a short rest returned to my hostelry, just as night was dropping her shadowy mantle over the earth.

Too soon for me, indeed, did my mountain visit terminate, and ever shall I delight to revert to my afternoon, spent in the Alleghenies, which are associated in my mind with a delightful and instructive ramble.

J. L. KIRSCH, '97.

"AMBITION."

LIFE with its smiles and frowns is an enigma which everyone must endeavor to solve. A sorry task it is, indeed, to many, and one which does not repay the labor, yet absolutely necessary to insure even transient content. For one cannot imagine a man taking absolutely no interest in the happenings of everyday life. From the cradle to the grave there is always some event which absorbs his attention and in which he is interested. He is ever actuated by some unknown power which continually whispers to him that all significant word, "Excelsior." This same power says to him: "Be not weary and sick at heart, though you are now surrounded by the mass of strugglers, for high up on the ladder which leads to fame you will not find so many to jostle and hinder you from attaining that at which you aim." And encouraged by this seemingly kind advice the recipient of it will renew his efforts in the race of life. This strange principle, which has such an influence on the actions of our lives, we call ambition.

The child, as soon as it begins to notice its surroundings, is anxious to possess something which it happens to see. Here ambition takes its root and grows strong and powerful; remaining so until the world and all its hallucinations are no more. Ambition was the baneful motive that actuated our

first parents to transgress the law of God, and has been handed down to all humanity as an heirloom.

Maurice Francis Egan has said that fairy tales are the dreams and ambitions of the poor! If, then, ambition is capable of such lofty flights, it is a difficult task to designate any bounds within which it might be restricted.

Our business man of to-day is a striking example of its influence. See him starting in business with a small capital, yet ever laboring to increase it and outstrip his competitors. Little by little that capital is augmented until he is able to live in luxury and possess every temporal enjoyment that he may desire. Yet, strange to say, when he is surrounded by everything which tends to his present happiness, that spark, which impelled him to put forward every effort by which his then small income might be increased, instead of having died out has, on the contrary, burst forth into an all-consuming flame. He is totally given up to the acquirement of power, for money is power, and is likewise the scale in which he weighs his happiness. With him ambition might almost be termed an uninterrupted passion, for night and day his thoughts are given to the counting house with its risks and investments. Another example is the modern politician. He sees before him the bright prospect of political honors, and to attain them, he must trample under foot all who stand in his way. Nothing is of value to him save the one coveted prize, and every means of putting it within his grasp, be they good or bad, are used without the least thought of the harm they may eventually bring to others. Another station in life which may or may not be influenced by ambition is student life. But, happily, in most cases, the student is ambitious. For the great unexplored world lies before him, and in order to become acquainted with its mysterious workings, the greatest efforts are required. Perhaps, at times, he may regard the intervening years of study as time uselessly spent; but study itself will bring about a change in his ideas, and he will see the necessity of the training which fits him to cope with his fellow-man. He pictures a future and strives that he may accomplish all that he has proposed to himself. Yet this rule

has its exceptions. Occasionally one may be found who is mindful of the present only, leaving the future to care for itself. How sad must be the realization of his error when it is too late to profit by the knowledge!

Yet ambition is what makes life worth living. By it one is prompted to strive after the ideal which he has formed. True, in some cases, it has the effect of blinding one to a sense of justice, but this is exceptional. A page from the history of our everyday life will furnish numerous examples of men striving to attain an end which had been mapped out in boyhood. And though many never reached the lofty goal for which they had set out, nevertheless, it was a consolation for them to have tried, and though but partly successful, they were happier than if they had been content to plod slowly onward in the well-beaten path, for, as the poet has told us,

“ To the expanded and aspiring soul,
To be but still the thing it long has been
Is misery, e'en though enthroned it were,
Under the cope of high imperial state.”

H. T. NELSON, '97.

ODE TO VILLANOVA COLLEGE.

I.

HAIL venerated pile! that 'neath the shady wood
Of dreamy hemlocks doth so gravely stand—
So stately staid; so solemn and so grand!
Where erstwhile, as dim legend saith there moalty stood,
The wigwams of the children of grim hardihood,
The shell cave of the Indian tribes no more,
But in their stead a temple blest to love.

II.

Hail venerated pile! remote from worldly din,
Where undisturbed, Wisdom, on the throne of Truth,
Reigns o'er the willing minds of light yet glorious youth;
That batten on her words prolific, filled with mean;
Or if unfelt, shall later on their brilliant sheen

Their untrained minds illume, and with the rushing in
 Of these celestial rays, shall their pure souls arise
 In virtue higher still, than those most far-off skies—
 The Milky Way of men who scan the heavens' track—
 Those tablets of Almighty Power reflecting back—
 The uncommensured littleness and puny ken—
 The weakness of the might—the nothingness of men.
 Beneath those sombre cloisters have I sometimes strayed,
 And, as the sunlight on thy silent arches played;
 I've seen the shadow cast the hour, and so have they—
 The youthful throng that wearied, anxious, yearn to play,
 And dreaming surcease from the mountain poet's song,
 From Iliad's theme relief. O! happy, happy, throng!
 Could ye but feel the uncommingled bliss of years,
 That know no grief, nor ask the useless need of tears,
 To soothe the anguish of the heart beset with cares and fears!
 Here 'neath the fost'ring love of them who sagely know
 The pastures sain of Truth, the gentle flock doth go.
 Innocuous is their food; no baleful weeds crop there,
 To poison when they rank decay, the untainted air.

III.

Daughter of Truth! begotten from all time art thou!
 O, Sacred Science! come and gird the anxious brow
 Of thy disciple fond who worships at thy shrine,
 Whose youth and early love he ardent pledged as thine.
 Put on the ivy crown—not gained in woful strife;
 He was the peaceful toga e'er, and gentle was his life,
 Conned he thy sacred tomes, in toilsome glad delight,
 And secrets deftly veiled he oped unto the light.
 Nor hath he Science, this well-favored child of thine
 Forgot the path that leads to fair Religion's shrine;
 Where wisdom purer, higher, nobler, all divine,
 Doth fill his soul and perfect it sublime.
 Bright are its rays effulgent, as they scatter'd stray
 To guide him safely o'er life's dire and dangerous way.

IV.

O blessed youth! These columns gray senile—
 The peaceful walls of this beloved pile
 Shall later on thy weary hours beguile.

Then, as a dream, the past shall seem to thee,
 A dream, alas! of past felicity.
 Others have ta'en thy place beneath those cloisters grey
 Another youthful band, as bright, as buoyant, gay.
 As hopeful, ardent ; generous, perhaps, as they
 Who toiled and sported in the past-remembered day.

V.

Betimes thy fancy fond may thoughtful roam,
 And seek those hallow'd spots of boyhood's home ;
 Where naught is changed, save they whose loving care,
 Watched o'er thy tender years ; nor earnest zeal did spare.
 To arm the for life's combat, hard and sore withal.
 Where are they now ? Alas ! where are they all ?

VI.

Then shalt thou say—
 Here was the favor'd spot, wherein I sat of yore
 And studious bent, upon the toilsome task did pore ;
 O sacred spot ! another sitteth pensive there,
 Nor thinketh of the love I towards him bear.
 My pilgrim steps then guide me to that hallow'd shrine—
 The Chapel quaint, beloved—that Holy House divine
 Where, 'neath the Presence of my Saviour, Lord beheld,
 I learned to pray, that I from sin withheld,
 Should faithful serve the best of masters with delight—
 My soul's sweet Lord yclept by Him the Life and Light.
 Ah ! reverend shrine of God ! oft did my soul-felt on them rise
 Midst voices virginal, and float unto the blessed skies.

VII.

O how the past before my mental vision graphic flies !
 Oft in those verdant meads I've sported, played and then,
 As athletes spent with tiresome efforts wisely ken,
 We'd seek the grateful shade beneath the ivy-clad grove
 And there, what future projects vast we thoughtless wove !
 Alas ! 'tis later on we, sadly grieved, shall know
 Our boy-built airy heights shall heartless time o'erthrow
 For satiating bliss we'll never find below.

VIII.

Dream on, O happy youth, beneath the balmy shade,
Thy future bliss in fancied colors now portrayed
Is sweet delight to dwell upon—ambrossial food—
The well-filled need of boyhood's present good.
Yet shall such happy dreams the ardent soil inspire,
To aim at nobler things ; albeit thy desire
(In boyhood brooded on, in after life o'erthrown)
Hath changed its course ; still grateful shall it own
That in its strife towards lofty aims and good
Upheld it was ; and fearlessly withstood ;
By boyhood's impulse strengthfully imbued.
Hail venerated pile ; the shades of eve draw nigh
And Phaeton's Car hath sloped into the Western sky.
I've put aside my lute ; yet shall the Zephyr sigh
Breathe softly forth the echoes of my monody.

CAEDMON.

A WINTER IN CANADA.

WHEN the wintery blasts come howling over the lofty Canadian peaks, hurling their chilling breath over hill and vale, when the rivers and lakes are glistening in their coat of transparent ice, and the barren ground is covered with the virgin snow, then the Canadian rejoices ; for he knows that now the brilliant season of sleighing, tobogganing and skating has begun, by means of which he will spend many a merry day and night. Then it is that the members of the snow-shoe clubs meet and make arrangements for the annual "tramp." This is a joyous occasion, and the loud laughter of mirth is heard on all sides, as, plodding along, over hill and vale, through lonely forests and past silent rivers, each hastens to be first to arrive at their rendezvous, which is a log cabin built many miles out in the forest. Having arrived here, the jolly Canadians find everything arranged for spending from two days to a week in their own peculiar fashion. But for those who care not to take part in the weary "tramp," there are innum-

able other means presented for enjoying themselves, among which we may mention the countless numbers of driving clubs. These unite, and, having arranged a large sleighing party, drive to a small forest, where a large fire is soon sending its cheerful glow in every direction. Then, seats being arranged, all partake of a delicious meal cooked over the fire, after which, a few hours are spent in singing and telling of stories, and, the fire having burnt low, they all glide joyously homeward. But the most joyful event of the year, and the one towards which every Canadian looks eagerly forward, is the winter Carnival, which annually is held in one of the large cities of the Dominion.

As the writer spent the winter of 1895 in Ottawa, at which place the Carnival was held, he was privileged to witness the gorgeous sights which such an event offers, especially to Americans. The Carnival lasts for five days; beginning on a Monday morning and continuing until Friday night. As this was the first time that the celebrating of the Carnival was allotted to Ottawa, the city felt justly proud of the honor, and endeavored, most successfully, to make it an ever-memorable one. The site selected for the erecting of the palace was very beautiful, and the Rideaud River, on whose lofty banks the palace was erected, seemed, during these few days, to stand still in order to avail itself of the beauty that stood above its banks. Immediately in front, the magnificent Parliament Buildings extended, which were opened to visitors during the whole week. The palace itself was built in the form of an ancient castle, and as the sun glanced on the buttresses and turrets of different sizes and heights, some square, some round, some angular, varying the outline of the building, his scintillating rays produced the most gorgeous effect. At the entrance arose a lofty arch of evergreens, that stood out in bold relief against the glittering towers that flanked either side, and amidst the evergreens were interspersed countless variegated incandescent lights, so arranged as to form the word "Welcome." These lamps, with the myriads placed in the interior of the building, so enhanced the beauty of the scene that it would

be impossible to describe it; in fact, one would imagine that he was in fairy land.

The greatest excitement prevailed during the erection of the palace, but was increased ten-fold during the days of the Carnival. Every day there were large parades, in which were represented characters of every description, a prize being given to the most grotesque; hockey matches were played, masquerades were held and most sumptuous banquets given. Perhaps the most picturesque sight was the number of Indian squaws, dressed in all their poor finery, with the little papoose strapped to their backs, mingling in the well-dressed crowds, and enjoying the excitement as eagerly as their more fortunate neighbors.

But Friday night has arrived, when the excitement has reached its height, for to-night the Castle is to be stormed. Early in the evening the different regiments of the province made an extended parade, and, though the wind howled and raved, hurling the snow in sheets, yet the eager crowds stood for several hours on Parliament Hill awaiting the climax.

About ten o'clock the report of many cannon were heard, and suddenly the palace was ablaze. Over tower and turret, through window and arch, a brilliant train of fireworks shot toward the studded sky, rivaling in their brilliancy the rays of the sun. At the same moment the soldiers attacked the Castle with firearms of every description. The noise of shooting and the blaze of rockets, mingled with the colored illumination ascending from the interior, produced an indescribable sensation in all who beheld it, suggesting to many the attacks of old feudal Castles in the chevalier days long past. After the storming had lasted about two hours, and when the huge castle was melting in ruins, then the crowds repaired to the banqueting halls, where the remainder of the night was spent in eating, drinking, dancing and in general making merry, which is an occupation dear to the Canadian nature. Thus ended the gorgeous event for which every Canadian's heart yearns and to which the people of Ottawa look back with so much pride.

F. J. MILLANE, '98.

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

TWENTY-SIXTH PAPER.

SO far in these papers we have treated of living realities in the visible world, of their divers characters and their three-fold nobility of life. In speaking of their excellent nature we have referred to its healthfulness; described its activity in good work; and noted the conservative and hal-
lowing influence of life at its best. We are laying down—the reader will observe—the foundations of the intellectual edifice of science and holiness. These two virtues of the healthful spirit of man—the basis of his happiness—are the perfection of his intellectual life.

But our survey of living being has considered its endowments merely in their broadest outlines, in their most general characteristics. Our panorama of life has aimed at nothing more.

Broadly speaking, the writer has proposed mainly to show that for the science—the understanding—of life, take it whatever way you will, in plant, bug, beast, man, or spirit, one must view creation in its integrity of being, in all the orders and classes of being in it, in the excellence of all nature in the vegetable, animal and human kingdoms; in the various relationships these bear to one another, and in the co-ordination of everything in creation to the purpose of the Divine Being, as known to us in the order of reason and the order of grace.

Creation, if not viewed and studied in its entirety, is a riddle that bars every attempt at solution, nay, it will be found to be nothing else than a chaos of unmeaning phenomena. But when gazed at in the light of the central Truth of God's wisdom and mercy, it will be recognized in its integrity, as a perfect system of beings displaying in every part of it the utmost excellence conceivable outside of God in its laws, its order, its beneficence. And—such is our thesis—only by his loving, careful, reverential study of creation will man reach to perfect knowledge, the science of

truth. Therefore has the writer sought throughout his papers on plant life, brute life, and human life, the great community of the living world of creation, to trace this family likeness—one might almost call it, running through all these orders of divine workmanship,—likenesses that they bear to one another, reflections, each one of them shows of God's power, wisdom, goodness. Our sketch of the various animates in creation, of organic life in plant, and beast, pointed simply to this: that in His providence and bounty God endowed the living albeit unreasoning world with this triply-linked strength and beauty of nature, that they might serve as His aids in the instruction of men in knowledge and virtue, in disclosing to them the infinite and glorious attributes and excellences of His own divine nature and life. Creation is thus the informer, the school, of man in the lessons of wisdom. This is the primary mission of all creation. Every other development and work in the creature is merely secondary in its character and subordinate to its service of God—the Creator and Ruler. The revelation of reason makes this known to us; the revelation of God confirms it.

The reader must then bear this divine purpose in creation steadily in view in his studies of intellectual life.

He should also bear in mind this other truth that in the eternal decrees of the Ruler all organic as well as intelligent life, all material as well as spiritual beings were to be united to God as their Source and the last Term of their being. This truth, too, is axiomatic in character among scholars, of those who to the teachings of natural science add the teachings of divine revelation.

Union with their Maker at the close of their finite existence is the ultimate mission of all creates. And this two-fold vocation of created being, this co-dwelling and rest in Him was carried out in the Incarnation of the Son of God.

In His Incarnation, wherein was effected the union of His two natures—the divine, the human—in one sole person, who was God Himself, the infinite Being was united,

blended, with finite being. In the Incarnation all creates thus found their ultimate complement and perfection of being.

Because, as physics teaches us, inorganics are inseparably mingled with organics in the composition of man, a similar dignity and nobleness of mission as had been awarded to organic life in the Incarnation was given to the inorganic world also. Whatever there is in the human body of man that of itself is lifeless in character was present in the human body of Christ. So that in His Incarnation all matter, all lifeless being united to Him just as it is united to any other living man, shared in the honorable ministry of His body as so many vehicles of His grace, as so many instruments in His teaching and redeeming the world.

For in the Incarnation by the blending of His two natures in Christ were united to God all orders of being—both divine and create; all orders of life, both spiritual and material; all things in a word in the world of nature and the world of grace.

That the universe is thus a manifestation of God, is thus filled with varied, marvelous and magnificent proofs of divine power and bounty, with innumerable likenesses of His own Image, all co-ordered to one purpose, needs no labored proof; this harmony of creation with the will of the Maker is clear to any sober-minded observer.

Science shows us many of these divine similitudes and relationships in God's creation; faith shows us more of them in His order of grace. And both science and faith declare that beings of the nobler and higher order of intellectual life by their life, their personal wisdom, their personal goodness, their personal holiness of life, must recognize this double relationship of theirs with other creates, and with God, so as to share with Him union not only in physical likeness, physical being, physical nature, which is common to them in a way with all other beings of the mere physical world, but also in the moral and spiritual glory of their lives, which is shared with them in no real respect by the lower world.

Moreover, our studies of life have shown us that all realities in the universe are either visible or invisible, either

matter or spirit, or a blend of these two characteristic classes of being.

There is the spirit world of intelligence—of life everlasting; there is the material world of corruption—of life temporary; and the human world, wherein meet these two extremes of spirit and matter, of which man is formed, that he may enjoy life forever, or failing to reach it, suffer death without end.

In order to understand this representative character of man, by which he is a member of the spiritual world as well as of the material world—a blending of such contradictory elements united in one real body, a union so unexplained by reason alone, one must recur to the purpose God had in view in His creation of man.

Here we may briefly repeat that this purpose, so plainly apparent in the teachings of grace, was ultimately to unite Himself to all His creatures, to group in one body—the Body of His Son—all orders of being material and spiritual; to blend in one Person—the Divine Being Himself—both created nature, which He Himself had formed, and divine nature, which was God.

That such was the divine idea in creation appears from God's chief work—the Incarnation of His Son. In the Incarnation He joined the order of nature to the order of grace; He blended in one Being the create and finite with the increate and the divine. Thus in the Incarnation all creates formed the complement—the perfection—of their existence, the glory of their nature, the reward of their mission.

With belief in the Incarnation—masterpiece of divine workmanship and art—science can solve all the mysteries of creation. Through the Incarnation the mind can begin to understand the diversified character of creates that otherwise must remain inexplicable; to account for all their peculiar affinities with other creates, that to reason alone defy interpretation; to unlock the mysteries of nature, which while of themselves leading only to unbelief, or superstition, viewed rightly with and in God lead to religion.

For with the light of Faith illumining the mind with divine truth, the dimness of human reason will vanish before the splendor of the glory which raised the humanity of Christ to partnership with God.

In His creation of the world God united Himself to His creatures merely by reflecting therein His own divine attributes; in His Incarnation, however, by personal union.

The Incarnation of Christ was followed by His death, then by the resurrection of His body from the tomb, and finally by the glorification of His humanity in heaven. In His Ascension to the right hand of His Father in glory, is solved another riddle to human science. By His Ascension all things returned to their Maker.

As in His Incarnation were united to His Divinity all the orders of being in His humanity, all the orders of life in the visible world of matter, all the orders of life in the invisible world of the spirit, of intelligence, of human will, of human liberty, so in His Ascension to glory all these creatures began their eternal life in Him—their never-ending existence in glory with Him.

Our Lord's humanity was the first of all creatures to enter through the portals of heaven to eternal life, and with Him entered, therefore, all the orders of being in that humanity to dwell with their Maker, to abide with Him forever.

Such, then, is the destiny of creation in its substantial excellence and character, never, namely, to perish in its perfectness, never utterly to be annihilated, but at the judgment seat to take its place in honor according to its mission, so as to proclaim everlastingly the grandeur of its divinely-given endowments.

To the two unions whereby God has joined Himself to His creatures, first in creation, then in grace, must therefore be added a third union—the union in glory, which is the ultimate reason of their existence, the finishing stroke given to creation by the divine Artist.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

ARBUTUS.

JOHN I. WHELEN, '95.

A sprig of the trailing arbutus,
Its flower a tint of the rose ;
Sweet harbinger of the springtime,
Growing beneath the snows.
Bare were the brown trees above it,
A last touch of frost in the air,
Yet Flora, I knew, was approaching
When I found the arbutus there.

I bring thee the blossom, beloved,
That the blush of its bloom may impart
The story of fondest affection
I hold for thee deep in my heart ;
That the bright evergreen of each leaflet,
Enfolding the blossom so pure,
May whisper : Forever, beloved,
Forever my love will endure.

I have waited with passionate longing
In the desolate silence alone ;
With the winter of sadness about it,
The flower of my love has grown ;
But look thou upon me, beloved,
Behold the fair flower I bring.
In thy smile, like the trailing arbutus,
May I wake to the knowledge of spring.

BOOKS.

SOME one once wrote "That is a good book that is opened with expectation and closed with profit." He who knows the value of a good book is rarely able to praise it sufficiently. The most illustrious men have never ceased to acknowledge the wisdom, joy and health flowing from books. An orator's influence is transient and dies with him, but books will live always ; soothing and cheering, where the

orator's voice can never reach. Should we wonder, then, that books are called "friends," "counsellors," "companions," "bringing joy and never-failing comfort." The more one learns about books, the more will he cherish them, and the less will he criticise and smile at those who grow enthusiastic in recommending to their fellow-creatures a book redolent with the airs of Arcady.

No one will deny that knowledge is a power ever faithful; a mine of wealth, which we need no fear will be stolen, a friend ever at our beck and call. How are we to gain knowledge? Who is to be our teacher, and how are we to satisfy the craving to know, unless through books? The past is dead, its thoughts, deeds and glories are long since faded, and would never be known but for books. "There is no past so long as books will live; laws die, books never." The only gem that will gleam and glow, that ever burns but never decays, is knowledge.

Hence, we should never be surprised when we learn that knowledge gives us surcease from sorrow. The lover of wisdom will feel at home and comfortable in an attic or cellar, if he can only have the books he loves.

Many famous men often pinched themselves for weeks, enduring hunger and thirst with the greatest fortitude in order to buy the book on which they doted. To such men pleasure is a wine cup, drugged with deadly aconite; wealth they esteem as so much dross. Their ruling passion is for books, good, uplifting books. Book-gluttony is, we are told, the great sin of our day, of great libraries, when cheap printed matter falls from the press "thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa." We are accused of scorning the masterpieces for the latest erotic poetry or the popular sensational novel.

This feverish love for books will never entirely disappear. Books will be always sought for these four ends: "Wisdom, piety, delight or use." In this age of much-vaunted enlightenment, it is a pity to see the crowds of all classes that are devoid of the happiness that books surely bring. The humble classes, because they cannot afford them; the wealthier because they secure them for no better purpose than to look

at the covers or to fill up some vacant shelves in the book-case. In either case they are not read, and the benefit to be derived from them is lost. Though we may possess few or many of the authors, whether we possess a library in the true meaning of the word, is to be determined by the use to which we put what we have.

Seneca very aptly says : " No book can be counted so good as to be profitable when negligently read." So that to have access to an unlimited library is useless if we do not use the books to proper advantage—namely, for improving our condition.

And perhaps there is nothing of more importance, and which is more conducive to the happiness of all ranks, than the cultivation of the mental faculties and the attainment of knowledge. But, as knowledge seldom grows of itself, we should avail ourselves of every opportunity that is presented for increasing its growth ; and the best means, perhaps the only means, that can be adopted for acquiring knowledge, and the one that produces the greatest improvement in society, and a more extensive diffusion of knowledge, are good books.

M. T. KENNEDY, '99.

FROM GENEVA TO MONTE CARLO.

A FEW glimpses of a trip in Europe may be pleasant reading to your fellow-students. From Geneva we started for San Remo, via Turin and Genoa. Turin is the coldest city in Italy, but it has blue skies and sunshine, which were very agreeable after so much fog and rain. We only stopped there one day, as there is little to see except the Superga, which is the burial ground of the royal family of Italy, of the family of Victor Emmanuel, and the Duke d'Osta, the brother of the present king, are all buried at Il Superga. They have very handsome monuments in the chapels beneath the church, and from the height on which the church is built there is a very extended view, similar in

extent to that of the Mountain House in the Catskills. At Turin we found the only strict douane which we have experienced abroad, but there it is very strict; and there is a duty on new clothes which have not been worn, and my declaration that we had "*Rien, rien, du tout*" did not prevent the inspector and his assistant from opening all our trunks and going through our things very scrutinizingly, until at last B. got tired and told him that she believed that he wanted to see the latest Parisian styles. And really there was quite a crowd of those Italians looking into our trunks as though they enjoyed seeing our effects; but finally the inspector turned on his heel and walked off without presenting us with a tax, much to our relief. As a general thing, the customs are a mere matter of form, but they are always a nuisance, and cause detention and delay. They are stricter in examining men's belongings, and they usually pull everything out of their trunks, as tobacco and spirits are the objects that they are most particular about.

Between Geneva and Turin we passed through the Mont Cenis tunnel, which is the longest in Europe, and it requires half an hour for the express to pass through. I was glad then that our only travelling companion had a good face (he was a young student from Geneva going home to Turin), for you know the system over here, and how people are locked in these railway carriages with quite dreadful-looking characters sometimes, and often the "*cloche d'alarme*" is out of order and won't work. There are a great number of tunnels between Genoa and San Remo, but they are short ones. We only stopped over night in Genoa, as it is very cold in that city, and we had been there before.

We spent some weeks at San Remo, which is a typical Italian town, and a very curious and interesting place. The houses are built with archways for security against earthquakes, and many of them in the old portions exhibit vestiges of the last "quake," a few years ago, being rent and seamed in many places. It is not pleasant to think of earthquakes, but we are told that they only occur here about every thirty years.

One funny story I have heard about the last one of a lady (*Anglaise sans doute*), who during the excitement hurried to the railway and demanded "Two first-class tickets to the earthquake." People were quite wild with anxiety to leave the place. The hotels at San Remo are situated on high ground outside the town and overlooking the sea. These grounds are beautifully planted with orange and lemon trees, also with palms and groves of olives. When we first came we had some charming weather, when we could sit out all day; but of late we have had high winds and colder weather than is usual here; indeed, we are told that such cold has not been experienced for thirty years. We have had several inches of ice, and the winds bring clouds of dust, which is very disagreeable.

This region is subject to winds called the "Mistral and Brise," but at present they seem to blow from all points of the compass at once. The Italian oranges are acid, and do not compare with our Floridas. The olives are now ripe, and the peasants are gathering them for the oil mills.

In many of the old streets of San Remo there is not room for a carriage, but they are very picturesque, with the bits of color in the shop windows and the bright dresses of the people, or the passing through of a Capuchin in his brown habit, and suddenly one hears the clattering of hoofs as a donkey comes trotting along with his queer-looking bundles strung across his back, causing a stampede into the doorways or close to the walls. These donkeys are very wise-looking, and I saw one act most sagaciously lately. He was already laden with two large bundles, when his owner tried to mount between them. She would get his head to the wall, when his tail would recede, and when she succeeded in that direction his head receded, and so on. She kept it up, assisted by a man, for, I suppose, twenty minutes, when she had to walk off leading "Blanchette" (they all have pet names) instead of on his back. The donkeys are in great demand here to make excursions into the neighboring mountain towns, some of which

are inaccessible to carriages, and they are rather far to walk to, unless one is quite strong. These towns were formerly built on these high places to afford the inhabitants security against the pirates who used to infest this coast. I should love to see one of these villages—St. Agnese, on the mountains back of Mentone—but I never could venture to ride there on a donkey, and so I must give it up. There are *fetes* there, when the peasants will congregate from various places and have a dance on the village green. Accidents often happen from tourists falling off the animals, and one gentleman has had his collar-bone broken by his donkey stopping in descending the mountain, and the other animals following it pushing him off. There is another mountain town, called Gorbio, which one can drive to, and we went there the other day. It is a very ancient place, and it was amusing amongst the old houses to see the Curé's modern one, with an attempt at a bay window and a letter-drop at his door! We could not picture to ourselves any pleasure that he could derive from sitting out on the balcony overhead, above the narrow streets, with the houses so close that the few women at home could almost shake hands from their windows. One can never imagine their uncomfortable houses being used for any purpose but to sleep in.

The concerts at Monte Carlo are very fine, the orchestra being one of the best in Europe. It is only twenty minutes by rail from Mentone, so we go there occasionally for the music and to look at the play. The Salle de Jen is a beautiful room, but it is not pleasant to contemplate the countenances of the *habitues* of the tables, their whole attention nervously absorbed in their losses or gains. But Monte Carlo itself is an ideal place, with its beautiful scenery and fine buildings; and were it not spoiled by the gaming-tables, it would be one of the most favorite and charming spots on the Riviera. The Casino is a magnificent building, in the Moorish style, and the hotels are very fine. The places are so near in the Riviera that one can travel from one to another in a short time. It is only an hour from Mentone to Nice, and we will go there for the Carnival before Lent. M.

INTO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

BY JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

ELEANOR.

"Every turn and glance of thine,
Every lineament divine,
Eleanor!"—TENNYSON.

IN one of the quieter thoroughfares of the up-town district of New York, far enough removed from the moil and turmoil of the great district, a homelike looking little brick dwelling peeped out from between two more pretentious, yet far less cozy brown-stone dwellings. It was in such a spot as this that if one were looking for happiness and peace and content, in the midst of so much contention and strife, he would confidently expect to find them. And here, indeed, they were found. But as a touch of garish yellow is required to bring out the real artistic beauty of the milder colors in a floral bouquet, so the touch of sadness is necessary to perfect the otherwise imperfect peace. If Eleanor Selkirk's life had been without its one great sorrow, she would never have known in its fulness the exquisite pain and delight which she felt in the affection of her little niece. There was a meaning far beyond the expression of words in the intense love of Little May for the woman who was to her now her only known mother. Alas, if words had been necessary to voice the devotion of the child for the tender-hearted woman who clasped her to her bosom, that love would never have been expressed! The child was dumb! A sad affliction, surely, but one which we can the more readily appreciate and deplore in the young and helpless. Many a passer-by had marveled at the child's wonderful beauty, whose sensitive soul spoke so eloquently through those deep-blue eyes. She was indeed fair to look upon, with clustering curls of gold about her mobile forehead. She was an extremely sensitive creature and, like those in whom the spiritual element dom-

inates, seemed possessed of a wonderful sense of intuition, by which she felt, rather than knew, your presence.

She stood now, looking out into the street from the window of an upper room, and half-abstractedly she watched the long row of street lamps as one by one they gradually burst into light. Her real purpose at the window was to catch the first glimpse of her aunt, who she knew would shortly be on her way home. Suddenly she darted from the room, and slipping noiselessly down the carpeted stairway and out into the hall, opened the door before her aunt had time to ring the bell. This was a favorite trick of hers, and one which always afforded her the keenest amusement. A merry laugh greeted Eleanor as she entered the hall.

"There you are again, puss," she said gaily, as she gathered the child in her arms. This was always the reward of acting the porter's part.

It was a beautiful picture that the two presented as Eleanor leaned over the child. The woman, young indeed, for she was not yet eight and twenty, calm and stately, gazing with something of the rapture of a mother and the self-sacrificing affection of an older sister, upon the child; the latter endeavoring to show by fond caresses and glowing countenance the love that was in her heart.

"What have you been doing all afternoon? Helping grandma with her knitting?"

The child nodded a vigorous "Yes," and manifested a desire to furnish proof by leading her out into her grandmother's sanctum. So, smilingly following the little guide, Eleanor, having laid aside her wraps, joined her mother and proceeded to give an account of her own day's doings.

The family had not always lived in New York. In fact, they had been in the country only three years. Coming over originally at the solicitation of relatives, and thinking that the child might be benefited thereby, they had stayed on from day to day, and finally taken the house in which they now resided. They were happy in their new home; the child's health had improved by the change, and the elder lady shrank more and more from making the tedious journey

back to Liverpool. Home, as she herself said, was anywhere now, since her husband's sudden demise. Home was the company of her daughter and little grandchild. The child was, of course too young to have any fond recollections of their old home in England, and Eleanor had long since ceased speaking of returning.

Why has Eleanor thus readily agreed to ostracize herself from all her old friends? Surely one of her age and character must have made friendships which it would be hard thus to abruptly sever? What, then, was the new link in the chain of her life which bound her so willingly to America?

Eleanor Selkirk was by no means an emotional young woman, and would be ruled neither by caprice nor fancy. Those who thought her cold or haughty had yet to learn, however, how ardent a friend she could be; she herself was all unconscious of the passionate longing now dormant within her breast, which would one day make her willing to lay down her life cheerfully without a murmur for the man she would love. And well would that man be rewarded, fortunate might he call himself who could win the love of this self-reliant but womanly woman.

She had won respect for herself in her chosen avocation, and a just appreciation for her work. She wrote for one of the New York dailies; not from necessity, indeed, but from choice. Her mother had been left a sufficient competence for them to live upon without undue economy. But there was no especial necessity of her busying herself about the house, and the doctors had strongly declaimed against any measures being taken as yet for the child's education. Katy, their trim little maid, who had accompanied the family on the trip to America, had continued to live with them, and she and the cook were fully competent to manage the domestic affairs of the little household. Eleanor then devoted her time to writing. Her articles were distinctly feminine, and in this fact consisted their chief charm. She pleased by being natural; she charmed by being womanly. Her contributions, therefore, were gladly received, and liberally paid for; and in this way she "put money in her purse." She

had many opportunities to witness the poverty and degradation and squalor of the great metropolis, and in proportion as her heart was touched, her hand extended itself in unostentatious charity. Many a benediction was showered upon her, and God hears the prayers of the poor.

She had on several occasions met a young man who, like herself, seemed ever bent on charitable errands. His face had from the first struck her as that of one who had known a great sorrow. Although they had met in more than one home, and it was evident to each what the object of the other was, there had never on his part been any overture to forming any acquaintance. She had met him in the newspaper office once or twice, from which she argued that he was a journalist, but he showed no sign of recognition. He neither courted her acquaintance nor shunned her presence, and this, to a woman who knows she is handsome, and feels that she is still young, excites her curiosity. The sister of curiosity is sympathy, and sympathy has the peculiar faculty of begetting a more tender passion. Yes, Eleanor Selkirk was quite willing to continue residing in the American metropolis.

But two young people cannot, for a long time, continue to meet each other in the every-day walks of life without eventually becoming acquainted. Nature looks after her children, and adjusts things to their proper end. So if ordinary means are futile, the extraordinary are called into effect. And so also, if a runaway team were required for the "machinery" in nature's drama, why the runaway team would have to be dragged in. "*Nec deus intersit, . . .*" says Horace. But necessity demanded the runaway team.

The horses came tearing down the street at break-neck speed. The driver had been thrown, and the frightened horses, maddened by the lines which had become entangled in their legs, rushed madly on. A crowd had gathered, mostly of women and children. It is the special province of the latter to run into danger, and Eleanor, who had just been making a visitation to one of her sick proteges, beheld with horror the woman's little daughter attempt to cross the street

in the face of imminent danger. Without realizing her own danger, she dashed towards the child. Too late! The frightened steeds were upon them. With a half unconscious prayer for safety, Eleanor remembered waiting during a few seconds of terrible suspense to be trodden under foot by the wild animals. But that horrible fate was averted. A young man, resolute in the face of a great danger, had rushed upon the runaways, and seizing one by the bridle, hung his whole weight upon it. In this way he turned them from their course, bringing both down upon their haunches. Assistance came, and the horses, tumbling and panting, were secured. Eleanor freed the youngster whom all the time she had held by the hand, and looked around for their rescuer. She was not surprised to find in him her unknown friend of many meetings. Indeed, she was pleased that it should be he. Approaching him, she thanked him in a few well-chosen words, and offering him her card, begged that he would call. He replied simply that she exaggerated what he had done, but promised to accept the invitation to call. He offered her his own card, which she accepted without glancing at it. Afterwards, when recounting the incident to her mother, she remembered she had the card, and looked at it. She read the name aloud—*Ralph Cosgrove*.

CHAPTER VII.

“The secret that can keep forever.”—SCHILLER.

We must now take up the thread of Ralph's experiences which we so unceremoniously dropped at the time of his encounter with the autograph-fiend. Three years have passed since then; three years of an almost perfect solitude so far as confidence in those around him was concerned; three years of much unnecessary mental suffering through the clouds of which the soft beams of hope were gradually, but irresistibly, forcing themselves. Ralph had parted from Tom before the big liner was moored to the dock, and had managed to avoid the two ladies. For he, it will be remembered, was practically unencumbered as to luggage, whilst they—well, if you have ever gone to the mountains or to the seashore for a two-weeks'

trip with your mother or your sister, you may imagine the *baggage* (the English word is so much better!) that a continental trip entails upon a woman. Tom was the true knight gallant, and stood by the ladies as they ran the gauntlet of the custom house inspection. Ralph never heard whether the wheels were gotten in without duty, but Tom had told him that the girls had reported "nothing dutiable" to the agent who had interviewed them in the cabin of the steamer. If Ralph ever thought of it afterwards, we may be sure he was of the opinion that Uncle Sam received no duty on the contraband goods.

Ralph wandered aimlessly about the city for a couple of weeks after his arrival. He was not pressed for money as he had sufficient for ordinary needs; but he finally concluded that work was the sedative he needed, and consequently sought employment of the editors. The products of his facile pen were forceful and stamped with an originality which won for them a ready recognition. There was a certain cynicism about his articles which was in marked contrast to the optimistic views of his fellow-laborers. He was peculiar, pungent, eccentric; therefore a success.

His spare moments were devoted to frequenting the art galleries, museums and theatres, and the enjoyment he received out of them necessitated no confidant. He took even his pleasures seriously. Alone in the midst of crowds, as Tom Moore puts it, he wandered on. His interest in the outcast and the criminal had never abated, however much more rational it had become, and he was enabled to be the instrument of much solid good. This was his ambition, almost a mania with him. He took a zest in almsgiving; and as a father toils and slaves for his children, so Ralph devoted every energy toward the acquirement of money, only to hand it over to his adopted children—the poor. And what he gave was given humbly, for he felt himself as low as the lowest criminal; far inferior to the honest poor.

In the parlance of his fellow-workmen, he was a 'crank.' But he recked not of that. We have seen that there was such another crank. How fitting that they should meet.

Ralph had not been entirely unconscious of the visits of Miss Selkirk among his chosen *protéges*. He was struck by the gentleness which she manifested for those in distress; admired the womanly virtue and dignity with which her soul was adorned; learned to look for her in the various hovels which he knew she visited; and when he casually learned that she was an employed writer of the same paper on which he was employed, came gradually to watch secretly for her goings-in and comings-out as a child watches for the smile upon its parent's face. This is rather a round-about way of saying that Ralph was in love with Eleanor Selkirk, in love with her long before he knew that such was her name. But up to the time of the incident of the runaway, Ralph was all unmindful of the impression that she had made upon him and of the depth to which Cupid's dart had transferred his heart; and it was only by going over in the secrecy of his own chamber the various incidents here recounted, that he came to a full knowledge of the truth.

She had spoken to him, he had felt the touch of her soft, warm hand. Like a spark from a flint, it had set his heart on fire, and he was wrestling with a fierce and conquering and hopeless love.

"Who am I," he exclaimed, in anguish, "to dare raise my eyes to her face?"

Then he thought of his promise to call upon her.

"I will not go!" he said, fiercely. He would hug his love to his heart, and though it should kill him, he would never reveal it. And so he vowed again and again he would not call upon her. But men in his condition have made such vows before—and broken them. And time would show that even in his case there was a power stronger than will, he would not be able to resist. Even as he reiterated his determination, the power was working within him.

"Your secret is safe," it said; "why condemn yourself when no one else accuses you?"

He searched through his papers and found two letters which Harley had written him. One of these he had read time and time again when the feeling of despondency was

heavy upon him, and it had always given him hope. It was in its author's happy-go-lucky style and un-dated, but its contents showed that it had been written soon after Tom's return to Liverpool. It was as follows, the interpolations being Ralph's:

"DEAR BOY: I reached home safely and in good spirits, as you may imagine, having effected a good contract and beaten the Scotchman. The firm were pleased, and J. Harley, Esq., now draws more pay. The girls were disappointed not to have seen you after we landed. Aren't they jolly! (Tom's a fool, I used to say there). I certainly would like to do the proper thing by Lydia and make her Mrs. T. H., but can't just yet make up my mind to having anyone share 'me fair name' and my humble fortune. But she's going to write to me and we shall not be strangers. Perhaps if I ask her, she'll be a *sister* to me. But no, I'll wait. I don't feel brotherly There is nothing more in the papers about the affair now. I enclose you the clipping in regard to the coroner's jury. The house is to be let. The family have gone away, to America I hear. I don't blame them for that. (Evidently not. You came yourself at the first call). 'I ain't sayin' a word to nobody.' Only to you. And that word is this: Stop interfering and meddling in these murder cases. (I wish to God I could!) They'll do you no good. You'll be trying to make a murder out of this case of old Hargrave, when the 'twelve good men and true' have said he died of heart disease or apoplexy, or something. . . . Burleigh's old man has croaked You are in the land where my young love lies dreaming. I don't feel a bit strong since I returned. I think I need another ocean trip. Everybody is wondering where in the thunder you have shipped off to. Command me if I can further serve you. Amen.

"TOM H."

Ralph had always enjoyed reading this letter of his good-hearted and good-natured friend. But to-night it had no charm for him. He merely glanced at the other letter which was full of the praises of "my wife, Lydia" and the "purty bye," from which expressions the reader may judge

that the firm of Anguish & Co. had dissolved partnership. It may be said in passing that Lola is teaching school somewhere in New Jersey. The stage has suffered a loss. Lola deserved a better fate!

No, Tom's letter was too full of domestic happiness and connubial bliss to suit Ralph's temperament just then. If Tom's marriage had been a failure, he would, perhaps, have gotten some grim sort of satisfaction out of reading the letter.

"It's work I need," said Ralph. Then he suddenly remembered the "ad" he had heard them speaking about in the office that morning. He searched among the debris about his table, and found the morning's edition of his paper. Yes, there it was—\$1,000 for the best story of 5,000 words—conditions judges to be

"The very thing," said Ralph, breaking in on his own reading. "There is sufficient incentive to do my best, and that means concentration of thought. But of what shall I write? Where find a plot, thrilling and condensed?"

As if in answer to his own question came the suggestion—old Hargrave's murder! The thought repulsed, attracted, fascinated him. It was one truly to which he might do justice.

"I shall write the story," he said,
(*To be Continued.*)

BISHOP PRENDERGAST.

Rt. Rev. E. F. Prendergast, V. G., was consecrated Auxiliary-Bishop of Philadelphia at the Cathedral Wednesday, February 24. The ceremony was attended with much pomp. Cardinal Gibbons was present, assisted by Bishops Phelan, Horstmann, Mullen, McGovern, O'Hara and Hoban.

The Bishop's elevation comes as a well-merited reward after his long and laborious years spent in winning souls to Christ. In extending to Bishop Prendergast our congratulations on being raised to such an exalted dignity, we hope he may enjoy many happy years and continue to help to administer, as brilliantly as is his wont, the affairs of this populous and important See. Ad mutos annos!

BISHOP-ELECT ALLEN.

"*Prolific Mother of Bishops*" is the distinctive title which Mt. St. Mary's College has long and justly worn. From her hallowed walls have gone forth, over the length and breadth of this glorious land, valiant sons and true who have borne the heat and burden in the vineyard of the Master. From the time the institution was founded along deep and enduring lines, by the saintly Father Dubois in 1808, down to the present rector, the genial, erudite and courtly Dr. Allen, who has just been named Bishop of Mobile, Ala., four of the presidents of the "Mount" have been raised to the hierarchy. Bishop-Elect Allen's ability as a financier, and well-known energy and zeal, will find ample scope in the diocese over which he has been set; for, like most of the Southern Sees, Mobile is no plush-lined sinecure. He will, however, have the traditions of a long line of saintly predecessors to inspire and encourage him. If his brilliant and successful administration of Mt. St. Mary's may be taken as a criterion, the new Bishop must prove a bright particular star in the American hierarchy. Our best wishes for a long, prosperous and useful episcopal career are cordially extended to Dr. Allen. May his Northern laurels gain fresh lustre in his new, sunny Southern home. Hail and farewell!

RECEPTION OF NOVICES.

Messrs. J. McDonald and J. Moran were invested with the Augustinian habit Tuesday, February 2d, in the College chapel. The services were very impressive. High mass was celebrated by Very Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O. S. A., rector of the Mission band; deacon, Rev. M. A. Jones, O. S. A.; sub-deacon, Mr. Frank Touscher, O. S. A.; master of ceremonies, Mr. J. McCarthy, O. S. A. After benediction the prior, Very Rev. Sheeran, O. S. A., received the Postulants.

Mr. McDonald led the white and blue on to victory in many a hard-fought battle on the gridiron during the seasons of 1895 and 1896.

DELIGHTFUL OUTING.

Rev. Father Geraghty, O. S. A., rector of the Mission band, prior to setting out on an extended missionary tour, kindly tendered the novices a very enjoyable sleigh ride, followed by a dainty supper, February 4th. The merry party left the College in the roomy, luxurious sleigh, "Bryn Mawr," drawn by four horses. Fairmount Park was reached after an invigorating drive of three hours. The picturesque scenery along the romantic Wissahickon Creek was greatly enjoyed by the sleighers. Supper was served in a private dining-room in the "Indian Rock Hotel," after which a few hours were whiled in a musical way. The party ventured home by way of Conshohocken, and, *mirabile dictu*, was not massacred. The noble red men were probably attending a medicine dance.

The outing was, to use the facetious and felicitous words of one of the party, "just what the doctor ordered, and it did the patients a world of good." Rev. Father Geraghty will please accept the thanks of the novices.





UNDER THE LIBRARY LAMP

We note with much pleasure that Benziger Bros., New York, have just issued a second edition of Walter Lecky's fascinating novel, "Mr. Billy Buttons." The genial and versatile author has drawn down upon his head the benisons of the leading critics, as witness the following extracts. Charles O'Malley, in the *Midland Review*, says: "Lecky's work is the strongest of any American Catholic fictionist. It is a genius, and an inspired one, that places on paper characters that move, weep and suffer, and then die, leaving the reader filled with the pitiful problem of life that is included in the rule of three: we are born, we suffer and die." So erudite and well-known a literary censor as Dr. A. J. Faust pays the work this tribute:

"'Mr. Billy Buttons' is an American novel in the best sense of the term. It is rich in variety of painting, and its movements may now and then border near the region of tears, as again it reaches fruitfulness of laughter in the queer sayings and doings of characters well worthy of picturesque setting."

The critic of the *Ave Maria* writes thus: "Walter Lecky's Adirondack people are as truly of the soil as Bret Harte's Rocky Mountain people. They are not so picturesque as the Western mining folk—they have not their uncouth humor or contempt of civilization; but they are incomparably more lovable. The figures who move in rugged grandeur through these pages are as fresh and unspoiled in their way as the

good folk of Maclaren's Drumtochty. Blind Cagy and Milly and Weeks, and the Doctor himself are also finished pictures, and Père Monnier is a grand old priest.

"One of the chief charms of the book is the mode of speech affected in Squidville. Some of it has filtered into other localities; but many of the half humorous, half grotesque forms of expression, and many of the wise sayings of 'Buttons' and 'Cagy,' are the exclusive heritage of Squidville."

Walter Lecky, we are proud to say, is an old Villanova boy, and, of course, his literary successes naturally enough tend to warm the cockles of the hearts of his friends here. We do not wish to pose as a specimen of the genus *we-told-you-so*, but those who knew the now-brilliant novelist in his college days, recall his bookish ways and strong, promising literary bent. Not to tell tales out of school, Mr. Lecky was given to wooing the muses in his salad days. We notice he still hugs this habit, and "many a time and oft" we are delighted to read his virile graceful poetic contributions in the magazines.

In prose, Lecky is seen at his best. The little volume of criticism, "Down at Caxtons," published about two years ago, has been very widely read, and has won for him a foremost place among American critics.

In this book, the leading American Catholic writers are discussed sympathetically, and, incidentally, the author takes occasion to enunciate his literary canons in no mincing, uncertain tone. The critiques on John Boyle O'Reilly, late editor of the *Boston Pilot*, and Novelist Marion Crawford, are veritable masterpieces of literary reviewing.

In "Mr. Billy Buttons," Lecky takes his own prescription, set down for novel-writers in the "Caxtons," to wit: "Tell your story for the story's sake." "Billy Buttons" proves that he is, what he declares his pet aversion, no literary tradesman, no intellectual cobbler, no mere word-juggler with the pearls of language, but a consummate literary artist. Indeed, he satisfies in every respect, Cardinal Newman's well-known definition of a finished writer: "He is master of the two-fold

Logos, the thought and the word, distinct but inseparable from each other. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much." His touch is as light as that of Loti, and as firm as Crawford's. Add to this faculty for expression his travel, extensive culture, profound knowledge of the world, and we have Walter Lecky, a man with all the *savoir faire* of the French, all the sense of beauty of the Italian, all the love of nature and out-door exercise of the English, all the warmth of imagination and manner of the Spaniard, superadded to the breezy originality, grit and "go" of the American.

His success is due largely, we think, to the fact that he has put in practice the lesson which he sought to impress in another work: "No author," he says, "will achieve success or attract a devoted clientele of admiring readers whose art merely imitates. Realism produces only a corpse. It lacks the vital spark, the soul, which is the ideal, and which is necessary in order to create a living organ's reality that will quicken genius and arouse enthusiasm throughout the ages." Lecky is the rare and fortunate possessor of a fine and discriminating spiritual sense, and to him apply the words of the poet:

"Vaster than the ocean's moan,
He hath caught within the human soul the undertone."

Books have their atmosphere as well as men; deprive them of it and their charm is lost. "Billy Buttons," fragrant with balsamic odors from century-old Adirondack pines, acts as a tonic to one's intellect. In its pages we breathe "that mountain air that has dallied with streams and stolen the fragrance of a thousand clover fields." The tone of the story is as "sweet as a bell-note on a calm, frosty night."

"Far from the crowd's ignoble strife,
And the busy hum of men,"

Lecky lives and works in his mountain hermitage amid Romance's very basking-ground, surrounded by the simple,

rugged people, by whom he is loved, and whom in turn he cherishes. Perched in his aerie, is it any wonder that he should catch and embalm in his pages the aroma of Nature?

Like Wordsworth, he confesses that

“ —— the meanest flower that blows could give
Thoughts that often lie too deep for tears; ”

and also that

“ —— the sounding cataract
Haunts him like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, are now to him
An appetite ; —— ”

“At my feet,” he says in one of his essays, “a river bites the sandy shore, laughing when a saucy stone falls into its current. For the hum of the city’s wheels I have the song of birds, the music of waterfalls, the purr of mountain brooks, and the harmonies of winter winds playing through the thousand species of trees, each one differing in melody, but combining in one grand symphony. Orchestras are muffled music when compared with Nature’s lute.” Lecky’s descriptive powers prove that Nature never betrays the heart that truly loves her.

We notice that we are drawing this paper out until it promises to become as interminable as a tale in a weekly newspaper. A word more, and we’ll throw aside the pen and give the reader a “surcease from sorrow.” Some few critics, with more foolhardy courage than horse sense, sought to break a lance with Lecky recently, and, to borrow the argot of the day, “he didn’t do a thing to them.”

Speaking of these criticisms that have lately assailed his and the Catholic writers’ books, Walter Lecky has this to say in a letter to the Boston *Pilot* :

“If my book is worthy to live, I don’t fear the critics or their senseless prejudice. If it is not, then let it die—the quicker the better. That I am a Catholic will neither kill

it nor save it. It is concepts and their working out that must hold its life or its death. Dante, Camoens, Calderon, Dryden, Pope, Crashaw, etc., were Catholics, and their works live; James Montgomery, Martin Tupper and the long dull line were Protestants, and their works are dead.

"We should be above begging anything on the score of our Catholicity. Do good work, and a pinch of snuff for the critics."

Apropos of Lecky, a great many papers have told that he is the Rev. William A. McDermott, in charge of the parish of Redwood, N. Y., in the diocese of Ogdensburg. They dwell on the fact that his literary ability comes from the experience gained in newspaper work. This is partly true, but Father McDermott received a good training, and a thorough one, from the Augustinian Fathers at Villanova College, Pa. He was ordained for the Congregation of the Fathers of Mercy, and taught at their College of Vine-land, N. J. ; so that he owes to the Augustinians and Fathers of Mercy most of the religious thoughts and the power of observing scenes and characters, which he displays.





EXCHANGES

It is generally conceded that the exchange column of a paper should be devoted entirely to summing up the merits and defects of journals that have been submitted to criticism. Though this is the correct and popular opinion, nevertheless, it is apparently unknown or unobserved by the ex. editor of many a presentable college paper. How often do we find this department filled with such unfitting items as "Boston has a new public library," or "Hartford is to have a manual training school." When the exchange column of any journal is stuffed with such matter, that journal loses the attractiveness which it would possess if this department were rightly conducted. It would be well for the "ex. men" on the staffs of some of our exchanges to ruminate this matter, and try to make their columns what they purport to be, and not condensed encyclopedias.

We heartily congratulate the editors of *The Stylus* for the good taste displayed in the last issue of their journal. The erstwhile unhandy form has been changed for one that is more artistic and up-to-date. Prose and poetry of high literary quality are judiciously blended in its pages. "Roman Comedy" is a lengthy, but very instructive essay; while "Mother," "Talents," and "A Thought" are beautiful bits of verse. *The Stylus* is a progressive paper, and its well-printed pages are redolent with a delightful classical air, which is decidedly bracing to the ex. man after browsing among some of the sensational, *fin de siècle* rubbish which comes to our table between college magazine covers.

Among our regular exchanges we do not hesitate to assign a foremost place to *La Ciudad de Dios*, a bi-monthly magazine

published at Madrid, by the Augustinian Fathers of Spain. It is a periodical of much merit, devoted to literary, scientific and religious subjects. The leading article of its January issues is a biographical sketch of the Right Rev. Thomas Camara, O.S.A., Bishop of Salamanca. To this gifted prelate is accorded the credit of having contributed largely, both to the establishment and to the prosperous career of this magazine. Seventeen years ago, while Professor of Philosophy in our college at Valladolid, Father Camara was the leading spirit in starting this publication, first known as *La Revista Augustiniana*, which from the beginning has been recognized as a standard work in Spanish literature.

We hope to favor our readers from time to time with translations from this magazine.

We always pick up *The Agnetian Monthly* with pleasure and satisfaction. It is a bright, interesting magazine, and holds a high rank among college journals. The short, interesting contributions, with which it is filled, are so attractive that we would wish them longer. Its exchange column is judiciously conducted. The January issue found the fair ex. editor training her intellectual batteries with precision and dropping hot grape-shot into sanctums of some of our esteemed contemporaries. We hope the fair *Agnetian* bears no grudge against some of her fellow scribes because of their sex. "We propose," says *The Agnetian*, "that some of the college journals change their exchange editors, for, to us, it seems a trifle strange that, although at the beginning of every scholastic year, a new staff enters upon their official duties, the critic remains a fixture. How is this apparent? In the style of reviewing articles and dealing out doses of sarcasm, which betray that the same familiar hand wields the quill of critic, and probably will continue to do so until old age renders it powerless."

A critique on "Edgar Allen Poe" in the January number of *The Mountaineer* is a scholarly effort. The writer discusses Poe as a writer of fiction. The logical arrangement, the ease and grace of style, the deep and sympathetic

insight into the gifted Poe's soul, pronounce the critic a very clever man and a finished writer.

Other exchanges which graced our table were: *The Weekly Bouquet*, *Mercersburg Monthly*, *The Viatorian*, *St. John's University Record*, *The Normal Echoes*, *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Eatonian*, *The Sentinel*, *The Amulet*, *The Mount*, *Delaware College Review*, *The Franklin Mirror*, *St. Vincent's Journal*, *The College Forum*, *Mount St. Joseph Collegian*, *High School Argus*, and *The Porcupine*.

THE SOCIETIES.

A meeting of the Athletic Association, Wednesday evening, February 3d, Henry T. Nelson, '97, was elected President and Manager for the coming season. H. T. Conway, '98, Vice-President; C. D. McEvoy, '98, Secretary; Wm. Shanahan, '97, Treasurer. Messrs. J. Downes, John Hayden, H. T. Conway, Manager Nelson were appointed to select the team. J. Breslin, J. Bagley and Frank McCullough will do all the pitching. The captain will not be selected until the team has been named by the Athletic Committee having that matter in hand. The candidates for positions on the team are Messrs. Boney, Downes, Breslin, Frank McCullough, Conway, Hayden, Bagley, Carroll, Rogers, Kirsch, Mullane, Diver, Perea, Galbreath, Keegan, Reilly and Devlin.

The Villanova Library Society met Saturday evening, February 6. Mr. E. G. Dohan, O. S. A., presided. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term: First Vice-President, H. T. Conway; Second Vice-President, B. E. Daly; Secretary, H. T. Nelson; Directors, H. Shelly, H. Adams, J. Keegan, F. Hauber.

A cage has been fitted up in the gymnasium, and the candidates for positions on the team are required to put in an

hour each day in practice. Thus far fourteen games have been taken on, and several of our old-time rivals have not yet been heard from.

A gold medal has been offered, to be competed for in the Spring games, which will probably come off the first week in April. Breslin is going to represent Villanova at the games to be held in the Armory, Philadelphia, February 20th. He is entered in the 50 yards dash and 50 yards hurdle race, and feels confident of winning at least one of the events. A number of the students will accompany him to cheer him on to victory.

A 220-yard cinder path will be made in the campus as soon as the snow disappears. A good running path is something that has been a long-felt want, and will be highly appreciated by the athletes. A dressing room, adjoining the shower bath, is being fitted up for the use of the ball-players.

PERSONALS.

Among the old boys who came back to visit the Villa, and live over again for a few hours the glorious days that are dead, was Dr. J. A. Kene, '75. He is now located in Brooklyn, and enjoys a large and lucrative practice. With him came his distinguished friend, Judge Hagarty, to place his cousin in college.

We are pleased to learn that M. A. Tierney, '93, is fast forging to the front in his chosen profession—the law. His recent appointment as clerk to Judge Nason, of Renssalaer County, N. Y., is hailed with delight by his many old friends and admirers. While at college, Mr. Tierney was a thorough-going scholar and gentleman, popular with his preceptors and his school-fellows alike. His college career was filled with promise for the useful and brilliant career in which he is now making such rapid strides.

The many college friends of Mr. Fred. Graeber, '87, of Shamokin, Pa., were shocked to read of the terrible accident which happened to him a few weeks ago. Mr. Graeber was out riding with Miss Maud Gothie, a young lady to whom he was about to be married, when an old, abandoned mine, over which they were passing, caved in, engulfing horses carriage and occupants. Miss Gothie was instantly killed and Mr. Graeber was so firmly imbedded in the sand that he could not extricate himself, and it was not until some hours afterward that a searching party rescued him. Owing to the exposure, and the position in which he had been detained, his condition was indeed precarious. For some time his life was despaired of, and to save it it was found necessary to amputate his left foot. According to last reports, Mr. Graeber was convalescing, and it is the hope of his many friends that his recovery will be speedy and, as far as possible, complete.

REV. JAMES C. WYNNE.

Monday morning, February 8th, Rev. James C. Wynne, '69, died at the home of his brother in South Bethlehem, Pa. He was taken ill early in December.

"Father Wynne," we quote from the *Standard-Times*, "was born in Buck Mountain, Carbon county, forty-six years ago, and was the son of John and Bridget Wynne. He was a man of commanding stature, being over six feet in height, and during his student days was noted for his athletic prowess. While making his preliminary studies at Villanova he was catcher for the college team, known as the "Keystones," and was the only man who could successfully receive the delivery of Pitcher McGee, famous at that time for his speed. McGee pitched and young Wynne was behind the plate in the famous game which ended in the defeat of the previously invincible Chicago team.

Father Wynne's finishing studies were carried on in the diocesan seminary, and he was ordained at Overbrook on February 2, 1876, by Archbishop Wood.

His first assignment was as assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Philadelphia. Subsequently he was sent to Summit Hill, and thence to St. Charles' Church, Philadelphia. Twelve years ago he was put in charge of St. Kyran's Church, Hecksherville, where he has been located ever since. Two other brothers, John and Peter, who were priests, and his parents have preceded him to the grave. He is survived by a sister, Miss Mary, and a brother, Edward, of South Bethlehem, and another brother, Michael, of Jeanesville, Pa."

Father Wynne was one of those amicable souls whose smile is a benediction; the mere glance of whose eye is a *Sursum Corda*. To him may the poet's words be most fittingly applied:

"None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise."

To his bereaved family and his parishioners, we extend our most heartfelt sympathy.

SPLINTERS.

Have you heard the "Irish Cuckoo?"

The latest song: "Sweet Rosey O'Reddy."

He, of iron-jaw fame, has left us.

"Our Willie" will be a cannon ball in the third act.

Murphy, the trainer's understudy, is with us.

Ask "Pinky" about the annexation question.

Some people like to see their names in print, even in the "Splinter" column, and that's no joke. How about it, Yeller?

It is reported that they change their collars three times a day in the room in the corner.

"Yes, I have travelled all over the country, and besides, dontcherknow, papa is a naval officer." How nice.

Willie is not going to the opera any more, so we will now patiently listen to the Raines law for the next five months.

We wonder why people prefer to patronize a barber shop that is so far away; two and two are four.

Say! Maybe the "Yeller Kid" won't get his shirt up when he reads further along in this column.

Prof.—What is the latest novel you have read?

Read(y)—Tragical, comic or love?

Charlie—Do you think I got stuck when I bought this sweater?

Hogan—Sure, Mike.

Charlie—Well, I don't care, I always look well in black.

Prof. (returning heavily-blue-penciled composition) Mr. F. Give me the principal parts of the verb to write.

Mr. F.—Write, wrote, *rotten*.

The following official notice will be served on a certain person by the K. D. U. in the course of a few days: "You are hereby notified that unless that consumptive shoe-brush that adorns your upper lip disappears within twenty-four hours, the K. D. U. will take effective measures in that direction.

Signed by the Most Exalted Muck-a-muck."

QUERIES ANSWERED.

W. R.—No, Billy, *you* were'nt jollied about Jack's being a sprinter.

Gimmie—Try axle-grease for the hair. It is just the thing you need. Apply twice a day with a hay-rake.

G. P. C.—Say, George, we don't mind a quiet game of jolly occasionally, but when you want to know what part of the ox they make "ox-tail soup" from, we'll call a halt.

J. H. K.—No, we would not advise you to be too hasty in getting your first shave. If, as you say, your "fuzzers" measure only an inch and a quarter, you are foolish to contemplate anything so rash.

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EDITORIALS



"Ye Tardy Subscribers, Hark !

A number of subscribers have kindly paid up. To those who have forwarded their subscriptions, we feel extremely grateful. Many are still to be heard from. We would ask them to come forward as soon as convenient. The new MONTHLY entails increased expense, and, while compliments are sweet music to our ears, still we would appreciate more deeply something more tangible and concrete, for kind words will hardly satisfy the printer and his satellites on pay day. We feel assured that no further mention need be made of this matter. We ask all our friends to help us in a practical way

by sending in "their long green." That recalls a little advice in Shakespeare: "If it were done when 'tis done, then it were well it were done quickly."

President McKinley.

Mr. Cleveland became a private citizen March 4, and a new Executive, Mr. McKinley, was inducted into office the same time. Whether the retiring Executive laid down the burdens of the office with a reluctant sigh, or with pleasure, is not known to us. His successor took the helm of State, and, in an able inaugural address, notable for an absence of rhetorical clap-trap, pledged his word to try to secure such legislation as will relieve the great financial depression which exists in the country.

The people are hopeful for the best from the Republicans. May all their expectations be realized. If the President's inaugural be taken as a criterion of the policy which will characterize his administration, his most narrow-minded pot-house opponents will be compelled to admit that patriotism and the real welfare of the country, and not party interest, will be the animating principles of his regime.

Yes, the Ship of State has taken aboard a new pilot, who will endeavor to steer her safely through the shoals which threaten to sink her. May he guide her quickly into the harbor of prosperity. The crew has unbounded confidence in the captain's courage and skill. May the balmy breezes of early success fill the sails, and may the noble vessel scud before the breeze like the gallant clipper that she is. Here's to you, Captain McKinley—to you, and your gallant crew!

"Light of the World."

Catholics throughout the world turn Romeward during the month of March to offer sincere congratulations to the Father of the Faithful, Leo XIII, who has just added another

bead to the rosary of his years. The eyes of the whole world are fixed upon the venerable Pontiff, whose saintly life, and wise, inspiring utterances have won for him universal respect and admiration.

His remarkable intellectual activity stands out in sharp contrast with the frailty of his physique. The faithful fear lest the labors soon prove too great for one so frail. All are hoping and praying that he will be spared to see the dawn of the new century—to enjoy the partial fruition of his great work.

"A Hero Eulogizes Heroes."

Seldom has it been our good fortune to enjoy such a literary treat as on the evening of February 22d, when General O'Beirne, Commissioner of Public Charities of New York, lectured on "The American Catholic Soldier." He was complete master of his subject, and not once did the interest of his hearers flag. In a pleasing, orotund voice, he portrayed the important and distinguished services of the American Catholic soldier in the armies of the United States from the Revolution down to our own day. Down the long line of heroes, he came, describing the life and deeds of each. His picture of General Shields was particularly interesting, and was as vivid as one of Carlyle's cameo-like descriptions on the "French Revolution."

The lecture was replete with brilliant passages and thrilling climaxes. There was a fascination about the subject, which was heightened by the pleasing way the General has of bringing out a striking point. Much of the lecture consisted of personal experiences, incidents of which he had been an eye-witness, and this added greatly to the interest of the subject.

We would be delighted to have the distinguished lecturer with us soon again, for we assure him that he has won a very warm place in the hearts of the Villanovans.

Robert Emmet.

Foremost among Irish heroes stands Robert Emmet. On each recurring Fourth of March, his countrymen bear ample testimony that his name is still enshrined in their memory. Emmet sought to incite an uprising of the Irish at the moment when Napoleon contemplated invading England. Indelibly printed in the heart of every Irishman is the picture of the events that followed. The uprising proved a brilliant fizzle. Emmet fled. Betrayed into the hands of his enemies, he was tried for treason. The trial was hollow mockery. Emmet would not allow anyone to defend him. He died a hero's death. His trial is memorable for the magnificent and pathetic burst of oratory which it called forth.

Emmet's death has made him a martyr in the sight of his warm-hearted countrymen. His last words are familiar to every school boy: "Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare vindicate them, let me and them remain in obscurity and peace, and my tomb be uninscribed until other men and other times can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

Literary Conferences.

The project set on foot by the moderator of the Literary Society is one that should interest every lover of good literature. To stimulate good reading, he has endeavored to have discussed, at the regular meetings, the works of some English author. The delightful lack of formality, which he has made a characteristic of these discussions bids fair to engage the interest of the whole student-body.

It is, indeed, beneficial to express one's views on a standard work, and to hear the views of our fellow-students. Such work stimulates a laudable literary activity among the students, and is fraught with much good. We hope sincerely

that the meetings of the Literary Circle will be attended by the bulk of the students, and that they will derive great benefit from these discussions.

Athletic Practice.

For some time past there has been a notable increase in the ranks of our athletes. The candidates for positions on the base-ball team have settled down to hard, earnest work, and seem to fully realize the necessity of being in the pink of condition when the season opens. Day after day, they go through the routine work of the gymnasium, and no fears are entertained as to their being able to make a creditable showing when the gong sounds.

Candidates for the track team are out in force, and, with careful supervision, some good material ought to be developed. All this is most encouraging, and indicates almost certain victory in the athletic arena.

Political Economy.

The course in Political Economy, which has been added to the curriculum, is certainly an innovation for which the faculty should be commended. When one sees how closely the "science of national housekeeping," is connected with our work in after life, it must be conceded that a knowledge of this science, is indeed very essential to the young man who would fully grasp what is going on about him in the world. While the instructor modestly insisted that *lecturer* was too dignified a name for the part which he played in the classroom, yet we feel sure that his bright, instructive remarks might fittingly be termed a lecture.

THE eyes of the world are eagerly watching the course of Greece in her dispute with the Powers concerning Crete. It

seems that the Greeks have not lost all the martial spirit of their ancestors ; and, though the odds are great, yet Greece stands for what she thinks is right, and insists on pursuing her course regardless of what the other powers think. If Greece persists in her purpose, she may yet set Europe in a blaze. Things look about right for a bonfire, and we hazard the guess that when it is put out, there will be nothing but "a great big spot of grease and blood" on the map of Europe to tell where Turkey once was.

Bishop-Elect Quigley.

The consecration of Bishop-Elect Quigley took place February 24, in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo. Archbishop Corrigan, assisted by two suffragan bishops, officiated at the consecration services. Bishop Quigley is an alumnus of Niagara University, and a beau-ideal American priest. We felicitate his Alma Mater on her distinguished son; and to the worthy prelate, we extend our heartiest congratulations on his elevation to so exalted a dignity. *Ad multos annos!*

Dr. M. F. Egan's Lecture.

Dr. M. F. Egan, of the Catholic University, delivered the last of the annual course of lectures to the students Tuesday evening, March 23d. His subject was "A School of Journalism," and his early and long experience in journalistic work made his talk most interesting and instructive. The Doctor dwelt at length on the preparation necessary to fill creditably the editorial chair, and on the good and evil accruing from the Press. He condemned, in no mistakable terms, the "New Journalism." Continuing, he proved how necessary a full college course is for the success of the future journalist, and encouraged the students to take active and constant interest in their College Magazine, which would be a most advantageous experience.

MOTHER.

A LOVING face encrowned by silvery hair,
 A loving voice that whispered words so sweet,
 Two loving arms to lead to that retreat,
 A heart, wherein to bury all my care!
 Such was my mother. And the very air
 Seemed brighter for her presence, when she'd greet
 My childish prattle with a kiss, or seat
 Me at her side. Then life was one sweet prayer.

'Twas Heaven on earth, and mother was its queen!
 Life's sweetest joys are brightest, and for me
 This heavenly dream swift sped. No more is seen
 My angel-mother's face. But if it be
 That mother-love hath charm to lead, I ween
 'Twill guide me to her in eternity.

J. I. W.

INTELLECT AND SCIENCE.

DR. J. J. MORRISSEY, '81.

MAN has been most aptly called a microcosm or little world. In him are to be found united in a greater or less degree all the varying attributes which exist isolated and therefore single in the manifold genera of creation. In his mere material part he is subject to the laws of cohesion, attraction, and gravitation, not less than the inanimate world which surrounds him. The principles of nutrition, growth, and reproduction are common to him with the merely vegetable order, while the life of sense and locomotion places him on a plane with the varied occupants of the animal kingdom. But beyond all these there is in man something loftier, nobler, which belongs to him as man, and distinguishes him from all that is beneath him in the scale of living, and that is intel-

lect. Man has intellect ; that is a truth, and when you have enunciated it you have given in its root and source the reason of his superiority over the world of matter.

For centuries, scientists have been striving to discover beneath the material scalpel the immaterial soul ; and, failing to find the source of life in the inanimate tissues, they claim it does not exist, putting aside as unverifiable everything which the senses cannot verify. But materialists may rave as they will, and deny the existence in man of any supra-sensible or immaterial faculty, their utterances must ever come to naught, as being based upon gratuitous assumptions and as contradicting the unvarying experiences of the human race. If no other argument could be brought against them they will at least have an insurmountable difficulty in accounting for man's superiority in the material world. They cannot answer that this superiority is due to the perfection of his sensible nature, for who does not know that in this man is far inferior to many mere brutes ?

The soaring osprey from its lofty eminence in the clouds piercing the very depths of the sea, and beholding the tiny fish that swims beneath its waves, the keen-scented hound that with unerring instinct tracks at immense distances the object of its pursuit, the vigilant but timorous hare that crouching in its little form, discerns the far-off sound of the hunter's horn awakening melodious echoes in valley and dell, the clatter of the horses' hoofs, and the heavy breathings of the panting dogs as urged on by the fire of the chase they pursue with rapid bounds the object of their ardor—all are far superior to man in the perfections of sense. Yet man rules them all. The horse, the ox, and the elephant far surpass him in strength and bulk of frame, and yet he exercises over them now as lordly and despotic a sway as at creation's dawn, when the Creator's voice bade him rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air. Whence then comes this great superiority on man's part ? It is not for his mere physical organization, for in that he is vastly inferior to many inhabitants of the animal kingdom. It is not from the possession of gigantic strength, or the power to pierce the azure

depths of the night's starry spaces unaided by science, for here the soaring eagle in his lofty flights can excel, and even the infinitesimal ant with almost microscopic accuracy can make use of his surroundings in a manner unequalled by man.

Man's superiority then arises, not from what he has in common with these, but from what he has of peculiar, from what he has as man, and that, I repeat, is intellect.

"Man's more divine, the master of all these ;
Lord of the wide world, and wide watery seas,
Endued with intellectual sense and soul."

Now, if intellect be man's noblest faculty, the source of his pre-eminence and his most striking characteristic, it follows, as a matter of course, that its exercise is his noblest occupation, while its cultivation and perfection should be his most cherished pursuit.

As a great writer has remarked, man stands on the confines of two worlds, and unites in himself the sensible and spiritual orders, but his bond of unity with the spiritual world is intellect. Deprive him of that God-given gift, and the world's master is shorn of his strength, his kingship becomes the veriest of mockeries, the most unreal of unrealities.

Now, the proper end and aim of the intellectual life is the attainment of science. Let us not be misunderstood when we voice this truth. When we affirm that the proper end and aim of the intellectual life is the attainment of science, we are not supposed to employ the word science in its broadest etymological sense, but rather in a much narrower signification. Taken broadly, it may be applied to any knowledge, whether acquired by intellectual intuition, or by mere sense perception.

Thus employed, it may mean, as well the knowledge of passing, unstable events of every-day life, as of those eternal and immutable laws whose truths transcend the limits of time and space. Here it is confined to a much more exclusive

meaning. Science, as we use the word, is not the mere perception of individual facts, or varying sensible qualities, for such knowledge is common to us with the brutes, but it is the knowledge of things in their causes, as well formal as efficient. Science is not, therefore, concerned with what merely meets the senses in the objects perceived, it penetrates the cortex and dives into the heart of its object, it casts aside as valueless the merely relative views of sense, and moves on to an adequate and absolute knowledge of its object. Science is properly concerned with the universal and immutable, while the individual and transient has a value for it only inasmuch as they serve to reflect in some manner the necessary and the universal. For it is true that in the varying individuals which belong to any one species, there is to be found one and the same essence, eternal, immutable, necessary. Individuals are ever changing in an unceasing ebb and flow, coming, flourishing, vanishing.

" Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee.
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

These, then, are not the objects of science, they furnish as such, no groundwork for the stable edifice of science, but deep down beneath their individual peculiarities and varying sensible qualities there lies an unchanging essence, a gleam of the eternal sunshine, a spark from the bosom of Deity, and it is this which our intellect perceives in the objects of sense and the more or less perfect perception of which constitutes true science.

This is why science is eternal and immutable, not true to-day and false to-morrow; not true to me and false to you; no, but true, absolutely true and stable, as true here in America as in Europe or Asia, as true in the nineteenth century of the Christian era as in the olden time when the Stagynte penned his immortal volumes, or Egyptian priest or Chaldean seer first strove to unlock the secrets of heaven's

mechanism. Science is a surpassing perfection for the human mind; by it the soul becomes as it were all things, for through it the varied and multiplied objects of every-day life are brought into unity and harmony in the mirror of an intelligent nature. It gives to the soul one grand, ideal formula which expresses in full and overflowing completeness the nature or essence of whatever may be its object, and sheds a brightness and a glory over the objects of sense, illuminating them with a spiritual illumination, until they, too, speak forth the nature which lies hidden beneath their sensible veil. What wonder, then, that man loves science and scientific knowledge? What wonder that in all times, and in all places, the names of those who have devoted themselves to its advancement are held in respect and veneration? And in that bright constellation of self-devoted lives, too numerous to mention in this connection, are to be found the names of many medical men who heroically and unselfishly offered up their lives on the altar of humanity, unheralded and unsung.

The highest faculty of man's many faculties, the noblest life of his various lives, the crowning perfection of his lofty nature, finds in science the food on which it subsists, and without which it were but an imperfect and undeveloped germ. Therefore it is that I, too, add my voice to swell the song of praise which a grateful world chants in honor of the votaries and advancers of true science. And whence, I ask, can this note of approbation be sounded with more propriety than in a magazine representing the interests of an institution consecrated to the advancement of true science—consecrated to the advancement of science beneath the ægis of that church in whose hand the torch of science has been borne aloft unquenched and unquenchable, amid the shock of ages and the wreck of empires?

But when I thus praise science, and glory in its great advancement and wondrous development in our age, I wish to be understood as speaking of true science, and not of the crude and conflicting theories and hypotheses which frequently pass in our days for science. Most of these theories

are in apposition to Revelation, and because the Church refuses to discard the old and time-honored doctrine in order to embrace the new-fangled and false notions of everyone who takes it into his head to theorize, she is frequently cried down as an enemy to science.

But there can be no actual discrepancy between the unfolding of Revelation and the discoveries of science. Truth must be one in every and all things. The contradiction is more apparent than real. If both Revelation and science came from the one authority—the source of all truth, it is in the interpretation of the so-called scientists, and not in the science itself, that error exists. But because these apparent contradictions cannot at times be explained to the entire satisfaction of modern scientists, therefore Revelation is in the wrong! Truth is the same to-day as it was ere the world was evolved out of chaos; it is indestructible and will exist when time and space are no more. It is an attribute of God Himself, and is the harmony of all things as they exist in God.

The Church is not opposed to science, for she is opposed to no truth, being truth herself, and there can be opposition not between truth and truth, but between truth and error. But it is a fact that she is opposed to the teachings of many modern scientists. This proves nothing until it is first shown that the theory which these scientists adopt is true and consequently real science. A man examines a number of individual cases or facts, and finding them all alike in some respect he proposes to himself an hypothesis or supposed law which, if true, he thinks would prove these facts. But he may be wrong nine cases out of ten for various reasons, imperfect observations, rash conclusions, incomplete inductions and so forth. We may therefore admit his facts, but deny the conclusions he draws from them, the theory he builds on them which is often false and the work of pure imagination. This is what the church does and what we too may do, while we reprobate false theories and absurd and groundless hypothesis we do honor to true science and proclaim it the most glorious inheritance that has been vouchsafed to man in the natural order.

THE ARMENIAN TROUBLE.

ROBERT E. ANDERSON, '97.

IT is the object of this paper to present a brief survey of the Armenian situation; to sum up briefly the early history of these people, and the causes which have led to their unfortunate situation; to call attention to the sufferings and indignities to which they have been subjected; and to venture a few observations concerning the remedy to be applied.

Armenia was formerly an extensive country of Western Asia, which is now divided among Turkey, Russia and Persia. Turkish-Armenia, the scene of the present trouble, is a vast plateau of sixty thousand square miles in area, culminating in the historic peaks of Mt. Ararat. It reaches from the Russian frontier on the North to the Mesopotamian plain on the South, and from Persia on the East to Asia Minor on the West. The country is watered by the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Aras, and among its many lakes is Van. Vast tracks of fertile lands, though sadly neglected, lie within its border, and the beauties of its luxuriant and romantic scenery have been subjects for such historians as Moses and Lazarus.

Nearly half the population of Turkish-Armenia is Mohammedan, consisting of Turks and Kurds. The latter are a fierce, proud race, numbering about 1,500,000, and are either engaged in pastoral pursuits or lead a nomadic life. Their early history reaches back to before the fall of Nineveh, after which they coalesced with the Medes, and, in common with other nations of the high plateau region of Asia, became Aryanized. Their most flourishing period was during the Twelfth century, under the great Saladin, who established Kurdish chiefships, which exist even till to-day. During the Mongol and Tartar rule over Western Asia, the Kurds in the mountains remained passive. For the last three or four centuries they have been subject to the Turkish and Persian crowns.

These people, by nature brave, hospitable and proud of the boast of ancestral greatness, have lost their fine sense of honor

under the rule of the Turk, so that, in most regions, they have degenerated into a set of lawless brigands, treacherous and cruel. Their hatred for the Turk who conquered them is only exceeded by their contempt for the Christian, who, for years, was their serf, and whose progress and increase they cannot tolerate.

The remainder of the population consists chiefly of Armenians, an intelligent, industrious, and upright people, who, according to legendary history, are descended from Haig, a grandson of Japhet. Their physiognomy identifies them with the best types of the Caucasian race. They are said to be the first race to accept Christianity, having been converted to its doctrines 276 A. D. From their location, they have been most unfortunate, having suffered from the campaign of Xerxes and Alexander. The Romans despoiled them, as did the Saracens and the Crusaders. They have also been the victims of the Ottoman, the Roman and the Kurd.

The Armenian Church was founded by St. Gregory, the "Illuminator," and in its doctrines is almost identical with the Greek Church. Whether members of the ancient Armenian Church or converts to other creeds, these people are intensely religious, and have endured persecution and suffered martyrdom rather than abandon their faith for the dogmas of their conquerors. For the sake of protection they are generally gathered into villages, and a large portion of the population supports itself by caring for the flocks and fields in the valleys.

Here, then, we see a population made up chiefly of Mohammedan Kurds, Turkish soldiers, and Armenians. The Kurds and soldiers armed with all kinds of modern firearms, the Christians deprived of every weapon of defence.

The underlying causes of the present difficulty in Armenia, as well as past disorders of like character, have been well summed up in the following :

"1. A race antagonism, which, instead of being reduced or modified by governmental policy, has been fostered and used for sinister purposes by that policy.

"2. A semi-barbaric theory of government in a form of despotism which overrides the rights of individuals—even the right of the innocent to live ; which denies justice ; which makes official corruption its very atmosphere ; which habitually violates its most solemn pledges, whether to individuals or to great communities ; which, by scientific and systematized lying, misleads its well-meaning subjects into appalling crime ; which either directly commands or indirectly abets murder and every most horrid atrocity, and this on a scale more vast than any other so-called government of modern times.

"3. A religion which, whatever may be its *modicum* of truth and its beneficial influence in some directions, shuts out the nation from its share in modern enlightenment by encasing it in intolerance and self conceit, and fosters a savage cruelty by expressly commissioning its votaries to make converts by the sword."

No part of Turkey is free from oppression, but most especially is the burden felt by the Christians. Taxes are levied and farmed out to the highest bidder, who is usually some powerful Kurdish chief. Either in consequence of his power, or by means of bribes, he is secure from interference on the part of the Government. He collects the amount due, and takes for himself as much as he chooses. While he is collector for these villages they are considered as belonging to him. His followers pay frequent visits to the villages, and, being brutal and ignorant, treat the inhabitants with the utmost severity. All assessors take with them a retinue of soldiers and servants, who must be kept at the expense of the village.

Collectors visit the villages on Sundays, profane the churches and interrupt services. They disregard the impoverished condition of the people, and even when famine was abroad in the land the full tax was exacted with severity. These Kurds, with the sanction of the Government, have possessed themselves of entire villages, and have made the inhabitants practically their slaves. For generations citizens have sown the fields of Kurds, tended their flocks all, without

recompense. This shows the relation existing between Kurdish master and Christian slave in time of peace.

Outrages without limit have been perpetrated upon the defenseless Christians, and I copy this table to show the extent of the massacres permitted by the Sublime Porte :

1822, Greeks	50,000
1850, Nestorians and Armenians	10,000
1860, Maronites and Syrians	11,000
1876, Bulgarians	10,000
1894-5, Armenians,	40,000
<hr/>	
Total,	121,000

The last and most revolting massacre was that of the Armenians, in 1894-95. To gather from conflicting testimony the causes which precipitated this butchery is difficult. An official report issued from Constantinople attempted to place the responsibility on the Armenians, claiming that they were the insurgents. It stated that they had burned and devastated several Musselman villages, and burned alive a Musselman nobleman. "Regular troops," says the report, "were sent to the scene to protect the peaceable inhabitants, and these troops did protect the women and children and such others as were submissive." The charges made against the Kurds, say the Turks, are untrue, and the villages destroyed, they claim, were so dealt with by the Armenians themselves, who withdrew their property first, with the intention of becoming brigands.

The most authentic report seems to be that the trouble originated in the refusal of the Armenians to pay taxes, claiming that they had become impoverished through the raids of the Kurds. Troops were sent to enforce payment, and a struggle arose, whereupon the Governor of Bitlis ordered the troops to begin a relentless slaughter. There was friction between the Kurds and Christians in '93, and it was claimed that the next year the Kurds made raids upon

the Armenians and stampeded their cattle. This, it is also claimed, led up to the trouble.

There is no doubt that village after village was pillaged and crime heaped upon crime ; but the climax came in the massacre of Sassoun. From correspondents these facts are gained :

"A gigantic and indescribably horrible massacre of Armenian men, women and children took place at Sassoun and neighboring regions September 1, 1894, at the hands of Kurdish troops armed by the Sultan of Turkey, as well as regular soldiers sent under orders from the same source."

"That they were executed under the personal direction of high Turkish authority " says the correspondent, "there can be no doubt, for the leader, Zekki Pasha, has since been specially honored by a decoration from the Sultan, who also sent silk banners to four of the leading Kurdish chiefs." This undoubtedly fixes the responsibility."

Another correspondent says : "Twenty-seven villages annihilated in Sassoun, six thousand men, women and children massacred by troops and Kurds."

Another correspondent writes : "A number of able-bodied young Armenians were captured, bound, covered with brushwood and burned alive. A lot of women, estimated at about one hundred, were shut up in a church and the soldiers let loose among them. Many of them were outraged to death, and the remainder dispatched with sword and bayonet. A lot of young women were collected as spoils of war, and were carried off to harems ; or, resisting, were slaughtered ; and so the story is repeated and corroborated by a score of correspondents until it grows so horrible and fiendish that we can hardly realize that Christian nations have remained passive. Thirty-two villages destroyed, sixteen churches burned, sixteen thousand slaughtered, fifteen thousand homeless, the sanctity of the fireside defiled, and innocence outraged and tortured, is a tale little befitting twentieth century civilization.

Open massacre has ceased to some degree, but the most oppressive and degrading tyranny yet exists. The sole

alternative for the Armenians seems to be Islam or the sword. For a man to refuse to accept Mohammedism means not merely death to himself, but oppressive degradation, and outrage worse than death to his family. Is it any wonder that thousands of them have accepted the false faith, and that for months, in places where Christian churches flourished, not a single service has been held? These people, unaccustomed to the use of arms for centuries, are defenceless in the hands of their brutal oppressors. Their suffering from famine and cold is hardly less than that from persecution. The famishing crowds practically besiege the homes of Americans in their appeal for relief.

The motives of the Turk are apparent. The scheme of reforms proposed for Turkey would devolve civil offices on Mohammedans and non-Mohammedans proportionately. To a people who had ruled the Christians with an iron hand for four hundred years, this would be a bitter concession; so all that was necessary was to change the proportion of Christians to Mohammedans. This policy was immediately put into execution without mercy to age or sex.

In the Treaty of Berlin, July, 1878, religious liberty and the public exercise of all forms of religion were guaranteed to all subjects of the Porte, and one of the articles of the same treaty reads as follows:

"The Sublime Porte undertakes to carry out, without further delay, the improvements and reforms demanded by local requirements in the provinces inhabited by the Armenians, and to guarantee their security against the Circassians and Kurds."

It is evident that it is poor policy to entrust the protection of a people to a power that rewards their assassins, and when a power openly violates such sacred provisions of a treaty as those referred to, the only way to reform is through the force of arms.

And why do not Christian nations interfere? Jealousy and the fear of war are given as the main reasons; yet Gladstone suggests that the fear of precipitating a war is a mere

phantasm, and suggested to England, as a last alternative, that diplomatic relations be suspended with Turkey, and if this be not sufficient warning to guarantee immediate relief, that it becomes the duty of England to consider the proper means of enforcing its demands. He further suggests that first a self-denying ordinance be passed, a declaration that on no account will the war be turned to private advantage of England. Further, he has no fear that any part of Europe will make war to continue the massacre.

James Bryce, in the *Century*, suggests, as an expedient, that those regions where disorders are common be placed under a specially constituted administration, the powers compelling the Sultan to erect Armenia into a distinct province with a European governor, who shall control the revenues and maintain out of them a strong police force, and who shall be free to introduce administrative reforms.

Thus far the United States has practically done nothing except to show her disposition to protect American property and citizens, and to send financial aid to the sufferers. It seems that she has hardly done her part. By position the United States is removed from all interest in the possession of Turkish territory, and, hence, a demonstration on her part against Turkey would not be misconstrued by the Powers, and none would interfere.

The closing words of Mr. Gladstone's speech at the Reform Club might well be adopted as our sentiment: "Come what may, let us extricate ourselves from any ambiguous position. Let us have nothing to do with countenance of and so renounce and condemn neutrality, and let us present ourselves to Her Majesty's ministers, promising them in good faith our ungrudging and our enthusiastic support in every effort which they may make to expose by word and by deed their detestation of acts, not yet, perhaps, having reached their consummation, but which already have come to such a magnitude and such depth of atrocity that they constitute the most terrible and monstrous series of proceedings that have ever been seen in the dismal and deplorable history of human crime."

THOUGHTS IN A GRAVEYARD.

"OLD SWEDES'," WILMINGTON.

JNO. I. WHELAN, '95.

THE streets deserted were. None dared, it seemed,
 Like me, to quit a garden's leafy shade,
 Or forced darkness of a curtained room,
 To brave the King of Light. 'Twas well, for I
 Was tired of men. I wished to be alone,
 So on I walked, nor stopped until I found
 My further progress barred by wall of stone.
 I well knew where I was—my childish feet
 Had oft before sought out this hallowed spot.
 I smiled to think how little sacredness
 To those, my youthful visits, was attached;
 The overflow of life and mischief then
 Alone had urged me on to this same place,
 Where I, with sacrilegious hand, had scaled
 This very wall.

Before me, hid, in part,
 By maples tow'ring round it, rose the church,
 An ancient Swedish one. I glanced it o'er,
 With feelings softened, from its modest tower,
 Where hung the bell, e'en to the porch that formed
 Its entrance, and which even now doth bear,
 In letters most unsightly, on its posts,
 The names of men forgotten years before.

'Twas like a meeting with some dear old friend,
 This vision of that place, when, hand in hand,
 We look into his loved face; and tho'
 The joy of meeting thus is great, it were
 Not half so sweet, but for the counter-play
 Of saddened feeling, which arises when
 We think of former parting.

O'er the wall,
 The old, familiar places were unchanged,
 Save that the grass seemed wilder grown; and yet
 Its very wildness bade me enter in.
 A smoother sward were less in keeping with
 My mind: for all things artificial seemed
 Most wearisome. I wanted to be free.

Not o'er the wall, as oft in former days,
But through the arched gate, as more behooved
My advanced years, I entered; tho' I wished
That I might enter by the good old way,
And think myself once more a boy. No change
I noticed in the entrance. The old pump,
Whose silvery flow had often dared me brave
The sexton's watchful eye and steal a draught,
Did willing duty in the outer yard
As formerly. The gate that, fastened by
A chain and weight, had barred our exit when,
In frightened haste from out the ancient grounds,
We had been driven, in its 'customed place
Still hung, and as I pushed it idly by,
Swung to against the same old white-washed post.

But once within the hallowed grounds, I paused,
As thought fast chasing thought rushed thro' my mind;
It seemed half strange that, all unwitting, I
Should find myself in such a place:—but yet,
A better place there could not be to rest,
And more than plenty food for reverie.

In thought, I saw myself as last I trod
Those paths, remembering the vast delight
We boys were wont to find in running o'er
The graves, with ne'er a thought to those whose homes
They were; for Life was then too sweet, and Age
Seemed far, so far away, to harass us
With other thoughts than those on pleasure bent.
A strange anomaly,—so much of life
Amidst the very realms of death.—And well
Remembered I the joy to be increased
The more, since it forbidden was. For we
Were ever on our guard lest "Daddy Bates,"
The digger of the graves, should find us out
And, as indeed he did, give chase to us.
E'en now I smile to think what fancies queer
My youthful mind had framed concerning him.
He was the only sexton I had known,
Nor was it to be wondered at that I
Had thought all others of his class must be,
Each one, a man of halting gait, and each,
Like him, a spade upon his shoulder bear.

Such had I known him. If at any time
The spade were lowered to the ground, I knew
It was to give him better play of arm,
To hurl at us some missile.

Poor old man,
Poor "Daddy," as we called him then, he too,
Now sleeps beneath my feet, nor heeds my step.
And so, I mused 'twill ever be the same,
A life exceeding brief and then—ah, then!
The sweet remembrance of my boyish glee
Now faded at the stern reality
Of Life's too fleeting step. I sighed to think
How soon, indeed how very soon, that I,
There in the confine portioned out for me,
Might lie, and knew that when my course was run,
In mad luxuriance above my head
The wild grass would be growing, with perchance
A cross to tell some heedless passer-by
The thread of one more life had been spun out,

Half vexed I rose, but petulance was vain.
I wandered on past old decaying tombs,
Grave after grave, that had no mark to tell
Who rested there. None knew. They were unknown.
Oh, mournful word, so desolate—"unknown!"

Far to one end, where careful hands the spot
Had beautified, there was a Bishop's tomb;
And I remembered how, in those sweet days,
Oft had I paused to view the iron rings
Upon the slab which said that here was laid
A Senator to rest. And here, a flag,
To mark the spot where some brave soldier lay—
Another here, for one of earlier time,
Whose heart had bled to set his country free—
Here, some fair monument upraised its head
In arrogance to mark a parent's bed—
Here, loving hands a modest cross had raised
For love of brother or of sister dead—
Here, some small mound, nor need of word to tell
The story of an earthly cherub fled—
Here, all; the rich, the poor, the bad, the good;

The one remembered, tho' perhaps it was
In carven stone alone, the one forgot,
To all appearance, but whose memory lived
In some fond heart.

Why, then, despondent I?

The mounds before me showed me all too well
That life in any state, in any age,
Was brief. The old, old truth came back to me
Again, "Live as we might, yet die we must."
Live as we might! Live rather as we should,
That was the thought which seemed to force its way
Into my mind unbidden, and which seemed
To make me ask myself how I had lived.
Scarce had I ever thought, but now, indeed,
As wandering home, I took myself to task.
My eyes at last were opened, and I saw
The frailty of all things here on earth.

The simplest things oft turn to greatest good,
As sturdy oaks from modest acorns grow;
My visit to the graveyard, made by chance,
A lesson taught, my heart will ever know.

A KINETOSCOPE PICTURE.

A. X. DOOLEY, '98.

AN old man sits at a table in a dismal, old-fashioned room. The dim rays of a flickering candle, that burns beside him, enables us to see his enfeebled form. His dress, a brown waistcoat and knee breeches, is of the Alsatian style of fifty years ago. Dark, luxuriant locks, besprinkled with gray, cluster around his corrugated brow. His face is that of an old wretch, overshadowed with some secret choking sense of guilt. There are hard lines about his mouth and forehead, which every movement of his distorted features horribly accentuates. Now and then, he rubs his ears, and runs his long, trembling fingers through his curly hair, as if to drive off some unpleasant vexatious thought. His breast heaves and relaxes with distressing convulsions, his large,

dim eyes protrude from their socket, and his head raises in defiance, and falls in dejection upon his struggling breast.

He is speaking. We cannot hear his words through the kinetoscope without a phonographic attachment; but from his manner, we may well imagine their import. Is he soliloquizing? No. He is resenting and defending himself against the charges of the court, whom we see assembled among the shadows in the back of the room.

Suddenly he ceases. There is a commotion among the jurymen. Another figure enters. His odd appearance reminds us of one who delves in the mysteries of the "Black Art." Yes; he is a mesmerist. He walks stealthily in the direction of the table. He raises his hands and waves them fantastically over the old man's head. The old man is gradually falling asleep. His large, roving eyes peacefully close, his head gently reclines upon his shoulder, his hands fall carelessly upon the table, and his ghastly face, composed as if cut in marble, turns towards the flickering candle.

The mesmerist signals the court, and retires a few paces from the table.

Again the old man speaks. He is answering the questions of the mesmerist. He is speaking, too, without emotion, and in a mechanical manner. Now he raises his head, and his eyes are fixed with a vacant stare, as if some mysterious vision were passing before his gaze. Ah! again he becomes agitated. He falls upon his knee, and nervously clutches at the table, as if feeling for something. He listens. He coils his trembling form, and eagerly peers into the distance. Now he is pointing, and cautiously advancing a few steps, still keeping his horrible gaze fixed on the same object. He raises his hand to wipe the cold drops from his burning temples. He trembles like an aspen. He is struggling as if in mental agony. His grimaces would be ludicrous, if they were not terrible. He listens. Suddenly, he springs forward with a fiendish bound, and deals a terrible blow at some imagined object on the floor. Again and again, the blow is repeated. He looks around. With a horrible expression upon his countenance, he falls upon his knees and appears to

grasp at something. He has it. He buckles it around his waist. Bending low, he endeavors to lift the imagined object from the floor. At last, he has it upon his back. He staggers across the floor, almost falling beneath the heavy load. He pauses a moment to answer the mesmerist. Then, advancing a few steps, he turns, and appears to be throwing the burden from his back into some unseen receptacle.

Suddenly, he seems to utter an awful cry of horror. For a moment the muscles of his jaws become stiffened, his protruding eyes stare wildly, and a terrible expression is frozen upon his pallid face. He appears to shrink from a terrifying scene. Frantically muffling his face with his hands, he staggers towards the table, and, falling into the chair, assumes the same composed attitude which he assumed when the mesmerist waved his magic hands over his head.

There is commotion among the court. The mesmerist again comes forward, and waves his hands over the old man's head. The old man awakes. He appears bewildered. He is rubbing his forehead as if to recollect something. How his eyes roll! The clerk of the court hands him a paper. He appears to understand its import. He discovers that he has been put to sleep by the mesmerist's magic power, and forced to confess how he killed and robbed a Polish Jew. He turns in rage, and addresses the court. He tears the paper into a thousand pieces. He waves his hands wildly in the air, as if madly calling upon some one for assistance, and then falls back into the chair in despair.

The judge is speaking. From his solemn manner, we imagine he is rendering the verdict. The old man gradually arises. The pallor in his cheeks becomes more ghastly than ever. With one hand he is pressing his forehead, and with the other he is clutching at his jumping heart. He reels, and falls upon his knees. The court is dumbfounded, and starts in terror. The room grows darker. Suddenly a bright light arises in the rear, and the Polish Jew appears driving over the hill in his sledge.

What is the title of the picture? Sir Henry Irving as Mathias, in the dream scene of "The Bells."

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

TWENTY-SEVENTH PAPER.

FROM the Incarnation it follows, then, that union with God its Maker, in the three-fold order of nature, grace and glory is the mission of the intellectual world.

But right here, at his entrance into the contemplation of this phase of the higher life, let the reader guard most carefully from confounding the sign, or symbol, of life with life itself. Let him not confound matter with spirit, the create with the increate. For this would be grievous error regarding the very nature of things. Since in their individual physical existence all realities outside of God, being merely creates, and therefore changeable by nature, are unchangeable and eternal only in their essences or types. The three orders of visible life in plant, brute, man, as well as all other beings of the visible world, with changing form of existence, are imperishable only in their character.

Let not the reader think that because in the human Body of our Lord, of which we have been treating, were united all the various orders of visible and invisible being, among them the material and inorganic, therefore in His Manhood the mere earthly matter in it was of itself eternal, much the more that the matter itself became divine.

All mere matter, because it is composite, is simply symbol of the spiritual and therefore eternal world, and will necessarily pass away. Observe, however that the inorganic elements that entered into the composition of the Humanity, or, better, the human Body of Christ, remained by their exaltation not simply matter, but in Him became, as they become in every human being, living or vitalized matter, organized matter, humanized matter. For, as in the human being, all his members partaking in a way of the excellence and nobleness of their prime subject, which is reasonable being, are and must be human. In every man human is his body, human his flesh, human his bones, because human is his soul. So in our Lord, though in a very eminent way, all the

members of His divine Body became not themselves God, but divine members of God's human Body. In Him the Flesh was elevated to a quasi-divine order of human being; became, we might almost say, divinized or deified matter or Flesh in the person of the divine Word. And so in the kingdom of glory, in the world of spiritual eternal bliss, the humanized matter in the bodies of the saints now in heaven will not remain as it was on earth, corruptible, subject to decay, to death. But in the everlasting life whatever was earthly in them will put on the immortal, whatever fleshly will become spiritual, whatever transitory, imperishable. In this sense, and in this sense only, is matter eternal, the inorganic eternal, the human body of man eternal.

But with this note of caution to the reader let us resume our reasoning on the realities in the world outside of God—the objectives of our thoughts, the elementary basis of all our knowledge. The three-fold order of being, of which we have been speaking, deriving as is clear from the divine bounty of God Himself, being thus ruled and sanctified by Him, is composed, or made up of countless individual members, among them plants, beasts, men, spirits, each one of them with its own individual entity, endowments, mission. Every reasoning man perceives of himself this vast multitude of fellow creates in the world, in the heavens, on earth itself, in the community of mankind all bound together by a variety of ties. Now, all these individual beings serving one another, influencing one another, must therefore be considered in what we may style their social affinities and relationships.

Science, in order to view things fully, must consider all its objectives in their individual integrity not only, but also in their totality of being, in their order and harmony in creation. The more we study objects in the outer physical world of being and life, the more easily do we see, not only their dependence on their common Maker, but their interdependence on one another also. Animals, for instance, cannot live apart from the vegetable world; plants, apart from the inorganic world, nor either of them independent of the imma-

terial world of light, magnetism, electricity and celestial influence. Thus the heavenly bodies influence the earth, the waters of the earth, and their denizens; earth in turn affects the rest of the material universe—the atmosphere above it, the plant world and animal world in it and on it; and all these worlds of heaven and earth, both attracting one another, by their powers influence man—the visible representative of the universe, who in turn, by the inner worthiness of his personal life, by his prayers and supplications, moves the higher order of intellectual life, the spirit world, which, in unison with him, influences the central Ruler of all things—God. The universe is thus directed to God, influenced by God, and made sharer through His divine bounty of the excellence of God.

In the organic world of plant and animal these varied ties of natural kinship and relationship, through their gift of community existence and life, are even tightened strengthened—far more closely by the actions of the various members thereof, by generation in the case of some, by selection of partners in sympathy in the case of others.

This interdependence of all material entities—we have spoken more at length about them in former papers—is just as strongly reflected in the human world of mankind. For by nature, by reason of his gifts, of his endowments, man is necessarily a social being. In society alone does man develop his energies, his talents; in society alone does he reproduce—perpetuate—himself in the images of God; while away from the hallowing influences and beneficence of society man dies and sinks into oblivion.

Nor in the world of grace—of the saintly intellectual life—is the natural interdependence of man, this necessity in him for social communion, any the less clearly marked.

All men, by reason of the graces of the Spirit within them, have a common mission, which, for its proper fulfilment, depends on their mutual co-operation with the purposes of the Almighty, on their mutual beneficence towards His co-laborers, on their mutual sympathy with their less highly blessed brethren.

The fulfilment of his spiritual mission, the attainment of his spiritual happiness, depends on his co-existence as well as co-working with his fellows. In the social bonds of creatures lies, then, another class of scientific objectives. Therefore, to view creation rightly, intelligently, to descry the excellence in it of all things in their integrity of purpose, of mission, one must study them as they are in themselves not only, but in their co-ordinated relationships also.

For all beings in the outer physical world of plant, beast, man, not to speak of the inner world of grace, or the divine world of glory, were made to exist together, live together, work together, and together reach the destiny of their being.

Now, for the understanding of all these truths, the study and contemplation of all these objectives of knowledge, science, as oftentimes understood, the mere intellectual process, we may say, of the mind, will barely suffice.

To view the universe in its glory and fulness is needed faith—belief in the unseen, a reliance on something else—something nobler than the mere testimony of one's own senses or the mind itself. We may say—don't be startled at our assertion, for we maintain it stoutly, that in this world without faith of some kind there can be no proper understanding, no proper science.

Guard here, however, from thinking that we refer to supernatural faith, or divine faith, as the needed condition for all knowledge; that without the illumining and moving spirit of God within him we mean that one's understanding could not avail to grasp any knowledge. This would be grievous error, and is far from our mind to utter. For, as must be clear to even the stupidest of men, excellence in learning is sometimes not alien to the wickedest of hearts. The worst of men at times have been the best of scholars. But by faith we mean the spirit of trustfulness in other's teachings, that accompanies the devotedness of the scholar in his labors; by faith we mean the spirit of humility that leads one to recognize the superior wisdom of his master, even though he may fail to understand his teachings. For your true-hearted scholar, far from being sceptic in the fulness of his learning,

in his modesty of heart, in his reverence for truth, believes heartily in others' experience that thus he may increase his store of knowledge beyond what has come to him by his own unaided endeavors.

Thus are we taught by the history of mankind. The merest tyro in human learning relies on the word of his teacher, from whom he derives many a bit of knowledge in fact; the proficient trusting to the reports of discoverers and investigators, which of himself he would be unable to verify, thus blends science with reverence for authority; while the illumined delights in the study of the past as portrayed in the pages of story. So that, as one will readily acknowledge, by these three representative classes of human scholarship, with equal willingness, is accepted the evidence of authority with the evidence of reason itself. If, then, reliance on others' teachings, trustfulness in their uprightness, belief in their word, is not foreign to the dictates of the true scientific spirit, much the more should the scientific heart accept believingly, lovingly, the teachings of the divine word. But this homily on the humility of true science is merely a digression that the writer is led to make lest from his survey of the universe the reader be tempted in his pride of learning to exalt his reasoning powers beyond their meed of honorableness, and trusting wholly to them, forget (as have done so many others before him) that all the objectives of science are also signs of their Maker, and need to be interpreted at times by Him. While all the works of God—symbols of His greatness and wisdom—are so many lessons set by Him for the scholar, most of them are interpretable by oneself, by one's own scientific spirit, one's own faithful and honest reasoning; yet some of them are specially ordained by His goodness and providence for His beloved, and need Him—their Institutor for expounder and instructor. And of these there are seven—the *Sacramental* symbols—by divine institution all necessary (one way or the other) for the excellence—the perfection of intellectual life, the full instruction of the spirit either in itself, or in relationship with kindred spirits in the community of the learned.

We return, then, to our reflections on the grandeur of the universe.

Thus considered first in its elementary constitution, then in the various forms of fellowship between its different orders of beings, and finally in its relationship to the Supreme Being Himself, creation—the masterpiece of divine workmanship—will be recognized as co-ordered in all its parts and members, in all its agencies and energies, to one divine, eternal end.

For this reason in living man, and him only we are now considering, in this microcosm of creation, you cannot separate in him except in thought, by mental analysis, the inorganic elements in his composition from the organic powers that derive from his life. In no man can you find any vegetable, or sign of vegetative life, nor any beast, or sign of sentient life, apart from his rational, human life.

For in man, as we have shown, in his human nature all these powers of vegetable and animal character, though very distinct in their specific nature, wholly separate as to their purposes, widely different in their nobility, are yet joined inseparably in him, all vitalized by one sole agency—the spirit.

By creation these merely organic potencies in man were all subordinated, not to instinct, nor any other ignoble and unreasoning faculty, but only to the intellective principle and genius of life within him. In virtue of this dependence in Adam of his bodily and less noble powers on his spiritual and divine-like powers, his senses—all his energies of body as well as spirit were under the direction and uniform control of his will, the heavenly principle of life in his soul. Herein chiefly in the dominance of will over matter, of spirit over body, lay the likeness of Adam to his Creator.

Such was the excellence and dignity of human nature by creation, destined by divine goodness to be ruled in all things by the understanding, aided, illumined, elevated by divine grace.

By divine decree, which, however, was thwarted by the foolishness and evilness of the creature, this three-fold order

of powers in man was destined to act together in concrete personality, in harmony and accord with the Spirit of life, never to be parted on earth by death, nor in the next world through sin ; but on earth to be subject wholly to the will of God, in heaven to share His glory with the Spirit of God.

Such was the curriculum of human life, of human instruction, of human energy, as mapped out in the school of divine wisdom.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

LAUNCH AT CRAMP'S SHIPYARD.

H. M. SHELLY, 1900.

ON the right bank of the placid Delaware, within hailing distance of the spot where the old Quaker, William Penn, signed his famous treaty with the Indians, stands an establishment which has caused that river to be known as the "Clyde of the New World." I speak of the shipyard of Messrs. Cramp's Sons, at Kensington, Pa.

Here most of the vessels of Uncle Sam's new navy, and many magnificent transatlantic liners, veritable ocean greyhounds, have slid down the ways into their native element.

When through the daily press Messrs. Cramp's Sons, announce a launch, the citizens of the Quaker City and surrounding towns, especially the denizens of Kensington, look forward to the day with pleasurable anticipations. The Kensingtonians look with laudable pride on the yards, and evince a great interest in all that takes place there.

The day of the launch is here. The first beams of the sun fall upon countless flags fluttering in the breeze. From every flagstaff and window "Old Glory" proudly flaunts. Kensington is radiant with color in honor of the bride of the sea. Ten o'clock sees the tide at its height, and the ceremony is set for that hour. Hours before, the streets leading to the yards are choked with people. Crowded

trolley cars crawl along the streets, while the passengers amuse themselves waving their hats and flags from the windows. Girard Avenue for miles is one long line of carriages.

Through the four wide gates surges the mass of humanity, each individual intent on securing the most advantageous position possible for witnessing the ceremony. The people climb upon the vessels still in the ways; they swarm the incompleting men-of-war, and crowd in, until every available nook and cranny of the spacious yards is filled.

High into the air towers the prows of the vessel about to be launched. If it be a battle-ship or a cruiser, the hull is painted white to the water-line, and below a bright red. Hundreds of flags and pennants saucily flap the breeze as if conscious of the ceremony which is taking place beneath them.

In the bow is the platform for the invited guests, and in front of it is the spot where the sponsor stands when she breaks the bottle of sparkling champagne, and pronounces the words: "I christen thee, etc."

Senators and Representatives come from Washington on the "Royal Blue Express" to grace the occasion with their well-groomed presence. A gayly decorated stand is reserved for them, and a plentiful supply of liquid refreshment is furnished the thirsty statesmen.

The appearance of the fair godmother, usually the daughter of a Senator or a Governor, causes a ripple of excitement, and, at once, she becomes the cynosure of all eyes, especially those of the gentle sex, who forthwith begin a critical analysis of her face, form, and gown. Reporters are as ubiquitous as Jersey mosquitoes.

What a sight the yard and river present! Thousands and thousands of upturned faces meet your gaze; tall buildings swarm with spectators; the masts and yard-arms of ships, aye, even from the very topmost beam of the huge floating crane, faces gaze down upon you. The river is alive with vessels of every type; fussy little tugs lie side by side; the music on the pleasure yachts ceases; the excursion boats careen to one

side as the people on board crowd over to the side facing the yard.

Down beneath the ponderous hull great brawny men are hard at work, knocking away the blocks that support the vessel. These blocks out, the hull settles down upon the ways, which are covered with tons and tons of tallow, to allow the ship to slide off smoothly into the water. Knock! knock! knock! The metallic ring of the hammers wake the distant echoes. The workman lay aside their tools, an almost deathlike stillness falls upon the multitude. Swish! swish! The men saw through the shore piece, the last block that holds the vessel on the ways. The spectators are on tiptoe, all eyes are focussed on the godmother. A sound of splintering wood, a sharp cry from the men at the saw. "Strike!" says a voice in the sponsor's ear. She swings the gaily-decorated bottle aloft. Crash! the glass is shattered, and down the immaculate hull flows the sparkling effervescent champagne. The ship gives a start, a tremor passes through the keel, she moves, she glides, and gradually gaining speed, slides down the ways into the water, throwing a mighty wave and a huge volume of spray high into the air. As her prow leaves the ways, she makes a saucy, graceful bow, as if making a profound obeisance to the sturdy workmen for setting her free. The people cheer lustily, bells are tolled, cannon boom, whistles shriek, and, high above all the deafening roars, the sharp, ear-splitting voices of the sirens on the men-of-war rend your ears.

Far out into the river moves the ship. The sailors heave the anchor, and she rides the waves as gracefully as a swan. Tugs attach hawsers to her and tow her to the wharf, there to be tied up until completed. Much work still remains to be done to the ship after the launching. Boilers and engines must be put in, and on a man-of-war, the turrets and armors have to be placed in position. Usually a year and a half is required to finish a warship, while six months is ample time for a liner.

The invited guests are entertained at a magnificent banquet by the firm, at which the godmother toasts the new ship, and

in turn is toasted by some silver-tongued orator. The banquet over, all hasten to catch the train for home; and Kensington resumes the even tenor of its way until next launching day.

INTO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

BY JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER VIII.

MY SISTER SYMPATHY—LOVE!

IT was with a multiplicity of feelings that Ralph found himself at the door of the house of Miss Selkirk, about to make his promised call. He was swayed by many impulses, yet above all was a mad desire to see her whom he loved with what he called a wild and fearful love. Ralph's three years of solitude and philanthropic charity had been little calculated to rid him of his morbid, melancholy and exaggerated self-depreciation. And he felt that he was weakly yielding to a temptation in calling upon this woman, a temptation which might lead to disastrous consequences.

In all of his reveries and self-examinations, Ralph, with a sort of unappreciated self-worship, was constantly viewing his actions as they reflected back upon himself. In a confused way, he felt that he was leading a life of expiation. His charities, his many words of encouragement to the suffering, his efforts with his pen, all these he felt to be bearing some fruit. Yet, he never considered the full amount of the good work he was performing, nor ever looked for gratitude or thanks. For him, it sufficed that his inner consciousness told him he was doing right, that he was atoning for the one great crime of his life.

He had, as we have said, lapsed into a feeling of self-worship, insomuch as he hugged his sorrow to his breast, persuading himself that he was a stoic, rejoicing in his own pain. And so he had never thought of the effect of his life

upon the life of another ; that was something he would never consider except in the abstract.

But there is an awakening to every dream, the more sudden as the hallucination has been more violent. And our friend, standing at that doorway, was suddenly brought face to face with a question which astonished, terrified and mortified him. Wonderful are the workings of Providence, and although Ralph could not then understand or appreciate the sublimity of the sorrow which chastens whilst it afflicts, the shock which he was then experiencing was but to prepare him for the greatest pleasure Heaven might have in store for him.

For, as he stood there, realizing his own unworthiness, he thought of Eleanor. How would she receive him? Would she be glad to see him, glad to welcome him for his own sake? Could she ever respond in kind to the mad longing, surging in his heart? Could she love——? Ralph staggered at the wildness of this thought. He must be mad! How could such a thought creep into the remotest corner of his mind? He wished he could retrace his steps. He would turn and flee—but, no; he had already rung the bell, and Katy was ushering him into the hall. A point has been made in his own favor, although he knew it not; he was already less of a martyr; self-satisfied, glorying in his own sufferings. The world was full of people whose sorrow might eclipse his own.

Presently Eleanor entered the room where he was sitting, and Ralph's heart gave a great bound. Never had she appeared more lovely. A new light shone in her eyes, a rich color suffused her cheeks. She seemed agitated, yet was not confused. Ah, love! love! ruler of the human heart. Ralph was ready to throw discretion to the winds. How he longed to take her to his heart, to shield her from all the troubles of this troublesome life! It was she who first spoke, and Ralph was thankful afterward that he had been saved from making a disastrous mistake.

"I must apologize for my mother's non-appearance, Mr. Cosgrove," she said in a voice whose sweetness thrilled the

now over susceptible Ralph, "and indeed I fear she will not be able to come down this evening."

Ralph, recovering himself, murmured his regrets. He owned to himself that he was a base prevaricator.

"I trust she is not unwell." This, at least, he could truthfully say.

"Oh, no," she added; "it is May."

Then, to Ralph's look of inquiry, she added: "May is my little niece—a strange child. This is her picture."

She showed him the little one's portrait, and Ralph was struck at her marvellous beauty.

"How full of expression!" he exclaimed.

"Alas, yes," she said sadly; "she speaks through her eyes."

By an act of intuition, for which he could not account at the time, Ralph grasped the truth. He understood that those beautiful smiling lips could utter no sound. He realized that he was in the presence of a great sorrow, and love exalted his sympathy. He felt, too, at the moment something of reproach towards himself for having magnified his own sorrow, which now paled before this great affliction. The child suffered and was innocent, whilst he——

"How sad, how unutterably sad!" he exclaimed, almost reverently. His hand involuntarily extended to hers in honest sympathy. She was quick to recognize and to acknowledge the genuineness of his sorrow for her sorrow; but she was the first to recover from the shock which both experienced at that almost solemn hand-clasp.

"It is something we do not care to talk about," she said, gently; "as though, by ignoring in silence the child's affliction, we could shut our hearts to the truth. But do you know"—and she gave Ralph a look which sent the hot blood tingling to his cheek—"I feel a strange impulse to tell you her story."

What lover could resist such a temptation? To be made a confidant of; to be trusted; to sympathize; to console! How beautiful she was! Oh, Ralph, Ralph, have you forgotten your vow? How very much in love you must be!

"Our little darling," continued Eleanor, "was not always deprived of speech. In fact, I think that in that consists the real severity of her affliction. Up to about four years ago she was a charming little thing, romping about the house and gladdening the hearts of all of us by her merry prattle. We idolized her. It was wrong; and it looks as though God's judgment was resting upon us—upon her innocent head especially."

"Oh, don't say that," said Ralph in a shocked tone. But, she went on, as though unmindful of the interruption.

"She was her grandfather's darling, and his constant companion. It seemed strange that she alone should be with him when he met his death."

"And the shock—" said Ralph, intuitively.

"Yes, the shock was too much for her poor little heart, and she has not spoken since. There was something strange about our poor dear father's taking off; but the secret is buried in that child's bosom. Whether he died in pain and made some outcry and so frightened the child, is a matter of tender speculation, but no certainty."

"Do the doctors give no hopes of her ultimate recovery?" questioned Ralph.

"Yes, they do," she answered; "the physicians on the other side, as well as the best doctors in New York, tell us that she will recover, but cannot say when the recovery will take place. And all agree that it will be as sudden and as complete as the affliction. A severe shock was the cause of her suffering; a similar one will break the seal of her lips."

They sat for some time in silence. Eleanor lapsing evidently into a revival of the happy, sorrowful past, and Ralph not daring to break in upon her meditation. It was she who first spoke.

"She is a strange child, a very bundle of nerves, I might say, and if I believed in such things, I would say she was gifted with a species of second sight. She is very pronounced in her likes and dislikes; and very often anticipates our desires before we have a chance of giving expression to them. Even whilst you were in the hall, she was taken with

a violent trembling, another symptom of her trouble ; and that is the reason mother could not come down to meet you this evening."

With that ended their conversation concerning the child, and they devoted themselves to more commonplace topics. Eleanor was a charming hostess, and Ralph was delighted. Her presence was the very sedative he needed. In thinking of her, he forgot himself. That is, his true self asserted itself and he was a delightful surprise to her.

Their work was so identical, their lives so near akin in aim, that they found themselves upon a sold footing, as it were ; they could understand and be understood. Speaking of their individual writing brought up the subject of the prize story.

"I am going to try for the thousand dollars," she said, merrily ; "for I am very mercenary."

"Then we are rivals," he answered, gaily ; "for I also am athirst for the filthy lucre."

"Ah, but I have a theme——" then she paused.

"And I another."

"Granted," laughingly ; "but I mean that mine is a sure winner."

"Oho !" said Ralph ; "don't boast ! What makes you so positive ?"

"Well, you see, there's a murder in it." There was a note of sadness there, but Ralph did not heed it then.

"A murder?" he asked.

"Why, certainly ; does it startle you ?"

"It does, undoubtedly."

"And why, pray ?" This in a half-piqued tone, as though she thought he doubted her ability to do justice to that subject.

"Because my theme touches upon a murder."

"A murder !" she exclaimed, unconsciously repeating his own words. "How strange !"

Then they both laughed. It was indeed a coincidence how great a one neither as yet knew.

"Well, may the best man win," she said, at length.

"Or woman," added Ralph.

When the latter took his departure, he had received an invitation to call again, and in accepting it, he intended to keep his promise. Eleanor went immediately to her mother's room. Little May was still with her, although it was very long past the hour for her retiring. When she beheld her aunt she rushed towards her, throwing her arms about her and sobbing as though her heart would break. They had never beheld her in such a paroxysm. Suddenly she clutched at Eleanor's dress and started towards an inner room. Eleanor followed, wondering. The child stopped in front of a life-size portrait hanging upon the wall. She pointed toward the picture, her eyes gleaming, her whole body swayed by some terrible emotion. The picture was that of an old white-haired man seated at a table—the portrait of the child's grandfather!

CHAPTER IX.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The moon shone not unkindly upon Ralph as he walked home that night; he did not care to ride, he wished to be alone. And yet there was nothing selfish in this feeling for he felt at peace with the world. A strange delightful feeling of rest was stealing over him, a new life was born within him.

How great the change which love effects! Now all the world seemed gay, for there was joy in his heart. Walking down Broadway—a street he had hitherto but seldom frequented, it was so full of life and therefore misery—he took an almost childish delight in watching the stores and the passers-by. For even at this late hour the street was thronged with people. Cabs and coaches rattled along the streets and the bells of the cable-cars added their quota to the din. Now a belated cyclist sped by on his silent steed. The theatres and the clubs had turned out fashionable crowds; decrepit old women were selling late editions of the

papers; children were offering flowers and matches for sale. And the moon beamed down on it all and smiled at Ralph's prodigality, as he cast his money now to one, now to another unfortunate.

"How delightful is life!" cried Ralph's newer self.

"How potent is love!" smiled the old moon above.

It was long after midnight when Ralph reached his lodgings, yet he did not at once retire. He threw himself into an easy chair and lazily rolled a cigarette.

"What will be the end of it all?" he asked himself again and again. And the answer?—the smoke ascended in little rings which widened and scattered and melted away, but there was no answer.

Presently Ralph seized his tablet and pencil and hastily jotted down a few lines. They were "pointers" for his story.

"I shall make a goddess of her," he was saying, "she shall be tall and stately, with a voice as soft as a summer zephyr. Her eyes shall be the color of—of—well, that's strange! What kind of eyes *has* Eleanor—Miss Selkirk? At any rate, my heroine shall have eyes like hers. Yes, and the child shall be stricken dumb! *That's* a happy thought. And the villain! Ah, I shall paint him black as night, a fierce, unreasoning fellow—no!" as a thought of *who* the murderer really was came back to him with startling reality.

"My God!" he cried out, "there was an excuse for me. I was not entirely to blame! Eleanor! Eleanor!"

He buried his face in his hands, and for the first time in all of those long years of suffering, tears came to his relief. He felt none the less manly for that womanly indulgence. The Rubicon had been passed; he was no longer over harsh with himself.

"I shall paint him with some redeeming traits," he continued; "I shall soften his character so that she may at least pity——"

He stood up abruptly, re-lit the cigarette which he had allowed to go out, and walked over to the mirror. He looked at himself in the glass. His gaze fell upon the picture of his

friend, where he had thrust it into the frame. He gave it a loving push.

"Harley," he said, "your old friend is a d—— fool, for he's in love!"

.
The old moon was shining in a no less friendly spirit on the house which Ralph had left. The child, exhausted by the violence of her emotion, had sunk back exhausted in the arms of her aunt, and had finally fallen into a deep slumber. Eleanor, watching at her bed-side, gradually let her thoughts wander far away into the wonderful regions where all the ladies are damsels fair, and all the knights are brave.

Suddenly, moved by some idea more potent than the many chasing through her mind, she drew forward her escretoire and began to write. But it was with a deliberate hand.

"Poor pa," she said to herself; "it seems too bad to bring up the story of your sad ending, and yet"—the artistic supremacy gaining the ascendancy—"it is so full of mystery. But I have a fine hero! So manly, so noble, so—well, this *is* strange! What *is* it that I noticed so particularly about Ralph—*Mr. Cosgrove*?"

There is a great sedative in action. Eleanor arose, a delicate flush suffusing her face, and paced up and down the room. She threw open the window and looked out. The moon was shining full upon her. It had never looked so strange before. Was it laughing at her?

"You silly old moon!" she said, "I—I— yes, I do! *I love him!*"

(*To be continued.*)





UNDER THE LIBRARY LAMP

UNDER THE LIBRARY LAMP.

A little volume to which attention can be worthily directed is "Field Flowers," a book of verses by the sweet singer Eugene Field, "whom we have loved and lost awhile," and very artistically embellished with illustrations by Hopkinson Smith, Stanford White and many more of the leading illustrators of the day. The proceeds of the sale of this volume are to be used to erect a monument to the dead poet, and as a contribution to his family.

Eugene Field was the children's laureate. He was one of the gentlest, most quaint-hearted, merry-eyed poets who ever sung his way into the human heart. It is a sad thing when this old world of ours loses one of its poets. It is like the stopping of a companionable clock, or a cheersome cricket dying on the hearthstone. The sunlight of Field's deep, reverent and blithesome personality obtrudes itself in his verses. The news of his death, that drear November evening in 1895, came like a black blight to those who knew and loved him. How sad at heart were his legions of admirers when they learned that the sweet singer, whom they cherished, would sing no more—that the lute had dropped from his lifeless hands, that the golden bowl was broken, and all life's holy incense spilled.

Field was always generous of voice and pen, and had less of "high mightiness," as he himself would call it, than

any other famous writer who ever embalmed an incense-breathing spirit in verse, and his memory, no less than his living poems, are like a pleasant tapestry of country shade in days of June.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have just published a new edition of the works of Agnes Repplier. She is an Alumna of the well-known, Sacred Heart Convent, New York City, and is acknowledged by critics to be one of the cleverest and most versatile essayists in America. "In the Dozy Hours," "Essays in Idleness," "Books and Men," are a dainty and charming series of books, which worm themselves into the affection of the reader. "The Story of Christine Rochefort" is Miss Repplier's latest work. It is an interesting tale, the scene of which is laid in a French town during the labor troubles.

American Fonostenography.—A modern system of rapid shorthand . . . formulating and applying an entirely original principle of legibility and brevity—the fonostenographic root. By William McDevitt, LL. M. Judd & Detweiler, Printers, Washington, D. C.

McDevitt's Fonostenography has been introduced into the classes at Villanova with the best practical results.

After having given this admirable system of shorthand, felicitously called 'Fonostenography,' a very careful and practical test, we find it the most scientific, withal practical, system of which we have any knowledge. It is, far and away, an advance over the older and popular systems, some of which are so scientific as to be practically worthless, and others so utterly ignore theory as to degenerate into mere agglomerations of arbitrary word-signs, which would tempt even an Admirable Crichton to self-destruction were he to attempt to memorize the one-hundredth part of them.

The author has succeeded in evolving a beau-ideal system of short hand-writing, in which he has indeed successfully grappled with the vowel difficulty. It is absolutely

legible, if the writer takes the least care. It is learnedly scientific without sacrificing one iota of the practical. He has 'plucked out the heart of the matter,' taken the basic phonic principles, and upon this granite-like foundation built a magnificent superstructure a synthetic system of shorthand.

"The synthetic method is the only method to be adopted in teaching. Our experience is that unless the pupil sees himself making palpable progress from the outset, he becomes discouraged and soon joins the vast army of 'has-beens' whose bones, metaphorically speaking, lie whitening over the length and breadth of the land. An intelligent student studying this system finds himself making appreciable and practical progress from the very start, each lesson being a link in the chain which will lead him to the goal of his ambition—a mastery of 'the winged art.' The synthetic is the only method that will show these results, and we are delighted to see the able word Mr. McDevitt has said for it. Ordinary pupils grappling with the older systems find them about as intelligible as Chinese puzzles explained in Chinese by a Chinaman.

The phrasing features of Fonostenography commend themselves heartily to the student, and are admirably adapted to facilitate manual rapidity, the importance of which cannot be overestimated in practice, as all well know.

Not the least valuable portion of this work is that in which the author gives the student a few 'pointers,' which, if followed, will prove of incalculable benefit. He strikes the nail on the head when he insists that more students fail of success from ignorance of the vernacular than from any others combined.

In short, we find this system brief, legible, and easily and quickly mastered by an intelligent pupil who will study it systematically, and give it a tithe of the time now spent in trying to puzzle out some one of the non-vowel-coalescing and position systems with their labyrinthian sinuosities. We can heartily recommend this system to all who are looking for the very latest and best thing in shorthand.

CARNIVAL AT NICE.

NICE, March.

To the Editor VILLANOVA MONTHLY.

In my last, I mentioned that I was going to see a carnival, a description of which will, perhaps, be interesting to your readers.

We have been at Nice for several weeks, as we wished to see the carnival here, and we have been enjoying charming weather, brilliant sunshine and lovely days, when we can sit out of doors from morning till night.

This was our first carnival, and we have enjoyed it all greatly, from the evening of January 31st when King Carnival was inaugurated with street processions, Bengal lights and bands of music, both military and civic, until the ending of it on the eve of Ash Wednesday. The most novel thing to us was the confetti, which consists of pea-shaped pellets whose size and composition are strictly regulated by law; in fact, I believe that they are manufactured by the Government. These little pellets, owing to the lime which they contain, are so irritating to any part of the skin which they happen to break against, and, also, so destructive to clothes, that every one must wear a domino, and to protect the eyes a wire masque, with a small satin one over it. B. and I. donned black and yellow dominos with the masks, and we had to keep close together or we should not have been able to recognize each other in the crowd, where there were many similar ones. Thus attired, we betook ourselves to the Place de la Préfecture, where we had seats in the Tribune, for in the beginning of the fêtes we each took an Abonnement, which saved us money and gave us excellent seats for the different batailles, street parades, etc.

The places in the Tribune were raised in tiers, and at 2 o'clock, precisely, a salvo of artillery announced that hostilities were authorized to commence, for they are very strict that no confetti shall be thrown before 2 or after 5 P. M. It is, indeed, fun for those who are prepared for it and well

protected, and who have nothing on to spoil, but woe to the unfortunate ones who have neglected the necessary precautions ; every vulnerable point is taken advantage of. This was the case of a luckless pair near us on the stand, who were so pelted (owing to their having come in street dress), that after they had shown much ill humor and greatly amused their tormentors by threatening to have them arrested, they were forced to retreat, but not until the back of the man's neck looked quite blistered, and his hat and overcoat, also the lady's wrap and bonnet, were a sight to behold !

People provided themselves with large sacks of the confetti and as soon as one bag was emptied, the venders were ready to supply another, and most of the Dominos carried canvas bags strapped to their waists and filled with the stuff. One of the masquers had an ingenious contrivance, containing the confetti, attached to a tin horn and so arranged that he could spring it with much force and effect amongst the people above him, and, although I tried to avoid the shower, I came in for a fair share of it, for whenever I stood up I was between two fires, from the people at the windows behind me and those on the street below. I got a bag of it with a tin measure to facilitate the pelting, and so there was plenty of sport in all directions.

In one carriage load of masquers the driver had six sacks of the stuff piled all around him on the seat, and these carriage loads of private masquers presented a curious appearance in the parade, with their vehicles draped and their horses in dominos. Poor animals ! I don't know how they behaved so well with the pelting which they also encountered, and with all the noise and hilarity. But it was a most gorgeous and picturesque sight, all the variety of colors in the dominos and the beautiful cars which had all appeared before in the Inauguration of King Carnival, on the night of January 31st.

Amongst the cars, some of which were 30 or 40 feet in height by over 50 in length, drawn by from three to six horses, were: first, the gigantic and realistic figure of King Carnival seated on a huge champagne cask, and attended by a crowd

of servitors (these latter being real men), laden down with sausages, radishes, etc. His immense head was covered with red curls, and his face wore a most urbane and genial expression, as he turned from right to left, bowing to the assembled multitudes. Then there was an immense centre-passe propped on volumes of bound music, whereon appeared the names of the great French composers.

Where the sounding-board and strings should have been, seats were fitted up for the musicians. Another car representing the Devil's Kitchen, or *L'Enfer*, was very ingenious, that improper personage standing over a huge stew-pan, into which his long arm descended (he was also a mechanical figure); and each time he drew forth a squirming mortal, and after holding his living freight suspended in mid-air, he would drop him into the flaming tophet below, where they took part in a wild-dance and their antics could be observed through the iron gratings which formed the sides of the car. But one of these devils came near being ushered into eternity in earnest, or, at least meeting with an accident, for after he had been held out from the kettle, the long arm failed to return to its proper position and lowered itself outside, and there the poor object was suspended in imminent peril until his companion devils below took hold of his legs and so helped him to a place of safety, but before doing so they had to break the gigantic hand.

Amongst the paraders there were also an ostrich group, ten learned dogs on donkeys, the dwarfs, a quaint conception, with large heads and small bodies, and the private masquers—a very funny one—a woman promenading with a real stuffed dog on the back of her bustle! We had also a *Bataille de Fleur*, and for this also our abonnement provided us with excellent seats. Flowers were scarce this year, owing to the severe winter, and there were very few roses, principally violets, hyacinths, and such like, yet many of the carriages were beautifully decorated with these and with white lilacs, even the wheels being covered and the coachers' whips. In one vehicle covered with white flowers the men occupants wore high white silk hats, which produced a pretty effect.

This show passed through the Promenade des Anglais, and we took seats in the front row of the Tribune. There, also, it was great sport, owing to our nearness to the carriages. The French fleet at Nice went in a boat (not of flowers), and they were vociferously applauded and pelted whenever they passed. But the Comité des Fêtes made a great mistake in admitting to the route about 200 venders, who were principally roughs, all that was necessary to secure them admission was that they should each pay a franc for the band on their hats, and, as a consequence, they followed the carriages and early in the procession they despoiled them, taking advantage of the excitement to pilfer some of the handsomest decorations from the back of the vehicles, or even from the very seats. And then they offered these flowers, with all that they could secure besides, to the people in the Tribune, or even to their very owners in the barouches, so that the same flowers were sold over and over again. But it was a very pretty show, and the sides of the procession were fringed with gendarmes, which added greatly to the effect.

The next best thing, we thought, was the burning of King Carnival and the attendant fireworks on the eve of Ash Wednesday. This exhibition was also held on the Place de la Préfecture. A space in the centre of the place was cleared for the dancers, who looked very weird and picturesque in dominos all whirling madly about, the whole scene illuminated by thousands of Chinese lanterns and small lamps. And while King Carnival was still burning, many of the masquers formed in line, carrying lighted tapers, and so marched to the Veglioni or masked ball, which began at 11 P. M. We also went to it in our dominos as spectators, and we were fortunate to secure good seats, as the ball-room soon became very crowded. The women who danced went in fancy toilettes, and the most attractive were presented with fine silk banners by the Comité. There have been similar fêtes on alternate days at Cannes, at Menton, and at Monte Carlo, so people who had strength and energy for all could see carnivals to their heart's content.

M.



EXCHANGES

The recent numbers of the *Georgetown Journal* have manifested rapid strides towards improvement. We agree with many of our exchanges that the *Journal* does not display good taste in arranging its matter, but from a literary standpoint, it is certainly a praiseworthy periodical. The college notes are particularly interesting. This department of a college paper is designed principally for the students' benefit, but the news columns of the *Journal* cannot fail to arrest the attention of any reader. Its literary department is rich in varied and ably-written articles. The abundance of verse that is found judiciously blended with the prose, is especially noticeable. "The Publicist," in the February number is a thoughtful and well written essay. "The Dream of Gerontius" is a beautiful review of Newman's sublime poem. "Sume et Suscipe" is a poem full of deep religious feeling, and "Nigris Oculis Nigroque Capillo" is a charming piece of verse.

The Orator, published monthly at the Neff College of Oratory, Philadelphia, reached our sanctum for the first time during the past month. We heartily welcome this new exchange to our table. It is a bright, instructive journal, and, though not a voluminous production, nevertheless its literary excellence places it among the foremost of our exchanges. Every contribution to its well-printed pages bears the stamp of ability and experience. In the February number, "The Interpretation of Literature," "The Aim of Oratory" and "Authorship" deserve special notice.

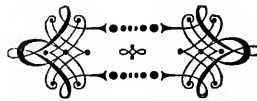
The Chisel is a decidedly up-to-date college magazine. Its form is both wieldy and artistic. It contains literary matter of a high standard. The editorials are well written and contain many pointed remarks. *The Current Topics* column is ably edited. An excellent article on Cuba and her lamented patriot, Maceo, can be found in this department of its last issue.

"The Physical Conditions of Happiness," by Lawrence F. Flick, M.D., now running in *St. Vincent's Journal*, is a contribution of more weight than is usually found in a college paper. The writer evinces wide research and depth of thought, and clothes his practical ideas in an attractive and elegant style. "Anna Hanson Dorsey," an ably written critique, also appears in the February number. During the past month *The Chronicle* and *The High School Leader* found their way to our table. We congratulate the editors of these new exchanges and wish them every success in their effort. Other exchanges which graced our table were: *University Record*, *The Messenger*, *The Holy Cross Purple*, *Bucknell Mirror*, *The Owl*, *The Ursinus College Bulletin*, *Niagara Index*, *K. H. S. Enterprise*, *The Mirror*, *The Sunbeam*, *Union School Quarterly*, *S. V. C. Student*, *The Porcupine*, *The Perkiomen Seminary Bulletin*, *The Philalithean*.



THE BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

- April 21. Ursinus at Villanova.
" 24. Open.
- May 1. Catholic University at Washington.
" 5. Manhattan College at Villanova.
" 8. West Chester Normal at West Chester.
" 12. Manhattan College at New York.
" 13. Fordham College at New York.
" 15. Delaware College at Villanova.
" 19. U. of Pa. Freshmen at Villanova.
" 22. Catholic University at Villanova.
" 26. Ursinus College at Collegeville.
- Decoration Day. Open.
- June 2. Delaware College at Newark.
" 5. Pennsylvania Military College at Chester.
" 10. Fordham College at Villanova.
" 12. West Chester Normal at Villanova.



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EDITORIALS



General Grant's Tomb.

The mausoleum of General Grant, which was dedicated on April 27th, fittingly honors the memory of one whose glorious achievements are emblazoned on the pages of history, and is a grand monument to the labors of the citizens of our great metropolis, New York. New York certainly deserves commendation for the success of the event, which will be recorded in future historical accounts of America.

General Grant has always occupied a dear place in the hearts of all loyal citizens of our glorious republic. Though

envy may prompt some to disparage him or defeat cast a passing shadow on his fair record, yet, weighed in the balance, no one can truthfully say he has been found wanting. Who shall say that he did not pursue, with a determination akin to obstinacy, the course he believed to be, and which really was, the only one to make the rebellion a thing of the past? Read his brave words at the outset: "I demand unconditional surrender." Surely no words of mortal ever inspired a nation to greater effort. No braver, more sincere words were ever spoken. This was not a single happening, but one that characterized his actions until they were put into effect at Appomatox.

"Let us have peace!" (his words when the cruel struggle was over). Are there not summed up in these two utterances the attributes of a noble character? We are not so rich in those of especial glory that we can pass over the name of one who dared to do and die for his country. Our Republic will indeed be well repayed for honoring the memory of men like Grant, the mere mention of whose name is sufficient to recall all the trouble and hardships of their times and arouse in us the spirit which actuated them. Let us have more such demonstrations!

Hail! Spring!

Wreathed in smiles, Nature greets us, the birds are singing sweetly in the trees now bursting forth into bloom, man seems to be at peace with man, and this dingy world of ours seems to have cast aside some of its wonted gloom. Have you not sometimes felt these thoughts forcing themselves upon you when once more the happy springtime has come? When we consider the unpleasantness of the season of snow and ice, we surely look back upon the past as something which had some inkling of the sting of death. Happy thought, if we will but resolutely turn our backs upon the story of the past, often so sad to recall, and facing events to

come with an unflinching will, endeavor to make the most of this life. How well can this be applied to our life in college. Few can read the story of college days gone by without a sigh at beholding so many opportunities neglected, so many precious moments squandered that might have been profitably utilized. Still the storied future is before us and its golden opportunities will be within our grasp if we will but :

“——, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.”

Athletics.

Cinder path and diamond present a gay appearance thronged with the numerous athletes. There we see the stalwart youth with well-developed physique ever ready to struggle for the supremacy and thereby bring honor to his college. The day has long since passed when the derider of sports of this kind existed ; all are of the opinion that they infuse new spirit into student life. In our own college we see the athletes undergoing the strict discipline of training. Our baseball candidates are working tooth and nail and that happy spirit of unity has indeed come to stay and in all contests in which they have engaged they have played a game that has strengthened confidence in them. Our track team contested in the annual relay races held under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania and, although defeated, made a showing that, considering the fact that this was our first effort in that direction, was anything but disheartening.

What joy is brought to the heart of an Alumnus when he sees the representatives of his beloved *Alma Mater* striving for the palm of victory in the athletic arena ; his voice may be heard joining in that inspiring old

slogan that goads them on to greater efforts. But ask him to aid materially in preparing the athletics for these contests and, sad to say, very, very often you will receive the "marble heart." We do not say that this can be predicated of any of *our* Alumni, but ge were just speaking in general terms and feel sure that when they have time to read the appeal recently sent to them for the aid so needed at present, their responses will be liberal and to a man.

Thanks.

Some of our Alumni, not so busy as the others, perhaps, have already responded to the call for aid in our athletic contests and we wish to thank them most sincerely for their generous contributions. We confidently hope that many others will have sent in their checks before our next issue and thereby enable us to express our gratitude in the above style.



THE CATHOLIC SOLDIER OF AMERICA.

BY GEN. JAS. R. O'BEIRNE, Com. Public Charities, New York City.

THE following is a synopsis of a very able and delightfully entertaining lecture, delivered at Villanova on the evening of February 22d, by the distinguished orator and soldier, Gen. O'Beirne, Commissioner of Public Charities, New York City. We have been reluctantly compelled to omit many beautiful and striking passages, in order to bring the effort within the limits of our space. The lecture as it stands, though stripped of much of its rhetorical splendor, is still a noble and touching tribute to the well-earned and valiantly-worn fame of the *Boys who wore the Blue*, by one who is himself a shining example and magnificent type of the Catholic Soldier of America.

I incline to the opinion that one who had not been a soldier could do more justice to this subject than I, because, viewing from a merely civilian standpoint, he would be likely to see it in a fuller light, and, perhaps, more fittingly discuss the personal side of it impartially. But it seems to me that, in placing a paper before this learned and distinguished audience, the significance of the subject assigned to me has more for its purpose and scope, namely, the placing on record of facts as to men, in connection with our Divine and Holy Religion, in this great and new land of man's best development, to be considered morally, mentally and physically, rather than the military careers *exclusively* of patriots and soldiers, no matter how gifted, self-sacrificing and heroic. It is not, however, to be wondered at, that a religion, founded at the birth of Christianity has in its history such examples of exalted and superhuman courage, such calm heroism, harmony of thought, and soul-music, "like that of the rapt spheres." Christ, the greatest Catholic Soldier of all time, has left us a perpetual model of the true soldier, and a pattern for the loftiest aims of him who would truly win a martial name and fame. But in these days, when the sacred name of the unmatched Soldier of Nazareth, is lightly bandied about, and mere mediocre specimens of

manhood are compared to the great "Light of the East," even by consecrated lips, in moments of generous fervor and religious ecstasy, I will be pardoned if I say a word of positive dissent before this great Catholic institution of learning. No comparison is possible with our Divine model. Few have ever approached Him, even in a slight degree, while His example shines out as bright, still as of old, to the Christian world for imitation, furnishing the truest standard of heroism in the walks of the brave and fearless.

When we turn to the records we know full well, because of the peculiar construction and genius of our form of government, there can be no characteristic trace followed individually or generally as to religious faith among those who wear the *Chaplet* of the Republic, whereby we can recognize as such, in the ranks of military fame by the description rolls, the exclusively "*Catholic Soldier of America*." It remains for me, then, to treat the subject from the limited field of personal acquaintance and experience. I assume, then, that though the title of this paper is broad and comprehensive, I am permitted to deal with soldiers as I have seen them in the field, in the forum, or in the Councils of the Nation, on the Union side in the late rebellion.

In the ranks of the armies of the United States the Catholic soldier was a frequent subject of consideration. In many regiments where he was numerous found his identity was not so well known as in those where, by reason of larger numbers and an exclusive identification with some Catholic regiment, he had, in a Catholic priest, a chaplain who offered up Mass every day to the Throne of Heaven, heard his confessions watched him carefully, gave him good advice, and when he fell, his white face turned to heaven for the last time, to compose itself in marble rigidity amidst the rattle of musketry, the bursting of shell, the groans of the wounded and dying "at the front," sped his last thoughts to the Maker above, with the sweet consolations and fortifying graces of the last sacraments and holy absolution of dear Mother Church. He had jauntily passed that same Catholic chaplain but a few hours before, with a song on his lips and the love-light in his eye; and as he wheeled into line or left

the road with his command to plunge into the deep woods, at a double-quick, for the last time, brave, joyous, light-hearted in the open—he bowed and took off his cap as he went by, receiving his good priest's benediction, which lifted him on his way, as with the wings of faith, gilded with the sunshine of a bright hope that he might come out unscathed and undismayed, to go home cheerily, covered with honor, to his mother, wife, sister or sweetheart. But "never" was the fiat! He fell. They folded his arms, adjusted his disarranged blouse of blue, put back his scapular away from the still-bleeding, fatal wound in his chest. His comrades had gone forth with a hurrah! "to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth." The pioneers came, dug a narrow, shallow grave under the nearest pines that sighed his requiem in the summer breeze. The air around is rent with artillery, smoky with powder, while sod and earth are hastily covered again over the dead hero. His comrades have placed a piece of cracker box at his head or whittled a stick smooth, on which to write his name, regiment and company. The beads, so often told over by him, now strayed from his pocket as he fell in the rude shock, are put back, and the silent decades, that so oft told his unspoken, heartfelt prayer to heaven, are left to sleep with him, never to be pressed again by his devout fingers, or to be kissed by his fervent lips. And so the boy died, and so he was laid to rest on the field where he had "trode the carpet of gold," and where he had won undying glory as a defender of his country's flag and its sacred cause. Such is the history of a Catholic Soldier of America.

But I apprehend that I am not to address myself to the consideration of the private soldier alone, though he is a very important factor in the army, and, I may say with truth and justice, the most important factor. You cannot have good men and non-commissioned staffs without good officers, without good men in the ranks. I infer that I am right in making this allusion, and that you desire not alone to contemplate satisfactorily the Catholic Soldier of America as to his creed, and the credit he reflects on his religion, but you

also require to know something of him as to his military qualities in the higher ranks. You would be right in assuming that he could not be up in one without being unassailable in the other characteristic. Such is the nature, influence and glory of our Holy Religion, that it always makes good soldiers morally and physically, when its salutary laws and regulations are faithfully observed.

The escutcheon of the Catholic Soldier of America caught its brightest burnish and sheen from the person of General Phil. Sheridan, the commander of the armies of the United States of America. The funeral dirge is but a few years hushed in St. Matthew's ancient Catholic aisles at Washington, where the Church, with all its pomp and splendor, honored the dead soldier-officer, one of the most distinguished of this or any other country, by the last, sad, solemn rites. There before the humble, bowed heads of his family, and the most eminent representatives of our Government, civil, military, naval and judicial, from the President of the United States down, was chanted during the Solemn High Mass the "*Dies Irae*" for the great chieftain, who had died in the rich fruition of all the honors of his Church, and of his beloved country. We may well turn with pride to this shining example of our country's greatness, and type of the Catholic Soldier in America, and cite it for the admiration of all mankind. He was all that a soldier ought to be, and all that an American ought to be. He was modest, unassuming, tender, and sensitive as a girl, wonderfully gifted intellectually, with a clear mind that carried quick and keen perception into everything. With remarkable decision he was prompt and convincing in reaching conclusions, never wavering, which was perhaps his most predominant trait.

The battles of Winchester, Cold Harbor and Hanover Court House, where he commanded, will ever stand out clearly as unexcelled in the whole history of military greatness. He was one of the great officers who in a single hour changed defeat, with its temporary rout, confusion and disaster, into unlimited victory, which of itself, if there were nothing more to his credit, would entitle him to the reputa-

tion of being one of the greatest military heroes of ancient or modern times.

Who does not know of the Corcoran Legion and the Irish Brigade? Who has not heard of their glories, as a body of Catholic soldiers who were marshalled by the brave, uncompromising, temperate and unflinching Michael Corcoran? He was succeeded in command by another of the highest type of Irish chivalry and courage, in the person of General Thomas Francis Meagher, the exiled patriot and eloquent orator, who had so much evidenced the capacity of his race to shine in the forum or on the field, in the Legislature, or the camp. It was, probably, more at the headquarters of the Irish Brigade than anywhere else, at least, in the Army of the Potomac, that all the full vigor of the Catholic Soldier in America, during the War of the Rebellion, was exhibited in his deeds of prowess and the practice of his religion. So thoroughly at home in the discharge of their military duties were they, officers and men, that I have met them one hour in the midst of an exciting steeple-chase, conducted as well as one at Jerome Park or at Cedarhurst in the past, within the next, marching to the front, to repel an attack on the picket line and an advance of the enemy. Their ready courage and unyielding resistance were never questioned or doubted for an instant. Mass every morning in their Chapel of Cedars and Evergreens, or on the road, and even in the open, muddy field, where the Catholic chaplain stood sometimes on a cracker-box at the rear of an army wagon, and offered up Holy Sacrifice to the Most High. Dashing, full of soul, blending the seriousness of life as a soldier with the poetic imagination and love for the beautiful, which was part of his lovely nature, General Meagher was a very courtier and chevalier on the field as well as in the camp, where, from time to time, he entertained all the most distinguished officers of the army, from the Commander-in-Chief down. I have heard his bursts of wondrous eloquence and flash of wit, as we met under canvas with gay comrades on some holiday or festival, when all without was cheerless and depressing in the gloomy hours of our winter campaigning.

He was not less distinguished as Brigadier-General, commanding the famed Irish Brigade, than he was as Secretary and acting Governor of Montana, in conducting an Indian war.

Here, in the words of Thomas Francis Meagher, traced but a few months before his lamentable death, is the simple explanation of the motives and vindication of the character of these men who took up arms for a principle, and who fought with the valor and the chivalry of true soldiers:

"A chivalrous—and I may with perfect truth assert a religious—sense of duty, and spirit of fidelity to the Government and Flag of the nation of which they were citizens, alone inspired them to take up arms against the South; and this I well know, that many of my gallant fellows left comfortable homes, and relinquished good wages, and resigned profitable and most promising situations, to face the poor pittance, the coarse rations, the privations, rigors and savage dangers of a soldier's life in the field."

A German staff officer of the Confederates says of the Irish Brigade, and describes thus, how they fought in the memorable seven days' fight in front of Richmond:

"The attack was opened by the columns of Hill (1st), Anderson and Pickett. These gallant masses of the Irish Brigade rushed forward with thundering hurrahs upon the musketry of the foe, as though it were a joy to them. Whole ranks went down under that terrible hail, but nothing could restrain their courage. The billows of battle raged fiercely onward; the struggle was man to man, eye to eye, bayonet to bayonet. The hostile Meagher's Brigade, composed chiefly of Irishmen and Catholics, offered heroic resistance. After a fierce struggle our people began to give way, and, at length, all orders and encouragements were vain—they were falling back in the greatest confusion. Infuriate, foaming at the mouth, bareheaded, sabre in hand, at this critical moment General Cobb appeared upon the field, at the head of his legion, and with the 19th North Carolina and 14th Virginia regiments. At once, these troops renewed the attack; but all their devotion and self-sacrifice were in vain.

The Irish Catholics held their position with a determination and ferocity that called forth the admiration of our officers. Broken to pieces and disorganized, the fragments of that fine legion (Cobb's) came rolling back from the charge."

To me one of the most striking and thrilling subjects for our admiration is the unparalleled and almost super-human defence of Lexington, by Colonel Mulligan, another Catholic soldier, who was sent with but 2,800 men and eight field pieces, and ordered to remain until relieved, or reinforced. On the 11th of the month he was attacked by Price with 14,000 men, and reinforcements arrived making 20,000. Colonel Mulligan took position on rising ground, close to the river, east of the city, formed of a plateau of fifteen acres, and fortified. On the 18th, Price organized his command into five divisions, each under a general officer, and pushed his siege vigorously. On that day, a force proceeding through the city of Lexington, under cover of the river bank, cut Colonel Mulligan off from his water supply, and carried a mansion close to Mulligan's works, overlooking them. A sortie and a desperate struggle regained the house. Price closed in on the beleaguered works, and firing became continuous and uninterrupted on Broadway. On the 20th, Price, having a footing on the plateau, carried up numbers of bales of hemp and used them as movable entrenchments. By rolling them forward, he pushed his line close to Mulligan's works. The besieged were suffering from want of water, and surrender could be no longer postponed. How different from the surrender of Bazaine at Metz. Nine days hard fighting, hungering and thirsting, a handful of men fought nearly ten times their numbers. But these latter were the Catholic soldiers of America. One of the most prodigious feats of valor identified with their fame was again exhibited at Little Round Top, Gettysburg. On 4th of July, 1893, in company with Major-General Joseph B. Carr, also one of the Irish-American heroes of Gettysburg, formerly the worthy and popular Secretary of State of New York, I stood upon the hallowed spot made memorable as one of the most bloody in the loss of valuable lives anywhere around that terrible

field. Vincent's Brigade was detached to protect it, because it was a key to our position, and a great strategic point. His troops were nearly overpowered. Colonel O'Rorke, who had just graduated at the head of his class at West Point, and who, I believe, had been a Professor, took an advanced position with a battery of artillery, which had been dragged to the top of the mountain with great difficulty. He there sealed the fate of a soldier with great heroism, and, though he lost his life in a stubborn hand-to-hand fight of his troops, saved the day. Vincent rallied his men, and was killed near the same spot as that on which O'Rorke fell. General Weed and Captain Hazlett, who commanded the battery, were also killed there. The huge rock was scarred crudely with a record of these deaths just after the attack at the exact point; and near it now are placed beautiful monuments by the States and the Government, to mark the ground thus consecrated by the more than Spartan valor of the Catholic Soldiers of America. These shafts look down now calmly in chiselled marble upon the frowning Devil's Den below with its huge boulders and declivities, which was a regular slaughter pen.

At Chancellorsville, where I had the honor to fall wounded in a sudden, early morning charge, made to save the parked artillery of the 3d Corps, and where, after being wounded through the right lung, I was twice removed from a burning field hospital, set on fire by explosion of shells, on a crude stretcher, formed by my men out of a blanket and two muskets with bayonets fixed as side-bars, there was another splendid exhibition of the courage and dash of the Irish soldier of America. There was but one way to delay Stonewall Jackson, which was imperative to save the army. Some force must be sacrificed, and General Pleasanton, commanding the cavalry division, ordered Major Peter J. Keenan, a brilliant and experienced officer, to charge 10,000 men with 400. Keenan saw in a moment, as General Doubleday says, that if he threw his force into that seething mass of infantry his horses and men would go down upon all sides, and few would be left to tell the tale. A sad smile lit up his noble counte-

nance as he said, "General, I will do it." He was gentle as a seminary girl, and some of us regarded him almost as effeminate. Thus, at 34 years of age, he laid down his life, literally impaled on the bayonets of the enemy, but saving the army from capture, and his country from the unutterable degradation of slave-holding rule in the Northern States. The service rendered on that occasion is worthy of being recorded in history with the sacrifices of Arnold Winkelried, in Switzerland, and the Chevalier d'Assas, in France. Another occurrence recalls an *incident* which happened at the battle of Ratisbau and which is mentioned in one of Browning's poems. An Irish officer of the 6th Wisconsin approached his commanding officer after a short fight in the railroad cut. The colonel supposed, from the firm and erect attitude of the man, that he came to report for orders of some kind, but the compressed lips told a different story. With great effort the officer said, "Tell them at home I died like a man and a soldier." He threw open his breast, displayed a ghastly wound, shoving aside his scapular, and dropped dead at the colonel's feet as his message was pronounced. These and many such instances illustrate in a striking manner, by incidents which transpired at critical periods, the intensely heroic side of the character, temperament and deeds of the Catholic Soldier of America.

The heroes who commanded the regiment, and those who commanded the squad, the non-commissioned officer and private, all deserve to be recorded as showing high types, of whom there were thousands on thousands, illustrating the high standing and unsurpassed reputation of the Catholic soldier. In every branch of service they were found. There were the great Irish Chaplains, Reverend Fathers Nash, Dillon, O'Hagan, Gillen, Mooney and others —especially the learned heroes of that great order of soldiers, the Society of Jesus, the followers of Saints Ignatius of Loyola, who have done so much for civilization, and to conquer the world. There was General Joseph B. Carr, who held the most perilous position at Gettysburg, commanding a brigade in the Third Corps, and afterwards, I believe, the whole

of the Second Corps. He held the bloody-angle in the wheat-field near the high water mark of the Rebellion, where Colonel Huston, of the 82d New York Volunteers, one of the great heroes of the Army of the Potomac, gave up his life at the head of his regiment and helped to save the day.

Who is this stately, tall and erect man, and all of sixty summers, who comes this way? He looks like a piece of adamant, yet there is a calm self-poise and easy carriage about him, which tells you that the trained civilian, of legal and judicial mind, has suppressed the fiery soldier and the man of flint. The hero of the two great wars, the Mexican and of the Rebellion, he still moves about with his eagle eye and lordly mien, fearless and unsubdued, intrepid and unwavering. Though of medium and compact build, he was a giant in action, and became apotheosized. It is General James Shields, the only man on earth who whipped Stonewall Jackson in the Valley, still iron enough left to make a Chancellor. With uprightness and honesty he fought the battle of life against odds, and lived to see his services unrequited, and his party ignore his deeds of valor. His many swords presented to him for the great prowess were, I believe, bought by the United States Government to relieve his family from embarrassments.

Eighty-three years ago, in the Emerald Isle, a boy was born, of marvelous career. Amid the ruined towers and crumbled fanes of his native land, he saw but poor recompense for honest endeavor in any walk of life, since even his faith debarred him from office or exalted station. All the learned professions were closed to him, because he worshipped God according to the dictates of his conscience. Though the daisy-clad hills and valleys of Tyrone were dear to his heart, and the melting notes of the linnet were sweet to his ear, yet, with that keen forecast of the future which he intuitively possessed, he firmly resolved, like millions of his countrymen, to seek another land—a freeman's home. With no friend but his talents and the integrity of his character, no ambition but that which was laudable, conscious that there is a nobility far above that of birth, and a wealth beyond and

superior to riches, he left his home where patriots, "vainly brave, died for the land they could not save." Instinctively he turned to the land "where the sunbeams rest when they promise a glorious morrow," and, bidding adieu to all who were near and dear to him, at the age of sixteen he embarked for America in a craft less seaworthy than the *Santa Maria*. He studied jurisprudence, a science which does more to enlarge the human mind than all others combined, which establishes the criterion of right and wrong, and seeks to maintain the one and prevent the other, and to which all nations are subject. He became a shining light in that profession, which has at all times, in this country at least, furnished more heroes, warriors, jurists and statesmen than any other that can be mentioned. His capabilities were great, his discernment keen, and judgment sound.

When the tocsin of war was sounded on the Mexican frontier, James Shields "offered his services *for the field*," and was appointed by the President, Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

With General Scott he marched from Vera Cruz to the Capital of Mexico in command of a battalion of marines, and New York, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania Regiments of Volunteers.

Santa Anna was hurrying his forces to the rear, and General Shields was upon them in a moment. While forming his men for the attack, under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns, a grape shot, an inch and a quarter in diameter, passed through his right lung and out of his back, and he fell supposed to be mortally wounded, while his brave volunteers, to avenge his loss, charged with enthusiasm and a spirit, captured the enemy's loaded guns, and the rout was complete. President Polk brevetted him Major-General of Volunteers for gallant and meritorious services at Cerro Gordo.

In the further advance to the City of Mexico he was again severely wounded at the battle of Chapultepec, but did not leave the field.

From the lips of the grand old hero I learned an unwritten chapter in the history of the capture of the City of Mexico.

It is this: General Scott's plan was to enter the city at a different point from that which General Shields was ordered to attack, which fact was also well known to brevet Major-General Shields, yet so brave were the Marines, New Yorkers, South Carolinians, and Quakers, whom he so gallantly led, that they drove the Mexicans before them with headlong speed, to the pride of their commander, and the surprise of General Scott. He, therefore, sent one of his staff to General Shields, with orders to withdraw his forces. When the officer reported, Shields told him to wait a minute, until his message could be received, while the troops were spurred on by Shields, then another officer reported a message from General Scott, to whom a similar reply was given. General Shields said to me: "I then remembered that at the Battle of the Nile an ensign reported to Nelson that the signal 'cease firing' had been displayed on Nelson's superior's ship, just when the French fleet were in such a position that Nelson could crush and capture them in a few minutes, he being blind of one eye, put his glass to it, and said to the ensign, 'I see no such signal,' and then continued his pursuit of the enemy winning deathless glory thereby. General Shields further stated that Major-General Quitman, his superior, was then sent by Scott to ascertain why he, Shields, persisted in disobeying General Scott's orders, by not withdrawing his troops. When Quitman asked Shields this question, he adroitly answered, "I have received no such orders;" then Quitman gave them verbally, and said, "The City of Mexico is not to be taken in this way," whereupon Shields remarked, "My men, if permitted, will soon enter that gate (pointing to the Belen Gate), and plant our colors on the walls of the city, but, if withdrawn now with no support at hand to cover their retreat, the enemy will turn and slaughter them before they can reach their camp. Under these circumstances, General Quitman, what would you do? He replied, 'You have received General Scott's orders; I will not advise; you are in command, and must take the responsibility if you disobey,' when Shields said, 'I will take it,' rallied his troops, continued the pursuit of the enemy, and,

in a few minutes, Old Glory, and the colors of New York, South Carolina, and Pennsylvania, in triumph waved from the walls of the City of Mexico. Then Shields turned to Major-General Quitman, and said, 'Present my compliments to General Scott, and say that the City of Mexico has been taken in this way.' "

Ladies and gentlemen, that metal had the true ring. Of such materials heroes are made.

Of that little band of heroes which won so many victories in Mexico, he richly deserves the title of "Bravest of the brave." One sensation he never had the faintest conception. That was fear.

General Shields' popularity was so great that he defeated Senator Breese, and, in 1848, was elected United States Senator for the term of six years. As the colleague of Stephen A. Douglas, he represented Illinois from 1849 to 1855, which was during a very important and critical period of the country's history.

August 19, 1861, he was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers for that State, and, on March 23, 1862, he won the first great victory on the famous battlefield of Winchester. The supposed invincible—Stonewall Jackson—was making rapid strides southward, hotly pursued by Banks, under whom Shields served at that time, and the Confederate forces were a few miles south of Winchester. Shields was anxious to bring on a battle, and, for that purpose, marched his troops thirty miles in one day. His forces then consisted of the Thirty-ninth Illinois, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana, Fifth Seventh and Eighth Ohio, Eighty-fourth and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania. His plan was to induce Jackson to turn and attack the Federal forces, and, for that purpose, he posted the most of his forces in a secluded position in the rear and north of Winchester, while, with one or two regiments, he advanced through Winchester, and attacked Jackson's position. The battle opened, and for awhile was hotly contested, when, upon a given signal, the Federal troops in action suddenly retreated through Winchester, hotly pursued by Jackson's men, who learned from their sympathizers

in Winchester that there were but a couple of regiments of Federals. Then the Confederates in large numbers rushed through Winchester and endeavored to capture the Northern troops, whereupon Shields ordered all his reserved regiments into the field, drove Stonewall's forces through Winchester, capturing several hundred prisoners, and killing and wounding many. Historians, North and South, concede that in this fight the "Man of Bronze" defeated the "Man of Stone," and the signal honor was reserved to Shields of having been the first, and it might be added the last, man who ever defeated Stonewall Jackson.

His stainless record of over forty years of usefulness in field and in forum, in peace and in war, is one which the youth of our country should endeavor to imitate, since it is noble and self-sacrificing.

Gentleness and generosity, candor and courage, coupled with a differential manner, were a few of the graces that won him hosts of friends whom he always retained. He was one of those truly great men who laid the foundations broad and deep of the great commonwealths of Illinois and Minnesota, and made an impress on the times in which he lived that few equalled and none excelled. His lofty ideals and genuine patriotism were the admiration of one and all. He brought to the discharge of his important duties as Justice of our Supreme Court, Brigadier-General in the Mexican War, and United States Senator for *three States*, a mind well stored with legal principles, a vast knowledge of constitutional law, as well as rich and varied experiences which thoroughly equipped him to adorn every position that he was called upon to fill, and particularly those just referred to. He was a perfect gentleman, a lover of truth; on the bench he was dignified, and held the scales of justice so evenly that he became known and appreciated as an impartial, bold and fearless judge, whom no flattery could influence, and no power control. He was humane, sincere, honest and sagacious. His was a development of the noblest and best traits of humanity that was seldom seen even in that era of great men. His fame is secure. Illinois has embalmed his

memory. Imperishable as the everlasting hills will be the fame of his gallant deeds and sublime thoughts. On the roll of honor his name is inscribed in letters of living light, and unborn ages shall cluster round the base of his statue, and wonder to see this triple-crowned hero, the pride of three great States, and the glory of this indestructible Union.

No brighter example of worthy citizenship was ever placed on pedestal or reared by art for public admiration. This tribute to departed worth will, for generations, teach all that genuine patriotism shall ever be highly prized by a free and intelligent people, and that honoring the noble dead is the most pleasing duty that the living can perform. His monument shall speak in unmistakable language of the fervent love and undying affection of the millions who are to-day represented in this hall to honor the memory of one whose character was above suspicion and beyond reproach. It was not while the nation was bent in sorrow, bewailing his death, and every soldier was experiencing the loss of a friend that acting on the impulse of the moment, he was chosen as the elect of Illinois, but, after the search-light of impartial investigation into the lives and characters of hundreds of the great men who have made the Prairie State second to none in this Union in all that typifies progress and development, that General James Shields was named to be the first whose statue should be placed in the Capitol at Washington. I utter no commonplace when I say that thereby Illinois has paid a national debt of gratitude to one of the noblest of men, who in youth and in age offered his life for the honor of our flag, and the integrity of our Union. He fought that our great inheritance of liberty should live forever; he felt that

" 'Tis not death to fight for Freedom's right,
He's dead alone that lacks her light."

He was a hero that won battles for the free, and the thanks of millions yet to be.

At the age of three-score years and ten his spirit winged its flight to His Maker. It was after a day spent in prayer,

during which he three times knelt before the altar at which ten millions of his countrymen pay their reverence, that he received the final summons, calm, resolute and self-possessed, he arose from his couch, and, while the king of day was bathing the western heavens in glory, he clothed himself in his army overcoat, "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

"We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art freedom's now and fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

When the lips of all within the sound of my voice in this brilliant assemblage shall be sealed for ever, and each shall have taken his place "in the silent halls of death," his statue shall stand in the halls of Congress in the language of the peerless Webster, "A memorial of the past, and a monitor to the present and all succeeding generations. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage, of civil and religious liberty; of free government," and of the immortal memory of General James Shields' devotion to his country.

WILD FLOWERS.

SOME dainty little blossoms
In gracious numbers grow,
And deck the old earth's bosom
With fairest flowers that blow.

Whose tender, smiling faces
Their hidden thoughts expose,
When golden sunlight graces
The woodland's deep repose.

Their lives so full of gladness,
Of wisdom, beauty, love,
Tell naught of pain or sadness
To wooing shades above.

No moods, no frowns, no sorrows
Their open hearts unfold,
No gloomy thoughts of morrows
But sweetest joys untold.

A. J. P., '95.

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THE COLONIZING POWER OF ENGLAND.

The present power of England includes nearly one-third of the total area of that which is occupied by civilized nations. She has immense possessions in India, South Africa, Egypt, Australia and America, besides having planted her flag on many of the scattering islands, and on nearly every spot of the earth where she could monopolize or control the strategic advantages of location for her own interests. England has taken under her motherly wing any little island, or in fact any portion of country, that would benefit her in any way. Truly we may say that the British lion is a prowler in search of prey, which is land—land anywhere, everywhere—land to convert the present boast of possessing one-third of the earth's surface into one of holding one-half, and then two-thirds; land, more land, to extend the tribute to be paid the British crown indefinitely. That England has been successful in her colonizing is beyond doubt; that she has civilized more territory than any nation, or all nations combined, cannot be doubted, but that England is hated by more nations than any one nation on this globe, is also beyond doubt.

England uses different methods in her colonizing; in some cases she has colonized by missionaries and explorers, in others by force of arms, but India was rather an exception to her general rule. She began with a trading company—English, and British arms and a British warship to help it to its rights. And now India is all a British possession. Before England acquired control of India the mass of her great population was almost as low in the scale of civilization as it is possible to conceive; the experience of the country had been one of constant war and disorder, contingent in a great part on foreign invasions, and in part on the bitter antagonism of religious creeds and the diversity of races. The Indian peasant was practically a slave with no acknowledged rights to the products of his labor, and when anyone of either high or low degree acquired anything in the way of money-wealth, it was almost the universal practice to

speedily secrete it under ground to prevent its arbitrary plunder on the part of rulers. So that even to this day, the amount of buried treasure in India is regarded as almost fabulous. There can be no denial that England acquired control of India in the first instance by conquest and arbitrary methods. But in this respect she acted in accordance with the then accepted policy of all nations. It is only too true that for some time India was unjustly oppressed by England, owing to corruption in government, but that was long ago; the point of interest in respect to England's connection with India is not what she did a hundred years and more ago; but what she has done within a comparatively recent period, and what she is doing now. Her work of ameliorating the condition of her Indian subjects began when she abolished slavery in her East Indian provinces, and made many millions of people free. To-day the humblest Indian peasant is secure in possession and control of his property, and if wronged in any way can appeal to and find protection in the courts which England has established. Unquestionably, there is peace and order under British rule in India, but under native rule the population was kept down by war and local feuds. Then we can truly say that nothing like this was ever done by a civilized or Christianized government, in fact it is not too much to say that the present population of India would not have found food under any previous government of that country; and that its very existence has been made possible only through the condition of food production and distribution established by England's Government.

India is only one example of England's colonies; the recent history of South Africa will also show her colonizing power. Twenty years ago, when the safety of the Europeans was menaced by a general revolt of the dark-skinned races, England assumed the government of the Transvaal or South African Republic, no other government coveting the task or expense of so doing. To provide for the common safety of the various people who, allured by the diamond fields and other inducements, were flocking into it, some rules of government became necessary.

She accordingly formed laws granting all the natives the rights of freemen endowed for the first time with an absolute title to land and other property the result of his own labor, and if injustice was done him the English courts were open to him for redress and protection as speedily and impartially as to any white man.

There are other provinces that England controls, such as Ireland and Canada.

It is only too true that the people of Ireland suffered many wrongs and abuses at the hands of England. But these originated in the conquest of Ireland at a period when an old-time theory that "might makes right" was generally accepted and practiced by all nations. After the Reformation these abuses and wrongs were multiplied owing to the differences in religious belief and a general opinion that such differences warranted persecution and a debarment from all participation in government. And it is this policy that has entailed a condition of affairs in Ireland that has not been easy to remedy. But England herself now leads the way in her desire to abolish this policy, and the day cannot be far distant when the grievances of Ireland will be amicably and satisfactorily settled by her. And that real progress in this direction has been attained is proved by the fact that no subject of England in Ireland, or in any other country under her sovereignty, is now debarred from participating in her government by reason of his religious belief, which is more than can be affirmed of the condition of affairs in some other countries claiming to be free, Christianized and civilized.

Canada is an example of England's home government. When the population became considerable, and there was a manifest and intelligent desire on the part of her inhabitants to be practically free from close dependence on the mother country, England granted them a substantially free and independent government. The Crown appoints a Governor, whose duties are mainly ceremonial and nominal, the people elect their own officers, impose and collect their own taxes and maintain their own military forces.

Other nations have attempted to colonize, but with little or no success ; none has displayed such energy as England in this line. When England grabs she generally benefits those whom she grabs, which is more than can be said of other nations. France has attempted to grab, and Madagascar is the fruit of her grabbing. By her colonizing she has made this great island an almost exclusive French province. Should Russia grab, her government would be in the highest degree despotic. If Spain were to grab we know what her policy would be from the experience of Cuba. But England's colonizing is far different. Wherever her sovereignty has gone 'two blades of grass have grown where one grew before. Her flag, wherever it has been planted, has benefited the country over which it floats, and has carried with it civilization, the Christian religion, order, justice, and prosperity. And under her rule whatever is law for the white man is law for his black or red or yellow brother. We need not be surprised, then, at the fact that England alone of the nations has been successful in establishing and maintaining colonies, nor at the more extraordinary fact that a comparatively small insular country containing less than forty millions of inhabitants can successfully preside over the destinies of one-fourth the population of the globe.

CHAS. D. McAVOY, '98.

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

TWENTY-EIGHTH PAPER.

OBERVE that we are speaking here of the primal constitution of man as adorned by the Maker. In a former paper, referring to the gift of immortality made to our first parent Adam, we stated that his body being composite in its elementary character, just because it was not spiritual but earthly in its make, was therefore corruptible by nature ; moreover that by singular benevolence of the Deity Adam, by preserving his soul unstained by sin, could

have kept his body free from the bondage of death also, had he chosen to use rightly his divinely-gifted powers of soul—of mind and will.

We also stated that through his misuse of these gifts Adam in losing the spiritual liveliness and beauty of his soul forfeited the power in him to escape the death and corruption of his body.

In this present paper we allude to the primal constitution of the human race—to the primitive excellence of human nature, so as bring out in stronger light the perfect order and harmony that reigned throughout creation,—the perfect equilibrium in every part of it, in the human nature of Adam, between all the faculties, powers, energies of his soul and body. For we wish to show that this order of divine reason, of divine goodness, in Adam,—the result of divine grace itself, though subsequently sadly disturbed by sin, was yet substantially repaired by the Redeemer Himself.

It will, perhaps, be better for our purpose, will, may be, illumine the thought running through these pages on the real character of all objectives of human science, to enlarge somewhat on this singular predominance and nobleness of man in creation.

In order to show more clearly this three-fold grandeur of the human mission in its natural excellence, its supernatural adornment, and the glory, to which it was destined, we therefore speak of that Man who in His human form was the noblest of Adam's descendants.

We speak of the God made Man,—of Him, who, while by His created nature He was the chief sign of divine benediction—the living picture on earth of God Himself, was yet in virtue of His divine nature united really with God—the Maker of his earthly frame, in one being, in one person. We speak of Him who, while by grace—by boundless holiness He was really like God—the Sanctifier, was also really united to God by His own personal moral goodness of the highest, even the divinest type. We speak of Him who, by reason of the glory reserved for His manhood in His Ascension, was also really united to God in wisdom, power

and majesty. But in these reflections on the dignity to which human nature was raised in Christ, let the reader observe that we are not considering the individual nature of any mere created being such as it is, or even has been, in other descendants of Adam.

Let him know that our paper is on the individual human nature of Christ alone, as it was in Him—the typical Man, the exemplar of all other men, the model, in fact, of all creates, who Himself was the noblest—the most intelligible sign, given to the world by the mercy of His Father and ours.

And we speak of our Lord—of the Humanity in Him, for divers chiefly three reasons: first, because in our concept of humanity in Christ we will view human nature in its loftiest type; and this uplifting of the intellect will itself be ennobling to the spirit of the thinker; secondly, because through our understanding of Him, in our contemplation of things divine, we will more easily learn of all other objectives of our thoughts; for science that has for its objective the Deity Himself, has already the master-key whereby to unlock all mysteries concerning His creatures; and, thirdly, because with this illumination of mind one's knowledge of Christ begins to give the spirit a fore-taste of the enjoyment of Him, in whom will consist the reward of life everlasting.

In thus studying the human constitution not in its lowest, most ignoble, grade, but in its highest, its divine, embodiment, we proceed on strictly scientific lines. For science in its perfection being the understanding of things in their causes—their principles, must in the ultimate analysis of these correspond to the ideal of the Workman, to the purpose of the Maker, to the scheme of the Adorner.

Since the excellence of all work, the meaning of things, the explanation of them, necessarily depends on the mind of the maker who contrived them, on the interpretation he alone chooses to give them.

When we understand the divine purpose God had in becoming man, when we put into practice the lesson He

wished to be learned by us in His Incarnation, then will be realized in us the perfect knowledge of divine life.

For, by this study of Christ, who was both God and man, by this contemplation of realities, create, as well as divine, the human understanding raised thereby to the loftiest sphere of objective truth, will be filled with hopefulness in its vision of divine mercy, will be enriched by the enjoyment of divine beatitude.

But guard here very carefully from thinking that because the right interpretation of the will of God is the basis of all perfect science of life, therefore, is needed divine revelation for the understanding of everything; and that without such revelation one could have no knowledge at all of earthly objectives, of the stars, for instance, or plants, or animals.

But what we do maintain is that for the science of life, for the perfectly happy intellectual life, the Will of the Supreme Being needs to be interpreted to us by Him; what we mean to say and wish to emphasize stoutly is, that He alone can explain to us fully His works in creation, in grace, in glory; and that on this perfect unsolving of His mysteries by Him in the three-fold order of being depends the healthful and living sense of the intellectual creature. Such, all through these pages, has been the aim of the writer.

In earlier papers on the intellectual world—on man in general, the reader will doubtless remember how minutely we ran our investigations of mere physical nature through all the different orders of creates in the inorganic and organic worlds of the universe. For the intellect in its pursuit of science generally runs on this line; at first, the mind grasps at truths in their lowest plane of reality, wherein it describes the phenomena of them. This is intellectual apprehension. Thence, mounting upwards in its survey of truth, the mind considers the reality of the object of its thought in its loftiest and noblest form.

For, from one's analysis and study of objectives of ignoble order,—the easiest, commonest, and most natural process of all mental work, man reaches in his study of them to the fundamental—central—truth, which underlies them all. And

to grasp this basic truth is the last end—the perfection—of all science.

Every objective of the mind in the three orders of being just mentioned, you will find, if you examine it closely, associated not only with other objectives of the same class as itself, but even with those of a still higher order of existence. Thus in the created plane of the universe everything in it is co-ordinated not only with all other creates, but with the realities in the world of grace also ; just as these in turn, by their interdependence with one another, are all co-ordinated to the world of glory—or of God Himself.

From the study of low types of being in plant and beast—all of them shadows—symbols—of the grandeur and excellence of intellective life—of spiritual virtue, the faithful, clear-minded, and devout understanding begins to comprehend life and virtue in its fountain-head, which is God. For in Him, and through Him alone, who is their Source, can one understand what life and what virtue really is. So by reverse movement of the intellect, by working downward from God to His creatures, one will learn best just what creatures are in themselves. Notice that between the objectives of the lower world of creation and the divine world of glory there is a broad chasm of immeasurable width. On one side of it is the create—the symbol—of God ; to understand this finite being suffices one's own good natural sense.

On the other side of it is the Infinite Being Himself in the fulness of His divine Reality, in the glory and majesty of His divine Goodness, which, because it is boundless, is utterly incomprehensible by the created intellect alone, nor can heart of itself enjoy the blessedness of the Deity, unless He who gave its pristine energies give also to it its spiritual or supernatural sense.

The natural meaning of things is the sense that reason perceives in them. The spiritual or divine sense of things is the meaning God Himself attaches to them.

Hence, as one reads in the life of our Lord, as written by His evangelists, the people were on the alert always for His instructions, for His explanations of His works, of His

miracles, for the interpretation of the signs He was continually giving them of the higher and better life.

Some of these signs the people understood of themselves; these were natural signs; many others He explained to them; while some of them He would in no manner interpret, but bade them wait till His Father should reveal them their meaning. Hence, moreover, true philosophy recognizes mysteries in all things that concern life in the triple world of nature, grace and glory, for the full understanding of which is needed some other power than the mere intellectual sense of the scholar.

The point we want to make briefly is this: The study of creation—of the lowest beings in it, in all their co-ordinations, necessarily leads heavenwards. This truth one must perforce lay down as of axiomatic value admitted in all ages by the intellective sense of the learned. While the study of their Creator just as naturally leads to a better understanding of His Will as disclosed in His works, all of which are in some way or other manifestations of that Will, the understanding and fulfilment of which is the mission of the intellective world; and the ignorance and disregard of it their doom.

T. C. M.

(To be Continued.)

THE DAISY.

F AIR flower! whose lovely blossoms dwell
Untrimmed in nature's field,
Whose tender fragrance doth excel
All buds the woodlands yield,

Tho' time should eat, and wound and fade
The beauty of thy cheek,
Thou'lt bloom again in summer's shade
When golden sunbeams speak.

E'en damask roses, red or white,
Such fairness never grew;
Thy very wildness gives delight
That tame flowers never knew.

Thy snow-drop face, heart golden deep,
In garlands crown the day,
When gentle spring-time wakes from sleep
In Queen of Nature, May! G. F. VAIL, 1900.

RICHELIEU.

AMONG the clouds of civil dissension which overshadowed France, and which were occasioned by the indifferent reign of Maria dé Medici, there could be seen but a single star—a star which, although obscure at first, was destined gradually to increase in size and brilliancy, until it engrossed the entire political firmament of France. Armond Jean du Plessis, Cardinal Duc de Richelieu, was born of an illustrious but almost indigent family at Paris, September 5, 1585. He was educated for the military profession at the College of Navarre, but on the retirement to a religious life of his brother, who held the see of Lucon, he began (with a view to succeed him) ecclesiastical studies, and underwent the preliminary examination for his degree at the Sorbonne. Thus began the career of him who was to be “the masterful servant and the subservient master of Louis XIII.”

He was appointed a representative of the clergy at the States-General in 1614, and attracted the attention of the queen by an address which he delivered in the presence of the young king; this resulted in his installment as secretary at war and foreign affairs. He now enjoyed the protection of Marshal d'Ancre, and his way to political success seemed open; but after the assassination of his patron, and the exile of the queen to Blois, he was banished from the court, first to his diocese, and then to Avignon, where he employed himself in writing theological works. It would seem, from this manifestation of animosity on the part of the French government, that the prospects of Richelieu, so dazzling at first, were now to be completely undermined; but no, through the agency of a very remarkable man (the celebrated Capuchin Father Joseph), he succeeded in accomplishing the reunion of the queen-mother and the king, and, in restoring the queen to her former position at court; by this timely *coup d'état* the foundation of his influence was solidly laid.

Richelieu, on regaining his power, formed an alliance with the Duc de Lugnes, who was then a powerful favorite. In 1622 he was created cardinal, and, two years later, in 1624,

took his position in the council of state as first minister. It was in this position that, "by his indomitable will, he ruled not only his inferiors, the people, but his superior, the king." His first important measure was the conclusion of the alliance with England, by the marriage of Henrietta, the king's sister, with Charles, who was then Prince of Wales, in 1624. By his successful conduct of the war of the Valteline, an affair of much delicacy (the Pope was the antagonist of France), his power was still more strengthened. But his enemies were always on the *qui vive* to discover some opportunity of effecting his downfall, and as his movements were not always worthy of his profession they were not always unsuccessful. The queen, his former friend, withdrew her favor, and the king, who trusted him implicitly, at the same time, never ceased to fear him. At last, on the eleventh of December, 1630, the crisis of the contest took place.

Richelieu believed that his disgrace was inevitable. His opprobrium was indeed decided; the king had refused him an audience. His attempts to force an entrance to the king at the Luxembourg were in vain; but Louis, in his fear, having withdrawn to Versailles, the cardinal there succeeded in obtaining an audience, and, by his influence over the king, firmly and irrevocably established his supremacy. This day, so famous in history, is known as "*la journey des dupes*."

The administration of Richelieu forms an epoch in history which is memorable for several great measures, through which the position of affairs underwent a complete change. The first of these great measures is the one by which he established the absolute authority of the king. From the medieval period the authority of the French kings had been restrained by the feudal privileges of the nobles; and in the stormy conflicts of the sixteenth and of the beginning of the seventeenth centuries the power of the crown was reduced to a cipher. By a succession of vigorous, energetic and frequently unscrupulous measures, Richelieu succeeded in breaking down the political power, and subduing "the arrogant assumptions of the great families." Many of the nobles

were brought to the scaffold, and a few were condemned to lifelong imprisonment. One of Richelieu's greatest enemies was Gaston, Duke of Orleans, brother of the king. Gaston was at the head of a party opposed to the Cardinal, whose assassination he meditated. Gaston, by his fickleness and cowardice, ruined his accomplices. By disclosing the conspiracy to Richelieu, he reconciled himself to the court. Never was a statesman affronted by so many difficulties, but they only gave scope to his genius. Even Maria dé Medici was obliged to bow before his unbending spirit, and to withdraw into exile at Cologne. One of the greatest of Richelieu's undertakings was the demolition of the Huguenot party as a political power, and an emulator of the throne in France. The siege and capture of Rochelle, the chief stronghold of the Huguenots, which he conducted in person, was enough, in itself, to establish his valor as a soldier, and his skill as a general. The following, an account of the siege and fall of Rochelle, is taken from Taylor's "History of France":

"To exclude the English succours, the Cardinal had caused a mole to be constructed across the entrance of the harbor. He was not interrupted in the execution of this daring project, for the Duke of Buckingham having been assassinated at Portsmouth, the sailing of the English fleet was delayed until after the great work had been completed. The inhabitants of Rochelle bore all the horrors of a fierce siege and pressing famine with unparalleled courage and patience. Guiton, their mayor, would not listen even to the proposal of a surrender. When told that the majority of the inhabitants were fast falling victims to hunger and disease, he replied: "It is enough if one remains to shut the gates." The mother and sister of the Duke de Rohan animated the garrison by their spirited exhortations, and encouraged the citizens by their example of patient submission to privation. But, though heroic perseverance may be exhibited with the very faintest glimmerings of hope, it decays and perishes when the failure of the last faint expectation is witnessed. The hope of relief from England had supported the Rochellans under all their sufferings. The English fleet hove in

sight. The worn-down inhabitants crawled to the walls, eager to witness the success of this, their last and only chance. They saw that fleet, after a weak and ineffectual effort to break through the mole, tack about and leave them to their fate. The courage by which they had been hitherto supported at once failed. They immediately surrendered almost at discretion, and a royalist garrison manned the walls of Rochelle, ere the topsails of the fleet that had been sent for their deliverance were out of sight.

The victorious army seemed, on entering the city, to have come into the abode of death; more than two-thirds of the inhabitants had fallen victims to the calamities of the siege, and the survivors resembled skeletons rather than living men; the streets were silent and deserted; "there was not a house in which there was not one dead;" and one of the victorious generals was compelled to exclaim, "We have only triumphed over carcasses." Having subdued the Huguenots, Richelieu prepared to prosecute his great project of crushing the house of Austria. He was successful in Italy, but it was in Germany that he so perfectly displayed the resources of his genius, for he had there an ally whose heroism has been seldom equalled. The Emperor Ferdinand, by the most glaring violations of treaties, had excited the Protestant princes to take up arms. They found a leader worthy of their cause in Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, called in history "the Lion of the North." Richelieu also allied himself with the disaffected Spanish provinces in the Netherlands, but he was here unsuccessful. Richelieu's internal administration of France has been severely criticised; he has been accused, and justly, of having been reckless and unscrupulous in the means to which he resorted for the defeat of his enemies; but it cannot be said that he was worse than his enemies. He lived in a period of France in which public virtue seems to have been unknown, and, a crime perpetrated by him was twice magnified by the conspicuousness of his office. His personal expenditures were magnificent, rivaling those of the king, and the Palais Royal, which he erected, is to the present day one of the nobles

structures in Paris. Richelieu is said to have been vain, but opposed to this accusation is the vigor with which he resisted the whole nobility of France, and destroyed the remnants of their feudal power. It was by him that France was formed into an absolute monarchy, and it was he that made Louis XIII "the first personage in Europe, and the second in France." Remembering these facts, Peter the Great of Russia once exclaimed, "I would give half my dominion for one Richelieu to teach me how to govern the remainder."

The many plots which were formed to assassinate him caused Richelieu to forget the meaning of the word mercy and to lose all faith in man. He once said to one of his secretaries: "Show me six lines written by the most honest man in the world, and I will find enough therein to hang him." His secretary, thinking to trap him, wrote upon a card: "One and two are three." The Cardinal displayed his promptitude by the immediate comment: "Blasphemy against the Holy Trinity. One and two make one!" Not only did he extend the glory of France and command the respect of all the powers of Europe, but he was also a zealous patron of literature and science. Notwithstanding the many occupations by which he was constantly distracted, the writings which he left fill several volumes. Some of these were written before his entrance into political life. His "Testament Politique" and his "Memoirs" have attracted much notice. His letters are numerous and interesting, and he also wrote two plays. To him France is indebted for the establishment of the royal presses, the enlargement of the College of the Sorbonne, and the foundation of the French Academy.

Richelieu died on the fourth of December, 1642, in the arms of a Carmelite friar. On his death-bed, pressed to forgive his enemies, he replied: "I have none but those of the State."

JOHN F. JONES, 1900.

INTO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

BY JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

(Concluded.)

WHO IS "IONA"?

We dare not drink too deeply of the pleasures of this life without tasting of the dregs of disappointment and sorrow, and just as we stretch out our hands to snatch the roses, the tingling sense of pain shows us we have gathered the thorns. It has been with no mercenary motive that Ralph had entered the lists to battle with his imagination and his pen for the thousand dollar prize; but there had been a friendly rivalry between himself and Eleanor as to who would be the winner. He had succeeded, but was evidently to pay dearly for his success. Another's work had proven as acceptable as his own, and he and that other, known to him as yet only by the *nom du guerre* of "Iona," were to share the reward.

But it was not this halving of the prize-money that had disturbed Ralph's pleasurable emotions. The judges, in descanting upon the equal merits of the two stories, had commented upon the almost identical nature of their plots, which differed only in characteristic development. In each there had figured the sudden taking off of an old man, the circumstances of time and place, the accessories of a violent intrusion, the broken window-frame and the paper-cutter imbedded in the carpeted floor, were given an identical treatment. Nay, in both there was a minute description of the chandelier and mirror, and a picture of a fair-haired child cowering in a corner of the room. None knew better than Ralph that it was the one scene recounted by different eye-witnesses.

The similarity was lost in the delineation of character, in the clearing up of the mystery. Ralph had not, to any extent, indulged his imagination; but gave, in vivid portrayal, an account of that night's awful work such as he alone could give. The child, too, had died, the victim of fright, and the hero (Ralph smiled bitterly at that misnomer)

was twice a murderer. In spite of his determination to soften his own character in the person of *Jack Langdon*, he had painted him relentlessly in the most sombre coloring, a villain—but, oh, a villain with a conscience and a heart. Impelled by that inward monster, Jack had gone back in after years; hungering, as all murderers hunger, for knowledge of the consequences of his crime. In this bit of description, virile, passionate, Ralph had excelled. Then came a description of a woman, the sister of the murdered child; a woman whom Ralph endowed with every womanly virtue, a woman womanly, yet strong, loving yet stern. In this delineation he had then before his mind the picture of Eleanor Selkirk, the one woman whom he ardently loved. The portrait, as he painted it in words, did ample justice to Eleanor's beauty of face and character, but was one with which Ralph had not been satisfied. As was to be expected of such a prodigy of the "school realistic," *Jack* had dared to raise his eyes to the face of the woman whose father and whose sister he had killed. Just to add coloring (said Jack as he wrote it), the fair *Irene* looked not unkindly upon her passionate lover. The unhappy *Jack* was thus upon the brink of a moral precipice; but conscience triumphed.

In an intensely dramatic interview, and in almost incoherent words, *Jack* discloses his identity to *Irene*. In abject despondency, but spurred on the while by an unconquerable love, he threw himself at her feet. In spite of his love for the original, the ideal *Irene* was a trifle dramatic and stagey, calling upon her lover to leave her, yet entreating him to stay; at one time caressing him with passionate tenderness, again shrinking from him as from a viper.

Ralph, no doubt, longed to have the unhappy *Jack* to remain, and to make himself and the adored *Irene* forever miserable. But he yielded to the dramatic climax he had been working up, and the hero-murderer dashes from the room, leaving the unfortunate *Irene* in a swoon, from which, save outside of the story, she never revived.

Such was the story, which Ralph, under the *nom de plume* of "Henri," had handed in. There was a vitality about it,

an intensity of situations, which more than atoned for its crude and rather hackneyed theme.

The story written by "Iona," had, as we have said, the same predominant features; but the villain was less villainous and the heroine less heroic and more gentle. The child, *Kathleen*, did not die; but, having recovered, was a link binding the sister, *Isabel*, to the mournful past. Through her came the softening influence that was to ennoble and sanctify the elder, and to prepare her for the final scene when she should come face to face with her father's self-declared slayer.

The character of *Claude* was rather poorly drawn, as though the author had departed from his original intention of painting him in sombre colors, and by after-touches of light had made of him a hero, blindly dooming himself to a life of self-sacrifice. *Claude* has not murdered the old man, nor is there any attempt made so to deceive the reader. But, in his own heart he is a murderer, and so cut off from his fellows by his one great sin. A psychological study of a man fighting against a great and overwhelming sorrow is ingeniously presented. But there are no touches of even lighter pathos, and the unfortunate *Claude* is on the verge of suicide when, in a delightful scene with *Isabel*, he becomes aware of the fact that he is yet worthy of the love of the women he adores.

Ralph, reading the story and comparing it with the product of his own pen, was struck not so much with their similarity as to plot and detail, but with the identity of the description of the chamber in which the old man had been found.

That it could but be *the* chamber, there was no doubt; there could be many houses, even in remote places, built upon the same general lines, but the details of the broken window pane, the paper knife and the terrified child, crouching in a corner, were circumstances that could be accounted for by no mere coincidence. The house described was the same as he had pictured; the murder, whether so-called by "Iona," or not, was the homicide he had taken for the basis of

his plot. Who could have written this story! Who was "Iona!" That must he find out.

It was characteristic of Ralph's rejuvenation, which had been effected by his love for Eleanor, that the idea of his secret becoming known had no appalling terrors for him. His mind had become more rational. He began to doubt if he had really killed old Hargrave. And, if so, was he at the time morally responsible? At best, or rather at the worst, knowing the hopelessness of his passion, he would have to tell her of his love, and then there was no consequence, what mattered it?

So all his waking thoughts came to be centered around Eleanor. In the first elasticity of spirits at his success, he was about to rush off to tell her and to rejoice in her congratulations; now, with this new knowledge come to him, he would go to her, not for consolation (for he was not yet ready to tell her how much of reality there was in his fiction), but with the thought that her woman's wit would arrive at some explanation of this more than coincidence. Taking the "L" train uptown he was soon at her modest mansion, surprising the staid Katy by the vehemence with which he had set the bell a-going. But, disappointment.

"Miss Eleanor had taken little May out with her and would not be back for luncheon," so said the important Katy, all in one breath.

"And don't you know whither she went? Toward the park, perhaps?" There was pleading in the tone, and Katy's sensitive soul was touched.

"Well, I'll tell you, sir," she said, "they have gone down to the little Italian church on the East Side. Miss Eleanor is superintending or doing something or other down there, and she took May ——"

But Ralph waited to hear no more. He was more than ever desirous of seeing Eleanor now that he had experienced a temporary disappointment, and so, thrusting a silver-piece into the hand of the not-unwilling Katy, he was down the stoop and away, bound for the church of Santa Maria Magdalene di Pazzi. And in his pocket was the check for five hundred dollars.

CHAPTER X.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

Arrived at the church, Ralph wondered why he so ardently longed to see Eleanor on that particular morning. True enough, he wished her to know of his success; but the strange similarity of the plots of the two stories might lead to unpleasant explanations. He had thought that her ready ingenuity might be able to throw some light on the perplexing mystery; but was he willing to afford her the necessary data upon which her woman's wit might exert itself? He could not bring himself to answer this question. But the Divinity that shapes our ends looked down kindly upon Ralph that morning, though perhaps he knew it not. The Father of the poor has said that a cup of water given in his name shall not go unrewarded, and it was fitting that here among the poor and the lowly, whose condition both he and Eleanor had striven to alleviate, Ralph's day-star should begin to diffuse its benignant rays.

As he tried the door of the vestibule, he heard the deep tones of the organ overhead, but rightly judging that she whom he sought was not with the organist, he prepared to descend to the basement. This was a very large, well-lighted room, where the children were wont to assemble for instructions and where entertainments were given on Sunday evenings. A number of children were present now, and seated in their midst was Eleanor. Her face was suffused with smiles as though she were enjoying the recountal of the little "fair Angelina."

Ralph's entrance had been unnoticed, and he was now screened by one of the large furnaces; so he concluded to enjoy for a while this happy scene unnoticed. The little Italians were perfectly at home with "the lady" whilst he was never able to elicit from any of them more than a shy smile. Eleanor repaid their confidence generously. Ralph had heard her graphic description of her proteges to a "Missionary Lady," who had been looking up information concerning the foreign poor of New York. Eleanor had

characterized her little friends as "angels." Now Ralph was to hear from one of themselves just how the angels behaved.

"Oh, miss," Angelina was saying, "you ought to hear how the boys behaved to the nice lady that you brought to see us. It was awful!"

"Why, what did they do?" asked Eleanor, surmising that the boys would not take kindly to the austere face of the missionary lady.

Fair Angelina's voice descended to a tragic tone. She well realized the grave nature of the news she was about to impart.

"*They broke the chair under her—*"

The rest was left to Eleanor's imagination, for Ralph broke out into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, disclosing his presence and putting an end to Angelina's volubility. The children departed.

"I am afraid I have spoiled a very thrilling recital," he said, as he came forward to greet Eleanor.

"Oh, that I cannot tell, but," gaily, "we may be assured that the missionary lady will not care to renew her acquaintance with the angels of the species *Italiana*."

Then followed a pause. Ralph was wondering if she had seen the morning papers. A strange sense of depression was stealing over him. Eleanor, on the contrary, seemed joyful, and there was a gleam of mischief in her eye.

"Where is little May?" asked Ralph, more to break the silence than for sincere regard for the whereabouts of that elf-child whom, as yet, he had never seen.

"She is upstairs with the organist, who is practising a Mass," she answered; "May is fond of music."

Then, almost without a pause, she continued, "I have great news for you—great, at least, to me."

"Then great also to me," said Ralph, gallantly; "why the distinction?"

"Did you see the paper? she asked in turn, parrying the compliment, whilst her color rose.

"Yes, indeed. In fact, that is—why I—you know I—"

"Oh, certainly," said she, demurely; "I know you were only too anxious to congratulate me."

"*Congratulate! You!*"

"Why not? Did you not say, 'May the best *woman* win?'"

"Then you are—"

"Iona!" And she waved before his astonished gaze a check for five hundred dollars.

Ralph sat as one stunned. His mind refused to grasp the situation, but struggled impatiently to solve the several questions that arose within it. And all the time Eleanor was playfully teasing him about his own defeat, and accusing him of being jealous of her success.

She was "Iona" she, the woman he loved; whom he had dared to hope that he might one day win as his bride. She was "Iona!" *Then she knew!* Dreadful thought! Suddenly the full horror of it all burst upon. Who *was* she? What had she to do with old Hargrave? He looked toward her, half furtively, and his eyes met hers gazing questioningly into his. She had discovered that he was suffering, and there was an expression of sympathy, nay of love, upon her face. This, at the time, brought a rapture to Ralph's beating heart, a rapture giving way to intense pain. He put his hand in his pocket to get his handkerchief, for he could feel the cold perspiration on his forehead. In the drawing forth of the kerchief, the check, carelessly thrust into his pocket, was also disengaged and rustled to the floor. Eleanor, stooping to pick it up, saw that it was the counterpart of her own. She looked at Ralph with increasing astonishment.

"Then you are 'Henri,'" she said softly; "how strange!"

There was no horror expressed in her voice; only astonishment; surprise. Ralph took heart, but his voice quavered as he spoke.

"Tell me, Eleanor, who are you. What was old Hargrave to you?"

"Old Hargrave!" said Eleanor, lingering over his name, "he was my father; and you—"

"Oh, my God! my God! I killed him! I killed your father! Elearnor, my darling—for I love you—I dare to tell you—I love you better than life—send me away if you will—nay, I shall go away, but I shall love you forever! Hate me, loath me, despise me, if you will, yet this last message shall ring forever in your ears; I love you, I love you!"

Eleanor drew back, trembling at the sight of his great frenzy. Ralph, mistaking her emotion, burst forth into another heroic.

"How could I know he was your father—you said your name was Sekirk—and his is Hargrave—I would not have told you—I would not now tell you, but that my love has mastered me—I hate myself for loving you—but *I love you!*"

Eleanor drew nearer to him, taking his head between her hands, and forcing his gaze to hers.

"Hush," she said, softly; "you did not kill him. Katy found him dead in his chair."

"Ah, yes! I know," sobbed Ralph, "in his chair, just as we have pictured it in the stories; but it was I, ah, God! it was I who broke through the window and frightened him to death. It was *my* blood you say was scattered over the papers! My blood! Would to God it were flowing in his veins! And the little child, too. I killed her." Then adverting to the fact that this May whom Eleanor had with her was perhaps the child of that awful night, he continued, "but no, she lives! Oh, tell me she is yet alive!"

Did she feel that her presence was needed? Did she know that they were speaking of her? She had a mind, a soul, whose subtlety they could not fathom, and—yes, she stood before them! Trembling and pale, she glided towards Eleanor. Then obtaining a clearer and fuller view of the all-depressed Ralph, she gave one great cry.

"Auntie!" she gasped, and fell in a swoon at Eleanor's feet.

Ralph was diverted from his own distress to the suffering and helplessness of the woman and child. Silently they chafed the little hands and attempted to restore her to con-

sciousness, but without avail. Finally, Ralph hurried for a physician, who applied restoratives, and the drooping eyelids once more opened.

"Auntie!" once more, softly but clearly, fell from the trembling lips. Then she fell back, this time asleep, into the loving arms that were about her.

Ralph summoned a cab, and, at a glance from the now radiant Eleanor, silently entered it with them. It would be hard to analyze the feelings struggling for mastery in her breast. Above all there surged a mad, tumultuous joy. Nor could this be accounted for by the child's recovery of speech, and the hope that the recovery would be complete. But the man she loved, with all the great love of her womanly soul, this man had said, had almost sworn, that he loved her. How her heart beat with pleasure at the thought! What though he should say he had killed her father? That, she knew, *must* be proven false. There was a sense of peace and security stealing over her that she could hardly resist. And yet she did resist, for very love of him. She was happy, he was sad; she joyous and elated, he depressed. She touched him gently on the arm.

"There is some mistake," she whispered; "all will yet be well."

Then she felt that she had made an unmaidenly admission, and the hot blushes suffused her face. But Ralph gave her a mute look of thanks. No more was said until the carriage drove up to the door.

"You will come in?" It was the look and the tone more than the words which caused Ralph, who was thoroughly crushed and abashed, to answer in the affirmative.

Eleanor had the child carried to her own chamber, with Katy to watch over her until her awakening. May, she reasoned, was oblivious to pain, but here was another who needed every consolation. And so while the child upstairs was sleeping, unconscious of the heaven-restored gift of speech, Ralph and Eleanor sat hand in hand in one of the lower rooms. May every penitent have as gentle and as consoling a confessor! No need for us to dilate upon the dove-

"Oh, my God! my God! I killed him! I killed your father! Elearnor, my darling—for I love you—I dare to tell you—I love you better than life—send me away if you will—nay, I shall go away, but I shall love you forever! Hate me, loath me, despise me, if you will, yet this last message shall ring forever in your ears; I love you, I love you!"

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tailing of that mutual explanation. One thing only has to be accounted for here, and that is the answer to one of Ralph's former questions: What had Old Hargrave to do with Eleanor Selkirk?

Robert Hargrave was the only father Eleanor had known, just as she in turn had been a mother to his little grandchild. Hargrave's sister in dying had left to him the only pledge of her affection in her little Eleanor. And so she had grown up in his household as a daughter to himself and to his amiable wife, whom she viewed in the light of her parents.

Whilst they were thus engaged, Katy came, running down to tell Eleanor that May had awakened, and that she was *asking* for her. Katy was in a great state of excitement, and did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"Auntie!" exclaimed the soft voice, "I can speak! I can speak!"

Eleanor now knew that the cure was complete. So much, she thought, did they owe to Ralph.

"And auntie, the man—the man who came into the room *after* grandpa died. Where is he?"

Had Eleanor heard aright!

"Did you say *after* grandpa died, dear?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Oh, yes," said May, positively; "it was after Katy came in to light the gas. Grandpa was dead then. I saw his face grow white, and he fell back in his chair. He frightened me, and I could not speak. Then a man—the man—came through the window. I screamed. He seemed afraid of grandpa, and he ran away. Then Katy came back with you."

Eleanor had heard enough. She stopped the childish mouth with her kisses. She questioned Katy, who said she had been twice in the room. The mystery was solved. Ralph was innocent. The clouds were drifting away from his life. And so we leave him with Eleanor. A child's hand had opened up to him a future worth living for—had led him into the land of promise.

THE END.

ROME, —.

To the Editor VILLANOVA MONTHLY:

We left Nice about two days ago and made the first break in our journey from there at Genoa. We stopped there two days and then rested again at Pisa where we looked at the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral and the Palace Sanfranchi, where Byron lived for three years. We thought that he must have been of a happy disposition to occupy such a gloomy building. We left Pisa at about 5 o'clock P. M., and reached Rome about 12.30 midnight. Since we have been here we have seen several churches, and we spent last Sunday morning at St. Peter's. We thought that, in grandeur, it far surpassed our expectations, and as B. observed, it alone is worth a journey all the way from America to see.

The Colosseum, also, is so wonderful! The guide pointed out to us the entrance place of the wild beasts into the Arena; the cells where the Christians were confined prior to the combats; the spot where the Emperor sat surrounded by the Vestals, and the sunken way where the bodies of the Christians and beasts were cremated within twenty-four hours after death. How terribly cruel those Romans were! There is so much to see here that it is quite appalling to contemplate all! One sees so many different orders of monks; one that I had read of called, I think, the Holy Brotherhood, has features, except the eyes, entirely covered. I believe that they bury the dead. The effect which they produce on a stranger is quite weird. I listened to a long sermon in Italian at St. Peter's last Sunday; it seemed to be very eloquent, and the music was heavenly. To-day we visited the church where Michael Angelo's statue of Moses is. The guide said that it is the finest statue in the world, and I can well believe that it is. The expression of Moses is most majestic. There is a perfect bijou of a church near here called, I think, St. Vittoria. One statue in marble there, of St. Theresa in ecstasy, is most beautiful. I think it is the work of Bellini. But later I will write you more about all.

We rather dreaded coming to Rome on account of the climate, and what we have heard of the fever, but it seems to agree with us better than Nice, and the air is more bracing, and at present the weather is clear and lovely. We intend to take advantage of it to drive along the Appian Way. Last Sunday afternoon we saw the King, Umberto, driving. He bowed to everyone most graciously.

La Grippe, as they call it here, reached our hotel a few days ago, and we have had so many ill, both guests and servants, that the hotel has been more like an hospital, nearly all the help, as well as the guests, being afflicted. The concierge, the porter, the head waiter, our *femme de chambre*, all had to go to the hospital for 5 or 6 days. Many of the waiters tried so hard to keep up, but one after another succumbed. So it was dull for me, B. being in bed, but fortunately I was able to be about, and I managed to go to St. Peter's to service. It was not very satisfactory there, the service being conducted in one of the side chapels, and the music no better than usual, but, of course, I enjoyed the mere fact of hearing Mass there.

There were crowds of visitors going and coming all the time. In the evening this hotel had a *fête*, to which we were all invited; we had also a fine sacred concert at which there were some singers from the Pope's Chapel. Then there were drawings for prizes. I took one ticket and was lucky enough to win a pretty Japanese wall ornament. The proprietor called out the lucky numbers in four different languages—English, French, Italian and German—which was amusing, quite Polyglot. There were a number of Italian officers present in their splendid dress uniforms. I felt so sorry that B. could not see it all. The hotel had also a very fine dinner, but I had no appetite for any of it. We have had a change from the beautiful clear weather which we enjoyed here for so long, and it has rained every day for the last three weeks. The Sunday before B. was taken ill, we started out to hear Mass at the Church of the Agostino, the Augustinian Church here. Three different Cochers, or Vetturinas, as they call them here, put us down each time, telling us

that we were at St. Agostino. Upon entering the churches we would discover our mistake.

I suppose they took advantage of our ignorance of the localities to shorten the course for themselves. However, finally, we reached the church, but not until service was over. You have, no doubt, had it described by some of the Fathers at Villanova. It is a very handsome church, with a fine Madonna Child in marble. This statue is held in great veneration ; there is also a fresco, by Raphael, of the prophet Isaiah, but so blurred and dim that I could scarcely see it. The remains of St. Monica are in this church. I suppose the Convent of the Monks is attached to the church, but I do not know. Perhaps I shall succeed again in attending service there. We have also been to see St. Paul's, outside the walls ; a magnificent church, scarcely finished yet. The marble columns, or rather granite columns, are very highly polished. I think there are at least eighty of them, and the marble floor, also highly polished, is very beautiful. I have heard that the church has cost thirty millions, but it is so cold there that I don't know how they can hold service in it, Now, St. Peter's seems to regulate itself with regard to heat, being as warm and comfortable as though having steam or furnace heat, and I believe quite cool in summer. We have also been to the Catacombs of St. Calixta, which are in charge of the Trappists. One of the monks showed us through a few of the chambers, and each of us carried a lighted taper on emerging into upper air again. I offered him what remained of mine, but he told me to keep it as a souvenir of the Catacombs. They had some pictures and beads for sale, and one of them who spoke French told B. that she had best remain over here and be a nun. She told him no, that it was too sad (*si triste*), when he laughed and asked her if they looked sad. B. said no, but that men have a better time than women, which caused all three of them to laugh again, and one remarked to the others that she had no vocation. They were very jolly and talkative, though I believe they never speak in their convent without necessity. They seemed quite amused at B. Another day we went to

the Capucini Church where there is a beautiful picture of St. Michael by Guido Reni, and we looked in at their vaults where they have arranged the bones of the monks in many fantastic shapes. They are not underground, as we had thought, but in a long passage opening off a court which is used as a stable. B. felt quite sick after seeing it all. She thought there was an odor like dried flesh, but I think it was from the stable. I am glad that they are not permitted to bury there any more, as it seems to us to take from the respect due to death and the dignity of the body which is to rise again. I must not neglect to mention that we made application at the American College to see the Holy Father, and that late on Sunday night about 10.30 o'clock our invitations arrived. So I went out to the Vatican about 9 o'clock the following morning, and after much waiting, which, however, was not devoid of interest, watching the Cardinals as they arrived, their long, purple, silken trains being borne by the men in waiting as they passed into the Sistine chapel, also the Swiss guards in their splendid uniforms. Well, after about two hours the Holy Father was borne along on his chair by about eight men splendidly uniformed in red damask. I was fortunate enough to secure standing room on a bench to the front before the procession formed, and I saw it all perfectly. The Pope was robed in white, and looked very pale and sick, much older than in his portraits. He blessed all as he passed along, but we were too crowded to kneel. It was the Consistory, where three new Cardinals were created.

In the Church of the Aracoeli is the picture of the Bambino, which is held in great veneration. The image is covered with jewels, and is carried to the sick, many cures having been effected by it; at one time it was said to receive more fees than any doctor in Rome. In this same church there is a kind of stage erected during Christmas until after Epiphany, where children recite verses bearing on the season. There are 124 steps of marble to enter the church. I thought that I would never reach the top when I went there last week.

M.



UNDER THE LIBRARY LAMP

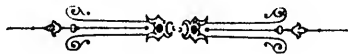
The recent death of William T. Adams (Oliver Optic) removed a familiar figure, and caused sincere sorrow in many a household, for no one man in our midst seemed so near to both youth and middle-aged people. Nearly a half century ago he began to gather the family of little ones around his pleasing tales, and from that day to this his followers and admirers have yearly increased. Yet, during all these years of toil, travel and varied adventure, his purpose has been to instruct as well as interest, and it was his proud declaration: "I have never written a story which would excite the love, admiration or sympathy of the reader for a bad character. I have never made a hero whose moral character or whose purposes could mislead the young reader."

His success in that style of literature has been simply marvelous. He sold more than a million copies of his books, and the sale of these stories is in nowise abating. He and Capt. Mayne Reid divide the love of small boys who have not yet outgrown their desires for caves, out-door life, rafting on rivers, fishing and hunting. He was a very good Christian, and ever paid attention to moral matters, and the marvel of it is that his works have captured the fancy of boys. His heroes are always good, never tell lies, go to Sunday-school, whenever they can, and never take advantage of other boys not as strong as they.

"Oliver Optic" was born in 1822, in Medway, Mass. His ancestors were English. His first book for boys appeared in 1850. His pen name was suggested by a play produced about that time in Boston, in which one of the characters was called Dr. Optic. The name took his fancy, and when he cast about for a *nom de plume*, he simply added the Oliver to the name already in his mind, and he had it.

The two books that are first in favor just now are "On the Face of the Waters," by Mrs. Flora Steele, and "Quo Vadis?" by Sinkiewicz. "On the Face of the Waters" is a story of the Indian mutiny. The scenes are laid in and about Delhi, and move from the court of the native king to the camp of the English. The narrative is interesting, but the characters do not stand out in bold relief, nor is the author always veracious. The book is somewhat beyond the average. In "Quo Vadis?" the history is lost in the romance. The cruelty of the truculent age of Nero is painted in the most lurid colors, and we see Rome quailing under a mad and bloodthirsty tyrant.

The revival of "Brotherhoods" has been a good deal talked about in recent years, and "Monasticism, Ancient and Modern," by the Rev. F. C. Woodhouse, is an outcome of the increased interest in the question. It sketches the early history of monasticism, and its rise and fall in England. The writer relies largely upon quotations, and he has certainly brought together an interesting collection of excerpts from authors of very divergent views in praise of the monastic life. He proves monasticism to be sanctioned, if not ordained, by the Founder of Christianity Himself, and the history leads up to "an inquiry as to the possibility of its revival" at the present day.





EXCHANGES

The excellence of the Notre Dame *Scholastic* is so uniformly high that it is difficult to attribute special merit to any particular number. It is rich in varied and well-written prose and verse, and redolent with an air of brightness that cannot but be refreshing to the reader. The delightful fiction which is found in abundance between its bright and artistic covers is always a feature of the *Scholastic*. The athletic columns and college notes are well edited.

What has become of that spicy little college paper *The Mount*? We were always pleased to welcome it to our sanctum, but, it seems, we are never again to have that pleasure. All last fall and winter it came to us faithfully, and its short, sprightly articles were always entertaining; but with the advent of spring its regular monthly visit was missed, and it has not yet made its appearance. We hope the fair editors have not caught that disease which is especially prevalent in spring-time, and as we feel sure that they bear no grievance, we are still confident that *The Mount* will again appear on our table.

The *University Record*, published weekly at the University of Chicago, though a diminutive specimen of journalism is, nevertheless, evidences considerable merit. Its literary department is limited to one article, usually a lecture delivered by a member of the faculty, but that one article is

often more than is ordinarily found in a college paper. The "University and Its Effect Upon the Home," a lecture delivered in the University auditorum by the Countess of Aberdeen, and published in the April 2d number of the *Record*, is very interesting, and contains many thoughtful and thought-provoking remarks.

One of the best conducted of our exchanges is the *Fordham Monthly*. It still retains what might be called the old form of a college paper, and is without covers. The first characteristic that the reader is likely to notice, is the superior quality of the paper. The press work, too, wins for it merit of excellence. The various departments are inserted with faultless arrangement, and from every standpoint the *Monthly* is a presentable paper. The little poem "Thoughts," in the March number, is the expression of a beautiful idea. In our opinion, verse is always the leading feature in the *Monthly*, but it is not every month that it publishes a gem like the one above mentioned.

We are always pleased to welcome a new and promising exchange. During the past month *The Orange and Blue* of Bucknell University, reached our table for the first time. It is a weekly periodical devoted entirely to college news, and though it has completed but one month of its existence, it bids fair to hold an honorable place among college weeklies. That the editor will achieve every hoped-for success is the MONTHLY'S earnest wish.



SPLINTERS.

I know I can't lick you, but I ain't a scared of you.

Buck says he's ready to go down to Pyle's anytime.

We understand that Willie is on good terms with the coachman ; how about it " Will ?"

The latest in Easter bonnets is a white felt, with white and blue band. All the " Gussies" are wearing them.

Somebody wishes to know if the office of the chief of this column is in the horse-shed. Certainly, old man, come around and see us.

Won't Charley be disappointed this month! He hasn't been doing anything worthy of a mention in this department. Never mind, Mac; cheer up!

We are dining with the Chinese consul this month. Oh! maybe the editor won't catch it for this! To be continued in our next.

Ask Ryan how to be forcibly ejected from his downy couch, and at the same time to corner the corncob market.

They do say that old Morpheus is playing a star game at third base.

What kind of an animal do you call the one which " Skinner" has caged in the room next to Brother Bills' ?

Poetry is a "very seldom thing" in our sanctum, and it does us good to publish a gem of purest, etc., by our Jersey Spring Poet :

On a moonlight night
When the stars were gone,
And all the birds sang
As if they were one.
The grass grows green,
Honeysuckles peep,
Let me lie down
In the cradle of the deep.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

Doc. D.—No, John Paul, you can't sing.

E. W. F.—We are glad to hear that you have recovered that mysterious key.

Morpheus.—You are only suffering from insomnia.

W. H. R.—It is bad "form" to say: "We will have a rehearsal in the near *former*. You probably meant well.

Jersey—No, you cannot very well kid a billy-goat, but I would advise you to keep your ocular organ on your roommate.

Johnnie H.—Yes, he must have been an excellent sprinter if he almost caught you.

Prof. R.—Yes, Rosie, we heartily sympathize with you in your earnest endeavor to develop so much hidden talent.

P. S.—The Editors of this column at a recent meeting have decided that no more free advertising will be given in this column. We are not running this machine just to wear out our young lives, so hereafter the actors will pay for their puffs. Terms at office.



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EDITORIALS



Yet a few more weeks and the scholastic year of '96-'97 will have been added to the countless years of the past. Hard as it is to realize, that for many the book of their college life must be forever closed and its contents reviewed only by the aid of that dearest faculty, memory, still it is a realization that is essential to our future contentment. Another year has nearly passed ; another landmark looms up in the journey of life. Shall we be content to plod wearily onward in the well-beaten path, or shall we rest by the way-

side a disinterested spectator of the endless strife going on about us? Surely the question can be answered in but one way. We will not rest by the wayside, nor will we be content with that path of indifference so alluring to many. No; we will dare something nobler, something loftier, and if we fail, we will fail not as sluggards, but as those who have put forward their best efforts and only succumbed to obstacles when resistance was folly.

Remember, there are others to follow, and they must not behold the unmistakable signs of failure; but if the past has not been fittingly employed, let that not serve to discourage us. One supreme effort may atone for many past mistakes. Let us resolve, then, to make that effort and it cannot but bring its reward. All together, then, boys, and may the end crown your work.

Washington's Monument.

The stranger arriving in Philadelphia on May 15th must certainly have been surprised at the gala attire of the staid Quaker City. Everyone seemed hurrying to that garden of beauty, Fairmount Park, to view the monster military pageantry display, and see the unveiling of the monument which was erected in honor of the "Father of his Country."

The event brought together those most potent in making laws and governing the people, and served as a memorable testimonial of the esteem, honor and reverence felt by Philadelphians for Washington. Philadelphia may justly feel proud of being the custodian of such a beautiful monument. Still it is but right that this honor should fall to the lot of the city of "Brotherly Love." Here stand the old historic buildings wherein the seed of liberty was nourished until it bore fruit in that defiant utterance, "Give us liberty, or give us death!" Yet, if it may be considered as a special honor for Philadelphia, nevertheless, it cannot but enkindle the fire of patriotism in every breast. While the great powers of

Europe are endeavoring to inculcate the doctrines of despotism, a people who were primarily fugitives from such teachings are paying homage to the memory of one who gave his life for the firm establishment of the home of Liberty. When freedom is being trodden under foot in Europe, in this land, where freedom is so precious, such a monument stands as a pledge that the rule of the despot will never deluge our country in its hated depths, and we can salute this majestic figure as a guardian of our country—in the words of the poet:

“There’s freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth’s down-trodden and oppress’d,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.”

WE call the attention of our readers to a dainty little poem in this issue from the pen of a distinguished ex-Villanovan, the popular and versatile Walter Lecky. Every one who has not read his latest novel, “Mr. Billy Buttons,” has missed a rare literary treat, for “Buttons” is one of the raciest American books that has fallen from the press these many months. Richard Malcolm Johnson, certainly a competent and fair-minded critic, says that “Billy Buttons” is sure of a permanent place in literature.



ILLUSION.

WALTER LECKY, '83.

A TRAV'LER saw a shining stone,
The glitter caught his eye ;
A diamond rare, I truly own,
Within this stone must lie.

He took it to a keen-eyed Jew,
And asked his stone to weigh ;
The Jew replied, what can ensue ?
It's worth its size of clay.

The moral's old : the glitter can
By times deceive the wisest man.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

RUDYARD KIPLING was born in Calcutta in 1865. His early life is an impenetrable forest into which many hardy and daring news explorers have tried in vain to penetrate, for Kipling has a deep-seated dislike to be questioned about his halcyon years. The few who have, so to speak, bearded the lion in his den in order to elicit data about himself and family, have been most unceremoniously "turned down."

Kipling was educated in England, and after his return to India acted as sub-editor and war correspondent for a Calcutta paper. It was while thus engaged that he began to write both poetry and prose. He had just reached his majority when his first volume dropped from the press. He visited England in 1889. In India he had long been recognized as a genius, and it was not long before the English critics recognized him as a new literary star of great brilliancy. His first novel, "The Light that Failed," was published in 1891. "He committed matrimony" the same year, and came to America to live. He settled near Brattleboro, Vt., and lived there for several years.

Among the Vermont hills Kipling lived an ideal literary life. There was a great deal of Horace's "Otium cum dignitate" about his days among the Green Mountains. He would shut himself up in his "den" early in the morning, and under on pretext could he be seen until one or two o'clock in the afternoon. Then he threw his pen aside and spent the rest of the day in recreation, riding his bicycle, rambling over the country, or, if it happened to be winter, indulging in a tramp on snow-shoes.

Kipling, like dear old Sir Walter Scott, is a great lover of out-door life, and a devoted follower of old Walton. In appearance, he is under the average size; his eyes are quick and alert, his complexion has that swarthy hue which only the eastern sun imparts, and his stooped shoulders tell of the slavery and daily grind of his long years in newspaper offices.

Kipling's is not an effusive nature, and, on first acquaintance, he seems rather frigid; but, when known for some time, this coldness disappears. In truth, to his intimates he is a warm, genial soul. He cares little for society and dislikes ostentation, and would not tolerate such a thing as "lionizing." He is modest and wholly without affectation.

For decades of years critics have been calling for an author who has the divine spark of originality in his soul, and it seems as though all works of fiction have been cast in the same mould for centuries. While this clamor for an author, who could cast aside the trammels of mediocrity, was at its highest pitch, Kipling came modestly forward with his famous jungle stories. Presto! At once the loud lamentations ceased, and he was set up as the literary idol of the hour.

His genius was lauded to the skies, the reading rabble dropped roses at his feet, and the critics ceased their thundering anathemas and set about offering incense and bending the knee to this new-found literary god.

Kipling wrote his wonderful short stories while assistant editor of a Lahor newspaper. His duties in the hot newspaper office were very arduous, and when his "grind" for the day was

over he went home and wrote those admirable tales which are at once the delight and envy of the reading world.

The chief characteristic of Kipling's short stories is the calm, collected way in which they are told. Kipling has a clear, sharp brain, and he is very discriminating in regard to the matter which he uses for his tales. He writes a fairly legible hand, and his manuscripts are very compact and neat. His first draft does not always suit him, and he rewrites it again and again until it is nigh perfect.

In style, he is probably unexcelled to-day. He possesses a straightforward, concise way of saying things, and of working up climaxes. It is quite refreshing after reading books the pages of which fairly bristle with words of Latin derivation, to come across a book in which the simplest Saxon words are made to tell a story as vividly as in flashes of lightning.

Kipling is a poet of no mediocre order, and this is apparent since the publication of his latest work "The Seven Seas." The little verses which head the chapters, in most of his books, are all original and, before he issued a book of poems, these gave promise that he would one day blossom out a singer of no ignoble strain.

His natural facility for versification is wonderful, and he has cultivated his muse until it has reached a remarkable degree of perfection. His poems are written on no one theme, and he leads us from India to Vermont with amazing rapidity.

Kipling's greatest charm is that he mystifies us, and we do not know how. His works possess that incomprehensible something which cannot be explained. His memory is wonderful; something once heard or seen will never be forgotten, and such incidents are always ready to be used in his book.

Kipling achieved his greatest success in "The Jungle Stories." One would think they are tales which would not find favor with adult readers, but, on the contrary, they are enjoyed by the older people much more than by the youngsters. His tales of the Wajahs are wierd and uncanny, and, in some parts, remind one strongly of Poe in his wierdest moments.

Kipling has a strong affection for the United States, and the people of this country esteem him very highly. He left America for India in 1895. It is to be hoped he will return in the near future. We think, with Andrew Lang and other competent critics, that Kipling has won an abiding place in English literature.

HOWARD M. SHELLEY, 1900.

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

TWENTY-NINTH PAPER.

AGAIN there is another reason for this study of the Incarnate God, namely, that science, which is the basis of all intellectual life, the main subject of these papers, bears but little love for mere details. For the aim of true science is nobler, loftier than to learn of and find delight in, the mere creates of the inorganic, organic, or, for that matter, even of the spiritual world.

True science then rightly views all creation in its physical integrity, whether this be material or spiritual, as simply a means to an end. And this final and supreme end of all learning is the Being Himself, who has created all things, has sanctified all things, and directed all things to His own divine purpose.

With a ceaseless yearning for the knowledge of this divine purpose, which really constitutes all synthetic truth and beauty in its fulness, the blessed goal of intellectual life, the understanding is contented with nothing less than the knowledge of things in their completest entirety, in the sum total of all their associations with this Divine Being, of all their relationships with Him and their fellow creates. For only in the comprehension of all truth, in the correlation of the world of nature with the world of grace, of the world of grace with the divine world in God, lies the blessing of knowledge. For knowledge means mastery of self; self-denial implies loyalty to the Supreme Being; religion—the

worship of God—insures one in the possession of truth, and union with truth is the basis of love.

Now in man (as we have seen) all these divers relationships in creation between one order of being and another, all these varied co-ordinations of creatures to God, are centered in him as in a common meeting-point.

For of all creatures man alone was destined to be, and really is, the living representative of the Deity in all the fulness of power, of grace, of knowledge. And moreover for man alone, for his sole use and instruction were all things in the visible and invisible worlds created. Man only can study them, learn of them, use them.

This lofty representative character of man, which is discerned so luminously in the magnificent extent of his diversified powers of body and spirit, shows clearly all these relationships with the world of creation and the world of God closely bonded together in him in the one real unity of his individual person.

So clearly is manifest this convergence in man of all the lines of created being, that if you only look at things carefully, so neatly and truly are all powers co-ordered in the human constitution, you cannot fail to observe that the study of any one class of powers in man leads unerringly to a knowledge of the Creator. Thus physics, for example, which is the study of creates, by the gradual unfolding through it of the mysteries of created life, will lead you to the acknowledgment of a Deity, in whom in eminent degree all things exist.

Again, if you run your studies on loftier lines—on theology for instance, which is the study of the Divine Being Himself, you will observe that the science of the Deity and of things divine will unlock for you many a mystery in creates, which so far has evaded your comprehension. So that (this is the conclusion) the physicist, geologist, botanist, chemist, astronomer, if honest in his reasonings, if upright in his sense, must naturally be a believer in a Supreme Being; while the theologian, or man of God, will through his refined knowledge of the Maker understand all the better, all the

more sensibly and truly the various characteristics of the beings around him in the material and visible world.

Nature, reasoning, the good understanding, always when not used amiss tends Godwards. Intelligence is productive of belief. In turn the grace of faith, of divine revelation, leads to a better understanding of man himself.

Thus knowledge of one class of beings aids man to learn of another class, whence springs rightly the perfect knowledge of all things. Our main reason then for ascending gradually in these papers from the study of created beings in their lowest types and forms to a consideration of God in the Incarnation of His Son, which was the complement of divine creative energy, is that in this Incarnation by reasoning from it we may all the better understand creation in itself in the world of matter and the world of spirit.

For in the Incarnation—the masterpiece of divine workmanship—is best disclosed the purpose of the divine Intelligence in creating the world, which was to school the intellectual and reasoning world by progressive lessons to divine knowledge.

In the Incarnation, as we shall see, our knowledge of each order of realities in the physical body of Christ our Lord will disclose some divine mystery, or order of divine reality. In the Incarnation the world of symbol in our Lord's human nature will be seen to prefigure in darker or brighter colors the glories of the eternal and divine world in God—His Father. And thus by degrees with their knowledge of humanity in Christ ever rising Godwards in its loftiness of object, in their conception of His Incarnation, of the truths it embodied, of the mysteries it realized, scholars will, of themselves, be led to realize in their minds and hearts the divine Will of the Father—who sent His Son to do His Will—to be the Truth and the Light and the Life of the world.

For by His Incarnation the Son of God—the second Adam—deigned to unite in Himself in His own Person all that was best and truest and holiest in the nature of the first Adam.

Thus through His Incarnation Christ revealed to us the Will of the Father; for He had bid His Son become Man; in Himself in His own divine life Christ fulfilled the Will of the Father; by His graces to man He interprets the Will of the Father, and thus aids man by truth and holiness to enrich mind and will with knowledge and righteousness, whence springs the enjoyment of all intellectual life, the union of it with God—source of all truth and of all bliss.

This view of real perfect intellectual life, as we see it in Our Lord's incarnate life, wherein was the closest conceivable union in one being of divine life and created life, has in all ages had a singular and yet perfectly intelligible charm for scholarly and devout minds.

We are given glimpses of the excellence and grandeur of the divine Incarnation in the dim visions of it revealed to the prophets of the olden days, who, filled with the Spirit of the Most High, have disclosed to us little by little (though in figure and symbol) the coming of the Incarnate God.

At times too even heathen poets, heathen sages, dreamed of this union of the Divine Being with man as the crowning of the dignity of human nature and the last benediction of the Maker of it. While in awe and humility the Christian philosopher and sage has always looked upon the Incarnation of Christ as the final solution of all the mysteries of life.

But let us to the point. For if we essay to view truth, not piecemeal, but in its fulness of reality, we must study it in all its co-ordinations of nobleness and beauty, in all its relationships of one truth with another and of all truths with God.

Let the reader then single out for his study any one subject he chooses in creation—man is a good example, a worthy topic for thought, for we know so much about him in body and spirit. In man, then, carefully discriminating in him what belongs to body and what to spirit in the order of nature and the order of grace, we will observe that each man is a composite being.

As a member of the visible world we find that man in himself reflects, or rather participates in, all the elements of the

material world, embodying, as it were, in his frame, all the powers, grandeurs, excellences of matter. Similarly as a member of the invisible world we find also that man reflects,—we might almost say, idealizes all the powers, grandeurs, excellences of the spirit.

In the body of man there is in its composition something earthly, fleshly, mortal; in his spirit—his soul, something else which is itself invisible, immaterial, immortal, eternal; while over both body and spirit there is a third something else in him which is super-dominant, increate, divine.

Truly then does man partake of all orders of being. He belongs to the inorganic world, because he is made of clay,—of the dust of the earth; in so far is man a material being; then he belongs to the organic world of life, because in common with plant and beast, he is gifted with the powers of vegetative and sentient life; in so far is man an instinctive being; moreover, man belongs to the moral world, because he is endowed with intelligence, reason, whence his power of self-determination,—of free-will, whence too his capacity to merit and demerit. For every man, if he chooses, may live as a hero, a saint; or like a beast, a sinner, a devil. And in so far is man a reasoning being. For in man there is a wonderful capacity in his mind to grasp knowledge, or remain sunk in the deepest slough of brutish ignorance; and similarly in his will a beneficent, almost boundless power, to soar to the heights of divine virtue, or vie with the demons in their malice of will. And in so far is man a heavenly being.

But pre-eminent, far above all orders of created being, man belongs to the divine world of God Himself. For by creation, he was made to God's own image in his physical being; by sanctification he was made to God's own likeness in goodness; and chiefly,—but here let the reader rise in his contemplation of the grandeur to which human life was destined. Let him gaze reverently, humbly, and all the time marveling at the unheard of and incomprehensible benevolence of the Deity; let him contemplate that noblest of all the divine works of God, that most stupendous of mysteries, wherein God Himself became man—the Son of God, the Son of Mary.

A study of the Incarnation of Christ in its natural and supernatural features, a meditation on this mystery unique in the story of the world, will (as has been observed) disclose to us knowledge of all things; of the divine purpose in creation; of the dignity of human nature; and chief above all, the vastness immeasurable between you, reader, and that typical Man—Christ, to whom we refer.

Therefore, with this God-man in view, do we amplify our thoughts on human nature in man, who by creation the noblest of all visible beings became by grace the noblest of all invisible beings. Because of the sublime character of their nature the spirit beings of the created world outrank men; yet because of the far more sublime character of their grace men—only some of them, however—outrank angels—spirits. God Himself became Man; Mary, the saintly daughter of Joachim and Anne, became the Mother of God.

For in His Incarnation by the closest—the most intimate—union conceivable of matter and spirit, of earthly nature and divine nature, God chose to ally Himself with His creation, yet not by a confusion of His divine nature with the nature of created things, but by a union, both friendly and personal, of His Divinity with the human nature of His Mother.

This alliance between nature and nature God—the Source and Principle of both of them, the Sanctifier of all things created, Himself in substance and person divine Holiness, chose to make with this human race of beings rather than with any other order of His creates.

T. C. M.

(To be continued.)

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE year 1775 is one memorable in the annals of freedom. In that year America entered upon her long and glorious war with England; in that year Henry Grattan entered the servile and dependent Irish Commons; in that year, on the sixth of August, Daniel O'Connell, "the Tribune of the People," was born to be the great liberator of his country.

O'Connell was the son of Morgan O'Connell, whose forefathers were brave and illustrious soldiers. His mother, Catharine O'Donahoe, was a daughter of the "Black Chief," of Clan O'Donahoe, whose standard waved for many decades over the green hills and valleys of sweet Killarney.

O'Connell's first tutor was an Irish priest, Rev. Mr. Harrington, who conducted a classical school near Cork, and who, in his old age, made his home with O'Connell. When 19 years of age, Daniel entered Douai College and, later, St. Omers, where, under the Jesuits, he formed his great soul to Christian virtue and acquired deep and ready knowledge of Catholic philosophy and elegant literature which, in after life, stood him in such good stead in the forum and on the hustings.

Graduating from St. Omers, he returned home. He began the study of law in London at Middle Temple, where he was known as a hard student and a jolly young blade. Finishing his course, he proceeded to Dublin where he was called to the bar in 1798. O'Connell was at his best in criminal and constitutional cases. His ability as a cross-examiner has rarely been equalled, and in winning juries he was easily the first advocate of his time.

In 1828 he was elected a member of Parliament from Clare, but he refused to take the oath of office. Another election being necessary to choose a member from Clare, O'Connell was again elected, and this time he took his seat in Parliament. He made his first speech in 1800, a speech which gave notice that a great orator and a great man had been born into the world. During O'Connell's stay in Parliament he proposed and advocated many bills, which were for the welfare of the Irish people. The most important of these were "The Repeal of the Union," "The Reform Bill," and the "Abolition of Tithes." The latter was the abolition of the payment of dues to the parish clergyman of the Anglican church.

In 1842 the agitation for the repeal of the union between Ireland and Great Britain began, and enormous popular meetings were held by the priesthood under the direction of

O'Connell. English statesmen grew alarmed at the popular uprising, and O'Connell and twelve of his followers were convicted of sedition and imprisoned by order of Peel, the Prime Minister. O'Connell appealed to the House of Lords, and the decision was reversed.

His brief imprisonment of three months, however, impaired his health, and left an ineradicable mark upon his spirit. He was advised to travel on the Continent to restore his shattered health and drooping spirits. He fell mortally ill at Genoa; and on the 15th of May, 1847, while on his way to Rome, where he wished to meet the Pope and receive his blessing, he passed away. His dying words were: "I bequeath my soul to God, my heart to Rome and my body to Ireland."

O'Connell was singularly fitted to his mission and his time. He was honored and respected by his countrymen, feared, and consequently respected, by his enemies. As a father, he was affectionate; as a husband, loving; as a Christian, sincere; as a Catholic, rigid; as a man, honest; as an orator, eloquent; as a lawyer, deep; as a representative, able; in the field, valiant; in the senate, wise; in debate, overwhelming; as a companion, jovial; as a citizen, patriotic; as the leader of the Irish people, faithful, incorruptible, unpurchasable and unintimidated.

"What O'Connell *did* for Ireland has been underrated, because of *that* which he did *not*." But if we contrast the political condition of Ireland as he found it with her condition as he left it, we shall see how grand and successful he was in his political agitation. He found the Catholic peasantry serfs, he made them free; he found the middle-class timid and dependent, he stirred them into courage—he raised them into citizens. In a word, he restored every citizen, no matter how humble, to his place in the commonwealth. After a long sleep in bondage of submission, millions of Irishmen awoke at the call of his clarion voice to the desire of freedom.

O'Connell did all this by the force of public opinion. He was a born leader, and his magnificent oratory was only an instrumentality of his power. He was the beau ideal tribune, and ruled popular assemblies as he willed.

He was in the van of every movement that favored liberty or the elevation of this countrymen. "He fought the good fight for Ireland's liberty to the last, and even unto death he kept its ancient faith."

P. J. GALLAGHER, '99.

DANDELIONS.

JOHN I. WHELAN, '95.

THE dandelion whispers of the winter that has flown,
And it tells its cheering story in a way that's all its own ;
For it grows and keeps a-growing in a way that's hard to beat,
Though we pluck it up, and tear it up, and tramp it with our feet.

But through it all it grows and grows, and growing seems to say—
I am no poor weak hot-house plant and I have come to stay ;
I travel in the wake of Spring and, humble though I be,
The children laugh and dance with joy at just a sight of me.

And so I would not change my place with any flower that grows,
The lily that's too frail to stand, or the heavy-scented rose ;
I only wish to be the flower that tells you when 'tis spring,
And feel repaid in hearing how the children laugh and sing.

Deep in my heart a flower—a dandelion, if you will ;
You heed it not, you love it not, it keeps a-growing still ;
And it will flourish ever, in its poor old-fashioned way,
A dandelion ever, but touched with love's bright ray.

Oh, crush the flower of my love, it will not cease to grow ;
The passing blight to-day has left, to-morrow will not know.
If I may touch your life with light, or free your soul from care,
Enough for mine own heart to know the dandelion there.

O'Connell. English statesmen grew alarmed at the popular uprising, and O'Connell and twelve of his followers were convicted of sedition and imprisoned by order of Peel, the Prime Minister. O'Connell appealed to the House of Lords, and the decision was reversed.

His brief imprisonment of three months, however, impaired his health, and left an ineradicable mark upon his spirit. He was advised to travel on the Continent to restore his shattered health and drooping spirits. He fell mortally ill at Genoa; and on the 15th of May, 1847, while on his way to Rome, where he wished to meet the Pope and receive his blessing, he passed away. His dying words were: "I bequeath my soul to God, my heart to Rome and my body to Ireland."

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I am no poor weak hot-house plant and I have come to stay ;
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And so I would not change my place with any flower that grows,
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And it will flourish ever, in its poor old-fashioned way,
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Oh, crush the flower of my love, it will not cease to grow ;
The passing blight to-day has left, to-morrow will not know.
If I may touch your life with light, or free your soul from care,
Enough for mine own heart to know the dandelion there.

HENRY GRATTAN.

HENRY GRATTAN, the Irish statesman and orator, was born on July 3, 1746. His father, a Protestant, was for many years a city official in Dublin, and represented that city in the Irish Parliament from 1741 to 1746. Young Grattan, after passing through the common schools, entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1763; while there he made a name for himself as a classical scholar. We have several well-established anecdotes of his college life, in which are disclosed the powers which in after life made him one of the most famous statesmen and orators of his generation. While at the university, he fiercely denounced the Tory principles of his father, and the latter dying in 1766, before the anger caused by this action of his son had abated, deprived Henry of the paternal mansion and all other property that had not been secured by settlement.

Grattan entered Middle Temple, London, to study law in 1767. Two years afterwards he was admitted to the Irish bar; but he never secured a lucrative practice, for he gave most of his time to the study of politics and popular oratory. When a mere stripling, he acquired a great admiration and taste for the silver-tongued orators of Greece and Rome, and while living in London he spent most of his evenings in the galleries of the House of Commons, or at the bar of the House of Lords, studying very carefully the art of eloquence as practised by such orators as Pitt, Fox and Sheridan. His great love for oratory was still more increased by the towering genius of Lord Chatham. Grattan, in one of his letters, gives a glowing account of the eloquence of Chatham; and he also wrote a eulogistic description of his character, which appeared in the then-famous political journal, *The Barataria*, published by Sir Hercules Langrishe.

Grattan now began to apply the knowledge gained by the study of the best specimens of ancient and modern oratory, and by unfailing attendance at the debates in the English Parliament. He overcame, to a great extent, his many

physical defects, by constantly speaking before imaginary audiences and by taking part in private theatricals. He always wrote out the showy passages of his speeches, and subjected them to a rigid examination, and in this way he secured a diction which, for antithetic force, limpid clearness and picturesque beauty of expression has rarely been rivalled and never surpassed in the whole range of modern oratory. Grattan added much to his already large store of political knowledge, by the most painstaking study of the history and the political constitutions of both ancient and modern nations. He became an adept with the duelling pistol, which was at that time a very necessary accomplishment for an Irish politician.

On entering Parliament, Grattan found Ireland in a very precarious condition. He called her up from the dust of the most servile degradation. Her condition as it stood in the parchment, apart from the restrictions on her trade, and the laws which created such untold misery and suffering, apparently did not differ much from that of England. Ireland seemingly enjoyed her own separate nationality and possessed her own national Parliament. She had a legal administration of her own, and the right of trial by jury, and also something resembling a municipal government. She had these privileges, however, only in form, and, instead of being the guardians and protectors of her liberty, they were the chains that bound her to discontent and mutiny; and though the Test Act and the Penal laws were carried out with less vigor than in England, they effected a much larger part of the population. Over four-fifths of her otherwise efficient population were forbid to enter the jury-box and were denied the rights of parliamentary suffrage. Their judges could at any time be dismissed at pleasure, and the Irish Parliament had no independent authority. It was, however, by means of this same Parliament that Grattan and his followers were to redeem their country from tyranny and suppression. Grattan, from the moment of his debut in Parliament, was recognized as the leader and champion of the people's cause, not only from the power of his oratory, but

also from the sympathy he aroused among all classes, regardless of political or religious affiliations.

He was aided indirectly in his undertaking by the change wrought in public opinion by the successful termination of the American Revolution, which was a struggle for rights similar to those for which he was battling, and by the spirit of liberty engendered by the French Revolution, which created in Ireland a large class of people clamoring for surcease from English misrule and thralldom. In 1778, Grattan delivered a speech in which he said that Ireland could no longer endure her condition; although this effort failed to change matters, it was not without its good effects, and in the following year Catholics were granted the privilege of holding a lease on property for 999 years. Shortly after this he effected the repeal of the Restriction and Test Act. His next step was his famous tentative resolution, in which he stated that the king, with the consent of the Irish Parliament, was alone competent to make laws to govern Ireland; and that Ireland and Great Britain were united only inasmuch as they were under a common sovereign. Pleased with the tone of the debate which followed the introduction of the resolution, he did not press its passage then, but bided his time.

To bring greater stress on the English Government, Grattan, Flood and Charlemont brought up for consideration two resolutions to further Irish independence, and to these Grattan, without the knowledge of the others, added a third, which advocated the relaxation of the Penal Laws against the Catholics. These resolutions were adopted by the delegates. Now, strong in armed support (forty thousand volunteers stood ready at his beck), he again brought forward his motion for a declaration of independence, and although it was lost it created such enthusiasm that when, on April 16th, he arose to make another motion for a declaration of rights, he congratulated his countrymen on the successful issue of the struggle in these memorable words: "I am now about to address a free people." England did not dare refuse freedom to the Irish, for these were days when hoary monarchies rocked

on their foundations, and Europe was still shaking from the French Revolutionary earthquake. The Spanish and French were laying siege to Gibraltar, so the Irish were thrown this sop to quiet them.

Shortly after this the Irish Parliament granted him a vote of 100,000 pounds for his labors in behalf of the Irish cause; but he was with difficulty persuaded to accept half this amount, and only did so because it would relieve him from the necessity of practising law, and enable him to give all his time to politics.

During the next ten years Grattan had poor success, as nearly all of his measures were rejected. But, at last, in 1793 the Catholics were granted parliamentary suffrage through his efforts; however, this only increased their desire for further redress, and when the hope of obtaining this was taken away by the recall of Fitzwilliam as lord-lieutenant, the result was the bloody rebellion of '98.

Previous to this, Grattan had left Parliament, but in 1800 he again entered the Irish Parliament, as member from Wicklow, to oppose the Union with England. He knew that to work against the influence of the British Government was hopeless, still his last words in the Irish Parliament were: "I will remain anchored here with fidelity to my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall." After the Union he was elected member of the English Parliament. While on a journey to London to vote for the Catholic Relief Bill he took sick and died. He had the honor of a public funeral and was buried in Westminster Abbey, alongside of such statesmen and orators as Pitt, Fox and Sheridan. Henry Grattan should find a warm place in the hearts of all true Irishmen, for his life was one long struggle to redress their wrongs.

To use his own words: "I sat by the cradle of Ireland's liberty, but alas! I have lived sorrowfully to follow her hearse." "Ireland he loved with an enthusiasm which only death could quench. She was the passion of his soul, the devotion of his life. Mighty in his eloquence, he was yet mightier in his patriotism."

P. J. GAFFIKIN, 1900.

LIFE.

WHAT are hopes and joys and fears?
 A vernal breath, an idle sound,
 Or whispering voices choked with tears
 Disturbing solitude profound.

What are glory, trust and pride?
 A broken staff, a dying cry,
 A ruined tower, time and tide,
 A shadow of a victory.

Ambition, fortune, birth and fame?
 A slimy tomb, a vault, a cell;
 To sap life's blood, a wily name
 In glaring rockets wont to dwell.

Then what is life? A broken arch,
 Unfinished pile; a shallow stream,
 A stepping stone, a palsied march
 To run its course, to end unseen.

Mis-shapen thought, gay fleeting dream,
 A sudden shock of grief and pain;
 Such is life! A flickering beam
 To gleam awhile, to die again.

A. J. P., '96.

ROME, —.

To the Editor VILLANOVA MONTHLY:

I heard some very fine music at Vespers at the Church of the Jesu. Over the altar are a number (I should think at least fifty) of beautiful crystal chandeliers filled with candles and hanging from a great height. Men, in order to light them, mount ladders which are attached to the uppermost balconies, and thus suspended in mid air, they stretch out the long poles to the tapers. It made me dizzy to watch them. It is a very gorgeous church. In one of the side chapels is preserved an arm of St. Francis Xavier.

We have visited the Mamertine Prison, where St. Peter baptized his jailers, also where Jugurtha was starved to death. We have also been to St. Pietro, in Montorio, and seen the temple designed by Bramante, in which is shown the spot where St. Peter was crucified. The monk gave us some of the yellow sand from it. The view of nearly all of modern Rome is very fine from the Janiculum.

To-day we were walking through the Vatican Museum for at least two hours and a half. Such wonderful galleries and statuary! We had previously been to the galleries of paintings. Yesterday I made the ascent of the dome of St. Peter's. It certainly paid me for the effort. The view of the church from the gallery running round the interior of the dome being the best means of gaining a more correct estimate of the extent of the church. Then you continue (going outside of the gallery again) to ascend between the walls of the drum to the top of the dome, from whence a magnificent panorama of Rome with its Compagna and Alban Hills and snow-capped Apennines, is presented to view. I looked up inside the staircase going from the summit of dome to bronze ball on top, which is said to be capable of holding sixteen persons; but the thought that after leaving the stairs there was an almost vertical ladder to climb before reaching the ball, prevented my making the attempt until two ladies, who were bent on going up, encouraged me to follow them. So I did; but I did not leave the upper rungs of the ladder; I merely put my head in ball, to say I had done so. The air is very stifling there, and of course there is nothing to see. There is a waiting-room at the top of the stairs, beneath which there seemed to be nearly two dozen people awaiting their turn to ascend. For the men it is a comparatively easy task, but for ladies a very difficult one. This afternoon I went up the Scala Sancta. You know they are the twenty-eight steps on which Christ descended from Pilate's house in Jerusalem. Of course they must be ascended on the knees, and much as I desired to perform this pious action, I very much feared when I had mounted about midway, that I should not be able to accomplish it. I saw quite elderly ladies

ascending so much better than I could ; but I suppose they were more accustomed to it. However, I succeeded, but my knees felt as though I could not have gone any farther. There is an indulgence of nine years for every step ; I trust that I have gained it. The doctor advises B. to go farther South, as he thinks that the change of air will benefit her. But we are told that the hotels are very poorly kept there, and people who go only remain a short time ; however, we may like it very well. It would be so interesting to visit Pompeii and the Museum of Naples. It takes about five hours by rail from Rome. I think that we shall go there soon, and then return to Rome to finish our sight-seeing. We are going to see the Church of St. Lorenzo, where Pius IX. is buried. Dr. Neno, O.S.A., also is interred there. Fr. L. has been very kind and attentive to us ; he has taken us some pleasant trips—one to the Palatine Hill, where he pointed out to us the ruins of the palaces of the Roman Emperors Caligula, Domitian, etc. ; and he showed us there, in good preservation, what remains of the house of Livia. It affords one an excellent idea of the best style of their private mansions. The rooms were quite small. On another occasion he accompanied us to the Church of St. Cosmas and Damian, to see a Cardinal take possession of this his titular church. It was very interesting ; and attached is the house where the two Saints were martyred. He also took us to the Basilica of San Lorenzo, where Pius IX is interred. His monument is a plain marble sarcophagus, over which is a fresco copied from the Catacombs, representing Christ, the Good Shepherd. The chapel in which it is placed is beautifully frescoed, and altogether one of the most tasteful that we have seen. In the adjoining Campo Santo, which resembles that at Genoa, and is quite handsome, Dr. Neno reposes in the Augustinian vault.

On the feast of St. Agnes I attended at her church (*fuori le mura*), the blessing of the two lambs, the wool of which is used for the palliums. It was a pretty sight to see the little things decked off with ribbons and flowers, and curious to hear them bleating as they were carried to the altar.

When I described it all to B., she said that as the little lambs were to be killed, she would not have cared to see them, but Fr. L. did not suppose that they were to be killed, but only sheared for their wool; however, even if they were, he did not think that they could die in a better cause.

He procured us tickets for two ceremonies at St. Peters, in the chapel over the vestibule, fitted up by Leo XIII. In the morning was taking place the beatification of a member of the Christian Brothers. The music was very fine and the chapel a perfect blaze of lights; about six or eight Cardinals were present. And in the afternoon the Holy Father was present for about twenty minutes. This was the second time for me to see him, but the first for B., and I was so glad that she had the opportunity, and that she was fortunate enough to secure a seat on both occasions, as there was such a crowd and the fatigue of standing would have been too great for her. She made use of the bench, on which she sat with four other ladies, to stand on when the Pope arrived; so that she had an excellent view of him over the heads of the crowd and of the Swiss Guard, who kept the line clear. The people crowded so on His Holiness, that it seemed as though they would have crushed him, had not the Guard held them back.

The Holy Father walked with a quick step along the line to the Altar, blessing all to right and left, and after praying some minutes he returned, when the people broke into vociferous acclamations of "Viva Papa Rey." I was quite laden down with chaplets and pictures, etc., which I had taken with me to receive his blessings. The pictures are quite large, representing the Pope in different attitudes, and there is a plenary indulgence for the hour of death attached to each after being blessed by him. One answers for a family; the names had to be written on each; perhaps you have some of them at Villanova.

Dr. Mattioli, O.S.A., called on us, and as we were out he left word on his card that he would see us next morning at 10 o'clock. So he came again this A. M., and we had a delightful visit with him. We managed to carry on a conversation rather satisfactorily, considering that he speaks but

little French or English, and we but a few words of Italian! I was sorry that we had not some one present to interpret for us, but he came alone. However, I think that we managed to understand each other right well. He told B., who now speaks some Italian, that she would soon, with a little practice, speak it quite well. He is a very agreeable and kind man, he was pleased to learn from us that we knew Dr. Neno. I hope that we shall meet him again.

We have been having some charming weather in Rome lately; it resembles our most pleasant Spring days at home. We shall probably go to Naples next week for a short time.
M.

SOLDIER BOYS IN CAMP.

IT was in the autumn of 1896, when the shadows of day and night intermingle, spreading over the earth the thickening gloom that denotes the decline of the year, that the State Militia of Connecticut were preparing to go for a week's encampment to their favorite camping ground, Niantic. Being at that time much interested in Company "G" of the Second Regiment, to which some of my comrades belonged, I was a frequent visitor at the armory, and often heard of the excitement attendant on all their operations. These companions were desirous for me to enlist, and, after much persuasion, I did join the company. This was about a fortnight before camp week, and the days passed very rapidly, being spent in acquiring the necessary military tactics, until the last day arrived when we were set to work rolling blankets, packing knapsacks, polishing the metal of our uniforms and doing a hundred and one other things.

Early in the morning of our departure I arose and hastened to the armory, which presented a scene of utmost confusion. Soldiers were everywhere, running to and fro, completing the preparation; some were strapping on their knapsacks or cleaning guns; others were assisting the officers. Suddenly the command was given, "fall in!" Immediately all

bustle ceased, and in an instant every man was at his post. This order was quickly followed by the second, "shoulder arms!" Then the final, "forward! march!" Hardly had the last word sounded before the whole company faced forward as though but one man. The clanking of arms, and anxious quick beat, mingled with the notes of the bugle, produced the most soul-stirring effect such as inspires the veteran hero at the front in a dreadful charge. The march to the station was quick and short, and in a few minutes we were on the train, rolling along toward Niantic, a hundred miles away. Here the march was again resumed, and after half an hour's tramp, we reached the camping ground.

Many companies had already arrived and presented a striking appearance as they moved hither and thither on the field dotted with snow-white tents, which had been pitched to the number of five thousand. The tents were arranged in squares, nine tents being allotted to each street. The quarters of the Captain and Lieutenant were situated at the head of the street occupied by their company.

Having arrived at our quarters, we spent the remaining part of the day "getting things in shape."

On the following morning I was startled from my slumber by the boom of a cannon, and, quickly rising, hastened outside, expecting to see the whole field alive with soldiers. What was my surprise, however, at not seeing a single soldier, with the exception of the guards who were solemnly "doing their rounds."

Wondering what the firing of that cannon could mean, I re-entered my tent, but had hardly done so before the shrill blasts of a bugle rang out on the morning air; at times soft and low, then loud and told, echoing and re-echoing from the surrounding hills. In a moment the camp was alive and five thousand voices caught up the "air" and sang out that strain so dear to the soldier's heart:

"Oh I can't get him up,
I can't get him up,
I can't get him up this morning."

Then came the roll call, and after the names had been answered, we enjoyed a typical soldier's breakfast.

During the morning there were two drills, one at eight, the other at ten. Both of these were very interesting and gorgeous, but at two o'clock the sharp guard mount was performed, and only one who has seen this manoeuvre can realize how brilliant it is. The soldiers, flushed and excited, the glittering uniforms, clashing of sabres, the neighing and prancing of horses, while above all is heard the loud tones of command—all combined to make this the noblest and most splendid ceremony in the camp. It is the more exciting as each company endeavors to surpass the others by the quickness and stateliness with which it takes its place in the line and in the execution of the captain's commands.

This was the programme for the whole week, but, rest assured, the minds of the jokers were not idle, for they had an abundant supply of tricks with which to break the monotony of military life. Of course, these jokes could be practiced only when the officers were lost in dreams. A few of these are, tossing some one in a blanket, dipping him, while dressed in his lay me-down "easies," in a nearby watering trough, or making him shoulder a gun and stand guard over a pump, with orders to let no one drink, and innumerable such others. These tricks are usually practiced on recruits, and unhappily I was numbered among the latter.

But the most exciting day in camp was Friday, Governor's day. On this day the Governor and his staff reviewed the militia, and each company was out in its best, this being the last and most magnificent parade of the week. This drill lasted from three until five, at which time the cannon began to roar, gattling guns to belch fire, mortars to hurl their hissing shells, and Winchesters to send forth their spiteful contents. This bombarding continued up to five o'clock, after which the fort vomited fire for an hour longer. Then the honors were awarded to the best drilled regiment, and the signal being given, the colors were hauled down; the colors were raised every morning at sunrise and taken down when he began to sink behind the western hills. This, the last night

at camp, presented a gay scene ; every street was decorated with varigated lanterns and banners ; brilliant trains of fireworks shot through the vaulted night, rivaling the sun's rays in their brightness, yet leaving the sky more gloomy after the blazing lights were extinguished ; cannons roared, guns screeched, horns tooted, drums were beating, soldiers sang, the Second Regiment band discoursed sweet music, and everything seemed in a blaze of glory. Suddenly, above the din, the shrill notes of the bugle sounded and immediately all noise ceased, lights were extinguished one by one, taps sounded, and silence reigned supreme. It was all so sudden, it seemed like a dream. Five minutes before the earth resounded, the sky was ablaze ; but now all was silent, like a battlefield where the murderous fire had ruled during the day only to be stilled during the gloom of night, leaving over the earth a silence all the more deathlike.

Next morning was the task of breaking up camp, and a scene of confusion it was. When we were ready, the Second Regiment drew up in line, and with colors flying marched off to the inspiring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." Company "G" rolled home light-hearted and gay, and as the members were about to depart to their homes, the bugler played in soft refrain :

"We're tenting to-night, we're tenting to-night,
We're tenting on the old camp ground."

J. F. BAGLEY, 1900.





UNDER THE LIBRARY LAMP

Rev. John B. Tabb, of St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md., has published a new volume of poems. This means a rare intellectual treat for all lovers of true poetry. A distinguished English critic says: "Father Tabb's works live.

. . . Sidney Lanier and Father John Tabb are, so far, the most poetical poets who have chanced to be Americans."

Father Tabb's new book will not disappoint the admirers of his "Poems." Many of the "Lyrics" are here published for the first time. All have the individuality, distinction and charm that readers have learned to look for in the verses of the Maryland poet-priest.

One critic calls this dainty volume: "A veritable casket of jewels. The poems are all short, but into their brevity is compressed a wealth of poetic thought and feeling. These poems should find a place in every household, and should lie somewhere close at hand, so that they may be taken up to fill in the 'odd five minutes of leisure' which come into the busiest life."

The sweet simplicity of Father Tabb's poems on religious subjects makes them what Father Fidelis, C.P., styles "ejaculatory prayers."

These "Lyrics" are crystallized heart throbs every one, and crystallized in such purity of poetic form, and in such tenderness of imaginative luster that every lover of poesy will be glad to fix them in the firmest setting of his memory, and wear them as choice jewels next his heart. Father Tabb evidently

does not make verses. They make themselves in his heart and brain. The heart of Nature sings them to him, until he cannot help but utter them to the world. Poetry is an inspiration from the universal heart of humanity to the heart of the seer, whose finely strung nature vibrates with the impulse borne in upon it, and sings, it knows not whence, a wild æolian strain, which moves the hearts of all, because it comes from the hearts of all.

Every page of the book contains a treat, and not the least of them is the delicate correspondence of sound to sense in the verses, and the perfect, harmonious movement of the rhyme and rhythm. There is not a jar or discord in the verse; all is smooth, polished, complete. The author evidently realizes, what many poets seem to forget, that poetic form is as essential to true poetry as poetic feeling. Poetic form is as variable and adaptable as the human form, but any rude transgression of it produces a monstrosity in poetry as it does in humanity. Many people imagine that it is a mark of genius to disregard all form and rule, and present for poetry a lot of highflown words, chopped up into unmetrical, irregular lines. Poetic license, they call it, forsooth! It is a license that the genius of Homer, or Virgil, or Horace, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Tennyson, or Longfellow never took; and the reader will be pleased to find that Father Tabb does not take it.

Here are a few gems culled at random from his latest book, and from a volume published some thirteen years ago:

TO THE WOOD-ROBIN.

The wooing air is jubilant with song,
 And blossoms swell
 As leaps thy liquid melody along
 The dusky dell,
 Where silence, late supreme, forgoes her wonted spell.
 Ah, whence, in sylvan solitudes remote,
 Hast learned the lore
 That breeds delight in every echoing note,
 The woodlands o'er;
 As when, through slanting sun, descends the quickening shower?

The heritage is peopled with the dreams
 That gladden sleep;
 Here Fancy dallies with delirious themes
 Mid shadows deep,
 Till eyes, unused to tears, with wild emotions weep.

We rise, alas, to find our visions fled!
 But thine remain.
 Night weaves of golden harmonies the thread,
 And fills thy brain
 With joys that overflow in Love's awakening strain.

Yet thou, from mortal influence apart,
 Seek'st naught of praise,
 The empty plaudits of the emptier heart
 Taint not thy lays:
 Thy Maker's smile alone thy tuneful bosom sways.

Teach me, thou warbling eremite, to sing
 Thy rhapsody;
 Nor borne on vain ambition's vaunting wing,
 But led of thee,
 To rise from earthly dreams to hymn Eternity.

The following group of sonnets are near the high-water mark of American poetry. "They give a hint of some of the influences that have played a very important part in the poet's development," says a critic:

POE

Sad spirit, swathed in brief mortality,
 Of fate and fervid fantasies the prey,
 Till the remorseless demon of dismay
 O'erwhelmed thee—lo! thy doleful destiny
 Is chanted in the requiem of sea
 And shadowed in the crumbling ruins gray
 That beetle o'er the tarn. Here all the day
 The Raven broods on solitude and thee:
 Here gloats the moon at midnight, while the Bells
 Tremble, but speak not least Ulalume
 Should startle from her slumbers, or Lenore
 Harken the love-forbidden tone that tells
 The shrouded legend of thy early doom
 And blast the bliss of heaven forevermore.

SHELLEY

Shelley, the ceaseless music of thy soul
Breathes in the Cloud and the Skylark's song,
That float as an embodied dream along
The dewy lids of morning. In the dole
That haunts the West Wind, in the joyous roll
Of Arethusan fountains, or among
The wastes where Ozymandias the strong
Lies in colossal ruin, thy control
Speaks in the wedded rhyme. Thy spirit gave
A fragrance to all nature, and a tone
To inexpressive silence. Each apart—
Earth, Air, and Ocean — claims thee as its own;
The twain that bred thee, and the panting wave
That clasped thee, like an overflowing heart.

AT KEATS' GRAVE.

"I feel the flowers growing over me."
Prophetic thought! Behold, no cypress gloom
Portrays in dim memorial the doom
That quenched the ray of starlike destiny!
E'en death itself deals tenderly with thee!
For here, the livelong year, the violets bloom
And swing their fragrant censers till the tomb
Forgets the legend of mortality.
Nay: while the pilgrim periods of time
Alternate song and holy requiem sing,
As through the circling centuries sublime
They scatter frost, or genial sunshine bring,
With gathered sweets of every varying clime
They weave around thee one perpetual Spring.

Mr. Fisher continues in his book, "The Colony and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania," the work which he has already done for the earlier history of Pennsylvania. He describes Penn, narrates Indian relations, puts in a vivid light the Revolution, and sketches the pre-eminent position Philadelphia held at the close of the last century and the beginning of this.

The study of "life's ironies," by Mr. Paul Lawrenec Dunbar, in "Majors and Minors," is worth any amount of the ordinary verse which raises the old flower from the old seed. Mr. Dunbar is the first of his race to win attention by his verse, but when one remembers that in Europe two poets and two dramatists of the last half century share negro blood, the promise of poetry from Africa seems bright.

Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy" is having a tremendous sale, and it is really a charmingly written book; but to some people these simple, tender, personal recollections of his mother might be regarded as something too sweet and sacred to be set down in cold print, and exposed, for praise or censure, to a hypercritical public.

It is seldom one comes across any real poetry now-a-days, but a sonnet on "Time," in *Harper's* for January, by Mr. Williston Fish, a Chicago business man in real estate and street railways, surely deserves that title. He is a graduate of West Point, where he made a brilliant record. For power and richness of imagery, for magic of melody, for the rounded completeness of its expression of the soul's protest against mortality—it demands a place among the perfect things in the golden treasury of English song.

In the last decade, machinery has in some degree modified French agriculture, but Theuriet's pictures in "Rustic Life in France" are, in the main, true to this day. They give us the French peasant as he is, not the ineffable beast depicted in Zola's "La Terre," or the somewhat idealized person of Mr. Gilbert Hamerton, but the real, plodding peasant. Shrewd he is and thrifty, somewhat suspicious, and, as a rule, truly religious. He pins his faith to steady work, and he lives up to the old Norman proverb: "Hay is the foundation of the farm, and hay means toil." He and his wife pride themselves on pigs with silky skins, which are treated as tenderly as if they were babies, and which give results, in the way of pork and hams, that make one understand why Frenchmen of taste desire to keep the products of the Chicago abattoirs out of the land, as tending to demoralize the national epicurean palate. The French peasant woman works as hard

as her man, and if she has no musical instrument with which to make night hideous, she has her vegetable garden, a poultry yard full of fat fowls, and a dove cote full of pigeons. In fact, when you think of this scene of concentrated, steady industry and thrift, with a rich soil and a good climate, you cease to wonder at the recuperative power of French finance, and that in many lines the French farm supplies the London market. Of course, there is the other and darker side to the picture. The French peasant is often brutal, and as the years pass by he tends more and more to become a tippler. In days that are dead, he was content with cider in Normandy, cheap wines in the wine belt, and, if he was very poor, he satisfied himself with that ineffable beverage, piquette. Now, however, cheap brandy is in great demand, and the small farmer and country mechanic pour down "liquid damnation," as Christy Johnstone put it, at a rate that has made of France the second spirit-consuming nation of the world, only Denmark leading her.

Some light may be thrown upon the question, Who is the most popular American novelist? by a reference to the numbers of Mr. Crawford's novels which have been sold in the United States alone, without considering the large number sold in England and her colonies, or the numerous translations made into French, German, Italian and other languages. The sale of Mr. Crawford's novels in the United States has been, we are assured, upwards of five hundred thousand copies, even according to the incomplete estimate upon which this information is based, wherein one of the lesser novels is not mentioned at all and some years' sales of others are not included. The intelligent reader, amazed at these figures, pauses and asks, "Is Crawford destined to find an abiding place in hearts of novel readers of future generations?" That is another story, as Kipling puts it.



EXCHANGES

The time is now fast approaching when the college editor will lay aside his pen, and resign his chair to him whose shoulders will next year sustain the arduous and trying task. Whilst he who is about to leave the editorial table will, probably, breathe a sigh of relief upon ridding himself of a burdensome charge, he must also have some feelings of regret in departing from that circle of companions with whom his labors and trials were shared. It will be the first of those many sad adieus which he must bid, when the setting sun of his college days recedes far away beneath the distant horizon. For him, in particular, whose office it was to peruse the many journals that were submitted to him for criticism, it will be the last good-bye to that circle of acquaintances, with whom he has become familiar through their admirable efforts in their college papers. Of some, perhaps, he will afterwards hear much, when their ability shall have gained recognition in the busy and trying world. Some day it may be his pleasure to meet, if Fate has ordained that they should cross one another's paths; but the majority he may rest assured will fade away into oblivion, never again to rise in his memory with the recollections of his earliest journalistic efforts.

Whatever may be the Editor's pleasure or regret in retiring from the staff, let him always remember that his college paper was a medium through which he was equipped for life's hazardous battle. And when he shall have passed many days of his stern manhood, struggling nobly in the midst of the fight, let him listen to the solicitations of those who will then comprise the editorial staff, and turn occasionally to his Alma Mater, when fond recollections will assure him that his youth was not a fruitless blank.

With the April number of the Boston College *Stylus* the editors of that excellent magazine bade adieu to their contemporaries and retired from journalistic labors. The *Stylus* has always been one of our favorite exchanges, but, in our opinion, no staff has done more than the retiring one to advance that journal to its present degree of excellence. Special praise is due the athletic editor, not only for raising the standard of his department above that of other years, but also for recording the athletic events of Boston College so tersely, that in this respect the *Stylus* is superior to any other college paper. It is the tendency of college journals to imitate the daily newspapers in recounting their victories or defeats on the athletic field, and in consequence, present an unwholesome conglomeration of slang. From this defect the *Stylus* is free. The editor maintains a clear, manly style, and infuses into his writings vividness and elegance.

Among the many exchanges we receive from Pennsylvanian colleges, the *College Forum* maintains an honorable rank. No journal comes to our sanctum whose matter is better arranged. The April number contains much excellent literary matter. "Hail! Greece!" the contribution of a senior, is an exquisite little poem, written in a very sentimental strain. "Evangeline" is an interesting review of Longfellow's famous poem, and "The Intellectual Nobility" manifests sound and mature thought. It detracts nothing, however, from the merits of the other departments to say that, in depth of thought and ease of expression, the editorials are most excellent. The editor wields his pen in a graceful, manly style, and his work is stamped with the admirable characteristics of clearness and originality.

Our Lady of Good Counsel, edited and published by the Augustinian Fathers, has recently been greatly enlarged and improved, and now is justly classed among the best Catholic family magazines. Its bright, entertaining stories, the contributions of some of our foremost Catholic authors, can be read with equal pleasure by both old and young. The May

number contains several ably-written essays. "The Conversion of St. Augustine," by Matilda Cummings, is a brief but instructive article, presenting a very vivid picture of the conversion of "the world's greatest penitent." "Rome," a poem of much grace and beauty, by Rev. M. J. Locke, O.S.A., formerly professor of Philosophy at Villanova, now professor of Theology at St. Monica's in Rome, may be found in the same number. The author triumphantly recounts with rare poetic beauty the fall of pagan Rome and the establishment of the true Church upon its ruins. But, reflecting upon the degraded condition of Italy, he sorrowfully adds :

"Old Rome is gone, and pagan sway
No longer frets the Christian band;
But pagan Christians live to-day,
And deeply foul this Christian land."

The last verse is particularly beautiful.

"O Roma Felix! at thy name
A countless army bows the head.
They'd die for thee with loud acclaim—
Fit offspring of thy martyr'd dead.
Beneath the banner of thy cross,
As fought their Christian sires of old,
They'd fight and bleed, and deem the loss
A priceless gain of wealth untold."

We regret that we have not sooner mentioned the *Child* in this column. That the oversight was not due to a lack of interest in this charming little magazine, we can assure you. The *Child*, in our opinion, is a model. Its attractive cover and beautiful illustrations are sufficient to arrest the attention of the little ones, and its short, interesting stories cannot fail to cultivate in them a desirable taste for reading. We heartily congratulate Father Bulivet upon the success which his paper has achieved, and sincerely hope that it will win new and greater laurels in the future.

PERSONALS.

Among the old boys who visited the Villa recently were : Messrs. John I. Whelan, '95, Brooklyn Seminary ; E. T. Wade, '96, and J. Hannan, Catholic University ; W. F. Hazel, B.S., '96, Georgetown University Medical School ; B. J. Corr, B.S., '95 ; M. J. Mullen, C.D., '92, Philadelphia, Pa.

During the past two months, Messrs. J. F. O'Leary, J. J. Ryle, '94, and W. J. Mahon, B.S., '94, have graduated in medicine. They were all members of the editorial staff, and we wish them unlimited success in their profession.

E. J. Mahon, 1900, Hartford, Conn., is a decidedly clever pen-and-ink artist, as the department top-pieces in THE MONTHLY show. In a future issue we hope to present some specimens of his pen-work.

Saturday, May 15th, occurred, suddenly, the death of Mrs. Katherine Nolan, wife of Wm. Nolan, of Reading, Pa. We extend our sincere sympathy to the family in the great loss they have suffered. Her four sons, students at our College, Frs. Delurey and Coar attended the funeral.

George P. Carmichael's ('99) uncle also died in Lawrence, Mass. George left to attend the funeral.

RECEPTION OF NOVICES.

Tuesday, May 4th, the feast of St. Monica, Messrs. B. E. Daly, Lawrence, Mass., and H. T. Conway, Chestnut Hill, Pa., were invested with the Augustinian habit in the collegiate chapel. High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. L. A. Delurey ; deacon, Rev. W. A. Jones, O.S.A. ; sub-deacon, Mr. F. Touscher, O.S.A. ; master of ceremonies, Mr. E. J. Murtaugh, O.S.A. After benediction, the prior, Very Rev. F. M. Sheeran, O.S.A., received the postulants, and Messrs. A. J. Plunkett, O.S.A. ; A. J. Viger, O.S.A. ; E. J. Moynihan, O.S.A. ; J. J. Barthouski, O.S.A. ; J. J. Dean, O.S.A., made their simple profession.

BASE-BALL.

VILLANOVA, 14—U. OF PENNA. PICKED NINE, 11.

Wednesday, April 14th, saw the base-ball season opened with a game between the college nine and a picked nine from the University of Pennsylvania. The team, as a whole, made a good impression, Downes and Kirsch using their bats with good effect. The score :

VILLANOVA.						U. OF PA. PICKED NINE.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Downes, c . .	4	3	11	2	1	Tracy, lf . . .	2	1	1	2	1
Hayden, 2b . .	0	2	1	1	1	H. Johnson, rf .	1	1	0	0	1
Bagley, 3b . .	2	2	2	2	0	Gelbert, 2b, p .	2	0	1	2	2
Conway, 1b . .	2	1	9	0	0	Montague, c . .	0	0	6	1	0
Reilly, ss . . .	1	1	1	1	0	Huston, 1b . .	1	1	7	0	2
Carroll, lf . . .	0	0	2	0	1	Kennedy, 3b . .	1	1	3	1	0
Breslin, p . . .	2	0	0	2	1	Mintzer, p, 2b .	1	1	3	2	3
Kirsch, cf . . .	2	4	1	1	0	Murphy, cf . . .	1	1	2	0	0
McCullough, rf .	1	0	0	0	0	J. Johnson, ss .	2	1	1	3	4
Total . . .	14	13	27	9	4	Total . . .	11	7	24	11	13

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Villanova	3	5	2	1	0	1	1	1	x
U. of Pa. Picked Nine	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	0

VILLANOVA, 17—URSINUS COLLEGE, 8

On April 21st, the Ursinus College team fell easy victims to the home aggregation, being out-played at every point. None of the Villanova's errors were costly, and their batting was strong and timely. The score :

VILLANOVA.						URSINUS.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Downes, c . .	3	4	10	3	0	Kelker, c . . .	2	1	3	6	0
Hayden, 2b . .	0	1	2	1	1	Henson, ss . . .	1	0	4	2	0
Bagley, 3b . .	2	2	4	3	1	Raun, 1b . . .	2	3	13	0	1
Conway, rf . .	3	4	1	0	0	Kugler, 3b . . .	1	2	2	0	0
Reilly, 1b . . .	2	1	8	0	0	Stublbein, cf .	0	3	2	2	2
Kirsch, cf . . .	3	1	1	1	1	Spangler, 2b . .	0	0	0	0	3
Breslin, p . . .	2	1	0	1	1	Heiges, lf . . .	1	1	0	0	2
Carroll, ss . . .	1	0	1	5	1	Kelley, rf . . .	1	0	0	3	0
McCullough, lf .	1	0	0	0	1	Yost, p	0	0	0	0	0
Total . . .	17	14	27	14	6	Laros, p	0	0	0	0	0
						Total . . .	8	10	24	13	—

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Villanova	3	0	3	2	0	4	0	5	x
Ursinus	2	0	1	3	0	0	0	2	0

VILLANOVA, 10—MANHATTAN COLLEGE, 16.

The home team was beaten by their old rivals from Manhattan College on May 5th. The defeat can be attributed to the fact that hits were not bunched, and all the errors made proved costly; while Breslin was decidedly "off color." The score:

VILLANOVA.						MANHATTAN.									
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.				
Downes, c . . .	2	3	4	3	1	G. Cotter, c . .	6	2	5	2	2				
Hayden, 2b . .	0	0	4	2	0	Colahan, 1b . .	1	4	8	0	0				
Bagley, 3b . .	1	2	3	3	1	Castro, ss . . .	2	1	3	2	1				
Conway, rf . .	3	3	0	0	0	Glennon, 2b . .	2	3	3	1	1				
Herron, lf . .	1	2	5	1	1	D. Cotter, lf . .	0	2	2	0	0				
Carroll, ss . .	1	3	0	4	1	F. McQuade, 3b	0	1	3	0	1				
Breslin, p . .	1	1	0	1	0	Byrnes, p, cf . .	2	1	2	0	0				
Kirsch, cf . .	0	1	1	0	0	Donovan, p . .	1	0	0	5	2				
Reilly, 1b . .	1	1	0	0	0	J. McQuade, cf	0	0	1	0	0				
						Dowd	2	0	0	0	0				
Total . . .	10	16	27	14	4	Total . . .	16	14	27	10	7				
						INNINGS.									
							1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Villanova							0	0	2	1	3	2	0	0	2
Manhattan							1	0	2	3	1	4	2	0	3

VILLANOVA, 15—WEST CHESTER NORMAL, 9.

On Saturday, May 8th, the team traveled to West Chester to try conclusions with the team representing the Normal School of that place. The Normals proved to be no match for our team, and until the ninth inning scored but two runs. Bagley and Carroll played a game that bordered on the marvelous, and there was a pleasing presence of team work. The score:

VILLANOVA.						WEST CHESTER NORMAL.									
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.				
Downes, c . . .	2	1	6	2	0	Irwin, c	1	0	2	3	1				
Hayden, 2b . .	1	3	3	1	1	Miller, 2b . . .	1	2	6	2	0				
Bagley, 3b . .	3	3	3	1	1	Kauntz, lf . . .	2	1	2	0	1				
Conway, rf . .	1	0	1	0	1	McCleary, p . .	1	2	0	5	1				
McCullough, lf	2	3	2	0	0	Kelly, cf . . .	0	0	1	0	0				
Carroll, ss . .	2	3	4	4	0	Gonzales, 3b . .	0	0	2	1	0				
Breslin, p . . .	2	1	0	1	1	Jones, ss	2	2	2	2	2				
Kirsch, cf . . .	1	2	2	0	0	Barr, rf	1	2	1	1	0				
Reilly, 1b . . .	1	2	6	0	0	Williams, 1b . .	1	1	11	1	1				
Total . . .	15	18	27	9	4	Total . . .	9	10	27	15	6				
						INNINGS.									
							1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Villanova							1	0	0	2	1	3	0	8	0
Normal							0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	7

VILLANOVA, 5—MANHATTAN COLLEGE, 10.

For the second time the team suffered defeat at the hands of Manhattan at Jasper Oval, on Wednesday May 12. Herron was in the box, and pitched a steady game. Until the eighth inning it was a pretty contest, when three hits and two costly errors netted Manhattan five runs and the game. The score:

VILLANOVA.						MANHATTAN.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Carroll, ss . . .	0	0	1	3	2	G. Cotter, c . .	2	2	6	1	1
Bagley, 3b . . .	0	2	0	2	0	Cohalan, 1b . .	0	0	10	1	0
Hayden, 2b . . .	1	2	2	2	1	Castro, ss . . .	4	2	1	2	0
Downes, c . . .	1	1	6	1	0	Glennon, 2b . .	0	1	5	3	0
Kirsch, cf . . .	1	1	2	0	1	D. Cotter, lf . .	1	2	2	0	0
Herron, p . . .	2	2	0	2	0	McQuade, 3b . .	1	3	1	1	3
Breslin, rf . . .	0	0	1	0	0	Byrnes, p . . .	0	0	0	4	1
Reilly, 1b . . .	0	0	11	0	0	Dowd, rf . . .	1	1	1	0	0
McCullough, lf .	0	0	1	0	1	Shield, cf . . .	1	1	1	0	0
Total	5	8	24	10	5	Total	10	12	27	12	5

VILLANOVA. 9; U. OF PA. RESERVES, 1.

On Wednesday, May 19th, the Reserves of the University of Pennsylvania proved easy victims to the home team. The game was marked by all-round good playing for the home team at bat and in the field.

VILLANOVA COLLEGE.						U. OF PA. RESERVES.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Carroll, ss.	0	1	1	4	0	Frazier, c.f.	0	0	2	0	0
Bagley, 3b.	2	1	2	2	0	Gregg, 2b.	0	1	1	2	1
Hayden, 2b.	1	1	1	1	0	Walker, s.s.	0	1	3	1	1
Downes c.	3	2	7	2	0	Cheyney, 3b.	0	0	2	2	0
Kirsch, c.f.	1	2	1	0	0	Anderson, l.f.	0	1	1	0	1
Herron, l.f.	0	0	0	0	0	Wentz, 1b.	1	0	9	0	3
Breslin, p.	1	2	2	4	0	Layton, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Reilly, 1b.	0	1	13	0	1	Swartz, c.	0	2	4	0	1
McCullough, r.f.	1	0	0	0	0	Pearsall, p.	0	0	2	4	0
Total.	9	10	27	13	1	Total.	1	5	24	9	7

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Villanova	3	1	2	2	0	0	0	1	x
U. of Pa. Reserves	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0

MINSTREL SHOW.

The Villanova Minstrel and Glee Club gave a very well-attended and enjoyable entertainment, Monday evening, May 6th, and Messrs. McCullough, Shanahan, Breslin, Donovan, Bagley, Kelley, McCloskey, Kennedy and Mellon, sang and acted themselves into the good graces of the audience. We had almost forgotten to mention that the success of the show was due largely to the efforts of Mr. Wm. Reddy, who has clearly proved himself to be in Charlie Frohman's class as an *impresario*.



SPLINTERS.

"Butch."

"Who robbed the cradle?"

"Who was it that said Pat couldn't scrap?"

"Oh, heavens! I met an awful shock!"

They say Villanova air is very *embracing*.

Ask the Professor to tell you about the bicycle race at Meriden.

"I never get splintered *because I never make no breaks.*"
Oh, Jimmie!

Uncle Tommyrot paid us a flying visit on his way to Lonesomehurst.

With impressive ceremonies, the front door has, at last, been officially opened for the season of '97.

They say Pipe danced for two hours when he found the missing clothes in his bed.

"I just found out during the Easter vacation that the Postmaster-general is a relative of mine."

Jack, it's too bad you stopped at that toll-gate. Think of the irony of fate and the loss of six cents.

There is a letter at the office for the man that bored the holes in the shoemaker's window.

The Molly A. A. played the A. O. H. a championship game of handball recently. The latter had an easy thing, as John and Hughey were in the pink of condition.

Our Jersey spring poet has been troubled with that tired feeling for some time, and, consequently, was not able to do much with the Muses. However, he has about two hundred

beautiful sonnets, which he will give away as souvenirs during this week. "Beautiful Snow" poetry for '98 now ready.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

E. F. M.—Yes, Ed ; *we have your overcoat!* Please call at the office, and get it.

J. J. D.—Beware of the A. O. H.

W. H. R.—You have been relegated to innocuous desuetude.

J. T. H.—No, Joe ; we never heard of prunes with garlic in them.

Dubs' Roommate.—No ; we *don't* know where *your* coat is. However, it pays to use monthly ads.

M. K.—Why not have your new suit lined with *flannel?*

F. T. B.—No, dear ; Virgil did not write Horace.

J. F. H.—You should not pay any attention to Pinkey, Johnnie ; you are a sprinter, and that's no joke. Yes, you got off pretty easy this year.

George H.—Yes ; it's bad form to ask a friend to have soda when you have only nine cents in change.

Jersey.—No more foolish questions will be answered in this department, as you are evidently trying to get some free advertising. You are hardly safe in saying that the difference between a ground-hog and a guinea-pig is a sand-snipe.

BASE BALL TEAM, '97.



J. L. Kirsch.
C. D. McEvoy, Scorer.
J. J. Breslin,

J. F. Hayden,
J. P. Diver,
F. T. Millane,

H. T. Nelson, Mgr.
J. J. Bagley.

D. A. Herron.
H. T. Conway
J. T. Carroll.

F. J. McCullough.
A. Perea.

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VILLANOVA, PA.

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THE STAFF

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B. E. DALY, '98.

R. E. ANDERSON, '97.

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W. L. BURNS, '97.

A. X. DOOLEY, '98.

J. F. HAYDEN, '99.

H. M. SHELLEY, 1900.

EDW. MAHON, 1900.

Business Manager, L. A. DELUREY, O.S.A.

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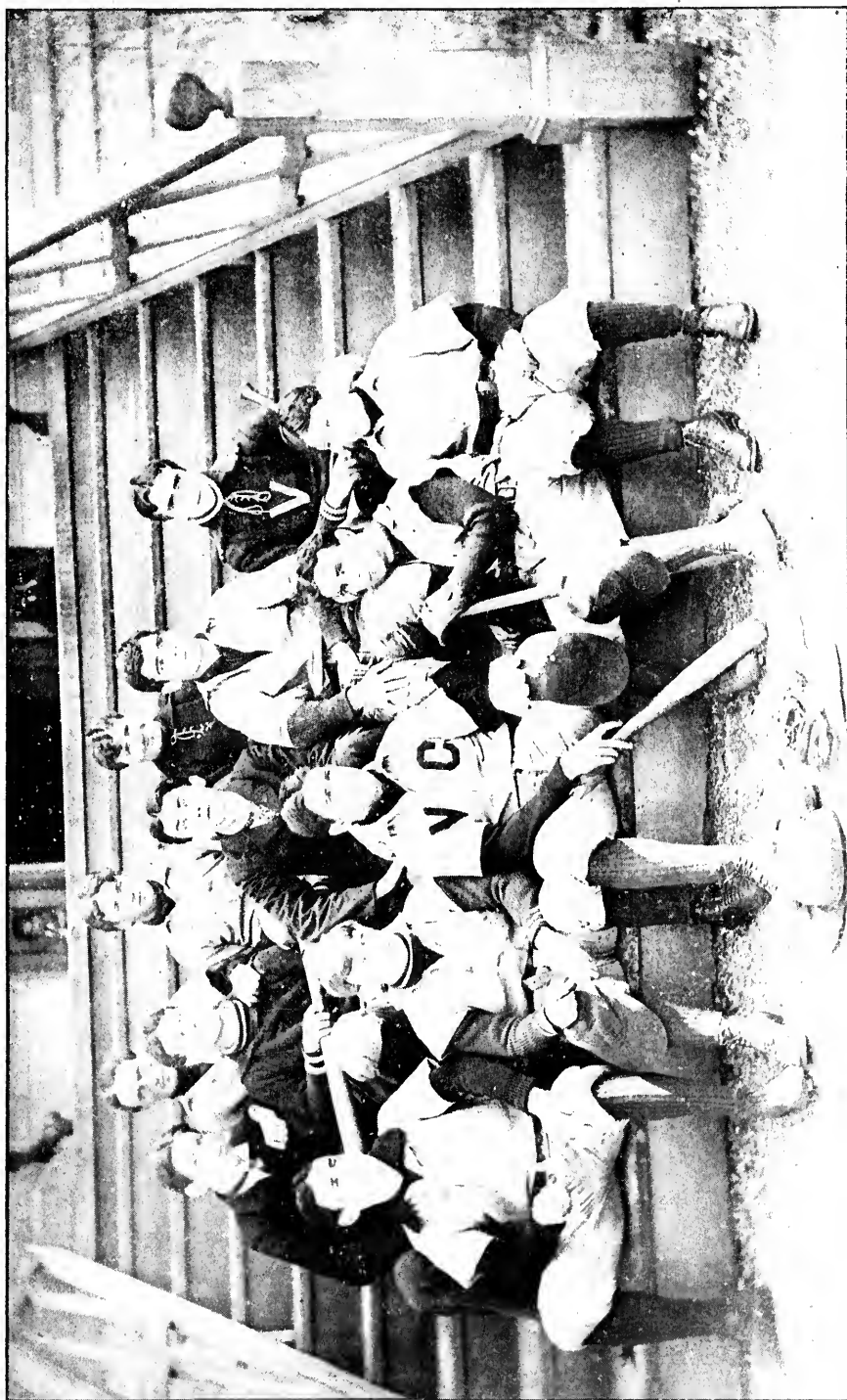
EDITORIALS



Commencement.

Commencement Day, with its hand-shakings and sad farewells is almost with us. Our respected President and faculty have spared no pains to make the exercises this year even more attractive than usual. The Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Martinelli, together with many Bishops, will be present, while our own revered Archbishop will also grace the occasion with his presence. From present indications, the attendance will be very large, and we should all vie in making it as pleasant as possible for the visitors.

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Welcome them all with royal Villanova hospitality, and make them feel that the College is not an Alma Mater in name alone, but in very deed.

Vacation.

Looking forward with anxious eyes the student now sees before him that joyful time for which he has often longed and sighed. Yes, vacation is about to dawn, and the question presents itself, how do we intend to spend it? Unusual liberties will certainly be ours. But, on this account, are we to throw duty to the winds, and act according to caprice, or are we still to keep a zealous guard over our every thought, word and action? Surely, the latter course is the only one for Catholic students to pursue during these months of rest. The world gazes scrutinizingly at the college student, and his actions are subject to the most careful study, for he is supposed to be a very model.

Let us, then, always conduct ourselves in such a manner that we will be an honor to our College; and endeavor to show the world that our Catholic colleges can, and do, turn out real gentlemen as well as bright scholars.

The Victorian Era.

On June 20th, Victoria completed her sixtieth year as ruler of Great Britain and Ireland. When we look back over the history of the world during her regime, we must, indeed, be pleased to view the great progress which the world has made. While prejudiced against England, our national rivalry may cause Americans to underestimate the very important part the Britishers have played in the progress of the human race, still we cannot but accord them much credit for the development which has been brought about during the Victorian era. To enumerate the many efforts which Englishmen have made for the amelioration of their fellow men,

would, indeed, be a herculean task ; but, in a general way, their inventions in the mechanical arts have made possible undertakings which were once considered far beyond the range of possibility. The intellectual side of Victoria's reign presents an even brighter picture. At the mere mention of it, what a magnificent array of illustrious faces crowd before us. In spirit, we behold Christian statesmen like Gladstone, "the Grand Old Man," who is at once the marvel and glory of his age ; Salisbury, the leonine diplomat, who now holds the fate of Europe in the palm of his hand, not to mention those princes of statecraft, the once courtly Disraeli, the polished Palmerston, the fiery Bright, who have long gone over to the great majority ; matchless military leaders like Wellington, the Duke of Cambridge, Well- esley, Sir George Sartorius, and General Wood ; learned divines like Newman, Manning, Wiseman, Ullathorne, Pusey, Farrar, Temple, Keble, and Benson ; scientists like Mivart, Huxley, and Tyndall, whose works are worthy the crown of an academy ; authors like Thackeray, Dickens, Lytton, Bronte, Carlyle, Smith, McCarthy, Macauley, Allies, Faber, Hedley, Mill, Froude, Eliot, Freeman, Reade and Napier, whose places are forever secure in the Temple of Fame ; orators like Peel, O'Connell, Chalmers, Cobden, and Stanley, men worthy to wear the mantles of the golden-mouthed forensists in the prime of Grecian and Roman eloquence ; majestically, their brows bound with the unfading laurel of Parnassus, pass the sweet singers Tennyson, Browning, Hood, Clough, Swineburne, DeVere, Thompson, Patmore, and Morris, all of whom have uttered such music

"As shall mock the twilight and the night of time."

So, hail to the Queen ! She has ruled over her vast dominions in a truly regal, conservative way ; she has done much to batter down the prejudices which exist between the classes and the masses in her realm. She has surrounded herself with incorruptible ministers and able advisers ; she has patronized art, letters and science ; and above all, she has set a beautiful example of noble living.

Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

With this issue, the staff lays down the editorial pen to give place to the incoming board of editors ; and we hope that their efforts will carry with them as much pleasure and benefit as ours have. To our fellow journalists, we feel greatly indebted for whatever kindly encouragement or honest criticism they have given. May our successors put forth their best efforts, and continue to make the MONTHLY a brilliant success, which all admit it to have been in the past. Here's to the MONTHLY, and wishing it innumerable years of prosperity, we sadly say Farewell! Farewell!



"I WILL WORK FOR YOU."

JOHN I. WHELAN, A.M., '95.

A MOTHER bending o'er her darling
Hears her baby boy.
Whispered words of sweet affection
Fill her heart with joy.

Mother love and childish prattle,
Castles in the air ;
Clouds lie hid, the sun is shining,
All is bright and fair.

Little hands that know but weakness,
Little heart of love,
Little eyes with lingering glory
Of that land above.

Little hands, but full of promise
Of the good they'll do ;
Little heart, but growing ever,
Filled with love so true.

Little eyes that see the tear-drops
As she turns away—
Dark foreboding of the future !
What did baby say ?

Only part of baby's castle,
Telling what he'd do :
"When I'm big and strong, dear Mama,
I will work for you."

Castles rise—and castles vanish !
Ah, the mute despair
When the little ones have left us !
Darkness everywhere.

Mother bending o'er a plaything
Baby used to own,
Feels her heart weighed down with longing
For the joy she'd known ;

Clasps him once again in spirit
As she used to do ;
Hears those loving words of promise :
"I will work for you."

Little hands are cold and lifeless,
Little heart is still ;
No one now to work for mother,
Love her now who will ?

Oh, the dreariness of living !
Mother's heart must break.
But there's meaning in that promise
Darling baby spake.

For she knows that up in Heaven,
Where her baby boy
Joins the angel choirs chanting,
God will give her joy.

So she says, between her sobbing,
"Father, close to Thee,
Is my darling working, building
There a home for me !"

KINETOSCOPE PICTURE—NO. 2.

A. X. DOOLEY, '98.

A PARTY of gay young swells "of purest ray serene" are gathered around the banquet board, where shining silver-ware and glittering cut glass vie with the potted plants and langurous flowers. In their midst sits a broken old man. From his actions we surmise he is "mine host." He is seated at the head of the table in a half-reclining posture, his feeble form is hardly able to support itself upright. He does not partake of the costly viands and epicurean dainties which the well-groomed and ebon-hued waiters are passing. His dress is that of a very glass of fashion; his face, that of a shattered old rake on the very verge of dissolution. And now the loving cup, "the beady bubbles winking at the brim," circles round, and all is mirth and jollity.

A young roysterer at the foot of the board arises and motions his companions into silence.

He speaks, but we are unable to hear his words. From his mien we may imagine their import. He is offering a toast. He leans upon his chair, and talks with that indolent, graceful air, common to the wealthy, curled darlings of society. His hearers appear listless. He pauses to yawn. His auditors can endure his tiresome twaddle no longer. Suddenly they rush upon him, and with much persiflage and banter, force him down into his chair beneath an avalanche of confections, fruits and flowers.

There is a lull in the hilarity. The host is endeavoring to rise. His valet assists him. His limbs totter under him. How like an aspen he trembles! At last, he gains his feet. One hand rests upon the snowy damask. The other, uplifted, holds a glass of sparkling champagne. The pose is that of a bon-vivant in his happiest after-dinner mood. The figure is that of an enfeebled old man of pleasure. His forced smile only accentuates the hard lines about his mouth. The unnatural brightness of his eyes cannot illumine the leaden-

hued circles under them. He smirks and bows, but beneath the thin guise of politeness, shows the horrible grinning death mask.

He is speaking. From his bearing one may readily conjecture the tenor of his remarks. They are the rose-scented nothings of the after-dinner orator, conversational bon-bons with, perhaps, a little spice, judging from the sardonic smile and the knowing glance of the eye. He pauses to hold the bubbling goblet to his lips, and the banquet hall is vocal with the tumultuous plaudits of the revelers. Again he is speaking. His manner is as before, save that he is speaking with greater hesitancy. Fatigue is gradually creeping upon him. There is a nervous twitching of the muscles of his face and an unnatural light in his faded eyes. He is trembling, too, more than before. His hand can hardly hold aloft the glittering wine. The banqueters exchange alarmed glances. Ah! he is struggling. Articulation has left him. The muscles of his jaw stiffen and stand out like whipcords. A horrifying look of despair is frozen on his distorted face. His eyes protrude and roll wildly. He clutches at his throat in his struggle to speak, but his tongue is paralyzed. He gasps, and reels, and the wine from the uplifted goblet spills in silvery spray. The glass falls from his hand and is shattered into a thousand pieces upon the marble floor. Assisted by his friends, he rises and tries to stagger up the few broad stairs that lead to a sumptuous, moonlit balcony. Will he ever reach the top? Yes; he has reached the top; he is standing in the centre of the brilliantly lighted landing. He turns his horrible gaze towards the scene of his revelry. With one hand he clutches at his flickering heart. With the other he feebly waves adieu to his affrighted boon companions. For a moment he is still, then he reels, reels, reels and falls to the floor a wreck, like the glass which, but a few moments before, fell from his palsied grasp.

Reader, what is the title of the picture? Richard Mansfield as Baron Chevrail in the banquet scene of "A Parisian Romance."

JUNE.

Sidney Lanier.

SO pulse, and pulse, thou rhythmic-hearted Noon
That liest, large-limbed, curved along the hills,
In languid palpitation, half a-swoon
With ardors and sun-loves and subtle thrills ;

Throb, Beautiful ! while the fervent hours exhale
As kisses faint-blown from thy finger tips
Up to the sun, that turn him passion-pale
And then as red as any virgin's lips.

O, tender Darkness, when June-day hath ceased,
—Faint Odor from the day-flower's crushing born,
—Dim, visible Sigh out of the mournful East
That cannot see her lord again till morn :

And many leaves, broad-palmed towards the sky
To catch the sacred raining of star-light :
And pallid petals, fain, all fain to die,
Soul-stung by too keen passions of the night :

And short-breath'd winds, under your gracious moon
Doing mild errands for mild violets,
Or carrying sighs from the red lips of June
What aimless way the odor-current sets :

And stars, ringed glittering in whorls and bells,
Or bent along the sky in looped star-sprays,
Or vine-wound, with bright grapes in panicles,
Or bramble-tangled in a sweetest maze,

Or lying like young lilies in a lake
About the great white Lotus of the moon,
Or blown and drifted, as if winds should shake
Star blossoms down from silver stems too soon,

Or budding thick about full open stars,
Or climbing shyly up cloud-lattices,
Or trampled pale in the red path of Mars,
Or trim-set in quaint gardener's fantasies :

And long June night-sounds crooned among the leaves,
And whispered confidence of dark and green,
And murmurs in old moss about old eaves,
And tinklings floating over water-sheen !

ARLINGTON—CITY OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

M. J. REILLY, '98.

IT was Keats who said in his own inimitable way that in every season there is one perfect day, the consummation of the time it typifies. Somewhere within the round of summer there shines a day that holds in brimming measure that season's tide of sunshine, bloom and song. Between the time of flower and fruitage there falls a span of hours between the sunrise and the close of some full-orbed mid-summer day, when the sky is like a gentle flower, the sunlight like a daffodil, and all the earth so gay and splendid with its wealth of verdure, hung over by golden bees and butterflies, that it seems as though paradise could give us nothing lovelier.

In June, if ever, happen perfect days. It is the season for fresh and fragrant flowers, those gaudy and brilliant gems with which Nature bedecks herself ; the very air is perfumed with their rich odors, and

“ Many a hidden brook, in
This leafy month in June,
To the sleeping woods, all
Night singeth a quiet tune.”

In this delightful month we have the haymaking, the corn begins to peep out here and there, the meadows are ablaze with glory, and the grass waves in all the rich luxuriance of

wild flowers. This month closes just half the circuit of the calendar, and now is the high noon of the year.

On the most perfect day that June held within its calendar some years ago, I visited the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Arlington, Va. This city of the Nation's patriot dead lies on a lofty plateau directly across the Potomac River from Washington.

I do not think I ever got more near heaven than I did that day. There was something in the long rows of countless headstones that marked the last resting places of our dead soldiers that made me feel like putting the shoes from off my feet and bowing my head in the presence of the Holy of Holies. The great elm and century oaks that crowded thick along the grassy slopes dropped shadows as soft as coverlets of down upon the grassy mound where, for over a quarter of century, the brave boys have been lying. The birds, undisturbed by fret of huntsman or shock of rude alarm, made day one long festival of delicious song around and about those "windowless palaces of rest where the heroes of the cruel war are sleeping the years of their manhood away." The spaces between the songful branches of the trees gave glimpses of a sky so vast, so blue, so deep, it seemed an aerial sea whereon my fancies, like white-winged ships, might sail heavenward. At every turn rustic panels confronted us bearing some verse of Theodore O'Hara's beautiful poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead,"

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat

The soldier's last tattoo !

No more on life's parade shall meet

That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping ground

Their silent tents are spread ;

And Glory guards, with solemn round,

The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance

Now swells upon the wind ;

No troubled thought at midnight haunts

Of loved ones left behind ;

No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At down shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed ;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud ;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow ;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed ;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel,
The rapture of the flight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe,
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dark fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air ;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave ;
She claims from war its richest spoil,
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall thy glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell ;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

The silence seemed vocal with an eloquence learned of heaven. In my mind's eye, I saw the crowds of nigh forty years ago start forth at sound of rallying bugle, to march the weary march and make the sudden sortie. The tramp of their feet filled all the land with clamor. The flutter of the flags

startled the air like flights of strong-winged birds. The crash of their sabres and the ring of their canteens made music that paled the cheeks of loving women and hushed the song on laughter-loving lips. And to-day how still they are ! Ended the march of eager feet. Stirless the folds of the dusty and moth-eaten flags. Hushed the clatter of saber and clink of canteen. I wonder in what part of heaven the souls that once dwelt within these long-crumbled bodies have pitched their glimmering tents ! Very near the throne of love, I wot, for it seems to me there are few qualities that bring the soul nearer to God than that of pure and uncorrupted patriotism.

FAME'S TEMPLE.

John Langdon Heaton.

THREE men set forth, long, long ago,
To seek Fame's stately shrine,
Though never map the road might show
To where its portals shine.

In strength and speed and manly pride,
With never thought of fear,
The first, a brave man, gayly cried :
" I'll find it in a year !"

The cautious second said : " I know
The task is hard and long ;
I'll make haste slowly ; better so
Than perish in the throng—

For many by Ambition's goad
Are urged upon the way,
And bleaching bones along the road
Tell where the stragglers lay."

" I'd dearly love," the third man said,
" Fame's lofty walls to see ;
But I must first earn daily bread
For wife and children three."

Within the year the first man died ;
The second, old and gray,
At last the distant walls espied
From where he dying lay.
The third one day chanced to pass by
A shrine quite near his home,
And, entering, looked with curious eye
Up to its narrow dome ;
Then went his way ; he did not know
It was the House of Fame.
But even yet her trumpets blow
For his immortal name !

OUR NEW NAVY.

JAMES HOBART KELLY, '98.

AMERICANS have always been proud of the brilliant record achieved by our navy. We point with pardonable pride to the various engagements won by our heroic bluejackets, often, too, against great odds ; but up to the last few years we have been obliged to bear the taunt from nearly every great nation of the world, that our navy could hardly compare with the meanest in Europe. True, our navy was small and not strictly modern, but for that an excuse can be found. At the close of the Civil War, in 1865, we had a navy able to cope with the most powerful. Our ships were at that time of the most improved type and possessing the most up-to-date appliances ; and, moreover, the fifty thousand men who manned them were all seasoned by the experience gained in actual warfare.

Foreign powers, profiting by our experience, cast aside the prevailing wooden ships, and began the construction of iron-clads, whose superiority had been so thoroughly tested in our naval battles. While other navies were thus being strengthened and increased, ours was at a standstill. Our Government was too busily engaged in repairing the havoc wrought by the four years' struggle between the North and

the South to give much attention to its navy. The natural consequence was, that our navy, instead of keeping its place among the foremost of the world, soon dwindled into insignificance as compared with those of other great powers. Within the last ten or twelve years, however, the Government has been expending its energies on the building of a navy which seems destined, at no very distant period, to rival the best of the much-vaunted navies of Europe. Such great progress has been made in this important undertaking, that within the last six years our navy has advanced from twelfth to fifth place among the navies of the world.

At first, a few small, unarmored cruisers were built, but as soon as it was proven that we were able to build war ships equal to those built by other nations, work was begun on larger and more powerful ships. The famous White Squadron, of which the Chicago was the flagship, was the first worthy result of these efforts to place our navy on an equal footing with those of other countries; and, truly, the result was one which reflected credit on American skill and energy. The pride with which Americans beheld these ships, the first of our new navy, was certainly pardonable. Our shipbuilders were complimented abroad for their skill, and the belief that our Government would not relax its efforts in this direction has been fully verified. Ship after ship was launched and completed, each one better than the last; and it was not long before other nations were again looking to us for new ideas in naval architecture.

The Government no longer confined itself to the building of small cruisers and gunboats, but began the construction of battleships and large armored vessels, capable of giving battle to the best war ships of other nations. Six huge sea-going battleships have been built, namely the Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, Oregon, Maine, and Texas, all of which, with the exception of the Maine and the Texas, are known as first-class battleships, and are considered equal to any war ship afloat. With such weapons as these ships carry, it is hard to imagine what the naval battles of the future will be like. The main battery of the Indiana, which may be taken

as a perfect specimen of the modern battleship, consists of four thirteen inch breech-loading rifles, eight eight inch and four six inch rifles. The thirteen inch guns throw a projectile weighing eleven hundred pounds a distance of twelve miles or more, and at each discharge five hundred and fifty pounds of powder are used. The eight inch guns throw a shell weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, and the shells used in the six inch guns weigh one hundred pounds. Besides these, there is a secondary battery consisting of a multitude of smaller guns and several torpedoes, the most dreaded weapon of modern naval warfare.

The four thirteen inch guns are mounted in revolving turrets protected by fifteen inches of solid steel, and the barbettes, on which are mounted the eight inch guns, are protected by seventeen inches of steel. Along the sides are armor plates eighteen inches in thickness. The *Indiana* is three hundred and forty-eight feet in length and carries a crew of nearly five hundred officers and men. She was built at a cost of over three million dollars.

Of the class of ships known as armored cruisers, we have but two, the *Brooklyn* and *New York*. Of these two warships, the *Brooklyn* is recognized by naval critics as superior to her rival in many respects. She is larger than the *New York*, being four hundred feet long, while the *New York* is but three hundred and eighty feet in length. Her armament is also heavier than that of the *New York*. A person looking at the *Brooklyn* for the first time is struck by the extreme height of her smokestacks, of which there are three. These rise to the unusual height of about ninety feet above the deck, giving a most peculiar appearance to the ship. This extraordinary height of the smokestacks has a double object. First, it carries the smoke clear of the deck, and second, it causes a greater draught in the furnaces, thus taking the place of the artificial forced draught employed on transatlantic steamers of high speed. The cost of these two ships was nearly three million dollars each, and the crew of each consists of about five hundred and fifty officers and men. The *New York* was, up to the time of the completion of the

Brooklyn, the pride of the navy, but now she is compelled to take second place. The Brooklyn will represent the United States at Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

Among the unarmored cruisers of our navy are two which deserve special mention. They are the Columbia and the Minneapolis, commonly known as "commerce destroyers." These two ships were a departure in shipbuilding; everything was sacrificed to speed, and speed such as never before had been shown by a warship was attained. The Columbia, on her trial trip, attained the remarkable speed of nearly twenty-three knots an hour, but within a year this record was broken by her sister ship, the Minneapolis, which succeeded in making nearly twenty-four knots an hour. On August 2, 1895, the Columbia reached the port of New York after a passage of six days, twenty-three hours and forty-nine minutes from Southampton. That time has never been beaten by any warship afloat. On that run the Columbia covered three thousand one hundred and nine miles, the longest high speed passage ever attempted by a modern man-of-war. This run stands to-day as the world's record.

It was to prove the ability of the Columbia to overtake steamers of high speed that she was subjected to such a long run at a high rate of speed. Had she used forced draught the passage would, without doubt, have been made much more quickly. The Columbia and the Minneapolis are each about four hundred and twelve feet in length, being the largest ships in the navy. They are not, however, intended for anything but the capture of an enemy's merchant vessels. Two such ships as these could drive an enemy's commerce from the seas in a short time. It has never been much of a secret that both the Powerful and her sister ship, the Terrible, were built by Great Britain to offset the Columbia and the Minneapolis. It is believed that the Powerful will soon try to lower the time made by the Columbia from Southampton to New York.

A vessel which has excited much comment is the steel ram, Katahdin. The Katahdin is the invention of Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, and her value as a warship depends

entirely on the ponderous steel prow, or ram, with which she is fitted. With this immense mass of steel and moving through the water at the rate of sixteen or seventeen knots an hour, she, it is expected, will be able to strike a blow powerful enough to send the largest battleship to the bottom ; but how much damage the Katahdin would herself receive cannot be estimated. The idea of the ram as a weapon is not at all new, it having been used by the ancient Greeks and Romans on their war galleys ; but as applied to the Katahdin, it is a decidedly novel idea, inasmuch as she has no other offensive weapons except four guns of small calibre.

Probably the most peculiar looking ships in our navy are the monitors. The first of these, the Monitor, was invented by John Erricson, and was built during the first year of the Civil War. After her famous battle with the Merrimac in Hampton Roads, the Government began the construction of several more of these doughty little ironclads. No description of these ships suits them better than that given of the Monitor, when she was jokingly called "a cheese-box on a raft." At present there are nineteen of these monitors in our navy ; thirteen of these are single-turret monitors, built in 1862, and of but little value now ; the remaining six, however, are double-turret monitors, all of which have been built within the last twenty years and are equipped with all the modern improvements in guns and machinery, making them most formidable opponents. Their principal use is as coast-defense vessels, and as they are so low in the water, they have a great advantage over the huge towering battleships, which even at a distance of two or three miles present an admirable mark for hostile gunners. Despite the generally recognized efficiency of vessels of the monitor type, it is noticeable that they have never been adopted by any other nation.

At present the total number of ships in our navy, including all those built since the Civil War, but still fit for sea service, is about seventy-five. About twenty-five of these, including all the single-turret monitors and several iron ships of the old navy and a few wooden ones, belong to the old navy.

Among the new vessels there are six sea-going battleships, two armored cruisers, sixteen unarmored cruisers, six double-turret monitors, one ram and a large number of smaller vessels, such as gun boats, torpedo boats and dispatch boats.

There is a large number of torpedo boats and gun boats now in the course of construction, but the principal ships now building are five new battleships. Two of these will bear the historic names of the Kearsarge and the Alabama.

It is a noticeable fact that the best of our new men-of-war have been built by private ship-building companies instead of by the Government. Many of our best vessels have been turned out from Cramp's shipyards at Philadelphia.

Our navy now ranks about fifth among the navies of the world, but if its present rapid rate of progress continues we may yet see it contesting for first place. In our facilities for shipbuilding we are surpassed by no nation on earth, and in the rapidity with which our ships are built, England is our only rival. The material used in our men-of-war is the finest that can be made, and is only accepted by the Government on its merits. Every armor plate used is subjected to the severest test before it is accepted. In the building of her navy the United States has given another example of what American energy can accomplish when necessary. Fifteen years ago nearly every navy in Europe was superior to ours; now there is not a nation that would not hesitate before trying conclusions with the formidable navy which the United States has built up in such a short time.

A SINGER.

Walter Lecky, '83.

THE singer passed unknown ;
His little snatch of song ;
In care and grief long grown,
With time has run along.
Think not the singer dead,
His voice rings in each heart
Through which the song has sped ;
Such is the singer's art.

CHIEFS OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.

W. J. SHANAHAN, '97.

THE public press exerts a great influence on contemporary affairs and current history. In fact, it is history itself, since it narrates the events and occurrences of each day. It may sometimes echo the voice of the people, or it may utter the opinion of one individual, whose far-reaching eye has detected loop holes in some measure or law. As the mouth-piece of a political party, it is free to attack the members and opinions of the opposition with all the crushing weight the skillfully wielded pen possesses. To-day there are three men in the United States who stand pre-eminent in the journalistic world. They represent two distinct types of journalism, namely, the old school and the new. I refer to Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald* and Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*.

Charles A. Dana, who has earned, justly and honorably worn, the title of "Mentor of American journalism," is probably the oldest man occupying an editorial chair in this country to-day. He has seen the rise and decadence of the old school of newspaper men. Since he assumed control of the New York *Sun* that paper has become one of the most influential journals in the land. Slowly it has grown, yet surely, under Dana's matchless guidance. Mr. Dana is descended from an old and illustrious family of jurists, writers and statesmen. He was educated at Harvard, and lived for a short time with Emerson and Hawthorne at the celebrated "Brook Farm." Going to New York when 35, he found employment on the New York *Tribune*, then edited by Horace Greeley, but did not remain long with that journal, as he could not agree with Greeley. When the war broke out he became a field correspondent, and did such brilliant work that he was made Assistant Secretary of War to Edwin Stanton. In 1868, he entered upon his duties as editor of the New York *Sun*, and has occupied its editorial chair ever since.

Strictly speaking, the *Sun* has no political creed. Its motto seems to be "Tempora mutantur et nos cum illis;" one day it is supporting protection, another, free trade. It is much to Mr. Dana's credit that he has been successful in this method, yet the same policy almost wiped out the circulation of the *Tribune* under Greely. In the last election Dana fought tooth and nail for the gold standard, and now he is bitterly attacking the methods of "new, sensational journalism." He believes that the work of a newspaper is to publish the news of the day, and to explain it, and he has said: "Anything that God permits to occur is fit to publish." So far the *Sun* has been kept free from the taint of sensationalism, and is the only metropolitan journal that does not run gaudy colored prints and decollette illustrations. So carefully is the *Sun* edited that it has become a current saying in New York that "If you see it in the *Sun*, it is so."

Mr. Dana is considered by some a selfish and miserable cynic. On the contrary, he possesses a very fine and genial sense of humor, and delights in satirizing the fads and follies of others. He never loses his temper, and always looks at the humorous side of things. In fact, some one has said that "he always seems to be enjoying and laughing at the struggle and turmoil of this work-a-day world." He does not believe that a council of editors is at all necessary to manage a paper successfully.

He believes that a newspaper editor should be a veritable czar, and a law unto himself. Mr. Dana is the last of the great teachers in the now high extinct school of personal journalism, and, as I have said, one of the strongest upholders of the old journalism. He towers giant-like above all his contemporaries both in strength of character and intellectual attainments. His writings are models of English, and his brain is a veritable storehouse of well-digested knowledge. When the last word on the history of American journalism is written, Charles A. Dana's name will be found very near the top on the head roll of fame.

James Gordon Bennett, editor and proprietor of the New York *Herald*, succeeded his father, who was a journalistic

colossus in his day. He has the distinction of living in one country and successfully managing a paper in another. He lives in Paris, where he is in touch with the workings of the European powers. He is informed of every important move on the national chessboard beforehand, and instantly the news is flashed across the Atlantic. Everything is sacrificed to advance the interests of his paper. Friends are treated as strangers in the *Herald* sanctum, and their confidences are unceremoniously published.

No reporter on the staff works harder than Mr. Bennett himself. He not only dictates the editorials, but many of the jokes found in the paper are from his pen. The *Herald* is Mugwump in politics. It is considered a truthful paper; and, while it does not affect the starched rigidity and Siberian coldness of the journals of the old school, neither has it descended to the "gutter journalistic" methods of the sensational school. The management is in charge of a staff of editors called the council. All important matters are voted on by this board and the result is cabled to Mr. Bennett. It is his intention to make the *Herald* a paper for the people instead of a one man organ.

Thus far, his efforts to make the *Herald* an open-forum sort of sheet, have not been strikingly successful.

Bennett overcame great obstacles when he first published the Paris edition. Europeans not only became more acquainted with this country, but they also gave its news greater space in their papers. This was especially so in England, where American affairs used formerly to be almost totally ignored. Bennett has grown enormously wealthy from the fat profits of the *Herald*, and spends much of his income in charities and for benevolent purposes. He is a great lover of out-door sports, owns many valuable shooting grounds, horses and yachts. He is a polished man of the world, and as a host he shines out a bright particular star.

The last of this great trio is Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the New York *World*. He rose from a tramp to be the owner of one of the richest newspapers in the country. He was born in Hungary, and came to America shortly after the Civil War.

In 1867 he was a reporter for the *Westliche Post*, of St. Louis. He soon attracted notice by his energetic work and he soon became editor and part owner of that influential German paper. St. Louis received a thorough scouring, and many frauds were exposed. In 1874 he went to Europe to complete his education, and on his return, took the stump in support of Samuel J. Tilden, then a candidate for the Presidency.

Again Pulitzer sought the far West, and purchased the St. Louis *Dispatch*. Here again his original ideas and untiring energy asserted themselves, and the *Dispatch* became one of the most influential and opulent papers in the West. He bought the then moribund New York *World* in 1883. This journal was on the ragged edge of bankruptcy. Immediately, he infused new life into it, and did what Mr. Hearst is now doing for the New York *Journal*. The other New York papers were surprised at the boldness of this new sheet, and constantly ridiculed it, but finally they were compelled to acknowledge its astounding success, and reluctantly to copy its methods.

Mr. Pulitzer does not now personally conduct the *World*, as he spends most of his time in Europe. Within the last few years the New York *World* has become one of the most sensational papers in the country and an ardent supporter of the new "gutter snipe" school. Mr. Pulitzer has revolutionized the methods and ideas of journalism. He is a vigorous worker, and has, as Mr. Dana says, "a quick, fluent mind." He dislikes all fraud in government, and many of the reforms in St. Louis and New York were wrought by his editorials. He delights in the good opinion of others, and is kind-hearted and friendly in manner. His hobby is to tell of his early struggles from the time he slept in Union Square on a park bench to the day he bought the *World*.

INSPIRATION.

JOY now hath reached her utmost goal
And sunrise bursts upon the soul
When some immortal thought or plan
Runs riot in the mind of man.—*Robert Loveman.*

AMERICA'S GREAT NAVAL WRITER.

EDW. F. MAHON, 1900.

CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, author of "The Life of Nelson—the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain," was born in New York, September, 1840, and was appointed from that State to the navy on September 30, 1856. After graduating from the Naval Academy in 1859, he was on duty in Brazilian waters until the outbreak of the Civil war, when he became attached to the frigate "Congress," and later was transferred to the "Pocahontas," in the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron. He was commissioned Lieutenant on August 31, 1861, and, after his transference from the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron in 1862, was engaged as instructor at the Naval Academy for a year, when he was appointed to the steam sloop "Seminole," of the Western Gulf Squadron, where he remained until late in 1864. He was then transferred to the steamer "James Adger," of the South Atlantic Squadron, on which vessel he remained until the close of the war, when he was commissioned Lieutenant-Commander.

The next year he was made president of the War College, and continued in this office for three years, when he was appointed president of the commission for selecting the site for a navy yard on a northwest coast. He was on special duty connected with the Bureau of Navigation from 1889 until July, 1892, when he returned to his old post as president at the War College and Torpedo School at Newport. This office he held until May, 1893, when he was placed in command of the "Chicago," of the European Squadron.

The idea of writing a "Life of Nelson" first occurred to Captain Mahan upon his being ordered to the command of the "U. S. S. Chicago," in the spring of 1893.

The works which have won Captain Mahan his reputation as a naval historian are: "The Gulf and Inland Waters," a history of the movements of our navy during the Civil war in the designated places; "Life of Admiral Farragut," "The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660-1783," and "The Influence of Sea Power Upon the French Revolution, 1793-1812."

Following is his account of the death of the great Admiral Nelson: "Nelson remained below for a while, probably too much jarred for physical exertion; but his restlessness sought vent by beginning a dispatch to the Admiralty. The secretary being too agitated to write, Nelson tried to do so himself, and it was characteristic that

the few lines he was then able to trace, blinded, suffering and confused, expressed that dependence upon the Almighty, habitual with him, which illustrated a temperament of much native energy and self-reliance, and is more common, probably, among great warriors than in any other class of men of action. The first outburst of emotion, excited in him by the tremendous event wrought by his hands, was identical in spirit, and not improbably was clothed in the same words, as those with which began the dispatch actually sent : ' Almighty God has blessed His Majesty's arms ! '

" Fifteen minutes after Hardy left him for the second time, the admiral became speechless ; and when this had continued five minutes, the surgeon, who was busied among the other wounded, was summoned again. He found him upon the verge of dissolution, the hands cold and pulse gone ; but upon laying his hand upon his forehead, Nelson opened his eyes, looked up, and then closed them forever. Five minutes later he was dead. The passing was so quiet that Dr. Scott, still rubbing his breast, did not perceive it until the surgeon announced that all was over. It was half-past four o'clock, just three hours after the fatal wound was received. Not till an hour later did the last of the eighteen prizes strike, and firing ceased altogether ; but the substantial results were known to Nelson before consciousness left him . . . There, surrounded by the companions of his triumph and by the trophies of his prowess, we leave our hero with his glory. Sharer of our mortal weakness, he has bequeathed to us a type of single-minded self-devotion that can never perish. As his funeral anthem proclaimed, while a nation mourned, ' His body is buried in peace, but his Name liveth forever more ' . . . Other men have died in the hour of victory, but for no other has victory so singular and so signal graced the fulfillment and ending of a great life's work.

" . . . His part was done when Trafalgar was fought. The coincident of his death with the moment of completed success has impressed upon that superb battle the stamp of finality, an immortality of fame, which even its own grandeur could scarcely have insured. He needed, and he left, no successor."

These last words are from the concluding paragraph of a fine and eloquent chapter, and the strong and simple ending is in keeping with the dignity and sobriety which characterize the work throughout. It is finely written, whether in its portraiture of character, its delineation of incident, or its broader handling of events in their national and historical bearings.

JOAN OF ARC.

P. J. GAFFIKIN, 1900.

IN those dark days of the gloomy period known as the Hundred Years' War, the French nation seemed destined to be annihilated, and the individuality of its people forever effaced.

Orleans, the last bulwark of the nation, was laid siege to by Salisbury at the head of a large English army, and the overthrow of the French nation seemed only a matter of a few weeks. But, as the deepest gloom precedes the dawn, so in this seemingly hopeless state of affairs, Divine Providence sent a deliverer in the person of a pure and simple maiden, who was to humble the enemies of her country and re-establish the monarchy of France. We speak of Joan of Arc.

In the peaceful hamlet of Domremy, situated in the picturesque valley of the Meuse in western France, Jeanne Darc (the name of Joan of Arc being merely a mistake in orthography) was born, January 6, 1412. Her father and mother were devout Catholics.

Joan's young life was spent under the guiding hand of her pious mother. At times, we find her working in the harvest field, again watching the sheep upon the hillsides. Such a life is conducive to a healthy constitution, and to a pure heart. She was an obedient and loving daughter, and learned from the lips of her mother and the teachings of her pastor, the mysteries and doctrines of her holy religion.

Although she was never taught to read or write, still she possessed marked intelligence. This is proven by the manner in which she defended herself in after years against the calumniators of Rouen, who sought to impugn her character and tarnish her fair name.

She found great delight in spending hours in the parish church whose altars she loved to decorate.

This pure and simple maiden was selected by God for a great mission. And no less task was hers than the leading

of the king's army, the overthrowing of her country's enemy, and the re-establishing of the French monarchy. It came about through celestial agencies. At the age of thirteen, she first heard a voice calling her to God. She was bewildered and frightened at first; but, finally, her fears were quieted as the voice proved to be that of St. Michael, who appeared in a vision accompanied by an angelic troop. He told her to lead a holy life, to visit the church, and God would help her; that she was to aid the king, and that Sts. Katharine and Marguerite would come to her assistance.

They came shortly after to counsel and console her. Finally, the voice told her that she must go to Vancouleur to Robert de Baudricourt, who would supply her with men and means for her contemplated attack on the English invaders.

Joan had an uncle living near Vancouleur to whom she told her story. He was very much surprised at first; but was finally convinced of its truth by the sincerity of the maiden. He took her at once to Sire de Baudricourt. He gave her a very cool reception, and her project was laughed to scorn by his followers. She was not at all daunted, however, as her guiding voice had predicted this first failure.

After her first setback she returned to her home in Domremy, where she remained until the time indicated for her second venture.

Her second visit to Sire de Baudricourt proved successful, and he agreed to supply her with a number of trusty men at arms to accompany her on her journey to Chinon. She donned the martial trappings of a soldier to protect her from the dangers which beset females during those troublous times. The journey to Chinon was a very perilous one, through a country occupied by a resentful foe. Joan's heart, however, was stout and brave, for she placed full confidence in the protection of her heavenly guide.

She and her troops arrived at their destination after a hard, wearisome march of eleven days. A messenger was at once

sent to the king to announce the object of Joan's visit and to ask an audience with him. At first, all sorts of objections were raised in order to prevent her from seeing the king; but, at last, she was admitted to the royal presence.

She recognized the king at once, although she had never seen him before. To confuse her Charles said: "I am not the king;" but she still insisted that he was, and that God had sent her to aid him, that she was to raise the siege of Orleans, and that it was God's will that the English should be driven pell mell from France.

To put her claims to a test, she was put through a severe examination, all through which she never once flinched. She gained the full confidence of the king by revealing to him a secret known only to himself. As a final test, Joan was arraigned before the Council of Poitiers, which was presided over by the Archbishop of Rheims, assisted by other eminent ecclesiastics.

They found in her nothing but what was noble and good, and advised the king to follow her advice. She was given a retinue, guards, a squire and a valet. She was presented with a magnificent sword, but she asked for the one that was buried under the altar of Catharine of Tierbois. The blade of this sword was decorated with five crosses, and was said to be possessed of miraculous power.

The inhabitants of Orleans were now on the verge of despair, for its capture by the English was looked for at any moment, and with the fall of Orleans, France would fall. Such was the critical state of affairs when Joan, at the head of her troops, entered the city amidst the rejoicing of the inhabitants. After waiting some days for reinforcements, Joan sent a message to the English summoning them to withdraw, in the hope of preventing bloodshed. The English commander rejected her offer, and threatened to burn the sender if captured. Preparations were now made for the first attack. Joan, carrying her standard, led the charge. The French were successful, and the city went wild with joy. The English were defeated in the second attack, and were finally compelled to raise the siege.

The English were driven from every post and put to ignominious flight. Joan now wished to accompany Charles to Rheims, the ancient city in which the kings of France were crowned. Charles and his retinue reached Rheims on the 16th of July. The king was crowned in the ancient Cathedral, amidst all the pomp and splendor of those ancient days. Joan, standard in hand, stood beside him during the imposing ceremony. It was now five months since she had left her humble home in Domremy. Her divine mission was now successfully terminated. Her wish was to lay down her arms, and to return to her native village.

The king, however, was unwilling to lose her services, and, at his earnest request, she decided to remain with the army. In trying to raise the siege of Compiègne, she was captured by the Burgundians, and sold to their allies, the English. She was thrown into prison, and treated with neglect by her friends and with the utmost cruelty by her enemies.

Joan was tried for sorcery. The result of the trial was that she was condemned to be burned alive. On the 20th of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom.

"Go," she said, to the priest who was attending her during her last moments, "lift up the cross before me that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Her last word was the name of Jesus.

A soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the pile, hearing the last prayer of this noble girl, turned away, a penitent for life. He said that he saw a white dove ascend to heaven from the ashes, where this brave girl was burned.

"The English destroyed her body," says a distinguished author, "the French have burned or broken her statues, the very seal that held a single hair from her sacred head. Even down to the destruction of these few last remains, the nation which burned and the nation which deserted La Pucelle remain equal in the competition of shame. 'She came to her own, and her own received her not.'"

AN IMMORTELLE.

M. M.

AN immortelle of a tender thought,—
 A thought, but never a word,—
 I will send to you from my soul to-night :
 Are the lily's blossomings heard ?
 Is any pulse of the white day stirred
 By the birth of a rose or the death of a bird ?

 A thought,—the speech of the soul that lives :
 A word,—the speech of the lips that die :—
 Deep calleth deep, soul calleth soul,
 Through the voiceless language of wave or sigh,
 Does the rose-breath speak, as it passeth by ?
 As bees to the flower love's thoughts should fly.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

W. J. GALBREATH, 1900.

IF we had been living on the Isle of Orleans, below the ancient city of Quebec, in the summer of 1661, we might have noticed a party of Christian Indians paddling across the pellucid waters of the St. Lawrence to the northern shore, where they landed on Petit Cape, the site of one of the oldest hamlets in Canada. Here stood about a dozen houses and a rude stone chapel.

If we had followed the trail of these Indians, we would have seen that they were Hurons, the always staunch allies of the French. Headed by a devoted missionary, they slowly wended their steps to the little chapel to hear Mass.

About 1670 the name of this hamlet was changed from that of Petit Cape to that of St. Anne de Beaupre, or La Bonné St. Anne. Within the past quarter of a century this picturesque chapel has become the most venerated shrine in Canada, the centre of miracles as wonderful as any performed in the shrines of mediæval Europe.

Who, you may ask, is this saint so revered by the devout Canadians ? Tradition tells us that St. Anne was the mother of the

Blessed Virgin Mary, and that she was descended from the royal family of David.

Her bones were transferred by miraculous means from their burial place in Eastern Europe to the chapel of St. Anne de Beaupre.

This Canadian shrine has an authentic date as far back as 1658, when an inhabitant of Petit Cape gave a portion of his land to the parish priest on the condition that a chapel should be erected in honor of good St. Anne.

Whilst the building was in course of erection, a workman was miraculously cured of a chronic affliction. This was the first of the miracles recorded, and the news spread rapidly among the people who came in large numbers to pray.

Cure after cure followed, and these pilgrimages became regular monthly events. The fame of these wondrous cures, wrought by the intercession of her who was the mother of the mother of Him who made the sick whole, the deaf to hear, and the blind to see, spread abroad; and now each year sees over 100,000 pilgrims come to find surcease from mental sorrows and alleviation from the numerous "ills to which this poor flesh of ours is heir."

These pilgrims come from all parts of Canada, and not a few journey thither from the United States. Most of them go to St. Anne on the magnificent steamers which ply the St. Lawrence. Some days two and three thousand pilgrims land at the little wharf. Headed by a brass band, they file up in long procession to the chapel, followed by the halt, the blind and the sick assisted by friends, and a pitiable sight they make.

The first thing that attracts attention as we enter the chapel, is a beautiful large painting of St. Anne by the famous French artist, Le Brun.

On the side altar is a large reliquary containing the bones of "Good St. Anne." A great pyramid of crutches and other aids of the sick and crippled, twenty-two feet high, divided into six tiers and surmounted by a large gilded statue of St. Anne, stands in the middle of the chapel. During the services the pilgrims crowd up to the altar and kneel in long rows in front of the railing.

The officiating priest carries the relics in procession around the edifice, and then each person kisses them and retires. The pilgrims spend the remainder of the day in devotional exercises, and at night they return with weary steps to the steamers, and another pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre's is over.

LAND OF THE SUGAR CANE.

J. C. DEVLIN, 1901.

A LOUISIANA sugar plantation is sagaciously and tastefully laid out for beauty and for productiveness. The gardens occupy a large area, and at once astonish the eye by the magnificence of their shady avenues of orange-trees. Unbroken retreats of myrtle and laurel defy the rays of the sun. Flowers of every description perfume the air. Extensive orchards produce every fruit of which the climate is susceptible. By judicious culture remarkable success has been obtained in producing an abundance of juicy grapes, every bunch of which, however, when they begin to ripen, is enveloped in a sack of wire as a protection against the depredations of birds. The fields are cultivated with such a careful observance of the variable exigencies of every successive season, that there is seldom a short or half crop.

It is a self-sufficient little domain, exporting a good deal, and importing but meagerly, so that the balance is very much in its favor. It is largely supplied with sheep, with geese, ducks, turkeys, guinea-fowls and every variety of poultry. Eggs are gathered by the bushel. Pigeons cloud the sun, and when the small, black cherries are ripe, feathered epicures eat them voraciously, get royally drunk, and, falling from the trees, strew the ground beneath. Numerous herds of cattle, under the care of old Sambo and his ebon brood of youngsters, pasture luxuriously and grow fat. What a quantity of fresh butter, rich cheese, milk, cream and clabber! Vast barns gorged with corn, rice and hay; hives bursting with honey; vegetables without stint; a varied supply of carriages always ready for use, and horses for the saddle or for driving, all glossy and sleek; spirited mules, well-fed and well-curried, the pride of the field-hands; shrimps and fish from the river; multitudes of crawfish from the deep ditches; raccoons and possums to gladden the heart of the most surly negro.

Pass we now to the consideration of the great industry which furnishes the title of this paper and the planters with the resources to keep up these luxurious old homes and broad, fertile plantations.

Among the sugar-growing States in this country Louisiana takes the lead. There is sufficient sugar produced in this State to supply the Union.

Sugar plantations extend for miles in different directions. No artist can portray the beauty of a field of sugar cane. The stalks are of a dark green color, and grow to the height of about five feet. It means a great deal of labor to produce one spoonful of sugar. Large gangs of negroes work at cutting the cane under the sharp eyes of the overseer. They earn from 75 cents to \$1 per day, according to their skill. Each has a large sharp knife, something about the size of a butcher's cleaver, with a hook on one end and a saw on the top. The cane-cutters have to have lots of dispatch or stand what we term "a good call down." The cane is about five feet long, and is gathered into piles. It is then hauled to the narrow-gauge railroad which runs through the different parts of the plantation. The contents of the carts are hoisted into the cars by means of derricks, and the cars proceed to the refinery, where the cane is ground into sugar.

The cane is not handled after it leaves the cars. There is a traveling platform on which it is thrown and carried to a large machine fitted with heavy iron rollers. These rollers are about 15 feet in diameter, and have large teeth which draw the cane through them and press out the juice. The stalks come out nearly dry. The cane is drawn through a second set of rollers, and comes out as dry as sawdust and as light as paper. This refuse is used for kindling in the boiler room. The juice now runs down through holes in the rollers and empties into big vats, which hold about 3,000 gallons. The fluid is of a greenish color and looks more like slop water than anything else. From this dirty looking water we get our nice white sugar. But before it becomes sugar all the dirt must be taken out, and the remaining saccharine bleached until it is crystal color.

As I said before, the sap is first sent into large vats through which run large pipes. These pipes are filled with sulphur gas, and this is blown through the sap in order to clarify it. Lime is also used for this purpose. After the sap has passed through the several tanks it is ready for boiling. This is done in large copper kettles by means of large steam pipes. After being boiled it is carried away in pipes to another tank where it is turned into sugar by drying machines. This machine separates the molasses from the sugar, and in the room below you will see the white sugar falling in dense clouds from the perforated ceiling. It is shoveled into piles, and is now ready to be barreled and shipped all over the country.

COURAGE.

J. McCULLOUGH, '99.

THE etymology of courage means manliness, bravery, boldness, fearlessness, springing not from a sense of physical power or from insensibility to danger, but from the moral habit of self-command, with determination, fully considering present dangers and clearly seeing future consequences. The highest conception of fortitude is weakness conquering by suffering, and power conquered by firm endurance of wrong. And this can never be achieved by the strength of the arm, but by the greatness of heart. Courage is not a muscular but a moral virtue.

Courage, then, is a quality of the heart. We say, be of good heart, to those who are down-hearted. It is a matter of self-command. It may be acquired by discipline, and it must be sustained by will. This is not so with physical courage. They who have it, have no need of encouragement, and those who have not got it, by no encouragement can be made courageous. A strong body is sometimes united to a weak mind, and nothing can cast out its fear. But a weak body united to a strong mind may carry all before it. The coward in the war was beyond all reasoning. Fear reigned

over him. This panicky fear is involuntary. The will cannot control it. It is a disease of the moral and physical nature. The word *apprehensive* is often used as equivalent to fearful, because the mind is quick to apprehend all dangers of the present and to see all dangers of the future.

Courage does not consist in ignorance of danger, nor in undervaluing the risks before us and the power of our antagonists. It carefully measures all dangers and calculates all risks, and is inclined even to suppose them greater than they seem to be, and yet, after all, it calmly gathers itself to await a shock, or even to go onward to meet it.

The noblest examples of this which the world has ever seen, were those who have laid down their lives for their faith. They were not only men hardened in warfare or public life, but the gentlest and meekest and most yielding in all other things. They were also women of every condition, simple and refined, or they were boys full of faith, or girls with a "martyr's constancy." In all these it was the fortitude of the heart, calm and firm. This is the courage not only of heroes but of saints, and we look at it afar off. Men may have the desperation of Macbeth, but desperation is not courage, for courage is full of hope. Even physical courage fails when moral courage is palsied, for physical courage is only a weapon which moral courage wields. There must be a sense of duty, the mission of an apostle, the fidelity of a Christian, the loyalty of a subject, all these and the duty of each in the manifold lot and conditions of life, create an end for which to live and die.

Add to these the habit of self-command. Courage does not consist in the absence of fear, but in the subjugation of fear. Some of the bravest of men have had the most intense perception of danger, and the most sensible apprehension of its fatal consequences. But fear has not swayed them to the right or left. They have not swerved from the direct path into the danger which they both saw and feared. The agitation of the nerves, and the beating of the heart, and the trembling of the body, are no signs of cowardice. The brave man and the coward are the same in this, that both feel this

suffering physical motion. But the brave and the coward differ in the result. The brave man conquers his fears, and the coward is conquered by them.

The highest courage in a soldier is said to be the standing still under fire without returning it. It is simply the command of duty in obedience to authority. In a forsaken hope, there is the excitement of action and the forgetfulness of one's self which comes from it. But to stand under fire, motionless, is a supreme act of the will. Such, also, was the wonderful obedience of the men who, on the deck of the ill-fated "Elba," stood shoulder to shoulder in line while the ship was sinking. All was over, effort was useless, disorder would only hasten the end. To submit in the perfection of order and obedience was the highest moral act, implying submission and the supremacy of duty. Such is the courage of soldiers and seamen.

Courage is also signally shown in the exposure of life for the saving of life from danger of fire or of water. Every fire company has its list of heroes, and a list of deeds well performed in daring the violence of fire. And no nobler record of human courage the world has ever known than is written down every year upon our shores in the life-boat service. In both these kinds of courage, the physical and the moral courage are united, and sustained in the highest degree. It seems invidious to compare when heroic bravery reaches the highest point; but, if possible, the continued firmness of buffeting for many days on a stormy sea, demands a self-command not for a single act of daring, but for a continuous power of fearless self-sacrifice, which can hardly be equalled by any passing actions, no matter how heroic.

Are we Americans a courageous people? What shall an enemies to answer for us. We are abused and criticised by foreign nations, but no one as yet has ever said that Americans were cowards. They tell us we are slow and never ready, over confident, and wanting in the lookout which American say of Americans? We may leave it to our prepares for danger, that we continually pay dear for our dullness, but in spite of this we manage to pull ourselves

together through the greatest difficulties. One more answer will be sufficient. What has built up America? We answer the courage of the American people.

THOMAS MOORE.

F. J. MILLANE, '98.

THOMAS MOORE, Ireland's sweetest poet, in the sweetest strains of the sweetest muse, has sung her praises so well that in poetry her position is an eminent and enviable one. He was possessed of an intellectual genius together with a sparkling and captivating manner that are the gifts of but few men, reminding us of the romantic minstrel in the palmy days of Provencal song. In his early boyhood days, while a student at Trinity College, in Dublin, he evinced signs of the rich poetic vein with which his patriotic soul was endued. And though the fact of his being an Irish Catholic was the means of strewing his path with obstacles and difficulties, to remove which required no little effort on his part, yet the untiring zeal and incessant perseverance that characterized his life, enabled him to remove this inborn prejudice, while his great worth as a poet placed his name upon the roll of immortal bards, for his is a name that was born not to die. His biographers have declared his style to be clear and brilliant, the wit and fancy of his allusions are the personification of graceful thought. Some attribute to him the fault of irreverence and indelicacy in many of his efforts, but these are cheerfully overlooked in the abundance of beauties and embellishments which adorn his works. His writings earned for him universal popularity and respect among his contemporaries who cherished no antipathy for the race and religion to which he belonged. He possessed all the qualities, both personal and poetic, to endear him to the hearts of his countrymen, and his society was sought by the most prominent families of his time. Moore's chief poetical writings consist of serious and comic lyrics, the most celebrated of which and perhaps the bright-

est gem of the whole casket is "Irish Melodies." They are replete with patriotism, love, melody and beauty. The language is most lucid and consistent and frequently attains a lofty degree of majesty and tenderness. Though his poems are said to be devoid of that feeling which emanated from the heart of Burns, yet, like Burns, he appeals to the universal sentiments of his countrymen, and his popularity is as great. His feeling and love would seem to destroy such a belief and place Burns and Moore side by side as the greatest lyrists of modern times. The unsurpassed beauty and sweetness of Moore's melodies stand out as an example of the eminent ability of this celebrated Irish bard. Throughout all his works he has shown an inexhaustible invention of quaint and ingenious ideas, together with the power of bringing the most remote allusions to bear upon his subject, which he does with remarkable facility. However, his life was not devoid of troubles. Having obtained a government appointment, in 1803, in the island of Bermuda, he visited America and the Antilles, which visit afforded him an opportunity of composing some of his most sparkling poems. While acting in the capacity of an English envoy, he neglected the duties that accompanied his office and in his place a deputy for a short time fulfilled the position. This deputy, however, subsequently proved to be an embezzler and Moore had to make good to the English government the defalcations of his deputy.

This proved to be the first of a series of troubles, for on his return to England he was vigorously attacked about his writings, by Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* and so personal was the purport of the editorial that Moore challenged the editor to fight a duel. The challenge being accepted, the combatants met, and each was provided with an amount of powder sufficient to make a noise, while both, for the same reason, had forgotten the bullets. This little episode caused no end of merriment at the time, and afterwards was an occasion for Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" to exclaim with true facetiousness,

"When Little's leadless pistol met his eye."

This reawakened in Moore the bitterness of Mr. Jeffrey's attack and all the additional pungency which could be given it by the embodiment of the incident in the wittiest satire of recent times. Byron and Moore were steadfast friends after this, and when the Great Poet called Byron to his eternal home, Moore still further embellished his literary career by writing an excellent biography of Byron. His prose efforts, though they are few, display rare tact and skill, and had not imbecility stolen upon him in his old age, his name would, no doubt, be handed down to posterity as the equal of Macauley, Addison, Swift or Steele. Ireland being sadly in want of national airs, Moore gladly undertook the task of adapting words to the airs given him by musical publishers, whose object it was to have the words contain allusions to the manners and history of the country. In this he was remarkably successful, and this work surely won for him the immortality which his memory possesses.

"Varied as was the character of the airs, some being martial and spirited, others soft and tender, some being lively and mirthful, others plain, live and touching, there was hardly one which the poet failed to match with verse, admirably corresponding to the emotion excited by the music." The Irish Melodies are so universally known that they need no encomium here. Suffice it to say, that Moore ranks among the foremost singers of lyric verse. Longmans & Co., a great publishing house in London, offered Moore three thousand pounds if he would write a poem. This he undertook to do, and at the time of the contract he had not decided upon its title. This is the largest sum that, up to this time, has ever been given for a poem. In 1817, it made its appearance under the title of "Lalla Rookh," an Oriental romance glittering with bright fancies and the eminent characteristics of its author. In this poem he endeavored to emulate the vigor of Byron and the sensitive pathos of Scott, but he failed conspicuously. However, his attempt to lay the scene in a country of which the writer knew nothing, except a few facts which he had gleaned from his books, and this want of knowledge was sufficient in itself to make the poem

destitute and devoid of any appearance of naturalness. Withal, its readers were at first disposed to overlook this, and did not criticize the work harshly, as its remarkable brilliancy concealed its defects, and it was edited many times. The plot of "Lalla Rookh" is laid in India, in the delightful valley of Cashmere. Abdalla, King of Sesser, in Bucharia, was about to abdicate the throne in favor of his son, Feramory. As the king, passing on his way to the shrine of the prophet, he was entertained by Aurungzebe in a most hospitable manner. A marriage was agreed upon between Lalla Rookh, daughter of the Emperor and son of the prince. Although they had never met, it seemed as though they were intuitively attracted towards each other, and the consent of each to the marriage was readily obtained. Lalla Rookh set out for the home of Feramory, and her person, adorned with the brightness of costly jewels, was as resplendent as the noon-day sun. Having arrived at her destination, she was immediately introduced to Feramory, whom she thought was the embodiment of all that was good and holy. They were married very soon afterwards with such dazzling splendor as had never before been witnessed in the Eastern country. But their happiness was destined to be short-lived, as the relentless voice of war called the king from the side of his happy bride. She was happy in sorrow, gleeful in her gloom till her beautiful vision of future happiness was disturbed, for as—

"Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping the maiden sought, two summers roll
Their suns away—but, ah, how cold and dim
Were summer suns, when not beheld with him !
From time to time ill-omen'd rumors came,
Like spirit tongues, mutt'ring the sick man's name
Just ere he dies ;—at length those sounds of dread
Fell with'ring on her soul, ' Ayim is dead ! "

Grief-stricken at the fate meted out to Feramory, she rapidly sunk into a melaancholy mood, and was constantly dreaming of her loved one. The sublime passage that Moore had moulded from her lips, is worthy of frequent

repetition. We will content ourselves with his beautiful quotation from her dream :

“ Hoped ! my Hoped ! if it be
 Thy will, thy doom this night to die ,
 Let me but stay to die with thee,
 And I will bless thy loved name
 Till the last life breath leave this frame.
 Ah ! let our lips our cheeks be laid
 But near each other while they fade ;
 Let us but mix our parting breaths,
 And I can die ten thousands deaths !
 You too, who hurry me away
 So cruelly, one moment stay—
 Oh ! stay, one moment is not much—
 He yet may come—for him I pray.
 Hoped ! dear Hoped ! all the way
 In wild lamentings that would touch
 A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
 To the dark woods—no Hoped came ;—
 No—hopeless pain—you've looked your last ;—
 Your hearts should have both broken then.
 The dream is o'er—your doom is cast,
 You'll never meet on earth again ! ”

Lalla Rookh was practically the author's last effort at writing serious poetry. In his declining years he devoted his labors to writing a history of Ireland and a few political squibs for a newspaper. As time went on, he gradually fell into a state of complete imbecility from which death released him in the year 1852. As a poet he was inferior to some of his illustrious contemporaries, but he was a consummate master of his art, and as a lyrist he is surpassed by none. His odes won for him a place alongside of the great masters, Dryden and Pope.





VNDER THE LIBRARY LAMP

If the highest art be that which conceals itself, it must be apparent to the thoughtful that Stevenson, Howells, *et al.*, cannot rank among the highest kind of artists. Stevenson has put on record his method of work: "I kept always two books in my pockets, one to read and one to write in. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was some conspicuous force or happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful and knew it. I tried again and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful, but at last in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony and construction and co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and Oberman;" and to these he added Ruskin, Browning, Morris, Keats, Swinburne, Chaucer, Webster, Congreve and Thackeray; summing it all up by saying, "that, like it or not, is the way to write." It is certainly one way and in Stevenson's, Howell's, Lang's or Reppelier's hands it is an immensely successful way. But it is not the only way, nor is it the best. The purest literary style is the inevitable, so unobtrusive in its perfection that you only notice it with an effort. "That style is the best which results from the immediate prompting of innate power and not from labored

obedience to a theory or rule; indeed, the presence of genius or innate prompting is directly opposed to the perpetual consciousness of rule." The action of style is imperious and altogether supersedes the reflection why it should act. "Every man should write his own English," said the sardonic Swift; only another version of Richter's dictum that no tongue is eloquent save in its own language. "Swift himself was one of the greatest makers of real style English literature has ever had. Reading him at his best, there seems to be nothing but print between your mind and his." Now, take one of Stevenson's or Howell's or Lang's brilliant, graceful essays. Anybody can see the style there. They seem to play with the pearls of language. It is dexterous, wonderful, fascinating, but assuredly not inevitable; the product of a highly finished, conscientious artificer; an exquisitely elaborated piece of mosaic, but too self-conscious to be called good architecture. Compared with Swift or Goldsmith or Addison or Thackeray, Stevenson is merely an agile verbal gymnast; a chef, rather than an artist.

Alfred Austin, who is by all odds of inferior calibre to Tennyson, but who can no more help that than the "pop" can help being an inferior songster to the mocking bird or the linnet to the skylark, but who is not on that account to be rudely disparaged, has a higher or at any rate a better combination of poetical qualities than probably any of the others whom we have mentioned, barring of course Tennyson and Wordsworth. His sentiments are always healthy and breathe sturdy English patriotism; his fancies are chaste and elegant, and are mostly tinged with an aroma of sadness, which makes them singularly sweet. They are pure in conception, and generally dainty and often beautiful in expression. The manner of his muse is superior to either William Morris, recently deceased, or Watson; the matter of his poesy puts him easily ahead of Henley or Lewis Morris or Dobson. He is only a third-rate poet, it is true; but the great majority of the laureates have not been, intrinsically, of rank equal to his. Far away inferior to Dryden and Wordsworth and Tennyson, he stands leagues ahead of

Eusden and Tate and "the poetical Pye." Austin would stand precisely among those votaries of the muses among whom Rome's great epic poet in his younger days classed himself: "Nos gravitem tenui musam meditamus avena."

GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.

The crab, the bullace and the sloe,
 They burgeon in the spring ;
 And, when the west wind melts the snow,
 The redstarts build and sing.
 But Death's at work in rind and root,
 And loves the green buds best ;
 And when the pairing music's mute,
 He spares the empty nest.
 Death ! Death !
 Death is master of lord and clown,
 Close the coffin and hammer it down.

When nuts are brown and seer without,
 And white and plump within,
 And juicy gourds are pass'd about,
 And trickle down the chin ;
 When comes the reaper with his scythe,
 And reaps and nothing leaves,
 Oh, then it is that Death is blithe,
 And sups among the sheaves.
 Death ! Death !

Lower the coffin and slip the cord,
 Death is master of clown and lord.

When logs about the house are stack'd,
 And next year's hose is knit,
 And tales are told and jokes are crack'd,
 And faggots blaze and spit,
 Death sits down in the ingle-nook,
 Sits down and doth not speak ;
 But he puts his arm round the maid that's warm.
 And she tingles in the cheek.

Death ! Death !
 Death is master of lord and clown ;
 Shovel the clay in, tread it down.

Here is another song, "The Haymaker's Song," but in a more roystering key :

THE HAYMAKER'S SONG.

Here's to him that grows it,
 Drink, lads, drink !
That lays it in and mows it,
 Clink, jugs, clink !
To him that mows and makes it,
That scatters it and shakes it,
That turns and teds, and rakes it,
 Clink, jugs, clink !

Now here's to him that stacks it,
 Drink, lads, drink !
That thrashes it and that tacks it,
 Clink, jugs, clink !
That cuts it out for eating,
When March-dropp'd lambs are bleating
And the slate-blue clouds are sleeting,
 Drink, lads, drink !

And here's to thane and yeoman,
 Drink, lads, drink !
To horseman and to bowman,
 Clink, jugs, clink !
To lofty and to low man,
Who bears a grudge to no man,
But flinches from no foeman,
 Drink, lads, drink !

We incline to think that, even judging from these two extracts, our readers will agree with us that, although not in any way a great poet, Alfred Austin possesses a fine vein of poesy, which does not, of course, place him anywhere nearly on the some pedestal as his two immediate predecessors in the laureateship, but which should easily save him from the sneers and abuse with which his name has only to be mentioned to be accompanied. It is a good deal easier for the

wit to get off after "glorious John" such a quatrain as this:

Two Alfreds in one generation born,
The laureateship of England did adorn;
But Nature found the first throes so exhaustin'
That after Tennyson she bore an Austin

than to accouch himself of a poem like either the "Grave-digger's Song" or the "Haymaker's Song" which we have quoted.

"Phroso," Mr. Anthony Hope's last, follows the sound advice once given a tyro by the editor of a "Saturday night story-paper,"—to make them young, one dark and the other light, put in difficulties and have something happen every one thousand words. All this Mr. Hope has done; but it is hard to see that he has done anything else in this romance of an English lord on a Greek island, with a fair maiden, Turks and brigands.

The following sounds like a Percy anecdote; we give it for what it is worth:

"A tramp," says an exchange, "appeared at the house of J. H. Barton, three miles south of Columbia, Mo., one morning, and asked in Greek for cold victuals. He stated that he was a graduate of Princeton. Mr. Barton, himself a Greek scholar, was just about to start for Columbia, and his horse was hitched in front of the house.

"Jestingly, he offered to give the tramp the horse if he could recite the Greek alphabet without a mistake. The tramp looked at the horse and then at Mr. Barton, and then inquired if the bet included the saddle and bridle. Mr. Barton said that it did, and then went into the house to get a Greek book.

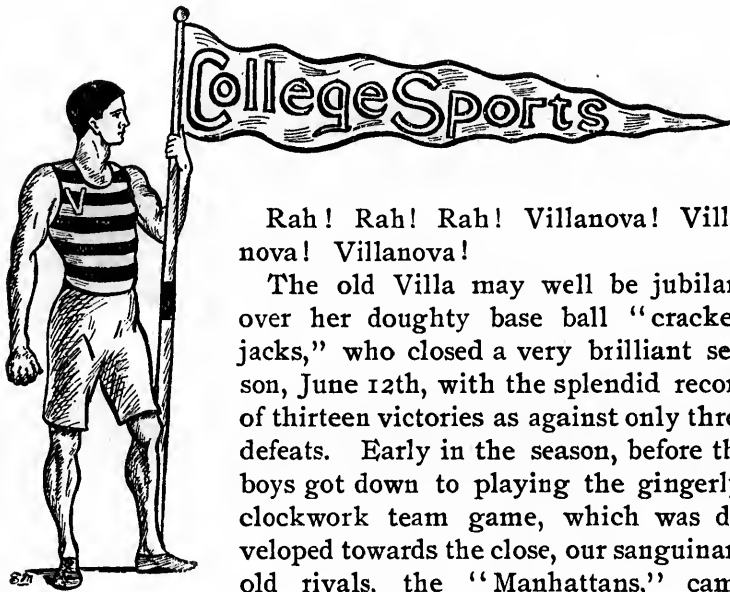
"Returning, he found the tramp mounted on the horse. As Mr. Barton stepped from the porch the tramp rattled off the alphabet without a mistake, and, turning the horse's head, disappeared in a cloud of dust. The animal on which the Princeton pilgrim rode away was one of the best horses in Boone county, noted for its blooded stock."

Readers of Coventry Patmore will be glad to read his admirable characterization of Cardinal Newman. "The steam-hammer of that intellect which could be so delicately adjusted to its task as to be capable of either crushing a Hume or cracking a Kingsley is no longer at work, that tongue which had the weight of a hatchet and the edge of a razor is silent, but its mighty task of so representing truth as to make it credible to the modern mind, when not interested in unbelief, has been done."

Senator Mark A. Hanna, erstwhile of Cleveland, now of the National Capital, seems to be the largest pebble on the beach just now. The time-honored cut of the "Grand Old Man" Gladstone has been relegated to the bottom drawer of the art department of the newspapers, and the extensive, if not supremely lovely, lineaments of Mr. Hanna now stare the faithful reader in the face every day. Mr. Hanna must be happy, for he has reached the goal of every true American's ambition. He is clothed with conspicuity. In the beautiful words of the poet, "he bathes in the broad sunlight of publicity." The newspapers are full of him. His sayings and doings, his silences and his speeches, his outgoings and his incomings, are reverently recorded and duly treasured up.

The Rocky Mountains are decidedly less protuberant than he is. Niagara does not pour a stream as steady as is the talk of, by and with Mr. Hanna. By some mysterious process, common in the United States, this business man has suddenly become a statesman. He has been evolved into a statesman of the thirty-third degree with trimmings to match. A statesman of the thirty-third degree sits on hotel sofas and thinks he thinks, while the reporters watch him; or converses while the reporters take down his words. One brief year ago this great Mark was no more of a statesman than, for example, any gentleman in the coal and wood business in Rosemont.

In this country growth is very sudden. Mr. Hanna is one of our quickest growths. Having jumped in a hop and a skip within the sacred enclosure of statesmanship, it was inevitable that his opinions on all subjects should possess great value. Greatness such as his, is emulative and multiform.



Rah! Rah! Rah! Villanova! Villanova! Villanova!

The old Villa may well be jubilant over her doughty base ball "cracker-jacks," who closed a very brilliant season, June 12th, with the splendid record of thirteen victories as against only three defeats. Early in the season, before the boys got down to playing the gingerly, clockwork team game, which was developed towards the close, our sanguinary old rivals, the "Manhattans," came down like wolves on our fold and slaughtered us in two games. Of course it was very heart-breaking and all that; but the team suddenly took a regular Boston Brace—large B, if you please—and the impenetrable gloom which had settled down on the College rooters was suddenly changed into exhilarating sunshine. Now that it's all over, and we have plucked magnificent victory from what at one time looked like complete and ignominious rout, it is ours to rejoice, ours to shake hands with ourselves, and ours to shy fragrant bouquets at our pulchritudinous personalities. Truly hath the poet sung, as well the Villanova fans know:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Following are the batting and fielding averages :

BATTING AVERAGES.

	<i>a. b.</i>	<i>1st b. h.</i>	<i>Average.</i>
1 Herron	26	13	.500
2 Conway	29	14	.488
3 Hayden	58	26	.448
4 Carroll	53	24	.436
5 Bagley	59	24	.406
6 Reilly	48	18	.375
7 Downs	58	22	.358
8 Krisch	51	16	.311
9 Breslin	54	15	.277
10 McCullogh	24	6	.250
11 Diver	7	4	.570
12 Millane	2	1	.500

Herron played in seven games and leads with the magnificent percentage of .500. Of the regular players who have participated in every game, Hayden leads, closely followed by Carroll and Bagley. All three batting over .400. Conway also played in only seven games. The team has the excellent average of .381.

FIELDING AVERAGES.

	<i>p. o.</i>	<i>a.</i>	<i>e.</i>	<i>Averages.</i>
1 Reilly	138	2	3	.970
2 Downs	84	20	4	.962
3 Herron	8	3	1	.907
4 Bagley	27	35	7	.898
5 Conway	12	1	2	.864
6 Hayden	35	26	13	.866
7 Breslin	7	23	6	.833
8 Carroll	17	31	13	.830
9 Kirsch	15	2	4	.809
10 McCullogh	4	0	2	.666
11 Millane	0	0	1	.000
12 Diver	0	0	0	.000

In fielding Reilly leads with .970, making only three errors in thirteen games, closely followed by Downs. Bagley on third base has the splendid average of .898, while the work of the remainder of the team in the field has been only fair. Fielding average .806.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY VS. VILLANOVA COLLEGE.

On Saturday, May 22d, the Catholic University, of Washington, was shut out for the first time in their base-ball career. Regan occupied the rubber for the University boys for the first three innings, but "our boys" took kindly to his curves. Captain Cashman thinking a change necessary, called the "Invincible" McTighe in from the field, but he was received as warmly as his predecessor, a double, a triple and a single following in succession, showing that the "boys" had on their batting clothes.

Breslin pitched a magnificent game for the home team, holding the visitors down to two hits, while the team behind him fielded superbly Herron in left field making several difficult catches, while all played well. Carroll, Bagley and Reilly excelled in their respective positions. For the visitors Cashman and Hannon carried off the honors. The score :

VILLANOVA.						CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Carroll, ss . . .	0	2	0	5	1	Igoe, cf . . .	0	1	1	0	0
Bagley, 3b . . .	0	1	1	5	0	Collins, lf . . .	0	1	2	0	1
Hayden, 2b . . .	1	2	2	1	1	Cashman, ss . . .	0	0	4	2	0
Downes, c . . .	1	1	1	0	1	McTighe, rf, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Kirsch, cf . . .	0	0	0	0	0	Twohy, rb . . .	0	0	16	2	2
Herron, lf . . .	2	1	2	0	0	Hannon, 2b . . .	0	0	1	5	0
Conway, rf. . .	1	2	1	1	0	Burns, c . . .	2	0	2	2	2
Breslin, p . . .	1	0	0	5	0	O'Brien, 3b . . .	0	0	0	2	1
Reilly, rb . . .	0	0	11	0	0	Regan, p . . .	0	0	0	2	0
						Bolton, rf . . .	0	0	1	0	0
Total	6	9	27	17	3	Total	0	2	24	15	6

VILLANOVA COLLEGE VS. URSINUS COLLEGE.

On Wednesday May 26th, the home team easily defeated Ursinus, of Collegeville, in an uninteresting game. Laross proved an easy mark, while Breslin pitched well. Diver, McCullough and Kirsch played well for the Villanova boys. The umpire was decidedly "off color." The score :

VILLANOVA.						URSINUS.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Carroll, ss . . .	3	3	2	3	1	Kelker, c . . .	1	1	4	0	1
Bagley, 3b . . .	2	2	3	2	0	George, ccf . . .	0	0	2	0	0
Hayden, 2b . . .	1	2	3	3	1	Rahn, rb . . .	2	1	8	0	0
Downes, c . . .	1	1	0	1	0	Kugler, 3b . . .	0	3	1	3	2
Kirsch, cf . . .	1	2	3	0	0	Zimmer, ss . . .	1	0	0	0	3
Breslin, p . . .	1	1	0	0	0	Heiges, lf . . .	1	0	1	0	1
Reilly, rb . . .	1	2	12	0	0	Spangler, 2b . . .	1	0	4	2	3
Diver, rf . . .	0	2	2	0	0	Carmany, rf . . .	0	0	2	1	1
McCullough, lf.	1	2	1	1	0	Laross, p . . .	0	0	0	0	3
Total	11	17	27	10	2	Total	7	5	24	6	14

VILLANOVA VS. RICHMOND.—Morning Game.

On Decoration, Villanova played two interesting games with the strong Richmond A. A. The morning game was interesting and exciting throughout. The college boys won out in the ninth on a succession of hits by Carroll, Bagley, Hayden and Downes, and a wild pitch by Shoenut. For the Villanova team Bagley, Downes and Reilly played well, while Gray and Kennedy excelled for Richmond. The score :

VILLANOVA.						RICHMOND.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Carroll, ss . .	1	2	1	4	2	Kennedy, rf . .	2	1	1	0	0
Bagley, 3b . .	1	3	2	3	0	C. Kilroy, ss . .	1	3	1	0	0
Hayden, 2b . .	2	3	4	2	2	Gray, lf	1	1	2	0	0
Downes, c . .	1	1	5	3	0	Mat. Kilroy, cf	1	1	0	0	0
Kirsch, cf . .	1	1	1	0	1	M. Kilroy, 1b .	1	1	5	0	0
Herron, cf . .	1	1	1	0	1	W. Shoenut, p	0	1	0	1	1
Conway, rf . .	0	2	0	0	0	W. Kilroy, c .	0	2	15	0	0
Breslin, p . .	1	1	0	1	0	Sowter, 2b . .	2	0	2	3	2
Reilly, 1b . .	1	1	13	0	0	Riley, 3b . . .	0	0	1	2	1
Total . . .	9	15	27	14	6	Total . . .	8	10	27	6	4

VILLANOVA VS. RICHMOND.—Afternoon Game.

Villanova lost the afternoon game through costly errors. By a bunching of hits in the fourth inning Richmond scored six runs, and practically won the game. Herron pitched good ball for Villanova, and to errors behind him may be attributed our defeat. The score :

VILLANOVA.						RICHMOND.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Carroll, ss . .	1	2	3	1	2	Kennedy, rf . .	1	0	3	0	0
Bagley, 3b . .	1	1	1	4	0	C. Kilroy, ss . .	1	2	2	4	2
Hayden, 2b . .	1	4	3	4	2	Gray, lf	1	1	4	1	0
Downes, c . .	0	1	3	0	1	Mat. Kilroy, cf	2	1	3	0	0
Kirsch, cf . .	1	0	1	0	0	Mike Kilroy, 1b	2	1	9	0	2
Herron, p . .	2	2	0	3	0	W. Shoenut, 2b	3	3	2	2	1
Conway, rf . .	0	2	0	1	0	W. Kilroy, c .	1	1	2	1	0
Breslin, lf . .	0	1	3	0	0	Riley, 3b . . .	0	2	2	2	1
Reilly, 1b . .	1	2	13	0	1	L. Shoenut, p .	0	0	1	0	0
Total . . .	7	15	24	13	6	Total . . .	11	11	27	11	5

VILLANOVA COLLEGE VS. DELAWARE COLLEGE.

On June 2nd, for the second time this season, the home team easily defeated Delaware College at Newark. Phillips was hit hard,

while Breslin was a mystery to the Newark boys. Hayden, Bagley and Downes played well for the home team. The score :

VILLANOVA.						DELAWARE COLLEGE.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Carroll, ss	2	1	0	4	0	Davis, 2b	0	0	3	2	1
Bagley, 3b	4	2	3	5	1	Willis, 1b	0	0	10	1	0
Hayden, 2b	4	3	3	3	1	Phillips, p	0	0	1	0	2
Downes, c	2	2	5	2	0	Baldwin, rf	1	1	0	0	0
Breslin, p	1	2	0	2	0	Highland, lf	1	0	2	0	2
Reilly, 1b	1	2	14	1	0	Marvel, 3c	0	2	1	5	3
McEvoy, cf	1	1	1	1	0	Vickers, c	0	0	2	1	2
McCullough, lf	1	2	1	0	0	Reed, ss	0	0	2	3	1
Perea, rf	1	0	0	0	0	Kenney, cf	0	0	3	0	2
Total	17	15	27	18	2	Total	2	3	24	14	12

VILLANOVA COLLEGE VS. PENN. MILITARY ACADEMY.

Saturday June 5th, Villanova easily shut out Penn. Military College, at Chester. Breslin held the visitors down to one scratch hit. The game was featureless, excepting Bagley's magnificent catch of a foul fly. The score :

VILLANOVA.						P. M. C.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Carroll, ss	1	0	0	0	0	Rockefus, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Bagley, 3b	1	1	2	3	0	Holston, 1b	0	0	11	0	0
Hayden, 2b	2	2	4	2	0	Arnoldi, c	0	0	3	1	0
Downes, c	0	1	5	1	0	Bowers, cf	0	0	1	3	2
Kirsch, cf	2	0	0	0	0	Hoffman, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Breslin, p	1	1	0	2	1	Harris, ss	0	0	0	2	2
Reilly, 1b	1	1	10	0	0	Davis, p	0	1	2	2	0
McCullough, lf	0	2	0	0	0	Thistlewood, 3b	0	0	1	1	0
Millane, rf	0	1	0	0	0	Wood, 2b	0	0	2	2	0
Total	8	9	21	8	1	Total	0	1	21	11	4

RESERVES AND ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

The reserves easily defeated St. Joseph's College in a one-sided game, marked by heavy batting of both teams. Kennedy pitched a good game for the Reserves. Diver batted well. The score :

RESERVES.						ST. JOSEPH'S.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
J. McCull'gh, ss	2	2	1	2	0	McDevitt, 2b	3	1	4	2	0
Perea, c	3	2	6	0	0	Lawless, 3b	0	0	3	2	0
Diver, cf	3	5	0	0	0	Sheenan, c	1	1	4	0	2
O'Neil, 1b	2	1	8	0	1	McDonald, lf	1	0	2	0	0
Millane, lf	1	1	2	0	1	McCusker, 1b	2	1	10	2	1
McAvoy, 3b	1	3	0	2	1	Harkins, p	3	4	0	2	0
F. McCull'gh, rf	2	1	2	1	0	Hurst, ss	0	0	2	3	0
Kennedy, p	3	1	0	2	1	McGuckin, rf	2	2	2	0	0
Gallagher, 2b	2	1	3	3	0	Kurford, cf	2	0	0	0	1
Total	19	16	24	9	4	Total	14	9	27	11	4

BERWYN HIGH SCHOOL VS. VILLANOVA RESERVES.

The Reserves defeated Berwyn High School in a ten-inning contest, both teams fielded loosely, while the batting of the Reserves was remarkable. Diver and Perea played the best ball for Villanova, while Campbell and Quimby excelled for the visitors. The score :

RESERVES.						BERWYN HIGH SCHOOL.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
J. McCull'gh, ss	1	2	1	2	1	Campbell, ss	5	3	4	2	1
Perea, c	3	2	4	1	0	Quimby, c	2	5	6	2	0
McAvoy, 3b	4	3	6	2	1	Litgo, cf	2	2	1	1	0
F. McC'l'h, rb, p	4	3	9	1	0	Porter, 3b	4	4	2	1	2
Burns, p, rf	1	2	0	1	0	Lewis, p	2	0	2	1	1
Millane, lf	2	1	1	0	1	Farley, lf	2	4	1	2	1
P. Gallagher, 2b	3	2	2	1	0	Yerkes, rb	1	0	10	1	1
J. Gallagher, cf	1	2	2	1	0	Tapp, 2b	1	0	2	0	0
Diver, lf	2	2	2	0	0	Miller, rf	3	0	1	0	0
Kennedy, p, rf	1	2	3	0	0						
Total	23	21	30	9	4	Total	22	17	30	10	6

BRYN MAWR VS. RESERVES.

Reserves easily defeated Bryn Mawr in a one-sided contest. Perea, Millane and Corrigan played well, while Kennedy and Coyle both pitched good ball. The score :

VILLANOVA.						BRYN MAWR.					
	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
McAvoy, 3b	3	3	4	2	0	Corrigan, c	2	3	8	0	0
Perea, c	3	3	5	3	0	Norton, rf	1	0	0	0	0
Diver, rb	4	1	7	0	0	Yound, 3b	2	3	0	0	3
F. McC'ul'gh, lf	2	0	0	0	1	M. Coyle, p	1	3	3	5	2
J. McC'ul'gh, ss	2	2	2	0	0	Aldred, 2b	0	1	3	0	1
Burns, rf	2	2	2	0	0	Deery, lf	1	0	0	0	0
Millane, cf	2	3	2	1	0	H. Coyle, cf	2	0	0	0	3
Gallagher, 2b	2	1	5	0	3	Hickey, ss	1	0	0	0	4
Kennedy, p	1	1	0	4	0	Kirsch, rb	1	1	10	0	0
Total	21	16	27	10	4	Total	11	11	24	5	13

M. J. REILLY, '98

POETRY.

A. L. C.

THE bloom of thought kissing eternity ;
 The light of loves immortal recognized ;
 The fire and snow-bloom sprung from passion's sea,
 Their light, their warmth, their fragrance crystallized.

REVIEW OF FOOT BALL SEASON.

The Villanova Football Team went through the season of '96 with much glory to themselves and to Alma Mater. Every member proved that he was "chock full of sand and likewise ginger;" and, moreover, the boys demonstrated, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that they could play the football of gentlemen without, in the least, impairing their records as brilliant athletes. The genial captain, Mr. J. A. McDonald, '98, proved himself a clever general, and deserves much praise for his masterly tactics at critical stages of the "mix-up" with Haverford and Swarthmore, two of the most stubbornly contested games one would care to witness. May I then express the wish indulged by all that the Villanova Football Team may flourish and grow strong with the years as they flow, and that the 'Varsity yell and the grand old college slogan may "make the welkin ring" on many a victorious gridiron.

The Villanova College foot ball team opened the season of '96 on the 30th of September, defeating the strong Swarthmore eleven by the score 16—0. The Swarthmore boys thought they would have little difficulty in downing the wearers of the white and blue, but much to their surprise and chagrin Villanova trailed their colors in the dust. Hayden and Conway did notable work.

The team journeyed to Wilmington on the 4th of October to play the Delaware College boys, whom they defeated hands down by the score 14—0. Villanova's goal was at no time in danger. Breslin and Kirsch played a fast game for Villanova.

October 7th, Villanova lined up against the University of Pennsylvania Reserves. Our boys were pigmies in comparison with the Reserves and were defeated by the score 36—5. The features of the game were the tackling of McCullogh, our clever little quarter-back, and Breslin's pretty drop kick from the thirty-yard line.

Ursinus came to Villanova, October 10th, and lost by the score 21—0. In the first half the visitors played a steady game, but the second half found them rattled and our boys

won about as they liked. Shanahan and McDonald carried off the honors for Villanova.

On Wednesday, October 14th, our team after a stubbornly-contested battle plucked Haverford's goose by the score 5-4. With the odds against them, our boys fought like tigers, and when at last victory perched on our standard a most enthusiastic outburst of applause greeted us. With only twenty seconds to play, Breslin sent the ball spinning over the bar for five points and the game. McCullough won thunderous applause by his clever tackling.

Philadelphia Dental College eleven met defeat at the hands of Villanova, October 17th. The score was 10-0. The nearest P. D. C. could get to Villanova's goal was the twenty-yard line. Conway, Kirsch and Shanahan tackled well, while Breslin carried the ball in a creditable manner.

October 20th, Swarthmore met a second defeat at the hands of Villanova in a well-played game, by the score of 10-0. The visitors showed great improvement in team play since the last game; but Villanova had not forgotten any of her tricks, and kept the Quaker lads guessing all the time. In this game Shanahan's tackling was of a high order, as also that of McCullough, while Rogers proved himself a steady ground gainer.

Battling against a team averaging twenty-five pounds a man more than ours, the wearers of the white and blue were defeated at West Chester on Saturday, October 24th, by the score 18-0. McDonald and Conway put up a very strong game, and Hayden skirted the ends for good gains.

October 28th, the team went to Collegeville to meet Ursinus for the second time. At the start, it was evident that Ursinus had improved very much in team play. For Villanova Shanahan, Hayden and Kirsch did clever work. Score, 12-4.

Saturday, October 31st, we met and defeated the Philadelphia Dental College. The ball was in the P. D. C. territory most of the time. Score, 12-0.

Villanova had an easy time with the Jefferson Medical College, and almost ran them off of their feet. The plays

were gotten off so quickly that the J. M. C. were dazed, and were unable to follow the ball. In this game Villanova used several of her reserves. Wilson, Rodgers and Burns never failed to gain ground when called upon. Conway put up his usual heady game. Score, 28—0.

Villanova added another victory to her already long list by defeating the Pennsylvania Military College, on Saturday, November 14th, by the score 24—6. Long runs were the order, Hayden, Breslin and Shanahan carrying the ball. The interference was the finest of the year. Conway played well, as did Kirsch and McDonald.

October 18th, Villanova was defeated in Bridgeton, N. J., by the South Jersey Institute team, by the score 6—4. It was one of the best played games ever seen in Bridgeton. The features of the game were the long runs of Conway and the tackling of Shanahan and McCullough.

Thanksgiving Day, the team went down before the Warren A. A. team at Wilmington. Villanova played a strong, steady game in the first half, allowing the Warrens to score only one touch down, but the second half found us "up in the air." Score, 22—0.

JOHN F. BAGLEY, 1900.

THE YOUNG TENOR.

John B. Tabb.

I WOKE. The hardened melody
Had crossed the slumber bar
And out upon the open sea
Of consciousness afar
Swept onward, with a fainter strain,
As echoing the dream again.
So soft the silver sound and clear
Outpoured upon the night
That silence seemed a listener
O'erleaning with delight
The slender moon, a finger tip
Upon the portal of her lip.



EXCHANGES

With the January issue, *THE MONTHLY* entered upon the fifth year of its existence. The form was changed, and it was much enlarged and otherwise improved. To-day it is acknowledged to be one of the best edited college magazines in the country. Witness some of the kind opinions our contemporaries have been expressing about *THE MONTHLY*.

"We congratulate *THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY* on the first number of its fifth volume. In form it is more artistic and up-to-date, while, in the variety and excellence of its contributions, it has made a nearer approach to what a college magazine ought to be. A lengthy editorial column is an especial feature of the *MONTHLY*. . . . 'Professional Education,' a lecture by an Alumnus of Villanova to the students, is a valuable contribution to the *MONTHLY*, and demands a careful study. A point well brought out by the lecturer is the fact that, although he has long since left the halls of study, he is still a student. The sentiment underlying 'The College Bell' is beautifully expressed. The serial, 'Into the Land of Promise,' still delights us with unique and thrilling episodes, and the author has so skillfully developed the plot that we find ourselves unconsciously sharing in the pranks of the mischief-making Harley and sympathizing, in his troubles, with the mysterious Ralph. As we have already congratulated the *MONTHLY* on the success of the initial number of its fifth

volume, we hope that its success will not only be repeated throughout the year, but that the Villanova boys may win higher victories in untried fields."—*Stylus*, Boston College.

"VILLANOVA MONTHLY, you certainly do deserve all praise possible for the charming magazine of this month. The cover is a vast improvement over the old one ; it is both neat and pretty. The articles in it are excellent ; the one on 'Professional Education' we read with interest, the sketch of 'The Old Year and the New,' was indeed a pretty word picture, while the one that touched us most of all was 'Friendship.' Maybe because for us soon the old school ties will be broken, never to be filled up with such unselfish friendship, for there is a sacredness in the old friends of those happy days that bars all repetition. Truly the poet knew when he sang "Old friends are best." Taken as a whole your magazine is one of the best literary treats we have read for some time."—*The Mount*.

"THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY has assumed an entirely new dress, and now wears dark blue and white, and looks as elegant as a midshipman in full dress. The January number contains an admirable sonnet on Shakespeare, Dr. Morrissey's address on 'Professional Education,' delivered at Villanova in December, and among other things, a brilliant recipe for making chocolate without either milk or water. 'Use cream,' says the young editor. The Mount will attend to the case. (Villanova, Penna.)"—*Pilot*, Boston, Mass.

"THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY by appearing in a new and handsome dress has manifested that its editors are thoroughly up-to-date. Its present form is that of a modern magazine. It is tasty and convenient, and entirely unlike the awkward, ungainly paper which formerly came as THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY. Its contents are also of a high grade, and we congratulate its editors upon the progressive and enterpris-

ing spirit they have displayed."—*Scholastic*, Notre Dame University.

"The contributors to THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY have attained a high point of excellence in vividness of description, and the subjects chosen for articles are original and interesting. 'A Kinetoscope Picture' and 'Launch at Cramp's Shipyard' give ample proof of their descriptive power. The conception of the poem, 'Mother,' by John I. Whelan, is extremely beautiful and rings with the sincerity of heartfelt affection."—*Stylus*, Boston College.

"'Into the Land of Promise,' in the VILLANOVA MONTHLY, is a story of more merit than is usually found in school or college papers. The plot, though commonplace, has some original features, and while the action cannot be styled rapid, yet after reading an installment, you find yourself wondering what developments the next chapters will unfold."—*The De La Salle*, De La Salle Institute, New York.

"The Christmas number of THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY, which contains a splendid review of Wilson Barrett's play, 'The Sign of the Cross,' reached our sanctum too late to receive an appreciative notice in our last issue. To those who have not had the good fortune to witness the play, this ably written criticism will prove most interesting and instructive."—*Agnesian Monthly*.

"Three splendid journals come to us from Pennsylvania, the *Washington Jeffersonian*, the VILLANOVA MONTHLY and the *Dickinson Union*. The *Washington Jeffersonian* has a handsome cover and some excellent literary matter. The last VILLANOVA MONTHLY has an elegant dress and is praiseworthy."—*The Eatonian*, Eton College.

"VILLANOVA COLLEGE MONTHLY of January appeared in a very attractive attire, and we wish to compliment the

editors for the fine work which they are doing at present. The lecture delivered by Dr. J. J. Morrissey, of New York City, on Professional Education, is an interesting effort.—*Mercersburg Monthly*.

"THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY most assuredly has, with its January issue, 'donned a more up-to-date form,' and its editors deserve the highest praise, for every page is more pleasing and instructive than ever."—*Sunbeam*.

"And still the new dresses appear! THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY has followed a very wise lead and boasts now an 'up-to-date' magazine form. We congratulate the editors on their taste and keen business judgment, and wish them success beyond expectation."—*Fordham Monthly*.

"The VILLANOVA MONTHLY is a new and welcome exchange. Its editorial department is unmistakably healthy. Its literary department is equally so."—*Abbey Student*, Richmond, Va.

"We congratulate the publishers of THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY on the improved condition of their magazine. It's a great credit to the college. The January number is teeming with excellent literary matter."—*The Philalithian*.

A. X. DOOLEY, '98.

CHILD-WORLD.

James Whitcomb Riley.

○ WONDERLAND of wayward childhood! What
An easy, breezy realm of summer calm
And dreamy gleam and gloom and bloom and balm
Thou art!—The lotus land the poet sung,
It is the Child-World while the heart beats young.



AMONG the college societies which do much to while away the wintry hours, the most conspicuous is the Villanova Dramatic Society. The members of '96-'97, not less zealous than their predecessors in keeping up its time-honored traditions, have done much towards advancing its interests, and, while equaling, at least, the old-timers in the excellence of the plays, they have outrun them both in the number and variety of the entertainments given. Among this year's Thespians are some of the old familiar faces, but not a few are new. Of the former Augustine X. Dooley as the jeune premier enacts his roles most commendably. Mr. Dooley's stage appearance adds much to his histrionic art. His features are of the old Roman type, and being of heroic stature, he is the cynosure of all eyes when on the stage.

William J. Shanahan, one of this year's graduates, played the heavy roles. He is a competent actor, and his efforts have been duly appreciated both by the students and the public. Another capable player is James Hobart Kelley. Three years ago he made his first bow to the public in an ingenue role, but this year he surprised his most ardent admirers by winning golden opinions as Lieut. Forbes in the drama, "From Sumter to Appomattox."

"Joe" McCullough, our sweet-voiced comedian, made his début a few years ago in a minor part in "The Colleen

Bawn." "Joe" is now far and away the most versatile and popular of our actors. Among the new members William Feeney, as leading lady, does good work. John Sheehan makes a very chic soubrette.

The first entertainment was given November 7th, on the occasion of the visit of His Excellency, Archbishop Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate and Prior General of the Augustinians.

Following is the programme :

1. Music—"La Fanfare des Dragons" *Boscovitz*
2. Music—Pilgrims' Chorus, from "I Lombardi," Glee Club
3. Address of Welcome Henry T. Nelson, '97
4. Hunters' Chorus Glee Club
5. Music—Sonata in D *Diabelli*
6. "Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene II. The Forum

CHARACTERS :

- Marcus Antonius Augustine X. Dooley
 Marcus Brutus William J. Shanahan
 Cassius James H. Kelly
 First Citizen John F. Hayden
 Second Citizen Michael T. Kennedy
 Third Citizen John D. Murphy
 Fourth Citizen Howard M. Shelley
 7. Hymn—"Viva Leone !" *Gounod*

On the evening of February 24th the stirring war drama, "From Sumter to Appomattox," was rendered before a large and enthusiastic audience. The success of the entertainment was due in great part to the careful training and able direction of Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A. Following is the programme :

- Julian Farnsworth, Captain U. S. Army Mr. Dooley
 George Roberts, Major Confederate Army . . Mr. Shanahan
 Judge Thorne, Colonel Confederate Army . . Mr. Hayden
 Lieutenant Forbes, U. S. Army Mr. Kelly
 Lieutenant Ellsworth, Confederate Army . . Mr. Kennedy
 "Wash," a runaway contraband Mr. J. McCullough

Corporal Bungelstein, U. S. Army }
 Gotlieb Wilkins, a country judge } Mr. Downes
 Mrs. McCue }
 Clare Thorne, a daughter of Judge Thorne . . . Mr. Feeney
 Kate Spencer, her companion Mr. Sheehan
 The Invincible Squad—Messrs. Breslin, Bagley, Mahon,
 Reddy, Diver, O'Connor, Bridgman, F. McCullough, Fox,
 Carroll, Herr and Devlin.

Incidentally—"Wash" and "Mrs. McCue" sang; "Maj. Roberts" gave an exhibition of skill in using the baton, and the "Invincibles" drilled.

The firing on Fort Sumter, the quarrel and the escape, were put on with much effect. An accident which happened during the explosion scene by which a window behind the scenes was blown out, gave an air of realism to the scene.

Until January the rehearsals were directed by Rev. Father Coar, Vice-President; but owing to sickness he was compelled to relinquish the work. The society, under the management of W. H. Reddy, 1900, gave a vaudeville show St. Patrick's night before the faculty and students.

The last bill presented to the public, May 3, was as follows:

1. Prologue by the Vaudeville and Glee Club.
2. Sketch by Mellon and Kennedy.
3. Songs by Michael Kenny.
4. Violin solo by Mario Diaz.
5. Sketch by McClosky, Kelly and Shanahan.
6. Sketch by Reddy and Donavan.
7. Sketch by Reddy, Devlin and McCullough.

A feature of this entertainment was the acting of M. T. Kennedy and Jno. Mellon.

Messrs. Breslin, Reilly, Kirsch, Bagley, Herr, McCloskey, Carroll, Hayden, McAvoy, Frank McCullough, E. F. Mahon, Bridgman, Fox, Devlin, Diver and O'Connor possess trained voices of great sweetness and purity, and have all displayed dramatic ability of no low order.

• SOCIETIES •

The Villanova Debating Society, under the able direction of Rev. Father Delurey, O.S.A., held a number of interesting and well-conducted discussions on up-to-date topics during the past year. If there be a form of expression which more than any other requires and calls out the whole force of a young man, it is the art of debating as practiced in our college societies. The young debater must put in practice grace of presence, bodily vigor, voice, memory, choice of words, logic, style, in fact, do all that in him lies, to win the sympathy of the judges and the auditors in order to win the decision for the side of the question which he has espoused. There is no better exercise for one's temper, and none which develops in the young collegian greater readiness of thought and fluency of expression. Debating is also an excellent preparative for actual life, for the cut and thrust methods of discussion tend to broaden his views and engender respect for the opinions of others.

Probably the two most interesting debates were those held January 16th and February 20th. The question on the first evening was: "Resolved, That Monopolies are Detrimental to the Wage-Earner." Messrs. A. X. Dooley and C. McAvoy argued for the affirmative, while Messrs. Keish and McDonald espoused the negative. The decision fell to Messrs. Dooley and McAvoy. February 20th the subject was: "Resolved, That the Annexation of Canada would be Detrimental to the Best Interests of the United States." Messrs. Hauber and Donovan spoke for the affirmative, and Messrs. Millane and Hayden for the negative. Rev. Father Delurey gave the decision to the affirmative.

The arguments adduced in these discussions were excellent both as to arrangement and expression, and the telling points brought out by each speaker were liberally applauded by the audience.

The Villanova Library Association has always been one of the most popular and progressive of the college organizations, and this year the members, under the very capable direction of Mr. E. G. Dohan, O.S.A., have more than done themselves proud. Meetings were held every alternate Wednesday evening during the wintry months, and they were always attended by the students in large and enthusiastic numbers.

The object of the society is to cultivate a taste for good reading and to give the members a chance to get together and exchange views on debatable topics. During the year which is now closing particular attention has been given to the study of the works of the new school of American Catholic writers.

Within the last few years a new school of Catholic fiction has arisen in this country. It has ventured to throw aside many of the characteristics of its forerunners and to stand fresh and vital, to some extent representative of existing conditions. "While notably non-doctrinal and non-controversial, it essays to be essentially Catholic in tone and character. It attempts greater approach to art, and strives to be more natural in structure and design. Its sympathies are broader; its hopes no less fair. It desires to teach through beauty, charity, and hope. The people who throng its pages are such as we find in every-day life. They are born, baptized, attend Mass, love, marry, or become priests or nuns, struggle, hope, and die—in short, are real human beings, so far as the artist has power to limn them." The producers of fiction of this kind evidently do not think it wrong that people should love and laugh as well as weep and pray. All these things are incident to human existence, and the Catholic fictionists of our country are now beginning to give us that American Catholic life which we know. In contrast to the godless realism of the French school they are presenting us the first strong muscles of Catholic realism. Walter Lecky, Maurice Francis Egan, Father Finn, John Talbot Smith, others here unnamed, are Catholic realists. "They are the forerunners of those who eventually shall succeed in creating the literature of hope. Their work is that of spiritual, moral, and physical health; in the years to come such work will overthrow the literature of disease."

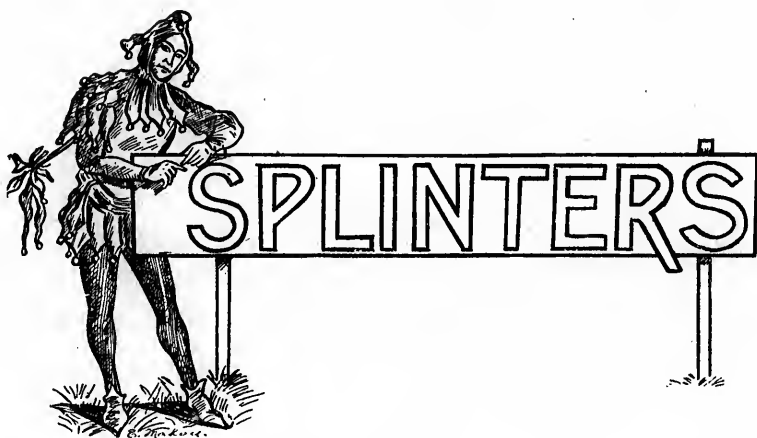
At present the new school is in its infancy. Its limitations are now apparent; yet in the future it will be a giant force. It has been tried and found safe, and, may we not say, found popular as palpably necessary.

The study of history, which, as Bacon avers, makes men wise, was not overlooked, and, indeed, some of the most entertaining papers read and discussed were those on historical subjects. Members were chosen several weeks in advance to prepare papers on selected topics, which were followed by critical and analytical discussions, in which all the members were free to participate. The result was that the subject received general consideration, and the field a thorough gleaning. Among some of the notably, interesting and instructive papers read, were the following: "Savonarola, and His Times," by A. X. Dooley, '98; "Thackeray as a Master of Style," by M. J. Reilly, '98; "Oliver Twist," B. E. Daly, '98; "Pickwick Papers," "Joe" McCullough, '99; "Dickens, The Humorist," F. M. Hauber, '98. Next season the meetings will be held more frequently, and the course of reading greatly widened.

Following are the officers: Mr. E. G. Dohan, O.S.A., President; H. T. Conway, First Vice-President; B. E. Daly, Second Vice-President; H. T. Nelson, Secretary; H. M. Shelley, H. Adams, J. Keegan, F. M. Hauber, Directors.

F. M. HAUBER. '98.





J. A. C.—“The raven himself is hoarse.”

Macbeth, Act I, Scene 5.

C. D. M.—“Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.”

Julius Cæsar, Act II, scene 1.

F. J. M.—“I do not like ‘but’ yet.”

Anthony and Cleopatra, Act II, Scene 5.

P. R. O'D.—“Ay, he spoke Greek.”

Julius Cæsar, Act I, Scene 2.

J. C.—“Full of wise saws and modern instances.”

As You Like It, Act II, Scene 7.

H. J. O'N.—“A slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands.”

Julius Cæsar, Act IV, Scene 1.

M. J. R.—“Words, words, words.”

Hamlet, Act II, Scene 2.

F. H.—“He’s a conspirator.”

Julius Cæsar, Act III, Scene 3.

F. X. O’D.—“Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.”

Romeo and Juliet, Act II, Scene 6.

A. X. D.—“What a monstrous fellow art thou.”

King Lear, Act II, Scene 2.

J. H. K.—“Was accounted a good actor.”

Hamlet, Act III, Scene 2.

T. O’C.—“Ha, Ha ! how vilely does this cynic rhyme !”

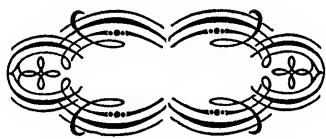
Julius Cæsar, Act IV, Scene 3.

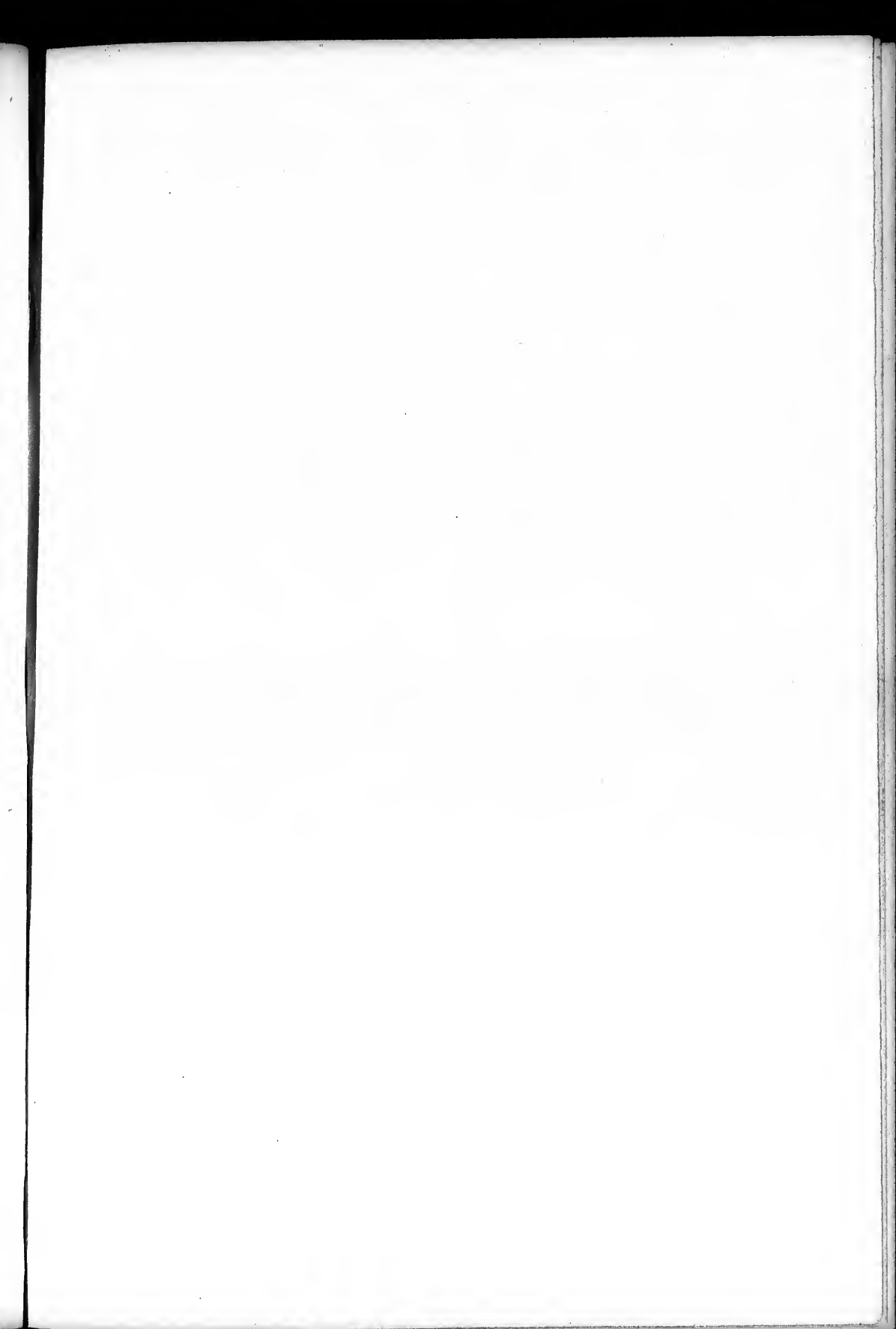
P. F. R.—

“Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.”

Macbeth, Act II, Scene 2.







GRADUATES OF '97.

1st Row—E. P. McKeough, A.B.; M. J. Murphy, M.A.; J. I. Whelan, M.A.; J. S. Smith, B.S.; A. J. Plunkett, A.B.

2d Row—J. T. Sheehan, B.S.; N. J. Vasey, A.B.; E. G. Dohan, A.B.; B. J. O'Donnell, M.A.; T. J. Condon, A.B.; J. A. Kene, Ph.D.; J. J. Morrissey, Ph.D.; J. T. Lenahan, LL.D.

3d Row—F. X. O'Donnell, B.S.; W. J. Shanahan, A.B.; H. T. Nelson, A.B.; W. L. Burns, A.B.; J. J. McCarthy, A.B.; J. J. McCloskey, A.B.; W. L. Kirsch, A.B.

4th Row—M. T. Kennedy, B.S.; E. W. Fox, B.S.; P. F. Ryan, B.S.; D. T. Norton, B.S.; T. J. O'Connor, B.S.; J. H. Kelley, B.S.; C. D. McCloy, B.S.; J. J. McCullough, B.S.; J. F. Hayden, B.S.

5th Row—F. M. Hauber, B.S.; P. J. Gaffikin, B.S.; P. R. O'Donnell, B.S.; P. J. Gallagher, B.S.; J. T. Jones, B.S.

THE VILLANOVA MONTHLY,

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

VILLANOVA COLLEGE

VILLANOVA, PA.

VOL. V.

JULY, 1897.

No. 7.

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Remittances and business communications should be addressed to Business Manager,
Villanova.

Subscription Price, one year	\$1.00
Single copies10

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Additional interest was given the event by the presence of Pope Leo XIII.'s delegate to the Catholic Church in the United States, the Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, O.S.A., who happens



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to be at the same time Prior General of the Order of St. Augustine. It was by members of this ancient order that Villanova College was founded and has been successfully conducted for more than half a hundred years, and its history may be said to present in a manner an epitome of Catholic experience in the United States.

There were also in attendance between 250 and 300 priests and members of the Alumni Society from Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia.

The program for commencement week was as follows:

Saturday, June 19th.

Prize Declamation Contest, at 8 P. M. in Dramatic Hall.

Sunday, June 20th.

Baccalaureate Sermon, Collegiate Chapel, at 8 P. M.

Monday, June 21st.

Examinations for Under-graduates closed.

Tuesday, June 22d.

Meeting Villanova Athletic Association at 8 P. M.

Wednesday, June 23d.

Memorial Mass for deceased students at 8 A. M.

Reception to Archbishop Martinelli by Faculty and student body at
2 P. M.

Thursday, June 24th.

Holy Communion for student body at 7 A. M.

Solemn Pontifical Mass, Mgr. Martinelli celebrant, at 8 A. M.

Distribution of prizes to Under-graduates at 9.30 A. M.

Commencement exercises at 10.30 A. M.

Alumni Banquet at 2 P. M.

Annual Meeting of Alumni Association, 4.30 P. M.

DECLAMATION CONTEST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19.

AT 8 P. M. the annual prize declamation contest was held in the Dramatic Hall. Those who competed for the Mulhearn Medal were: Messrs. W. J. Shanahan, '97; F. M. Hauber, '98; J. J. McCloskey, '97; C. D. McAvoy, '98; and M. T. Kennedy.

The judges were : Prof. Silas F. Neff, Ph.D., President of the Neff College of Oratory, Phila. ; Prof. W. C. Kent, B.L.C., of the same institution ; and Prof. De Mott, A.M., Boston, Mass. The order of merit, as announced by Prof. Neff, was : First, W. J. Shanahan ; second, F. M. Hauber ; distinguished, C. D. McAvoy. After the contest, Prof. De Mott congratulated the speakers and entertained the audience with an interesting talk on elocution.

BACCALAUREATE EXERCISES.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20TH.

SUNDAY evening, June 20th, the Baccalaureate exercises were held in the Church of St. Thomas of Villanova. Promptly at 8 o'clock the faculty, graduates, undergraduates and visitors, filed into their places. A trained choir under the direction of Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A., and Rev. J. B. Leonard, O.S.A., chanted the solemn Gregorian Vespers. Rev. J. F. Medina, O.S.A., presided at the organ.

The altar was tastefully decorated with flowers and potted plants. After the sermon, Solemn Benediction was given during which the *Te Deum* was intoned by the whole congregation.

The scene was harmoniously impressive, the brilliantly lighted church, the beautifully decorated altar, the clouding of the fragrant incense, the silvery tinkling of the bell and the chains of the swinging censer, the ancient dignified rites, and over all the sweet voices, praying and praising in litany and hymn—all combined to make up a picture which those who were so fortunate as to witness, must need never forget.

Those participating on the altar were :

Celebrant, V. Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., '90, President of Villanova College.

Deacon, Rev. W. A. Jones, O.S.A., '85.

Subdeacon, Mr. B. J. O'Donnell, O.S.A., '93.

Master of Ceremonies, . . . Mr. E. G. Dohan, O.S.A., '97.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by the Rev. J. J. O'Brien, O.S.A., '85, rector of the Church of Our Mother of Good Counsel, Bryn Mawr. His subject was "The Love of God in the Blessed Sacrament." The preacher explained how the love of God was manifested by the Creator and by His Divine Son, the Redeemer, whose love was perpetuated in the Sacrament of the Altar. "If God has given such a great proof of His love for men," Father O'Brien declared, "it devolved upon men to continually manifest their love for Him."

Unfortunately we are unable to give the whole of this very able and inspiring effort.

Addressing the students, the preacher said: "There are two paths in life; one, presided over by the spirit of the world, bright and cheery, beautifully adorned by Nature's most delicate touches, skillfully embellished with grandeur by the genius of science and art, that dazzles the eye and blurs the intellect, dwarfs the mind, corrupts the heart; whereon iniquity holds sway; whereon unholy passion, vile and monstrous, panders to its votaries and dries up the springs of divine love that a gracious Creator once opened in the human heart. This is the path in which Godless men live, move and act; on which the silvery flame of heaven's light never sheds a single ray; on which the designing arch-fiend forecasts false joys and empty pleasures that glut the sensual thought, and that lead to infidelity.

"The other path may be portrayed as seemingly narrow, at times cheerless, often abounding in sorrows, but lighted from afar off by the burning lamp of hope that seems to speak to the weary toiler and penetrate the veil of mysticism that hides the unseen. This is the path of which the prophet spoke and sang, of which the pastoral reed gave out its music soft and sweet, of which the God-man told in accents clear, for it breathes an inspiration to loftiness of purpose and leads to an eminence of honor here below, to the infinite joys and undying glories of hereafter.

"Go forth, young men," said Father O'Brien, in closing, 'with Christian courage, and may success crown your every

effort. Remember that your Alma Mater does not say 'farewell,' for she will watch over you, rejoice with you in your successes, grieve with you in sorrow and disappointment. Remember that your glory will be her glory, and your dishonor, if there be any, must be shared by her. Go forth then, carrying in one hand your diploma, the record of your worth; in the other, the testament of your faith; and let these be the handmaids to accompany, direct and counsel you through life. Be loyal sons to honored Villanova, carrying with you safely guarded the lessons of wisdom that will make you the pride of Holy Mother Church, patriotic sons of country, entwining your brows with fadeless wreaths that will bud and blossom with deeds well done. And thus, when your course is run, and Time's cold waves close over and engulf all that is temporal and mortal, you can raise your eyes to the Eternal City and reach out to grasp and hold the immortal."

VILLANOVA A. A. MEETING.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22.

IT has hitherto been the custom to allow the football team to elect a captain at the annual banquet in December. This year the election was held before Commencement, all the members of the Athletic Association voting. The result of the polling was the choice of C. D. McAvoy, '98, for Manager, and John T. Bagley, '00, for Captain.

MEMORIAL REQUIEM MASS.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23.

WEDNESDAY morning, June 23, at 8 o'clock, the usual Solemn Mass of Requiem for the deceased students of Villanova, was sung by the college choir, under the direction of Rev. J. B. Leonard, O.S.A. Those on the altar were:

Celebrant,	. . .	Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A., Vice-Pres.
Deacon;	. . .	Rev. W. A. Jones, O.S.A.
Subdeacon,	. . .	Mr. B. J. O'Donnell, O.S.A.
Master of Ceremonies,	. . .	Mr. E. G. Dohan, O.S.A.

RECEPTION TO ARCHBISHOP MARTINELLI.

At 1.30 P. M., Wednesday afternoon, the Faculty and students went down to the Pennsylvania Railroad station to greet Archbishop Martinelli, and a delegation of distinguished clerical visitors. As soon as His Excellency and party stepped off the train the students greeted them with the rousing college yell. The procession wended its way to the monastery, where a reception was tendered the Apostolic Delegate. With Mgr. Martinelli came Mgr. Sbarretti, Dr. Rooker, Rev. C. Gillespie, S.J., Rector of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C., and V. Rev. C. M. Driscoll, Provincial of the Augustinians.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24.

“WHAT is so rare as a day in June?” asks the poet, and, in very truth, perfect weather ushered in the long-looked-for, anxiously-awaited Commencement morning. To borrow an Oriental word-picture, it was

“Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.”

The programme on Commencement Day began at 7 a. m. with Mass in the College chapel, at which the entire student body received Holy Communion. Reverend President Delurey was the celebrant.

PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS.

At 8 o'clock Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel by Archbishop Martinelli, assisted by the attending prelates and the Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, O.S.A., Provincial of

the Augustinians. The services opened with an imposing procession from the monastery to the chapel, in which the graduates and alumni, wearing caps and gowns, preceded the members of the religious community and the officers of the mass into the church. Mgr. Martinelli walked last.

The deacons of honor were the Very Rev. Francis M. Sheeran, O.S.A., S.T.B., Prior of the Monastery, and the Very Rev. Thomas C. Middleton, O.S.A., D.D., Prefect of Studies; deacon of the mass, the Rev. N. Casacca, O.S.A., S.T.L.; subdeacon, the Rev. James F. McGowan, O.S.A.; master of ceremonies, the Rev. William A. Jones, O.S.A., Master of Novices; assistant master of ceremonies, Mr. F. E. Touscher, O.S.A.; crosier bearer, Mr. B. J. O'Donnell, O.S.A.; mitre bearer, Mr. J. A. McDonald, O.S.A.; book bearer, Mr. P. E. Moynihan, O.S.A.; candle bearer, Mr. A. J. Viger, O.S.A.; thurifer, Mr. J. J. Barthouski, O.S.A.; acolytes, Messrs. M. J. Murphy, O.S.A., and E. J. Murtaugh, O.S.A.

The altar was artistically decorated, and the archiepiscopal throne was resplendent with parti-colors, in which the Papal hues predominated.

The music was rendered by the college choir, augmented by members from other religious houses of the order, who sang Leonard's Mass, under the direction of the Rev. John B. Leonard, O.S.A. The organist was the Rev. J. Frederick Medina, O.S.A. The soloists were Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A.; Rev. J. E. Vaughan, O.S.A.; Rev. J. J. Farrell, O.S.A.; Mr. D. A. Herron, O.S.A.; Mr. A. J. Plunkett, O.S.A.; and Messrs. W. J. Shanahan, J. J. McCullough and G. G. Herr.

UNDERGRADUATE EXERCISES.

The distribution of awards to the Undergraduates took place in the Library shortly after High Mass, and was conducted by Rev. W. A. Coar, Vice-President and Prefect of Studies. A noteworthy feature was the distribution of a large number of works by contemporary American Catholic writers, viz.: Walter Lecky, Maurice Francis Egan, Agnes Repplier, R. M. Johnston, Louise Imogen Guiney, Charles Warren Stoddard, the late Bro. Azarias and others.

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Commencement exercises were held under a large tent stretched in the grove fronting the College, where sombre hemlocks blend their songful branches with grand, century-old oaks. A more ideal spot for such a function it would be next nigh impossible to find. Here, in the languorous days of spring and early summer, with the sunlight falling aslant the velvet sward, the sweet carol of birds supplying a musical accompaniment to the strollers' idle reveries, the students are wont to take their "constitutional" walks, or otherwise while away their leisure hours. As the years of Villanova's existence have lapsed, generations of students have loitered about this romantic spot, and have felt those pulsations of poetry which nature never fails to stir in young souls.

From this enticing spot one may drink in the quiet beauty of the surrounding scene. In front, slopes a well-kept lawn down to the Pennsylvania railroad tracks where rolls the main line, freighted with the opulent traffic of this glorious land; in the rear, tower the stately college buildings, artistic in design, imposing in dimensions; to the left, lies the well-laid-out campus; to the right, stretch the 200 lordly acres of Villanova, with their fields of ripening corn and waving wheat.

The platform beneath the gayly decorated tent was a veritable bower of flowers and potted plants, overhung with flags and parti-colored bunting. The music was rendered by the famous Philharmonic Orchestra of Philadelphia, Prof. C. F. Schmidt wielding the director's baton. To the inspiring strains of the "Anniversary March," the visiting prelates, clergy, distinguished layman, faculty and graduates, filed upon the stage shortly before 11 o'clock. Seated on either side of the Delegate were Archbishop Ryan, Bishop Wigger, of Newark, Bishop McGovern, of Harrisburg, Auxiliary Bishop Prendergast, Mgr. Sbarretti and Dr. Rooker, of the Apostolic Delegation, at Washington, D. C. The Augustinians wore their cowled habits, and the graduates and alumni were attired in the regulation Oxford caps and gowns.

The following is

THE PROGRAM.

"Anniversary March"	Rosey
Charles F. Schmidt's Philharmonic Orchestra.	
Salutatory	
Walter Linn Burns, '97, Lawrence, Massachusetts.	
"The Butterfly"	Bendix
Orchestra.	
Master's Oration	
John Ignatius Whelan, '95, Wilmington, Delaware.	
"Beautiful Picture"	Catlin
Orchestra.	

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

"Cavatina"	Raff
Orchestra.	
Valedictory	
Henry Thomas Nelson, '97, Oakford, Pennsylvania.	
"Il Trovatore"	Verdi
Orchestra.	
Address to the Graduates	
Hon. P. P. Smith of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania.	
"The White Flag"	Gauntt
Orchestra.	
Address	
Mt. Rev. Mgr. Martinelli.	
"El Capitan"	Sousa
Orchestra.	

SALUTATORY.

After an overture by the orchestra, the salutatory was given with much grace by Walter Linn Burns, '97, of Lawrence, Mass. He said:

"Your Excellency, Your Grace, Rt. Rev. Bishops, Very Rev. Fathers, Members of the Faculty, Alumni, Fellow-Students and Dear Friends:—

"The eve of another scholastic year is now at hand, and that day, so eventful and so important in the life of every collegian—

the day of graduation—has come to the class of '97. After years of faithful and assiduous study, we come forth to-day to extend to you all a welcome to these exercises which commemorate the close of our college life. We are conscious of our indebtedness, and feel that on this occasion we are singularly honored. A true son of our Holy Church always considers himself amply repaid in having his labors meet her approval, and merit her blessing; in his endeavors he is anxious that the benediction of the Spouse of Christ should rest on him. Hence, we feel that to-day our exercises are especially graced by the presence of such illustrious dignitaries of our Holy Church.

"Your Excellency, to-day, we deem ourselves exceptionally fortunate and blessed in having the opportunity of extending to you a welcome as sincere as it is humble. Our Holy Father, that illustrious patron of all institutions of learning, has seen in you those qualities and principles by which you are aptly fitted to become his delegate in this broad land of ours.

"To have in our midst the representative of our Holy Father, and at the same time to recognize in him an Augustinian, nay more, the Prior General of the illustrious order to whose kindly guidance we have been entrusted, is, in very truth, an honor to be proud of.

"To you, our own dear Archbishop, we also express our gratitude and joy in extending to you a most sincere and hearty welcome. Your beneficence at the shrine of learning is, indeed, well known; therefore, we are most grateful for the honor which you confer on us to-day.

"To the other distinguished prelates, we are indebted for this visit, and that we may show our appreciation of this honor, is our most earnest desire. We bid you a hearty welcome, and as the reputation of our Alma Mater for welcoming her friends has become proverbial, let it not be found amiss to-day, for those principles of hospitality shall be strictly adhered to in the minutest details.

"Your presence here to-day bears ample evidence of your interest in and appreciation of our efforts. Encouragement at this time is for us a necessity.

"As this is the period of transition for us, so we stand upon the threshold of life, and each and every word of encouragement

is a fresh impetus in that direction toward which, for the last few years, we have been steadily guided.

"This day, awaited with such feverish expectation, is the last opportunity of expressing that love which we bear for our Alma Mater, and at the same time of testifying to that esteem and regard which mutually beats within the breasts of the members of the class of '97. This is the day, which, in future years, will be selected from all the others as the most memorable event of our lives. On this day, in the name of Villanova, we bid you a most cordial welcome. Our dear Alma Mater rejoices to see her sons present on this occasion; it brings back the story of the past, a past so fraught with struggles, laborious yet persevering, and, withal, crowned with success. Villanova is to-day proud and happy to welcome her friends and patrons; and she sends forth her new representatives with the sincere hope and conviction that they will ever be found in the foremost ranks of religion and country.

"That your visit to-day will be productive of nothing but pleasure and good results, and that your satisfaction shall correspond to the sincerity of our welcome, is the earnest prayer of the members of the faculty, the class of '97 and the members of the student body.

"We are especially happy that this commencement day is associated with memories of the Silver Jubilee of our dear Archbishop. We congratulate him heartily, and trust that God, whom he has served so long and so well, will spare him to celebrate his golden feast."

MASTER'S ORATION.

The master's oration fell to John Ignatius Whelan, '95, Wilmington, Del. His theme was "The Domain of Universal Knowledge." It was a very brilliant effort, and at the conclusion Mr. Whelan was loudly applauded. He spoke as follows:

"Your Excellency, Your Grace, Rt. Rev. Bishops, Members of the Faculty, students of the college, ladies and gentlemen:—

"The sculptor has taken the marble in the rough and by dint of patient labor and artistic sense has fashioned it into

the semblance of a man. It is what we call a speaking likeness. But the sculptor, though fully alive to the sublimity of his art, and in love with this expression of it produced by his own hand, flings aside his hammer and his chisel, and throws himself, in a torrent of grief and despair, at the foot of the statue. And why? The legend, as it is handed down to us, gives us the answer. It is because he realizes that he has produced only the *semblance* of a man; a man of stone, a man without a soul! The Divine Artist in fashioning the first Adam made him just such a model as the human hand had framed, but He showed His greater power by breathing into that perfect shape a living, dominating soul—a soul endowed with the heavenly gifts of Memory, Understanding and Will. Adam stepped forth from the hands of his Maker a perfect man. All that he was, God made him; all that he had, God gave him; and as God does nothing inaptly, he was to use these faculties for furthering his own ends. He had, then, within him the power to know things, and this was his intelligence; he had the power to remember things, and this was his memory; he had the power to do things, and this was his will.

“But besides these, there was within his breast the spirit of desire. The human mind was ever and is ever on the alert for something new, but it was not until the advent of the beautiful Eve that this desire developed into anything like curiosity. So, however disparagingly we may speak of the attainments of our fair sisters, to them must be accorded the honor, if in this case it were honor, of an independent seeking after knowledge. Eve was consumed with an intense longing to eat of the tree of wisdom. She satisfied that craving. O, curiosity, thy name is Woman! Such is her portion forever. And what more fitting than that, in the fallen state of man, curiosity should have developed into one of the strongest passions.

“The desire for knowledge then is almost congenital with man’s nobler faculties. It seems indigenous to our very nature. We *must* learn. Everything in nature that we see is an incentive to study, is fuel for the fire of our ever

burning desire. But even as Eve's thirst for knowledge led her to excess, so we, in drinking at the Pierian fount may imbibe more than is wholesome or beneficial. Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt because she wanted to know—she was a woman!—just how Sodom looked in its new dress. So for us, too, there is danger in an unrestrained desire.

"The thirst for knowledge then, which we experience within ourselves, is an instinct of nature. Convinced of this fact, we may rest assured that nature will give us the criterion by which we may judge what to study and what mental food to leave untasted. For as in the very beginning of the history of mankind, we sinned by excess of desire of knowledge, so to-day there is many a specious fraud waving aloft the torch of science, clothing itself in the vesture of the Goddess Minerva, only to lead our steps astray. Knowledge of itself and for itself is something for which to sigh. 'Who,' says the late laureate of England, 'shall rail against her beauty? But on her forehead sits a fire . . . she leaps into the future chance, submitting all things to desire . . . A higher hand must make her mild, and guide her footsteps, moving side by side.' We may send our Pearys and our Nansens to explore the regions of the Polar seas—our astronomers may turn their gaze towards the starry heavens and make astounding revelations concerning the movements of the planets—we may descend into the bowels of the earth and find remains of a colossal race of men—we may cry out: Knowledge is power; Science is supreme;" of what avail is it if man in his pride shall dare to say *there is no God!* What profit, if he condescend to acknowledge the existence of God, yet deny Him omnipotence in regard to children of Nature.

"Yes, knowledge is a great thing; and the dawning of the twentieth century finds man basking in the sunlight of its greatest glory. We have subdued steam and made it our servant; the fiery elements of the skies are chained to earth and do our bidding; we converse with our neighbors across the broad Atlantic as easily as though they were at our side; we traverse all the countries of the earth, we peer into its

mysteries; we have knowledge. Have we also wisdom? If so, we would not forget that knowledge, like everything else, is but a means to an end. Life is real, life is earnest. We must labor, we must study. Yes, but life is brief. And one day we must lay aside the pen, we must close the book.

"Knowledge, as we have said, implies an intellect. Intellect bespeaks a soul. We have no desire to encroach upon the domain of the churchman, but, be we students of nature, students of astronomy, of grammar, or of any other of the liberal arts, we must remember that we are Catholic students, and direct our studies accordingly. When we use the powers of our soul, then, we must remember that we have a soul; when we dive into the depths of science, we must remember that it is our spiritual nature that we are nourishing and recreating. We exercise our bodies in a rational manner, we nourish them with wholesome food. Shall we give to our souls that which is not only not harmless, but absolutely dangerous? The knowledge that tempts us away from God is not the knowledge that a Catholic wants. If we gaze into the mud at our feet, how shall we see the bright sun shining? If we are continually engaged with matter and delight our minds with weighing it and measuring it, and examining its minutest details—if we do this we forget that it is but a means to an end, our labor is lost. And what end? Answer the question for yourselves.

"But you will say this is sermonizing. To be told to keep in view one's future welfare smacks much of the long homilies we are accustomed to hear on Sundays. It is, no doubt, a good thing, and very proper—but oh! it is very irksome. Let the Doctors of the Church do that for us. And we can't all be moralists. True. A dull man once intimated to his friends that he was about to study for the ministry. 'And why are you going to study for the ministry?' inquired his friend. 'To glorify God, by preaching His gospel.' 'My dear fellow, you will best glorify God by holding your tongue.' And so I do not mean to say that we must be ever running around with long faces 'seeking the things which are of the kingdom of God,' but we can make our researches tend that

o

way, as we shall later on show. And we must avoid the knowledge that is purely artificial and superficial, as well as that which is really dangerous. We have no time for looking through the dictionary for eight-story words. If you hear a man speaking of the *ologies* and *isms*, and descanting upon the wonderful properties of *oxythymoquinone*, be assured that each such ejection from his mouth has left an awful vacuum in his brain.

"I once overheard the following dialogue between Priscilla and Ruth: 'So you are studying Philosophy now, aren't you?' 'Oh, yes! It's lovely. All about molecules, and molecules are just the sweetest things.' 'Why, what are they?' 'Oh, molecules? Why, they're little bits of things; and it takes ever so many of them. Do you know, there isn't a thing but what has molecules in it! And Mr. Smith, *he's* lovely, he explains everything so beautifully. And then, protoplasm! I don't know which I like best, molecules or protoplasm!' 'Oh, protoplasm must be grand! What is it like?' 'Oh, you ought to hear Mr. Jones tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he spoke about protoplasm, there wasn't a dry eye in the school!' 'How I wish I had been there!' 'And then differentiation! *It's* lovely! Something to do with species—so that you can tell one hat from another. And then ascidians! *They're* lovely!' 'Why, what are ascidians?' 'Ascidians? Oh, I never saw one. No one ever saw one except Mr. Smith. But they're something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. *They're* lovely!' And then she went off into another rapture about Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith.

"You will agree with me, I think, in saying that knowledge of this kind is what *we do not want*. But what is the knowledge for which we all should strive? I am going to tell you. It is the knowledge of the human heart, the domain of universal knowledge. And how shall we study our hearts? By mere introspection?

"We are not merely speculative; we are not entirely spiritual. We have a body as well as a soul. Humanly speaking, we are very human. Ladies and gentlemen, you

study your heart when you read a great man's life ; you study your heart when you turn the pages of history ; you study your heart in the sound of a melodious voice, in the reading of a poem or a novel, in the witnessing of a play.

"A great man stands out in life's drama as the central figure of a play. He is the model, the representative man. You study him, and your soul is stirred to emulate his virtue. We are naturally imitative ; from the cradle to the grave we exercise this trait. We know in our own hearts how near to or how far away we are from his greatness. Why was he great, why is *his* name handed down to posterity ? Was he virtuous, brave and noble ? Study your heart to see if those characteristics are written there. Will there be no incentive in that survey for you to strive to go upward and onward ?

'Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime ;
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.'

"It is so with the study of history. But we must be sure to read the history that is authentic. Then turn the light of your souls upon it. The world, ever changing, dying ever, nascent ever, passes before our gaze in a panoramic view. Warriors, statesmen, philosophers, poets and kings pass by us in a fluttering pageantry. Lands, arid and fertile, cities, prosperous and depressed, countries, barbaric and civilized, appear and disappear before our vision. And will not all this bring up an idea of the immensity, the eternity of God ? Gaze into the depths of your heart and judge it by the knowledge of the past. What knowledge have you not gained if you learn only to appreciate your many privileges, if you know the better how to perform your every-day work ?

"Take up the works of the poet. You may say that you have no taste for poetry ; you have the instinct of poetry within you though perhaps you know it not, for you have a soul. What is poetry but nature ? What is nature but the expression of God's bounty ? The trees and the flowers in their abounding

fragrance, their marvellous harmony of color, their variety of design ; the birds of the air, with their gorgeous plumage and their choruses of melody ; the sunshine and the joyousness of summer ; the frost and the exhilaration of winter, all tell us that God is near. If we rest in the plenitude of His bounty, and, looking into our hearts, find gratitude written there, we have learned the lesson the poet has taught.

"And so with the novel or the drama. Who does not feel his soul stirred at the portrayal of a chivalrous or heroic deed ! That sympathetic feeling tells you that your heart is right. Cultivate in it those traits so admirable and so grand. Who does not shudder in sympathy with outraged or afflicted innocence ! Crush within you the promptings of selfishness and petty meanness. And you have read the novel or witnessed the play with something more than mere enjoyment. It has helped you to study your heart.

"So, after all, we come down to the trite motto of the Greek philosophers—*Know thyself*. Who am I ? What am I ? For what am I intended ? Can we keep these questions in our mind ? Then will our researches in the domain of science be guided aright. To be able to answer these questions is to have universal knowledge, for we shall know the past, the present and the future. Let us pursue our studies then along any chosen line ; let us join hands with the philosophers in metaphysical research ; let us with the historian peer into the hazy distances of the past ; let us break through the blue veil of the heaven and measure the distances of the stars, one from another—let us do all this aright, and we shall find it is ourselves we have been studying, that we have been learning the lesson of life.

"Friendship is a very good test of the proper study in our universal domain ; true friendship leads us on step by step. It is not selfish. It tends toward the universal. It embraces all mankind in a true, sincere and universal love. The study of the human heart thus teaches us to be men, not gentlemen merely, but men—strong, noble, manly men. And it teaches you, our admired and admirable friends, you so-called weaker vessels, it teaches you to be something more than ladies, it

teaches you to know more than molecules and protoplasms. It teaches you to be women—strong, virtuous, womanly women. And God bless woman when she is such!"

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

The degrees and medals were then conferred by Mgr. Martinelli, the names of the successful students being announced by Rev. W. A. Coar, O.S.A., Vice-President.

The following are the names of those upon whom degrees and diplomas were conferred :

The Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon John T. Lenahan, '70, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The Honorary Degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon Joseph A. Kene, M. D., '75, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bernard F. Daly, M. D., '80, Boston, Mass., and John J. Morrissey, M. D., '81, New York city.

The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon John J. Dolan, A. B., '94, New York city; John I. Whelan, A. B., '95, Wilmington, Del.; Richard G. Kerr, A. B., '95, Avondale, N. J.; Bernard J. O'Donnell, A. B., '95, Freeland, Pa., and Michael J. Murphy, A. B., '95, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon Henry T. Nelson, James L. Kirsch, James J. McCloskey, Walter L. Burns, William J. Shanahan, Robert F. Anderson, Thomas F. Condon, Nicholas J. Vasey, Edward G. Dohan and James J. McCarthy.

The Degree of Bachelor of Sciences was conferred upon John T. Sheehan, Francis A. Hauber, Patrick J. Gaffikin, James H. Kelly, Daniel A. Norton, Peter F. Ryan, Joseph F. McCullough, Peter R. O'Donnell, Francis X. O'Donnell, Patrick F. Gallagher, John F. Hayden, Michael T. Kennedy, Thomas F. O'Connor, John F. X. Jones and Edward W. Fox.

Commercial diplomas were awarded to Francis A. Hauber, James A. McCloskey, Francis T. Bridgman, James J. Devlin and Mario Diaz.

AWARD OF MEDALS.

Medals were awarded as follows :

The gold medal for Gentlemanly Conduct was awarded to Peter R. O'Donnell, presented by the President and Faculty.

The gold medal for Christian Doctrine was awarded to Francis A. Hauber ; presented by V. Rev. C. M. Driscoll, Provincial, O.S.A.

The gold medal for Logic was awarded to Henry T. Nelson; presented by his Excellency, Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, Delegate Apostolic and Prior General O.S.A.

The gold medal for Classics was awarded to Henry T. Nelson; presented by the Alumni.

The gold medal for English Literature was awarded to Augustine X. Dooley ; presented by Joseph F. Farmer, A. M., Jersey City, N. J.

The gold medal for Mathematics was awarded to John T. Sheehan ; presented by Rev. T. F. Herlihy, O.S.A., Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

The gold medal for General History was awarded to Howard M. Shelly; presented by the Rev. John H. O'Neill, Rockland, Mass.

The gold medal for Elocution was awarded to William J. Shanahan; presented by Edward M. Mulhearn, Esq., Mauch Chunk, Pa.

The gold medal for German was awarded to William J. Shanahan ; presented by Drs. Jarvis and Steinbock, Philadelphia, Pa.

The gold medal for French was awarded to Augustine X. Dooley ; presented by Rev. D. D. Regan, O.S.A., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

VALEDICTORY.

Henry Thomas Nelson, '97, Oakford, Pa., followed with the Valedictory. These were his parting words :

Your Excellency, Your Grace, Rt. Rev. Bishops, Rev. Members of the Faculty, Rev. Fathers, Alumni, Fellow-Students and Dear Friends :—

In nothing is the distinction between man and inferior beings more marked than in his capacity for increasing his knowledge.

Year after year we see the animal kingdom, man excepted, plodding wearily in the same well-beaten path. But with man, that "lord of creation," it is different. Through the long vistas of time and experience, he must search after perfection, his approaches to it being blocked by great obstacles. The compensation for this is ample. Think of the almost limitless range of the intellect ; its capacity for improvement, and the pleasure derived from efforts in an intellectual line.

For there is pleasure in seeing the practical application of any knowledge entirely distinct from any benefit we may receive ourselves. It is a gratification to see the workings of some invention which is a decided novelty, and on closer inquiry to find that it is beneficial to those engaged in some particular occupation. What more pleasing occupation could the mind have than endeavoring to understand clearly something at present obscure, to search out truth by comparison, and to become thoroughly imbued with that know-more-to-day-than-yesterday spirit ? The present enjoyment of such pursuits is even surpassed by more lasting benefits, for they have a tendency to give all our faculties an aversion for low pursuits, and give reason a stronger grasp on the headstrong passions. So, when the mind is thus engaged, there is present that industrious principle which might be expressed in two words, *ever onward*. How striking the words of Addison : "To look upon the soul as going from strength to strength ; to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory and brighten to all eternity ; that she will be still add-

ing virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God Himself to see His creation forever beautifying in His eyes, and drawing nearer to Him by greater degrees of resemblance."

So would man, in his endeavors to satisfy that innate longing, delve into the mysteries of nature. And this is man's privilege, to search out and solve those great questions which take their rise in nature; for, as Aristotle says, they are "inborn with every man, and have for the subject of their contemplation the essential nature and destiny of things and man himself." To rob man of this privilege would be to take away the noblest heirloom of the mind, and to fetter that colossal intellect which ever desires to soar above the commonplace of this busy world. In these endeavors man must limit himself to the minutest fragments, and he is powerless to view the grand totum in the mechanism of universal harmony. So true is this that it is now held a mark of a scientific mind to busy itself with one particular branch of science. Although this may seem perfectly justifiable, still it has its evils when the specialist, as such scientists are called, considers himself so allied to this specialty that to delve without its confines would be productive of nothing but evil. This is the limitation that proves the one great obstacle to man's betterment from a closer intercourse with nature.

Hear the harpings of those who say that a positive dualism exists between theology and other sciences, and note how they must proceed by individualizing the sciences, and who can find no advantage save in particularities, while it is the duty of the one who searches after truth to take his stand, as far as possible for generalities.

Too often is a halt made at the mere threshold of science, and that sterling advice ignored: "Drink deep or touch not the Pierian spring." These superficialities are the prime causes of the flimsy objections brought by scientists against revealed truth. To her disciple, who presses on her inmost caverns, science discloses her great mysteries and wonderful

workings. Man, surrounded by the allurements of the world, is apt to see a striking opposition between his own course and the workings of nature, but let him raise his thoughts above these mundane fancies and he will see that her course has a decided tendency to the goal of his own desires.

From a contemplation of nature, then, through the medium of science, man is placed in a closer relationship with his Creator, for the works of God are an image of His unshadowed beauty. This, then, is the end of science—how pleasing to contemplate such an end, for in the end all benefits are disclosed! Yes, the end discloses all benefits; and for us, this is the end. The day for which we were always so expectant has at last arrived. How we have looked forward to the day when we could read the last page in the book of college life, and, blinded by the enchantment that distance always lends, we saw nothing but pleasure; but now when the stern reality forces itself upon us, we see wherein we have been deluded. Now, we must go forth from these classic halls, we must leave those with whom we have been so closely allied that their joys and sorrows seemed our own.

How hard it is to say farewell when pleasing recollections force themselves upon us and well-nigh overpower us. Would that this duty had been assigned to another, for it brings with it nothing but pain; yet what must be done, were better done.

Reverend Gentlemen of the Faculty:—Thoughts of the words of wisdom and counsel poured into our too often unwilling ears make it hard to say good-bye to you. We realize that by our indifference we have caused you many an anxious hour, but we feel assured that, with your usual magnanimity, you have forgiven us. How often have we drunk in the words of wisdom falling from your lips; how have we run to you pleading for a holiday and not pleaded in vain, and how have we sought you for assistance in all our difficulties. All this is past. We must leave you, and cannot longer be benefited by your refining presence; but we will ever look back with pleasure and think of you, laboring steadfastly to mould the youthful

mind and send forth men who will be an honor to themselves, their country and their Church.

Classmates :—Our course is nearly run, a few more hours and we will be separated in the wide world and the ties of good-fellowship which bound us, though far from being severed, will, nevertheless, be rendered less potent. Yes, we must go forth and engage in the battle of life whose din reaches even these dear old walls, sanctified by study. And shall we go forth with a look of fear and be overcome by the mere thought of the terrible odds? Shall we not have faith in the trusty weapons received in our dear old Alma Mater, and go forth fearlessly to meet the foe? Yes, a thousand times yes! Villanova will never be compelled to say that one of the class of '97 succumbed without an effort. When our lot may seem a hard one, and there are no kind classmates to help us, let us look into the dim distance and there we will see those inspiring words, those words that have always been our motto, that always shall be: "*Volenti nil difficile*" and we will find pleasure greater than was ever attributed to storied Utopia.

Fellow-Students :—How can we say good-bye to you? To say good-bye to those who have done so much to make our college days happy, and with whom we have been as brothers, is indeed, a sorry task. We have been ever at your side to render what assistance we could, and, need I say, we have ever been with you on gridiron and diamond when we fought for the supremacy of the White and Blue, and gloried when the dear old colors waved defiantly in the breeze, and were sad when defeat was our lot. But now we must leave you and know your dear companionship no more. Still, do not think our interest in you will diminish; your good fortune will be ours, and we will still join in that song so dear to us all, that tells of the fame and glory of our peerless colors. But do not follow our examples, for I fear as examples we have been dismal failures. Rather follow the precepts so easy to obey and so beneficial, and when your graduation day comes, you can run to meet your friends, and with a look of triumph say: "I have done my best."

Dear friends :—Your presence here to-day is ample proof of the interest you take in Villanova and her sons. Perhaps many of you have experienced the sad pangs of a separation from those you loved. And this is, indeed, a separation for us, since these surroundings, these companions have an especial fascination for us, and we must leave them now. Yet a few more hours, and yonder convent bell will be tolling the last sad knell of the class of '97, yet a few more hours and we will be separated; still, we will ever look back with pleasure and think of you, who by your presence have done so much to encourage us. But the precious moments pass by unheeded, and, though 'tis hard to say, still it must be said, the saddest of words,

“Fare thee well,
And if forever,
Still forever
Fare thee well.”

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES.

The address to the graduates was delivered by Hon. P. P. Smith, of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania. The *Scranton Truth* of Friday, June 25, pays him the following tribute, proving clearly that he “is not without great honor even in his own land:”

“Scranton was signally honored yesterday at the brilliant commencement exercises of Villanova College, near Philadelphia. It was the fifty-fourth annual commencement of the Institution, and the occasion derived special éclat from the presence of the Papal Ablegate, Archbishop Martinelli, Prior-General of the Augustinians, who presided. There was also present a distinguished gathering of prelates headed by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. In an assemblage so scholarly and eminent it was a high honor to be invited to deliver the address to the graduates, but an honor that was fittingly bestowed in the selection of

our esteemed townsman, Hon. P. P. Smith, of the Superior Court, whose eloquent, thoughtful, and practical words were admirably suited to the occasion. Judge Smith's address is the crystallization of a ripe experience into sentences that are informed by candor and true logic. He placed before his hearers high ideals, and showed how well they were worth striving for in the earnest battle of life. He clearly emphasized the fact that the success which ignored the loftiest principles that could possibly animate the human heart, was not worth winning. Judge Smith himself has been and is a close student, and the fruits of his application are seen in his admirable work on the Superior Bench, which has recently been winning golden opinions in various quarters."

Judge Smith spoke as follows:

"Your Excellency, Your Grace, Rt. Rev. Bishops, Rev. Fathers, gentlemen of the graduating class and ladies and gentlemen: The world has come to look with good-natured tolerance, not unmixed with an element akin to sarcasm, upon the college graduate, as one who goes forth from his Alma Mater with little knowledge of life or of the world, but flushed with high hopes and noble purposes, and with the feeling that to him is given the mission to reform and elevate mankind. As he will in due time discover, the work of reformation and elevation has limitations, growing out of man's nature and his material environment. Yet the high resolve and noble purposes, at which, in his maturer years, with enthusiasm tempered by experience, the graduate himself may smile, are by no means to be discouraged, since they lie at the beginning of human progress in its best aspect. It is only with a hope that a few suggestions, based on the experience of mankind, may in some measure aid in giving direction to your efforts in behalf of progress, that I venture to address you to-day.

"On the vantage ground of scholarship which you now occupy, you are already far in advance of the mass of American youth who have enjoyed only the educational opportunities

afforded by the common schools. This great advantage should be appreciated, utilized and made to yield its best fruits. Adventitious aids are gifts of fortune and the recipient can best manifest his gratitude by employing them so as to produce the most beneficial results. The "self-made man" is too often a worn-out man, and advanced in years, when, under great disadvantages he has by his own efforts acquired the measure of information which is here imparted so systematically and lastingly. Presumably, each is ambitious to pursue the so-called higher vocations, requiring for success a high order of mental development. This will call for hard, earnest and prolonged work. The successful brain worker labors, works from dawn until twilight, and later. The manual laborer alone can afford to work but eight or ten hours a day.

"It must be borne in mind too that those who have had superior educational advantages are charged with correspondingly higher responsibilities; and the nation has a right to expect from them a high order of citizenship and effective service. The fundamental principles of our form of Government rest with the people for their practical exposition and enforcement through the right performance of the duties of citizenship. One of the basic principles on which our Government rests is that of the equality of its citizens; equality alike of rights and duties. Equality of rights can be preserved only by the co-operation of all citizens in the faithful performance of duties. A denial of the rights of one is a menace to all; and no law-abiding citizen will seek, on any pretext, either openly or covertly, to abridge that participation in public affairs by another which is the right of all, or to interfere with that participation by another which is the duty of all. The chief object of popular Government is the happiness of the people, the pursuit of which is one of the inalienable rights of man, and the promotion of this object should be the aim of those by whom Government is administered.

"For ages man has sought relief from the various burdens which life has cast upon him, and communities, large and

small, have experimented with remedial measures. One result of these experiments, now gaining special prominence, is a tendency to seek in legislation a cure for economic ills. On the other hand, we are at times warned that the hope of cure by this method is delusive; that legislation affords no remedy for the material ills of man's estate; that, in short, we cannot legislate ourselves into prosperity.

"This proposition I must regard as a mistaken view of the nature, purpose and effects of legislation. On the contrary, I am constrained to hold, not only that a nation is largely affected, for good and for ill, by legislation, but that on many points very materially affecting the well-being of a nation, we cannot reach prosperity except through legislation.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE NATION.

"The individual, and the mass of individuals that form the nation, are subject alike to the conditions on which prosperity depends. The individual who would succeed must take carefully into account his natural gifts, his training, and all the circumstances and conditions that make up his environment. He must estimate the influence and the bearing of all these, as they may affect the results of any projected line of action on his part. On the scope of his knowledge, the accuracy of his perceptions, and the correctness of his judgment, on these points, and the completeness with which he adapts his course to their requirements, his success largely depends. The individual, having in view all these considerations, determines on a plan of action. The mass of individuals that constitute the nation does the same, through its representatives. Under our representative system, the relation which the directorate of a private corporation bears to its stockholders, the government bears to that greater body corporate, the people. The legislative body, like the individual, taking into account everything that may affect the result, determines on a policy, political, industrial, or financial, which shall affect the mass of individuals for

whom it thus acts. The adoption of a policy—of a plan of action—whether by an individual or a legislature, is an act of legislation on the subject; in the one case for the individual by himself; in the other for the mass of individuals, by their representatives. In both cases the results depend mainly on adequate adaptation of the policy to the existing or prospective conditions. In deciding on a policy or plan, the individual legislating for himself, and the body legislating for the nation, may act wisely or unwisely; but as surely as the individual will gain or lose, so surely must the nation gain or lose, through this wisdom or unwisdom. To hold, therefore, that we cannot legislate ourselves into prosperity is to hold that prosperity is in no wise dependent on the policy adopted; and this alike of the nation and the individual. The contrary is self-evident. We legislate ourselves into the prosperity or the adversity which follows the adoption of any policy.

EXAMPLES OF HISTORY.

“History abounds with examples illustrating this principle, and some of the most striking instances are found in our experience as a people. Our immortal Declaration of Independence was a legislative act. In the adoption of our Constitution, an act of legislation created a nation, healed the ills of a situation that had become intolerable, and laid the foundation of a prosperity never equalled elsewhere. There are other examples which this generation has witnessed. All the prosperity which may be attributed to a sound currency is due to the legislation which abolished the ruinous system described by our fathers as “wildcat banking” and substituted a currency that circulates unquestioned in every quarter of the land; that restored specie to its normal place in finance; that has given equal monetary value to every dollar and every representative of a dollar. On the other hand, all the prosperity hoped for by those who advocate the

free coinage alike of gold and silver must be the result of the legislation which shall establish this as the monetary policy of the country. And, without entering on the vexed question between the relative economic advantages or disadvantages of protection and free trade, it is not to be questioned that as far as the prosperity of the country may be affected by either policy, it is affected by legislation. As a matter of course, the efficacy of all legislation depends on its enforcement. Without this the legislation of the individual becomes only a good resolution never carried into effect, while that of the nation remains a dead letter.

"It is, therefore, of the first importance that you legislate intelligently and judiciously concerning your future; that you legislate yourselves into success by adopting a policy which shall, so far as may be, lead to success in life. By no other method can you become successful. Such legislation demands a careful study of all matters that may affect you for good or ill, a firm grasp of the conditions under which the policy you determine on must be pursued, an adequate knowledge of their operation, a clear perception of the results to which they tend, and a just appreciation of their advantages and disadvantages. It demands, further, a capacity for employing your powers most effectively, for adapting yourselves to the conditions before you, for seizing on the opportunities they offer, and avoiding the difficulties they present—in a word, for dealing with them to the best purpose; and this involves such acquaintance with yourselves as shall enable you duly to estimate the true nature and scope of your endowments.

INTELLECT AND CONSCIENCE.

"And in all this—in the determination as to your course in life and the methods whereby success shall be sought—bear ever in mind that the intellect and the conscience sit together, and that upon any questionable point the final appeal is to the conscience. Though legislating for yourselves, you can-

not legislate for self alone. The policy which you shall formulate must touch your fellows at innumerable points. It is not enough, therefore, that you consider the effect upon yourselves of the conditions surrounding you, and of your action in relation to them. You are bound to take account also of the manner in which others may be affected by your course. Your methods should involve no wrong to another. A success won by disregard of right can rank only as a victory of selfish greed or ambition. It is success of the lowest order. The noblest and truest success is that which is won by co-ordinating the mental powers and the moral sense; by the union of intellect, industry and conscience. It is only a success of this character that will give your Alma Mater the right to proudly claim you as her sons; and that will inspire with noble emulation her children in days to come. It is only upon such a success that you can look back with real satisfaction at the close of your life work.

PREPARATION FOR SUCCESS.

"This day completes the first period of your preparation for winning success. The diplomas you have earned signify, not that your education is finished, but that you have gained some insight into the process of education, some mastery of its methods. In the life that lies before you, with powers adequately exercised and rightly directed, with the aims that centre in self justly limited by an alert sense of duty, the right performance of each day's task will form part of the unceasing process of education and serve as an element of preparation for struggles yet to come.

"That your life struggle will be manly, firm, consistent, honest and worthy of this historic institution, which has sent forth so many to reflect the result of her noble teachings, I feel confident. That it may be ultimately crowned with the success which I have endeavored briefly to indicate, is my sincere wish, and in your efforts to attain this I bid you God speed."

THE PAPAL DELEGATE'S ADDRESS.

V. Rev. Father Delurey introduced Mt. Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, the Papal Delegate, giving a brief sketch of his career.

Mt. Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, brother to the late Cardinal Thomas Martinelli, who was a Dominican, was born August 20, 1848, near the town of Lucca, in Tuscany. About the close of his fifteenth year he voluntarily and resolutely renounced the vanities of the world, and, abandoning his parents and country, directed his steps to the sanctuary of Genazzano. There, on December 6, 1863, he was clothed with the habit of the order of St. Augustine. His studies being concluded in 1872, after a brilliant examination, he obtained the degree of Lector, and taught philosophy in the convent of Santa Maria *in Posterula* at Rome. He afterwards became professor of theology and other sacred sciences, until, having finished the five years of regency, he received the degree of Master of Sacred Theology on September 18, 1881. A few days later he was elected Postulator General for the canonizations and beatifications in his Order. In 1889 he was elevated to the dignity of Prior General, and in 1892 the Holy Father appointed him Consultor of the Holy Roman Inquisition. In the quality of Prior General he visited the convents of his Order in Bohemia, Belgium, Ireland and the United States. Last year he was re-elected Prior General, and confirmed for twelve years. Upon the elevation of Mgr. Satolli to the Cardinalate, Father Martinelli was appointed to succeed him as Delegate at Washington.

Mgr. Martinelli said in part:

"I see on the program that I am expected to make a few remarks. I will be very brief, but I will do my part the more readily because I promised the students a few months ago to be present at these closing exercises, and so to prove my satisfaction at the end of the year's work, and to encourage them in the future to greater efforts.

"The presence of the Archbishop of this great and glorious

diocese is an honor which I myself and the other fathers of my order greatly appreciate. That he is the true friend of Catholic education and of Catholic educators is evidenced from the many institutions of learning that flourish under his direction and patronage. I am sure that the many manifestations of appreciation which he has received in this year of his silver jubilee, will still further urge him to go on with the work he has done in behalf of Catholic education.

"We are honored here to-day, also, by the presence of other bishops who are interested in the work of education, and of so many of the clergy and the laity that we are encouraged. Too much encouragement cannot be given to Catholic educators. Their lives are lives of self-sacrifice. Their scope is not only to develop the faculties of the mind, but also of the heart—to develop the whole man; to prepare youth not only for this transitory life, but also for the life to come.

"That education is manifestly incomplete which seeks only the development of the mind and in which the moral is not inculcated. The scientific and moral must always go hand in hand. We are all God's creatures. Whatever we receive of good is from Him, and to Him we must give an account. The youthful mind must be impressed with a sense of responsibility to God, and to live in such a way as to be ready at all times to give an account to Him. Thus the State is saved when men are made ideal citizens. The times in which we live call for just such honest men, and our Catholic colleges endeavor to respond to such a call.

"Let the graduates to-day resolve to put into practice, in whatever sphere of life they may hereafter enter, the principles instilled into them during the years which they have spent at this college. Let them be faithful and bring credit to their Alma Mater.

"Boys, I would be pleased to be here with you always, if I could; but to-day I am glad to manifest to you my full satisfaction. I wish the graduates success in this life, and that the other students will have an enjoyable vacation, and

in September, when they return, enter new fields of study. In closing, I thank the faculty and the learned judge for his beautiful address. Ladies and gentleman, I thank you for your courteous attention."





THE ALUMNI

ALUMNI BANQUET.

ABOUT two hundred and fifty guests sat down to the annual Alumni Banquet, which was served at two o'clock in the Dramatic Hall, and which, as usual, proved one of the most enjoyable of the commencement programme. The banquet hall was tastefully festooned with white and yellow bunting, the Papal colors, and the Philharmonic Orchestra played popular selections, while the guests discussed the following dainty

MENU.

OLIVES	SALTED ALMONDS	RADISHES
	LITTLE NECK CLAMS	
	POTAGE A LA REINE	
	DEVILED CRABS	
FILET DE BOEUF	MUSHROOM SAUCE	
NEW POTATOES	BAKED TOMATOES	PEAS
	ROMAN PUNCH	
	BACON AND GREENS	
	SALAD	
	CHEESE AND CRACKERS	
ICES	COFFEE	CAKES
	CIGARS	

After the coffee, Reverend President Delurey announced the toasts and introduced each speaker in a few well-chosen words. Speeches were made by Monsignor Martinelli, Bishops Wigger and McGovern, Dr. J. T. Lenahan, '70, Dr. J. J. Kene, '75, Dr. J. J. Morrissey, '81, and General J. R. O'Beirne, Commissioner of Public Charities of New York city.

Archbishop Martinelli spoke briefly, thanking those present for their interest in the cause of higher Catholic education. Two very felicitous speeches were those of Bishops Wigger and McGovern, two staunch friends of Villanova. By their sparkling

sallies of genial wit, both prelates kept the tables in constant merriment.

Dr. J. J. Kene, '75, spoke of the great pleasure it gave the members of the Alumni to wander back to the happy, peaceful shades of the dear old Villa, after battling a twelve-month in the busy, bustling world, and to greet in glad reunion the old, familiar friends of their salad days. After paying a touching tribute to the deceased Alumni, he said that as the decades have rolled their rapid round, men of the most pronounced moral and intellectual worth and attainments have occupied the president's chair, and have passed, many of them, too, into the silent halls of Death, there to rest from their loving labors.

The names of O'Dwyer, Hartnett, Moriarty, prince of orators; Mullen, the erudite Stanton, the saintly Galberry, the energetic Coleman, always awaken thoughts of the most grateful remembrance in hearts of the students of the elder time, more enduring far than any eulogy sculpted in stone above their graves, for

"To live in hearts
We leave behind, is not to die."

"On the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life," continued the speaker, "hundreds of Villanova's sons, who are winning fame or fortune or both, love to turn retrospective, lingering glances toward the grand old walls of that genial mother of their youthful intellects, whom they are proud to call by the endearing title of *Alma Mater*."

The name of the next speaker, Dr. J. T. Lenahan, '70, was greeted with enthusiastic cheering. Mr. Lenahan, who is always in a very happy vein in his after-dinner efforts, was at his best on this occasion. He indulged in some delightful persiflage at the expense of his old friend, Dr. Morrissey. Dr. Lenahan said that he was turning green with envy at the thought that his once dizzy eminence as an Alumni orator of multitudinous gifts was no longer impregnable. It had been scaled at a single bound by Dr. Morrissey, who now sits upon the same mountain top as himself, and listens to the same music of the spheres and is fed on the same ambrosia by the platter-bearer of the gods. He banteringly referred to Dr. Morrissey's oratory as "a trumpet call, a tinkling of the light guitar, a noise of thunder, a sigh of

music in the trees, a movement of vast armies, an interlude of forest aisles and nymphs and dryads swaying to the cadence of a thousand harps."

Coming to the more serious part of his speech, he said that the system of education pursued at Villanova is based not upon fanciful theory, but on long, practical, intelligent experience, so that when a young man goes forth from her halls he is fully equipped to fight the battle of life successfully, and to make rapid strides of advancement in the career for which he has qualified himself. The students of Villanova have always been recognized factors in development of the communities in which they live.

"Into all ranks and avocations has Alma Mater sent worthy sons, into the busy marts of trade and commerce, into the learned professions of law and medicine, into the ecclesiastical states her sons have gone. Sons schooled under a discipline that seeks in all branches of human knowledge the highest development of man's intellectual faculties, yet reckon this of lesser worth than the impress of honor, honesty and integrity, which the heart is to receive."

"The happiest and friendliest relations exist between the professors and the students at Villanova. The faculty know how to yield that true and quick sympathy which boys so intuitively understand and appreciate, while the students, in turn, regard their professors not only as their teachers and guides, but as their truest friends and best companions. This association of companionship of teachers and students is productive of the healthiest moral tone and atmosphere, the boys feeling the noble influence of men whose intellectual view embraces the history of the world, who are familiar with all science, whose aim is to rouse, strengthen and illumine the mind, to give to the soul purity of intention, to the conscience steadfastness—in a word, to bring true philosophy to the aid of the heart and the will, so that the better self shall prevail and each day introduce its possessor to a higher plane of life."

Dr. Morrissey, one of Villanova's most loyal and devoted sons, was the next speaker.

In his opening remarks, Dr. Morrissey stated that this would not be the only time that day that the physician

would be called upon to prescribe for those present, judging from the appreciative manner in which the splendid dinner with its adjuncts had disappeared. Continuing in the same vein of humor, the doctor said that there was nothing that would so quickly allay the irritability of the digestive organs as a bottle of cool seltzer the following morning. And as for the *magnum caput*—well the *magnum* had undoubtedly been disposed off, the *caput* would inevitably follow. "As for myself," he continued, "I am an exceedingly abstemious man, in fact, it is a matter of necessity more than of choice, as I feel the New York delegation present would not be entirely safe if its members did not have a protector. And in the morning when their impaired digestive capacity will necessitate my services, I will, in the words of poet, feel that

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : It might have been."

"But seriously speaking, and as a supplementary observation to what has already been so well said by the distinguished orator of the occasion, Judge Smith, to whom we have all listened with such delight, instruction and entertainment, there is much in the two professions of law and medicine which offer an attractive outlook to the thinking student. Both are laboring for the welfare of the community, and for the progress of humanity. Both professions are powerful factors in the progress of the race, though they may differ on *constitutional grounds*, and a charm common to the two is that noble task of adjusting the principles of truth to the facts and conditions of life. Aside from the mere enjoyment that may be derived from the mere practice of either profession, it must not be forgotten that much good can be accomplished by the prudent lawyer and conscientious physician by encouraging morality and upbuilding human character, which after all is a divine work. Law may be said to be based upon precedent, medicine upon principles, which vary in different individuals. When we have attained an exact science of man, we will establish an exact science of

medicine. But, gentlemen of the Graduating Class, remember that the tree of knowledge is lofty, its branches hang high, and in order to gain its fruit, you will first have to learn how to climb. But if you are true to the principles instilled into your youthful hearts in this venerable institution—your Alma Mater and mine, endeared to us by so many tender memories and sweet associations of the past,—oh, the charms of recollection that hover over things in the past, are among the sweetest indulgences that memory affords—if you are true to those principles, I repeat, you cannot but be successful, for then you will be true to yourselves, true to your country and true to your God. It is many years since I stood where you now stand, on the very threshold of active life, gazing expectantly into the future, around which the roseate hues of hope and expectation seemed to cluster. But I found that there were many lessons yet to be learned in the hard and bitter school of experience—of that experience which teaches to-morrow what yesterday should know. Remember the uplands of professional knowledge are not to be won by every seeker after fame, they are only to be reached by the industrious student. The way is long and weary, beset with trials and temptations ; but, when once attained, how charming the prospect, how fair the view, beholding radiant beauties that seem to mirror in their very depths the glories of the Eternal. Remember, too, that the best capital a man can have in this practical, every-day world is brains, rightly adjusted, for it is brains that create capital, but capital can never make brains. And in order to achieve great results in commerce or in professional life, one of the most important studies to be cultivated and accurately learned is to study yourself, to accurately gauge, as far as your limited powers will admit, the limitation of your own capabilities. Once that all-important lesson is learned, then you can proceed legitimately to accomplish great results. Our best efforts should ever be directed to the development of our better selves. Our conscience is constantly knocking at the door of our hearts, striving to enter and remonstrate.

But, while you are cultivating the higher fields of thought and activity, be careful also of your bodily health. As a physician I tell you that *mens sana in corpore sano* is one of the greatest natural blessings that God could confer upon us. Yes, health is man's most precious national possession. We value it least when we most possess it, we value it most when we least possess it.

And now I wish to say a word directly to the Alumni of this college, and of its President. We all thoroughly recognize what he has done since he was called upon to fill the President's chair. By his tireless energy, his splendid business capacity, and his earnest and enthusiastic efforts, ably seconded by the other members of the Faculty, he has placed Villanova in the very fore-front of Catholic educational institutions, and this despite the fact that the country has passed through an era of financial depression that should have antagonized his best efforts.

I am giving this testimony in favor of the present incumbent, without in the slightest degree casting a word of aspersions or criticism upon his predecessors. They did whatever could be done with the material placed in their hands. And no men worked more arduously or faithfully for the welfare of this institution than my honored and revered friends, Frs. Fedigan and McEvoy. Now, what we alumni should do is to try and support, by every means in our power, the great work being accomplished by Fr. Delurey. He needs all the encouragement that we can tender him, and what is more to the point, he requires our aid and assistance. Each alumnus should constitute himself an individual committee to see that the good work is carried on. Too long have we been derelict in our duty. Let us go to our homes and prepare the soil for Fr. Delurey's tilling. I can see by the expression of my friends, Lenihan and Kene, that they have already each determined to send five boys from Wilkes-Barre and Brooklyn.

And if I may venture to say it in the venerated presence of His Excellency, we are looking forward to the day when a grand new building will take the place of the old college,

and may we hope that it will be soon. This, then, is our duty, gentlemen of the Alumni Association, and may I add your duty also, members of the clergy and friends in general, who are interested in the work of higher education ; we wish you to be one with us in this great labor of love and duty, so that when the new college is built we will see not one hundred and fifty, but double that number enter its doors.

Gen. J. R. O'Beirne, a splendid type of the Catholic Soldier of America, was the last speaker, and he was given a veritable ovation. We are sorry that we cannot furnish a verbatim report of his magnificent effort. It was replete with brilliant passages, and was delivered in a manner which held his hearers captive, and elicited round after round of tumultuous applause. After the banquet Dr. Lenahan facetiously, and we think felicitously, referred to General O'Beirne's speech as "a summer day, a vision of all things beautiful, a dream of hours, a clash of Wagner and a murmur of the rebeck and the lute."

Gen. O'Beirne said in substance that it was a red-letter event in his life, and a supreme pleasure and privilege to be called upon to speak on such an occasion, and in the presence of one so justly honored by the Holy See. Gathered within the hospitable walls of one of the most venerable and famous Catholic institutions of learning in the United States, such an auspicious moment served to evoke all the fond associations that cluster around such a spot "sacred to thought and to God," where for more than half a century ardent, truth-loving minds have met to garner and treasure the golden grain of virtue, and to drink deep of the pellucid, life-giving stream of knowledge.

"Loyal sons and true, the Alumni of Villanova have gathered this day to place on *Alma Mater's* fair, unwrinkled brow, the amaranthine wreath of their love and fealty which her fostering care and tireless solicitude in their behalf so fittingly deserves. It is the duty of loyal Villanovans to cherish for always the teachings of Augustine's zealous sons, and, by the daily beauty of their lives, to be ever true to the principles of loyalty instilled into their youthful minds—loyalty to the See of Peter, loyalty to *Alma Mater*, loyalty to this "Land of the free and home of the brave."

Touching education, the speaker said it was the most important object of life. The world is a vast school, and we are dismissed only when the great lessons of life are learned, and kindly Death ushers us into the eternal play-ground.

"The struggle for daily bread ; the fever and passion of ambition ; the glory of attainment ; the mortification of defeat ; the attrition of man with man in society, in war, in literature, in business, in politics ; pain, pleasure, love, hate, exaltation, gloom, are our instructors, and we carry nothing out of the schoolhouse but what we have acquired in it. Life is thus valuable mainly as a means of gathering and hoarding up golden experiences—wisdom from failure, sympathy with others from anguish suffered by ourselves, strength from conquest ; courage in adversity, because we see how little fate can really harm us ; humility in prosperity, because we learn how accidental and superficial prosperity is ; charity, because we find with what surprising evenness the great-nesses and littlenesses of humanity are distributed, and because we recognize in ourselves an epitome of them all ; kindness, because the fire we kindle on our brother's hearthstone warms and irradiates our own.

"In this world every man worth his salt is a worker and a fighter of some sort, and education is the Vulcan who forges the tools and the weapons. In every school where boys and girls, men and women, learn what shall fit them to become porters, seamstresses, clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers, salesmen, heads of business houses, mechanics, engineers, architects, and what not, the swart god's hammer rings. Well-tempered must be the steel and keen the blade, for in the Battle of Life each man has only what he can seize and hold against unrelenting competition, and he who falls rarely rises.

"We are social creatures, and education is the Muse who embellishes life with every art and accomplishment. All that adds sweetness and polish to society, that softens the asperities and lends grace to the amenities of daily intercourse, deserves culture as the very flower of civilization.

"Lastly, we are incarnate spirits, coming into the world alone, living alone, dying alone. Education is the Hebe who hands us the divine draught of the gods—wisdom, knowledge for its own sake ; the brain that thinks and weighs ; the eye that questions


and discovers ; the ear that listens and hears echoes of voices inaudible to grosser senses ; the keen intellect that keeps step with the march of sages, philosophers, and writers of every age and nation ; the heart that throbs in comprehending sympathy with the passion of the poem, the soul of the painting, the frozen beauty of the statue, and the *motif* of the sonata.

"The gifts of all the gods were needed to make a Pandora, and no one of these three can evolve a *man*. The first alone would fashion a sordid machine, the second a frivolous dude, the third a visionary hermit. Education should include in its province the useful, the ornamental, and the elevating."

He gave this good advice to parents who contemplate sending their sons to college : "In trying to select a college for his son the wise parent will ask first, *not* where the most learned professors are (still less, of course, where the best baseball team is, or where most sons of millionaires congregate), but where the tone of social life is purest and manliest ; where the young men behave neither as young monkeys nor as rakes ; where the conditions for complete moral autonomy are most fully established. At the same time he will ask what college best understands its business, which is to impart that culture, intellectual and moral, which is essential to free manhood, and does not attempt to forestall the university by dabbling in professional knowledge or condition."

He paid a deserved tribute to the work of the Catholic priesthood :

"Catholic priests have ever been the champions of virtue, and the Church is always a barrier to tyranny and social disorder. Virtue! virtue! is their constant theme. They insist on the observance of law and the keeping of the commandments. Children learn from their lips the obligation of obedience, and parents are reminded of what they owe to their offsprings. Husbands and wives are taught fidelity and the necessity of mutual forbearance. Compassion for the afflicted, mercy toward the erring, alms-giving to the needy and charity for all are among their frequent lessons. When selfishness corrupts the hearts of men they hear echoing the solemn duty of bearing each other's burden. These are the doctrines taught by the priesthood. There is not a virtue necessary for the individual or society that has not its teacher, its champion and its model within the ranks of the



clergy. With a zeal all their own and a power all divine, they illumine the intellect, fill the soul with grace, purify the heart and rescue the sin-laden from eternal misery."

"When the impermanent veils of time and matter are lifting and thinning, and the substantial realities of the world invisible to sense are assuming color, form and solidity; when that strange concatenated cosmos of mud and fire we call ourselves is on the point of disintegration—the baser half to be resolved into its elements, the nobler to draw apart and upward as the inmost core of the living man; when the shifting phantasmagoria of rank, station, petty failures, childish triumphs, unworthy exultations and ignoble miseries, is vanishing like mist; when vices, passions, pains, weaknesses, the stains of ancient sins, and the rags of vain conceits are dropping from the limbs of the emancipated spirit like garments that are old—then the immortal Ego, strong in the consciousness of his divinity, will gaze fearlessly into the night, certain that the sun will rise again for him on the rippling waters, the opening blossoms, and the glittering dewdrops of a new and Eternal morning."

In concluding he said:

"One of the pioneer educational institutions of this great land, none have surpassed Villanova in the efficiency of the work it was and is her mission to accomplish. Her past has been honorable and brilliant, her present is prosperous and filled with brightest hope. Among those who have labored to spread her renown, no one is more conspicuous than the present worthy incumbent of the presidential chair—Very Rev. Father Delurey—a young man who has not yet completed his fourth decade, but who is full of holy zeal, splendid talent and magnificent energy. It is a genuine pleasure, and I am proud to testify to his many sterling qualities of head and heart here in the presence of such illustrious representatives of the American Catholic hierarchy."

"May I then express the hope, indulged by all, that Villanova may continue to flourish like the perennial bay tree, and to grow strong with the years as they flow, and that we may all live to assemble to celebrate her Diamond Jubilee and to place her three-quarters century's crown."

• SOCIETIES •

THE ALUMNI MEETING.

THE best evidence of a mother's care, it is truly said, is the affection of her sons. The graduates of Villanova cherish a lasting filial regard for their Alma Mater, and a large and flourishing Alumni Association is an outgrowth of this spirit. At 4.30 P. M. the members of the Alumni assembled in the Library for the regular annual meeting. In the unavoidable absence of the president, J. E. Dougherty, A.B., '80, Rev. R. A. Gleeson, '88, occupied the chair. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. J. T. O'Reilly, A.B., '71, Lawrence, Mass.; Vice-President, Dr. J. A. Kene, Ph.D., '75, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Secretary, Rev. J. B. Leonard, A. M., '91, Villanova, Pa.; Treasurer, V. Rev. L. A. Delurey, A. M., '90, Villanova, Pa.

The new graduates in the arts and sciences, some twenty in number, were then formally introduced and enrolled as members of the Association. The feasibility of holding a mid-year reunion was debated at length, Revs. J. P. Fahey, '85, O.S.A.; Rev. F. A. Greagan, '87, and Rev. W. H. Griffin, '83, and Drs. Lenahan, '70; Kene, '75, and Morrissey, '81, participating in the discussion. The question was referred for action to a special committee, consisting of Rev. J. T. O'Reilly, V. Rev. L. A. Delurey and Dr. Morrissey. The suggestion of Dr. Morrissey that each year, during commencement week, a day known as "Alumni Day" be set apart for the foregathering of the "old boys" within the classic shades of Alma Mater, met with very generous approval, and it is probable that the suggestion will be carried out this year.

ALUMNI JOTTINGS.

R. G. Kerr, A.M., '95, Annandale, N. J., is now pursuing a theological course at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

F. M. Hauber, B.S., '97, intends to enter the University of West Virginia next October to begin the study of law.

Messrs. Leonard and Stanley, Lawrence, Mass., were recent guests of Rev. J. B. Leonard, O.S.A., at Villanova.

Dr. J. J. Ryle, '94, and Dr. J. J. O'Leary, '94, were among the graduates from Buffalo Medical College, May 12th.

Dr. W. F. Mahon, '94, was graduated from Bellevue Medical College, June 10th, and has opened an office at Albany, N. Y.

John I. Whelan, A.M., '95, who delivered the Master's Oration at the Commencement, received minor orders at St. John's Seminary, Brooklyn, June 16th.

J. Stanley Smith, B. S., '93, Scranton, Pa., is now a full-fledged lawyer, the University of Pennsylvania having honored itself in honoring him with the degree of LL. B., June 15th.

Rev. J. T. O'Reilly, A.B., '71, O.S.A., Lawrence, Mass., President of the Alumni Association, delivered the sermon at the opening of the Summer School at Plattsburg, July 11th.

Among the visitors at the Summer School, Plattsburg, N. Y., we note the names of Rev. W. A. Jones, '85, O.S.A., Villanova, Pa.; Rev. D. J. O'Mahoney, '85, O.S.A., and Rev. J. M. Fleming, '88, O.S.A., Lawrence, Mass.

Among the visitors recently were Rev. Frs. Murphy, both professors in the Jesuit College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, La. They were the guests of their cousin, Mr. E. G. Dohan, O.S.A.

Of this year's graduates, W. J. Shanahan hopes to become an adept in pedagogy, W. L. Burns expects to enter Harvard Medical School; St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., will claim J. J. McCloskey; while W. L. Kirsch and H. T. Nelson intend to study law at the University of Pennsylvania.

We see in our esteemed contemporary, the *Fordham Monthly*, that her distinguished alumnus, Gen. James R. O'Beirne, A.M., '69, lectured on "Ireland in America's Struggles," on Sunday evening, June 6, under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul Society, at Grand Central Palace, New York. The lecture was given for the Catholic Boys' Association.

We are pleased to learn that M. A. Tierney, '93, is fast forging to the front in his chosen profession—the law. His recent appointment as clerk to Judge Nason, of Rensselaer County, N. Y., is hailed with delight by his many old friends and admirers. While at college, Mr. Tierney was a thorough-going scholar and gentleman, popular with his preceptors and his school-fellows alike. His college career was filled with promise for the useful and brilliant career in which he is now making such rapid strides.

We are pleased to learn that our distinguished alumnus, Walter Lecky, '83, is soon to publish a new novel. "Apropos of Mr. Lecky," says the *Boston Pilot*, "a great many papers have told that he is the Rev. William A. McDermott, in charge of the parish of Redwood, N. Y., in the diocese of Ogdensburg. They dwell on the fact that his literary ability comes from the experience gained in newspaper work. This is partly true, but Father McDermott received a good training, and a thorough one, from the Augustinian Fathers at Villanova College, Pa. He was ordained for the Congregation of the Fathers of Mercy, and taught at their College of Vineland, N. J.; so that he owes to the Augustinians and Fathers of Mercy most of the religious thoughts and the power of observing scenes and characters, which he displays."

The *Scranton Truth* of June 25 said :

"Wilkes-Barre's share in the honors of Villanova yesterday was notable, honorable and well-deserved. That city's gifted son, John T. Lenahan, who is an ornament to the noble profession of the law, received the degree of LL. D. The Luzerne bar has long been famous for its able men, and its reputation is well sustained in the person of Dr. Lenahan. He is still young in years, but his fame is co-extensive with the State, and extends even beyond the borders of this

Imperial Commonwealth. Some of the finest traditions of forensic oratory are recalled in his masterful efforts; and to his clear grasp of complex questions he adds a splendid energy and convincing earnestness that are charged with magnetic power and a persuasive quality which are at times irresistible. Dr. Lenahan is a graduate of Villanova, and his Alma Mater has been justly appreciative of his merits in conferring upon him the coveted degree of Doctor of Laws."

COL. L. E. TIERNEY, '84.

It is real pleasure to be able to present the "old boys" with the following brief sketch of Col. L. E. Tierney, '84, which appeared in the Industrial Edition of the *Bluefield Daily Telegraph*, one of the most ably edited newspapers in West Virginia: "Col. L. E. Tierney was born in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, in 1860. He worked in the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania during his boyhood, afterward taking a course at Villanova College, in Delaware county, Pennsylvania, from which he graduated in 1884, with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

"In 1886 he accepted the position of assistant mining engineer for the Flat-Top Land Trust, being the pioneer engineer in the work of accurately locating the Pocahontas, or No. 3 vein, in the Elkhorn Valley.

"In the summer of 1889 he was tendered and accepted the position of general manager of the Powhatan Coal and Coke Company; in March, 1891, he accepted the position of general manager of the Lynchburg Coal and Coke Company; in May, 1892, he accepted the position of general manager of the Eureka Coal and Coke Company, and in 1893 was elected vice-president of the same company. On June 1st, 1893, he took charge, as general manager, of the Elk Ridge Coal and Coke Company, and was elected secretary, treasurer and general manager of the same company on May 26, 1896. He is a stockholder in the Powhatan, Lynchburg, Eureka, Elk Ridge and Keystone Coal and Coke companies, being general manager in the first four named.

"Col. Tierney is a prominent member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and is also one of the most prominent Democratic politicians in the field, and is a member of the staff of

Hon. William A. MacCorkle, Governor of West Virginia. He was a delegate to the Democratic convention at Chicago that nominated W. J. Bryan for the presidency.

"Col. Tierney resides at Powhatan, West Virginia, and enjoys the distinction of being the only bachelor operator in the great Flat-Top field at present engaged in the active management of mining operations.

"The whole career of Col. Tierney has been attended with success in every undertaking in which he has embarked, and he has fully deserved and honorably earned whatever in the way of compensation has fallen to his lot. That he has prospered in the battle of life is due almost solely to his own efforts, his keen insight into business affairs, and his capacity for recognizing and taking advantage of opportunities, and shaping them to accomplish the desired results.

"He has made himself thoroughly conversant with every detail of the science of mining, and nothing in connection with the working of either the mines or ovens of the operations under his management is too trivial to receive his personal attention, the result being that the companies with which he is associated have given him the management of four separate operations, each and every one of which, owing to the systematic methods by which his work is governed, receiving equal attention, and being kept in first-class condition in every respect. The inside workings of each of these operations is arranged on the plan by which it can be most advantageously and economically worked, and the same close attention to detail is noticeable there as prevails about the outside workings, and there lies the secret of the success which has invariably attended business enterprises under his management."

OBITUARY.

REV. J. C. WYNNE, '69.

We reprint the following sketch of this estimable servant of God from a former issue: "February 8th, Rev. James C. Wynne, '69, died at the home of his brother in South Bethlehem, Pa. He was taken ill early in December.

Father Wynne was born in Buck Mountain, Carbon county, forty-six years ago, and was the son of John and Bridget

Wynne. He was a man of commanding stature, being over six feet in height, and during his student days was noted for his athletic prowess. While making his preliminary studies at VILLANOVA he was catcher for the college team, known as the "Keystones," and was the only man who could successfully receive the delivery of Pitcher McGee, famous at that time for his speed. McGee pitched and young Wynne was behind the plate in the famous game which ended in the defeat of the previously invincible Chicago team.

Father Wynne's finishing studies were carried on in the diocesan seminary, and he was ordained at Overbrook on February 2, 1876, by Archbishop Wood.

His first assignment was as assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Philadelphia. Subsequent he was sent to Summit Hill, and thence to St. Charles' Church, Philadelphia. Twelve years ago he was put in charge of St. Kyran's Church, Hecksherville, where he has been located ever since. Two other brothers, John and Peter, who were priests, and his parents have preceded him to the grave. He is survived by a sister, Miss Mary, and a brother, Edward, of South Bethlehem, and another brother, Michael, of Jeanesville, Pa.

Father Wynne was one of those amicable souls whose smile is a benediction; the mere glance of his eye is a *Sursum Corda*. To him may the poet's words be most fittingly applied:

"None knew him but to love him,
Nor named him but to praise."

MONSIGNOR CONATY.

At a dinner in honor of Mgr. Martinelli, given by Brother Justin on Tuesday evening, June 27, at De La Salle Institute, it was announced by the Apostolic Delegate that the Holy Father has conferred a new honor upon Dr. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University. The guests at the dinner included Archbishop Corrigan, Brother Justin; Very Rev.

L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., President of Villanova College ; Dr. Morrissey of Hartford, Dr. Bonnet, Father Charles, Prior of the Dominicans in Florida ; Brother Eulogius, Director of the De La Salle Institute ; Brother Quintinian, Assistant Visitor. The guests were at the dessert when Dr. Conaty entered, accompanied by Brother Bernard. He was cordially welcomed, and Brother Bernard introduced him to the assembled guests, using the words, "Permit me to introduce Dr. Conaty."

Then it was that Archbishop Martinelli rose, raised his hand for silence, and said with a smile. "Pardon me ; but it is no longer Dr. Conaty. It is now Mgr. Conaty." The announcement by the Archbishop was a complete surprise. Dr. Conaty could hardly believe what he heard, as it was the first intimation he had that the distinguished honor was even contemplated. The Archbishop then explained that he had the day before received word from Rome of the elevation of Dr. Conaty, and he told at considerable length just how it came about, and what the new title is to be.

The dinner was interrupted for several minutes, and all the guests crowded about the newly-made Monsignor to tender their congratulations.

CHARTER JUBILEE.

Next commencement will witness the fitting celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the charter by the state legislature to Villanova College. While its portals were thrown open to students as early as the fall of 1842, still it was not until six years later, under the presidency of Rev. William Hartnett, O.S.A., that Governor Francis R. Shunk signed "An act to incorporate the Augustinian College of Villanova, in the County of Delaware and State of Pennsylvania."

Among the names of the incorporators appears that of the illustrious Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, then Bishop of Philadelphia. During the fifty-five years of its existence, Villanova

has sent out more than 4,000 students. The exercises in 1898 promise to eclipse even those of the famous Golden Jubilee in 1892.

THE AUGUSTINIAN MISSIONARIES.

Rev. M. J. Geraghty, '90, O.S.A., Mission Rector, is spending a few days at the College, prior to his very busy work, from August 15th until about the first of next June. During that time he will conduct missions in New York City, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, Harrisburg, Stamford, Conn., and many other cities.

It is, indeed, gratifying to be able to testify to the magnificent success of the mission bands under his able direction ; and we sincerely hope that he may be spared for many a year to continue the noble work of successfully guiding the labors of the zealous and devoted priests who are thus engaged in winning innumerable souls to Christ.

To instance the splendid work the Augustinian Missionaries are now doing in the vineyard of the Master, we may state that, within the past twelve months, they have enrolled over 38,000 persons in the White Scapular of Our Lady of Good Counsel, heard more than 70,000 confessions, and given about 65,000 communions.

Pastors who desire Missions will do well to communicate with the Rector of the Missions, the Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A., Villanova, Delaware Co., Pa.

VALUABLE PAINTINGS.

Archbishop Martinelli presented the Faculty with a fine oil painting of himself by Gagliardi, a well-known Roman artist. It has been hung in a conspicuous place in the main corridor of the college. The Faculty is also indebted to Rev. J. J. Fedigan, O.S.A., Atlantic City, formerly president of Villanova, for a portrait of himself.

Very Rev. C. M. Driscoll, Provincial O.S.A., brought with him from Italy last Autumn two beautiful oil paintings, by the Roman artist Gagliardi. The subjects are two Augustinian Saints, St. Clare of Montefalco and Blessed John Stone. Father Provincial has generously presented them to the college, and they are now gracing the walls of the Students' Library.

IMPROVEMENT.

The introduction of gas with Welsbach burner attachments into the college, during the past year, has proved a veritable boon to the students. It affords increased and more comfortable facilities for study, of which the boys are not slow to appreciate and take advantage. The new burner gives a powerful, withal mellow light, which is at once restful to the eyes and conducive to making study a real luxury.

Those present were: Archbishop Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate and Prior General of the Augustinians; Archbishop Ryan and Auxiliary Bishop Prendergast, of Philadelphia; Rt. Rev. Bishops Wigger, of Newark, and McGovern, of Harrisburg; Mgr. Sbarretti and Dr. Rooker, of the Apostolic Delegation, Washington, D. C.; V. Rev. Fathers Fitzmaurice, D.D., Rector; McCabe, D.D., Drumgoole, Henry, Garey, all of St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.; Rev. S. Carr, Ph.D., Catholic University; V. Rev. C. Gillespie, S.J., Rector of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Frs. Scully, S.J., Nagle, S.J., Jordan, S.J., Philadelphia; V. Rev. Fr. McGill, C.M., Germantown, Pa., Provincial of the Congregation of the Mission; V. Rev. C. M. Driscoll, O.S.A.; Provincial of the Order; V. Rev. C. A. McAvoy, O.S.A.; Rev. C. J. McFadden, Ardmore, Pa.; Rev. J. J. O'Brien, O.S.A.; Rev. J. J. McErlain, O.S.A., Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Rev. J. J. Fedigan,

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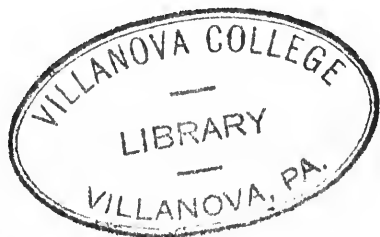
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O.S.A., Rev. J. J. Farrell, O.S.A., Rev. E. A. Flynn, O.S.A., Atlantic City, N. J.; Rev. T. F. Herlihy, O.S.A., Rev. J. E. Vaughan, O.S.A., Chestnut Hill; Rev. D. Regan, O.S.A., Hoosic Falls, N. Y.; Rev. N. J. Murphy, O.S.A., Rev. D. J. Waldron, O.S.A., Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, O.S.A., Rev. C. A. Cullinane, O.S.A., St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia; Rev. J. T. O'Reilly, O.S.A., Lawrence, Mass.; Rev. J. P. Fahey, O.S.A., Mechanicsville, N. Y.; Rev. J. P. Curran, O.S.A., Waterford, N. Y.; Very Rev. L. A. Delurey, O.S.A., president; Rev. W. A. Coar, vice-president; V. Rev. F. M. Sheeran, S.T.B.; O.S.A., prior; V. Rev. T. C. Middleton, D.D., O.S.A.; Rev. N. Cassaca, S.T.L., O.S.A.; Rev. J. F. McGowan, O.S.A.; Rev. R. A. Gleeson, O.S.A.; Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O.S.A.; Rev. W. A. Jones, O.S.A.; Rev. J. A. Nugent, O.S.A.; Rev. J. B. Leonard, O.S.A.; Rev. J. F. Medina, O.S.A.; Rev. F. F. Commins, O.S.A.; P. M. Arnu, A.M.; D. O'Sullivan, A.M.; J. F. X. Harold, Ph.D.; all of the college; Rev. Frs. Carr, Spaulding, McManus, Donovan, Malloy, McGlinchey, McCabe, Crane, Coyle, Graham, McPhilomy, Fitzpatrick, Mullen, Winters, Brehomy, Dalton, Hannigan, Shannon, Egan, Barry, Zellar, Hand, Nash, Isoleri, Quinn, Carroll, Dougherty, Sullivan, O'Brien, McLoughlin, Terry, Trainor, O'Neill, Vandergrift, Moore, C.M., Murphy, C.M.; Rev. Bros. Isadore, President of La Salle College, and Faber, Director of St. Francis' Industrial School, all of Philadelphia; V. Rev. L. J. McCullough, D.D., Lancaster, Pa.; Rev. Frs. Griffin, Syracuse, N. Y.; Wallace, Kernan, Newark, N. J.; O'Hare and McCarron, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Gleeson, New York City; Gregan, Albany, N. Y.; Kohl and Seubert, Harrisburgh, Pa.; Judge, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. Bro. Quintinian, Visitor of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and Rev. Bro. Blimond, Vice-President of La Salle College, New York City; Rev. A. B. Conger, Rosemont, Pa.; Gen. J. R. O'Beirne, Commissioner of Public Charities; Hons. Hugh O'Donnell and J. A. Slavin, New York City; Judge Kene, Judge Hagerty and J. A. Kelley, U. S. N., Brooklyn,

N. Y. ; Hons. J. T. Lenahan and P. A. McGahran, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. ; Dr. W. Mahon, '94, Hartford, Conn. ; E. J. McKeough, '95, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. ; E. T. Wade, '95, Catholic University, Washington, D. C. ; Prof. A. T. DeMott, Boston, Mass. ; J. S. Smith, '93, Scranton, Pa. ; J. Barclay, Bryn Mawr, Pa. ; Hon. T. R. Elcock, Profs. Kent and Neff, K. J. Tenner, J. J. McVey, D. Gallagher, Dr. Moylan, P. Duffy, J. A. McGee, Drs. Jarvis and Steinbock, C. G. Hookey, Philadelphia.

Letters of regret were received from the Rt. Rev. Bishops Tierney, Hartford, Conn. ; Monaghan, Wilmington, Del. ; Burke, Albany, N. Y., and Hoban, Scranton, Pa.



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